This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

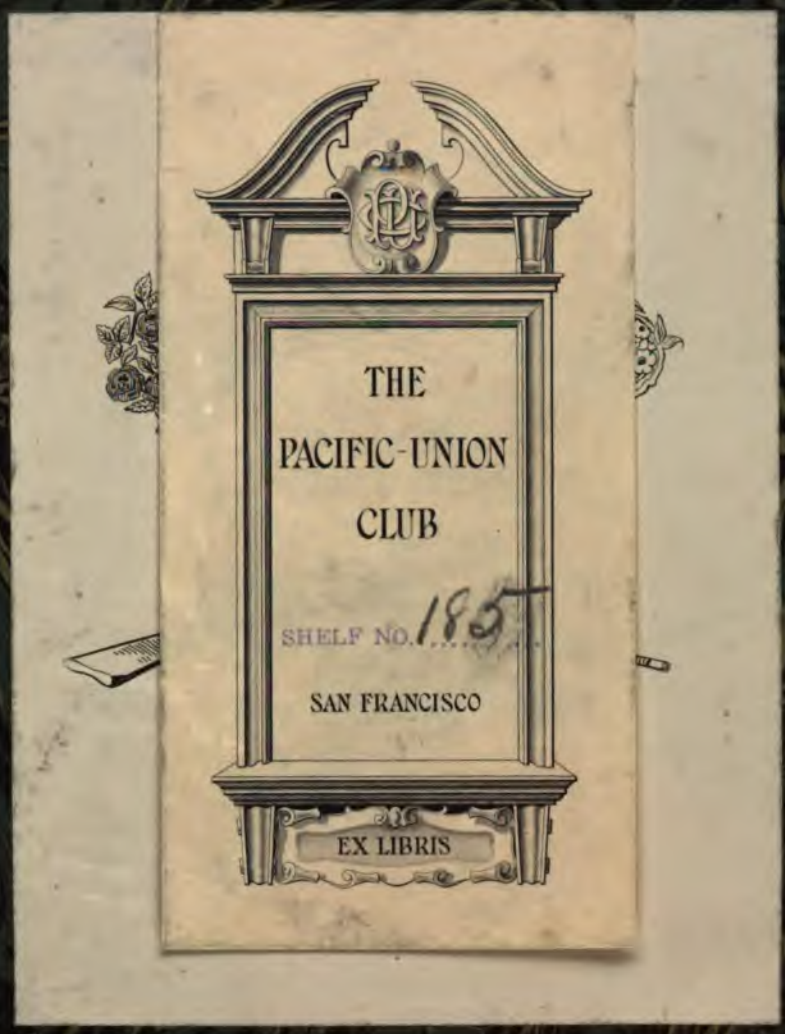
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1887.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

"IT was about the lovely close of a warm Summer day," in fact it was on the night of the great Victorian Jubilee Day, June 21st, 1887.

"Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,"

and Mr. PUNCH, upon a chalky headland, overlooking the "silver streak," gazed forth into the vast star-s pangled vault of heaven, musing of many things.

He, the swift, the ubiquitous, had been an observant witness of the impressive pageantry, the imposing popular outpouring of the day. And now, TOBY at heel and torch in hand, he had climbed to set fire to the beacon whose "red glare" was to blaze out over the wide Channel waters, and blazon forth to all the land England's joy and Mr. PUNCH's loyalty.

Flash! The ruddy flame leaped forth on to the night with the brightness of the levin, the impetuosity of a tiger's spring. A lurid cloud of smoke rolled upward and outward, slowly lifted and wafted by the soft salt sea-breeze of June.

The ringing rhymes of MACAULAY—that sound-hearted English writer whom prigs pooh-pooh, and PUNCH, like all sensible Britons, enjoys—ran in the head of the Sage. He thought of that other Summer night, three centuries since, when another Queen sat on the throne of the island realm, when—

"From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day,"

with preparations for welcoming the Armada.

"*Venit, vidit, fugit!*" murmured Mr. PUNCH.

"*Dux fœmina facti,*" sibillated a responsive voice in his ear.

Who, what were these two shadowy shapes in doublet and ruffle? One frail, and, like the Sage himself, slightly hunched; the other brisk, alert, bronzed, bearded.

"Well capped, ROBERT CECIL!" said the Ever-Ready One, courteously bending to the illustrious Shades. "And you, stout Sir FRANCIS, give you good greeting on this night of nights, when 'tis no marvel two such patriot spirits should revisit thus the glimpses of the moon."

"What bodeth this?" queried DRAKE, pointing to the flaring beacon.

"Oh, this is no 'ghastly war-flame,' but a jubilant Jubilee bonfire," said Mr. PUNCH, with a smile.

"The better so, if what that ranting rantipole Lord RANDOLPH says is sooth," retorted the slighter Shade, with a touch of sardonic grimness. "Were I in the place of my living namesake, your present PREMIER, I'd take such order with the rebellious springald as——"

"You did with ESSEX, eh?" interjected PUNCH. "Well, well, times have changed. We are more tolerant than of yore, and the Tower and the block are not now looked upon as the appropriate retort to indiscreet praters of Party rubbish or personal rhodomontade."

Then Sir FRANCIS broke briskly in. "Supposing, good Sir, that some King of Spain's beard required summary singeing; dost mean to say your singeing-irons are so ready, that your Singer-in-Chief could afford to finish his game of bowls ere he took them in hand?"

"Listen!" cried Mr. PUNCH.

"'The best troops of the country were at this time absent in Flanders, and there was no standing army except the Queen's Guard and the garrisons kept in a few forts on the coast or on the Scottish border. The royal navy was extremely small; and the revenues of the Crown were totally inadequate to the effort of raising it to anything approaching a parity with the fleets of Spain. It was on the spontaneous efforts of individuals that the whole safety of the country at this momentous crisis was left dependent; if these failed, England was lost;—but in such a cause, at such a juncture, they could not fail; and the first appeal made by the Government to the patriotism of the people was answered with that spirit in which a nation is invincible.'

So writes the historian concerning England on the eve of the advent of the Great Armada. Sir FRANCIS, despite doubts, which I share with you, and notwithstanding maladministration, which, with all honest souls, I hate, I will back the

national invincib lity, of which the historian speaks, against *soi-disant* Invincible Armadas, from whatever quarter. Departmental duffers—beshrew them!—can do much mischief, but there 's one thing they *cannot* do."

"What is that?" asked both the Shades, eagerly.

"Stop our supplies of DRAKES and CECILS, of HOWARDS and RALEIGHS, of ELIZABETHS and—VICTORIAS," responded Mr. PUNCH. "And," pursued he, "if this *were* a war-beacon instead of a peace-bonfire, trust me that from 'Malvern's lonely height' in the Midlands, again would flare forth the ruddy signal of ready loyalty,—

> 'Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
> And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
> Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
> And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle!'"

"Marry! but this MACAULAY of yours hath the right British ring in him!" burst forth DRAKE, enthusiastically.

"Nathless," said CECIL, more soberly, "let not the old lion of England be caught napping, Mr. PUNCH."

"Sirs," said the Sage, stirring up the bonfire till it blazed forth afresh in sky-reddening radiance, "Sirs, there is an inextinguishable beacon-light, of another sort than this, ever before the eyes of that noble if somewhat somnolent animal, which will prevent a fortuitous forty winks ever lapsing into the lethal lethargy of a *Rip Van Winkle's* slumber."

"And that?" cried the Shades, simultaneously.

"It is light and fire made portable as the staff-hidden spark of Prometheus," answered Mr. PUNCH. "Like unto a FAURE battery, it stores immense force in small compass, and for public convenience is replenishable half-yearly. It can be multiplied to any extent, and conveniently carried to any distance. You, if you wish, can take it with you to illuminate the Shades, and warm your patriotic bosoms with knowledge and good hope."

"What *is* it?" ejaculated Mr. PUNCH's ghostly Visitants.

"Take it and try it, most noble Shades," responded PUNCH, heartily. "By its light you shall see both the best and the worst of the grand old land you greatly loved, and as greatly served. You shall see how, despite the feuds of faction and the fumblings of official folly, England is England still—only more so. You shall see how sleepless a sentinel, how vigilant a warder, how stout a champion, her honour and best interests have in——"

"Yourself!" cried the great Elizabethans, simultaneously.

"Precisely," said Mr. PUNCH, calmly. "Natural modesty must not be indulged in at the expense of obvious truth. You shall see, also, how I counsel her counsellors, lead her leaders, enlighten her *illuminati*, reward her heroes, trounce her traitors, castigate her humbugs, and flagellate her fools. In short, you shall see, as by a brilliant beacon-glare, all that is best worth seeing in this England of the Victorian Jubilee Year."

Whereupon, without another word, PUNCH presented to the two illustrious Elizabethans his

Ninety-Second Volume!

JANUARY xxxi Days.

1	S	Circumcn.	17	M	Franklin b.
2	S	2 S.af.Circ.	18	Tu	Prisca.
3	M	Hunt b.	19	W	Watt b.
4	Tu	Sanctuarius	20	Th	Fabian
5	W	Ed. Conf. d.	21	F	Agnes
6	Th	Epiphany	22	S	Vincent
7	F	Bp. Ely d.	23	S	3 S.af.Epip.
8	S	S.r. 6h.5m.	24	M	Fox b. 1749
9	S	1 S.af.Epip.	25	Tu	Burns s.
10	M	S.s.4h.10m.	26	W	Brazil disc.
11	Tu	Hil. Sit. b.	27	Th	J. Gibson d.
12	W	Lavater d.	28	F	Prescott d.
13	Th	Com. L.T.b.	29	S	Gen. III. d.
14	F	Conf. L.T. b.	30	S	4 S.af.Epip.
15	S	Orsini plot	31	M	B. Jonson b.
16	S	2 S.af.Epip.			

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1	Tu	B. Gratz.	18	Tu	B. Loiria
2	W	B. Lincoln	19	W	Burke exe.
3	Th	Bunsvi d.	20	Th	Br-bem d.
4	F	S.r.7h.36m.	21	F	Luther d.
5	S	S.s.4h.54m.	22	S	Copernic. h.
6	S	Septuag. S.	23	S	Quinq. S.
7	M	Q. of Sc.bh.	24	M	Tyndall t.
8	Tu	Hil. qr. Day.	25	Tu	Pergamo d.
9	W	Darnley m.	26	W	Ash. Wed.
10	Th	Q. V. mar.	27	Th	Matthias
11	F	D.10h.32m.	28	F	Wren d.
12	S	Calixi d.	29	S	F. Moore d.
13	S	Sexag. S.			
14	M	Valentine.			

MARCH xxxi Days.

1	Tu	St. David	17	Th	St. Patrick
2	W	Wesley d.	18	F	Sterne d.
3	Th	d. Merton	19	S	Lucknow t.
4	F	S.r.6h.41m.	20	S	4 S. in Lent
5	S	S.s.5h.45m.	21	M	Benedict
6	S	2 S. in Lent	22	Tu	Goethe d.
7	M	da Maurier	23	W	Nat. Gal. f.
8	Tu	Will. III. d.	24	Th	Q. Eliz. d.
9	W	Cobbett b.	25	F	Lady Day
10	Th	Schiller b.	26	S	A. Com. b.
11	F	Inc. T. imp.	27	S	5 S. in Lent
12	S	Gregory	28	M	Cato u.
13	S	3 S. in Lent	29	Tu	St. Tourton
14	M	Byng shot	30	W	Sicil. Vesp.
15	Tu	Messingr. d.	31	Th	Tr. Paris
16	W	Da. Kent d.			

APRIL xxx Days.

1	F	Bismarck b.	16	S	Button d.
2	M	S.r.5h.33m.	17	S	Low. Sun.
3	S	Palm Sun.	18	M	Grenat d.
4	M	S.s.6h.35m.	19	Tu	E. st. Sit. b.
5	Tu	Nap. abd.	20	W	Spa. fl. ces.
6	W	Hil. Sit. s.	21	Th	Racine d.
7	Th	Maund. Th.	22	F	Odessa bom.
8	F	Good Friday	23	S	St. George
9	S	L. Bacon d.	24	S	2 S. af. Eas.
10	S	Easter Sun	25	M	Pr. Alice b.
11	M	Bk. Holiday	26	Tu	D. Hume b.
12	Tu	Young d.	27	W	Gibbon b.
13	W	Han'bal d.	28	Th	B. Thurs
14	Th	Pra. Rectrs.	29	F	D.14h.40m
15	F	S. Maran.	30	S	Fitzroy d.

MAY xxxi Days.

1	S	3 S. af. Eas.	17	Tu	Talleyrd d.
2	M	S.r.4h.30m.	18	W	Boswell d.
3	Tu	S.s.7h.33m.	19	Th	Ascen. Day
4	W	Swing. tha.	20	F	Columbus d.
5	Th	Nap. l. d.	21	S	Acts rel.
6	F	John Evang	22	S	4 S.af.Ascen.
7	S	Nap. l. Cal.	23	M	B. Ramilies
8	S	4 S. af. Eas.	24	Tu	Q. Vict. b.
9	M	Hil. qr. Day	25	W	Pr. Hel. b.
10	Tu	Turgot b.	26	Th	Augustine
11	W	Chatham d.	27	F	Eust. Sit. s.
12	Th	D.15h.27m.	28	S	W. Pitt b.
13	F	O.May Day	29	S	Whit Sun.
14	S	Grattan d.	30	M	Bk. Holiday
15	S	Rogation s.	31	Tu	Canton tkn.
16	M	B. Albuera			

JUNE xxx Days.

1	W	S.r.3h.50m.	16	Th	B. Taghir
2	Th	S.s. 8h.6m.	17	F	St. Alban
3	F	P.G.Wls. b.	18	S	Waterloo
4	S	R. Magenta	19	S	1 Sn. af. Tr.
5	S	Trin Sun.	20	M	Q.Vic. Ac.
6	M	Calpes tkn.	21	Tu	Longst. Dy.
7	Tu	Trin. Sit. b.	22	W	S. Fareo
8	W	S. Delhi	23	Th	Lalbaki b
9	Th	Dickens d.	24	F	Midsm. D.
10	F	Heilsberg	25	S	S. Alives
11	S	R. Bacon d.	26	S	2 Sn. af. Tr.
12	S	1 Sn. af. Tr.	27	M	Cairo tkn.
13	M	Hastgs. bd.	28	Tu	Q. Vic. Cr.
14	Tu	B. Nasrey	29	W	St. Peter
15	W	Mag. Charta.	30	Th	Roscoe d.

JULY xxxi Days.

1	F	B. Boyne	17	S	6 Sn. af. Tr.
2	S	S.r.3h.50m.	18	M	Sherlock d.
3	S	4 Sn. af. Tr.	19	Tu	Petrarch d.
4	M	S.s.8h.17m.	20	W	Margaret
5	Tu	Pra. Hel. m.	21	Th	R. Burns d.
6	W	O.Mida. Da	22	F	Salamanca
7	Th	J. Hose bi.	23	S	Lyonst b.
8	F	A. Smith d.	24	S	7 Sn. af. Tr.
9	S	Sheridan d.	25	M	St. James
10	S	5 Sn. af. Tr.	26	Tu	K. Otho d.
11	M	B. Ouden.	27	W	Talavera
12	Tu	R. Aghrim	28	Th	Cowley d.
13	W	D. Orlea. k.	29	F	B. Boyleu
14	Th	Bastile des.	30	S	W. Penn d.
15	F	St. Swithin	31	S	8 Sn. af. Tr.
16	S	Berenger d.			

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1	M	Bk. Holiday	17	W	Goulton d.
2	Tu	B. Zimas	18	Th	Beattie d.
3	W	S.r. 4h.38m.	19	F	Cenotaph
4	Th	S.s.7h.42m.	20	S	Saragoss
5	F	Ld. Howe d.	21	S	11 S. af. Tr.
6	S	Dn. Edin b.	22	M	B. Bosworth
7	S	8 Sn. af. Tr.	23	Tu	Wellesley bd
8	M	Trin. Sit. s.	24	W	St. Bartholo
9	Tu	Dryden b.	25	Th	Faraday d.
10	W	C. Keene b.	26	F	B. Cressy
11	Th	HE qr. D.	27	S	Thomson d.
12	F	Grouse sh.	28	S	12 S. af. Tr.
13	S	O. Lemnos	29	M	Jan. Bap. bh
14	S	10 S. af. Tr.	30	Tu	Paley b.
15	M	W. Scott b.	31	W	Bunyan d.
16	Tu	B. Vimeiro			

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1	Th	B. Sedan '70	16	F	D. Cost d.
2	F	S.r. 5h.16m.	17	S	Lambert.
3	S	S.s. 6h. 41m.	18	S	15 S. af. Tr.
4	S	13 S. af. Tr.	19	M	B. Poitiers
5	M	Comte d.	20	Tu	B. Alma
6	Tu	Colbert d.	21	W	St. Matth.
7	W	Eumenides	22	Th	B. Kersch
8	Th	Nn. B.V.M.	23	F	Autm. Q. b.
9	F	d. Fladden	24	S	S. Boiler d.
10	S	B. Quesney	25	S	16 S. af. Tr.
11	S	14 S. af. Tr.	26	M	H.All.1815
12	M	O P. Riots	27	Tu	D.11h.50m.
13	Tu	C. J. Fox d	28	W	Nicopolis
14	W	Holy Cross	29	Th	Mich. Day
15	Th	B. Naghor	30	F	St. Jerome

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1	S	S.r. 6h.2m.	17	M	Ethel dreds
2	S	17 S. af. Tr	18	Tu	St. Luke
3	M	S.s.5h.32m	19	W	Kneller d.
4	Tu	Guizot b.	20	Th	B. Navarino
5	W	Plusidus	21	F	Trafalgar
6	Th	Faith	22	S	B. Edge Hill
7	F	B. Lepanto	23	S	20 S. af. Tr.
8	S	B. Actium	24	M	Webster d.
9	S	18 S. af. Tr.	25	Tu	St. Crispin
10	M	Chinhaikin.	26	W	Daxton b.
11	Tu	Old Mic. D.	27	Th	Cap. Cook b.
12	W	America d.	28	F	Metz tkn.
13	Th	Fire Inn. ct.	29	S	B. Salamis
14	F	B. Senlac	30	S	21 S. af. Tr.
15	S	Virgil b.	31	M	All Hallows
16	S	19 S. af. Tr.			

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1	Tu	All Saints	16	W	J. Bright b.
2	W	Mic. Sit. b.	17	Th	Hugh Bp. L.
3	Th	Per. Leigh	18	F	Wilkie b.
4	F	S.r. 7h. 1m.	19	S	d. Arcola
5	S	S.s.4h.25m.	20	S	24 S af. Tr.
6	S	22 S. af. Tr.	21	M	J. Hogg d.
7	M	B. Mpolten	22	Tu	St. Cecilia
8	Tu	C.M.T. dis.	23	W	B. Carmen.
9	W	P. of Wls. b.	24	Th	J. Knox d.
10	Th	M. Luther b.	25	F	D. Bh. Elm.
11	F	St. Martin	26	S	G. Grisi d.
12	S	Baxter b.	27	S	Adv. Sun.
13	S	23 S. af. Tr.	28	M	Bunsen d.
14	M	Leibnitz d.	29	Tu	Burnand b.
15	Tu	Macbeths	30	W	St. Andrew.

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1	Th	S.r. 7h.46m.	17	S	B. Nuits '70
2	F	S.s.8h.52m.	18	S	4 S. in Adv.
3	S	Bradbury b.	19	M	T. Brabn b.
4	S	2 S. in Adv.	20	Tu	B. Victoria
5	M	Mozart d.	21	W	Mich. Sit.s.
6	Tu	St. Nicholas	22	Th	Winc. Q. b.
7	W	Fluxman d.	23	F	Jas. II. abd
8	Th	C.BV.Mary	24	S	Christ. Eve
9	F	Vandyke d.	25	S	Christ. Day
10	S	Milton b.	26	M	Bk. Holiday
11	S	3 S. in Adv.	27	Tu	St. John
12	M	C. Clibur d.	28	W	Innocents
13	Tu	St. Lucy	29	Th	Gladstone b.
14	W	P. Albert d.	30	F	Lagos tkn.
15	Th	L. Walton d.	31	S	Silvester
16	F	V. Weber b.			

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1837—47.

ARTISTIC NOMENCLATURE.

Mr. Square was an Artist, and greatly admired
The new Royal Courts in the Strand.
He was likewise a smoker, and never grew tired
Of tobacco of very strong brand.
Of Street the designer and Cavendish Square,
Twist,
He would say, "What a glorious pair!
If a daughter be born, I shall call her, I 've sworn,
Henrietta Street Cavendish Square."

"I should flatly refuse," said his wife, with some scorn,
"To let her young prospects be harmed."
But when, some time after, a daughter *was* born,
She began to get rather alarmed,
And she fainted away on the christening day,
And the parson, oh! didn't he stare
When—adjured "Name this child!"—*Papa* said, as he smiled,
"*Henrietta Street Cavendish* [Square!"

Years fled; and the Artist could scarce live by Art,
For the public had grown very "shy."
Square's pictures were rather a drug in the mart,
And no one seemed anxious to buy.
His daughter became his one solace and joy,
And, while tenderly stroking his hair,
"Father, don't look so ill!" she would say—"you have still
Henrietta Street Cavendish Square!"

One day a young gallant appeared on the scene,
Mr. Road, independent and *nice;*
He was just eight-and-twenty, Miss Square was eighteen,
So they both fell in love in a trice.
And what a proud day for the Artist and wife
(Mr. R. was a millionnaire)
When a wedding was planned between Cromwell Road and [Square!
Henrietta Street Cavendish

WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK!

Miss Margaret. "DITES-MOI, THÉOPHILE, CONNAISSEZ-VOUS PARIS?"
Monsieur Théophile. "SI JE CONNAIS PARIS!!!!!!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.

HARD TIMES.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS, WITH LORD CHARLES AND LADY MARIA, ARE STILL ABLE TO GO TO THE OPERA—WHEN SIR GORGIUS MIDAS LENDS THEM HIS BOX.

HARD TIMES. THE DRIVE.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN JOHN THOMAS'S CALVES. NO MORE STUFFING REQUIRED.

TANTALISING.

"Could your Honour spare a Copper?"—"Eh? what?" "Could your Honour spare a Copper?"—"You must speak a little Louder. I'm very Deaf." "Could your Honour spare a COPPER?"—"I'm very sorry. I am too Deaf. You must ask somebody else!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1847—57.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

JANUARY.

WELL, Eighty-Seven at last then is here,
The Year of Rejoicing, the Jubilee Year! [lies,
Warm burns the Wallsend, and cosy the tabby
As *Mr. Punch* starts this *Annus Mirabilis.*

Omens of peace, may they find full fulfilling!
With loyal good-will every bosom is thrilling.
Everyone hopes an irradiant *Gloria*
May shine on the Fiftieth Year of VICTORIA.

FEBRUARY.

THOUGH the month opens as cold as a galantine,
All hearts will warm to a right royal Valentine.

Filagree fancy and aureate sheen
Tax their resources to honour "the QUEEN."
Seize every symbol, and take every trope,
The heart—that means Love,—and the anchor
—that 's Hope,—
For both Heart and Art must conjoin, it is clear,
In a Valentine worthy the Jubilee Year.

DUMB CRAMBO JUNIOR'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

"Chaw, Sir!" Shakes Peer. Dried 'Un. Crabbe and Shelley. Scott and Moore.

Britisher (picking up his last shot). "'FRENCH BIRD."
Monsieur Chevrette. "AH YES. HE IS BIGGER BIRD ZAN ZE ENGLISH—MORE CO-RAGE—MORE 'AN'SOME. 'RED LEGS AND RED BICK. AND HIS—HIS FOLIAGE IS QUITE DIF-FRENT!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1887.

"THE MESHES OF THE LAW!"

Rural Magistrate. "PRISONER, YOU ARE CHARGED WITH—AH—LOITERING ABOUT IN A SUSPICIOUS MANNER, WITHOUT ANY OSTENSIBLE EMPLOYMENT. HOW DO YOU OBTAIN A LIVING?" *Prisoner.* "YOUR WUSSHIP, I'M ENGAGED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SMOKED GLASSES FOR OBSERVING ECLIPSES—AN 'INDUSTRY'"—(*solemnly,*—"AN 'INDUSTRY,' YOUR WUSSHIP, WHICH INVOLVES PROTRACTED PERIODS OF ENFORCED LEISU-ARE!!" [*Discharged with a Caution!*

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

I HAD a friend in years gone by,
My classmate and my chum at school;
He worshipped me,—I know not why,—
I liked him—he was such a fool!

His was a humble, paltry lot,—
When I did wrong, he always "caught it";
Yet he got on—while I did not:
Who would have thought it!

In ev'ry pastime *I* excelled,
At fighting I was "quite the ticket,"
The foremost place I always held
In running, rowing, football, cricket.
He took no part in sports or fights,
E'en sparring—he *could ne'er* be *taught it;*
Yet now he 's champion of the "Lights":
Who would have thought it!

I grew up handsome, lithe, and tall,
A type of manly strength and grace,
Whilst he was always plain and small,
Contemptible in form and face.
And yet this awkward, ugly lout
Secured success whene'er he sought it;
With BLANCHE DE BOOTS he cut me out—
Who would have thought it!

At Oxford I took honours high
In ev'ry branch of human knowledge;
My eloquence was such that I
Was styled "the Gladstone of my College."
And yet, in my own county town,
He won my seat—although I 'd bought it!
In fact, the fellow talked me down:
Who would have thought it!

By facts like these, however loth,
I feel that my conviction 's shaken;
That, in my estimate of both
Myself and "friend" I've been mistaken.
The truth will have its way, alas!
In vain for years I 've sternly fought it;
'Tis I (not he) who am an ass!
Who would have thought it!

A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM.—A Photographer's Sensitive Plate.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

MARCH.

MARCH suggests hope (bother critical starch!)
That the national progress may keep at Quick March.
Despite Party strifes and political cares,
Or Anarchy's zealots, as mad as March hares,
May Providence help the poor maniac brood,
And may even ill winds blow the Nation some good; [gusty,
And, despite its bad fame as cold, choky, and
May March, in slang idiom, prove "none so dusty."

APRIL.

THE rain-month, in honour of such a long reign,
With less pitiless finger should "turn on the main."
O "Mulberry One" of the months, draw it mild,
Save in showers of luck for old Neptune's pet child.
May perennial Folly show few vernal bursts,
For who wants *all* the days of this month to be *Firsts!* [fly, oh bee!
Bud leaves, and break blossoms, flit butterfly,
And let us think rather of Flora than Niobe!

MAY.

THE Season's most glad "Open Sesame!" May is, [day is.
And dear to our Forty (*not* Thieves) its first
Our QUEEN's fifty years play a glorious part
In the prosperous annals of true British Art.
But oh, what a Jubilee Triumph it *would* be
To make our Academy just what it should be!
It ought to be done, and what worlds of resource lie
In Burlington's champions, from LEIGHTON to HORSLEY!

A JUBILE

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR A GRAND WALL-PAINTIN

PAGEANT.

THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE "IMPERIAL INSTITUTE."

"OUT (OF IT) WITH THE BREEKSHIRE."

Gentleman (who has been well with the Hounds). "HALLO, TAGBY, WHERE WERE YOU? I EXPECTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU LEADING THE FIELD!" *Young Swell (who hasn't quitted the Road).* "AH, YOU SEE, AFTER HUNTING IN LEICESTERSHIRE, MY HORSE IS RATHER SPOILT FOR THIS SORT OF THING."

SOFT TIMES.—TEA AND PALMISTRY.

AN UNLUCKY MAN'S DIARY.

JANUARY 9TH.—Severe frost. All pipes frozen. Borrow water with difficulty from disagreeable neighbours next door.

11TH.—Frost continues. Commence skating on Serpentine. Ice breaks, and am immersed. Pass the evening in the Humane Society's Receiving House in Hyde Park.

13TH.—Purchase a new pair of Patent Spring-Clasping Canadian Skates. Frost ends.

14TH.—Pipes burst. House inundated from top landing to basement.

FEBRUARY 1.—Am summoned for parochial rates.

7TH.—Join a Football Club. Play in first match, but get so severely kicked that am disabled for rest of the season.

15TH.—Fall off the top of an omnibus and dislocate my ankle.

23RD.—Hear that an Uncle from whom I had expectations, and has recently died, has left me nothing.

28TH.—House broken into by burglars, who carry off the dining-room clock, plate-chest, cash-box, all the coats and umbrellas, and £5 13*s.* 4*d.* in ready money.

MARCH 3RD.—Determine to have a Dog to protect the premises, and purchase a Scotch Collie from the Battersea Home for £1 10*s.*

4TH.—Invest in a muzzle, addressed collar, dog whistle, and leading chain; but dog escapes from the house, and I am summoned for not having him under proper control.

17TH.—Dog bites postman, telegraph-boy, butcher, friend paying a morning call, and milkman, who all put the matter into the hands of a local Solicitor.

23RD.—Have to pay £27 10*s.* compensation, and £3 15*s.* for costs, and am severely rebuked by the Magistrate.

25TH.—Give the Dustman 10*s.* to take the Dog off my hands.

APRIL 9TH.—Give a little dinner, but am obliged to have the greengrocer and his assistant, who came to wait, removed, intoxicated, by the Police, in the middle of the second course.

13TH.—A good deal troubled by somebody at No. 13 opposite taking lessons on the ophicleide with the window open.

27TH.—Knocked down by Hansom, and brought home on a stretcher.

MAY 4TH.—Employ an Agent to buy me a horse at Tattersall's for £35, but he makes a mistake and gets me another at £65.

5TH.—Try him. Runs away with me in Rotten Row, and I am summoned for furious riding.

7TH.—Try him again. Shies at a Bath-chair in Piccadilly and throws me, putting out my shoulder. Am taken home in a four-wheeler.

21ST.—Try him once more. Bolts with me up New Oxford Street, finally taking the palings of Russell Square and depositing me on my head in the midst of a Lawn Tennis Party.

28TH.—Get rid of him to a local omnibus proprietor for a £10 note.

JUNE 9TH.—Play in my first cricket-match this season. Am bowled first ball each innings and cut over severely on the head, fielding cover-point. Carried off the ground insensible.

27TH.—Play a return match. Am again bowled first ball each innings, and again cut over severely on the head, fielding cover-point, and carried off the ground insensible. Give up Cricket.

JULY 6TH.—Begin my boating. Get some practice in a pair-oar outrigger, but catching a crab am run down by steam-launch and have to swim for my life.

18TH.—Row in a four-oared race for my Club. When within hail of the winning-post, slip off my sliding-seat, split my rowlock, break my oar and upset the boat. Am picked up by the Press-boat and landed dripping amidst the execrations of the rest of the crew.

AUGUST 10TH.—Keep my bed for a fortnight, but am asked down to Scotland for some grouse-shooting. Miss my train at King's Cross, and arrive in consequence at half-past two A.M.

12TH.—My first day's sport. Hit a keeper, two dogs, and a local Laird. Visit terminates.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—Leave for Aberdeen by coach. Wheel comes off in glen, and am pitched with all the outside passengers on to my head at the bottom of a swollen burn. Picked up by a market-cart and taken to Hospital.

28TH.—When convalescent, try a sea trip home. Meet a gale from the South-East the whole way. Mast and chimney swept overboard, and no provisions but bottled stout and dry biscuit after third day out, arrive in London more dead than alive.

OCTOBER 15TH.—Asked down to Bedfordshire for a little pheasant-shooting. Feel much shattered, but go. Luggage stolen from cab at station. Arrive at house. Find fashionable gathering at dinner. Sit down to it in knickerbockers, hob-nailed boots, and a dust-coat.

17TH.—Join the shooting-party. Again hit a keeper, a couple of dogs, and this time pepper my host on the back of his neck and left shoulder. Visit terminates.

Passenger (for the twentieth time). "HOW SOON TO YOU THINK WE SHALL GO ON, GUARD?" *Guard.* "OH, AS SOON AS——THERE, GET IN!—GET IN! HOW DO YOU 'XPECT THE TRAIN TO GO ON WITH THAT RED DANGER SIGNAL O' YOURS HANGING OUT, AND SEEN ALL DOWN THE LINE!?"

FOND BUT FOOLISH.

"LOOK, DUCKY *DEEBAR!* LOOK AT THE PITTY ICKLE QUACK-QUACKS!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1857–67.

AN UNLUCKY MAN'S DIARY.

NOVEMBER 9TH.—A friend in Leicestershire offering me a "mount," I get a complete rig out of pink from the Stores, and go down for a little hunting.

10TH.—A severe frost sets in.

17TH.—The frost having lasted a week, I have spent a good deal of the time in playing billiards with a charming daughter of the house and a vivacious little widow, on both of whom, I flatter myself, I have made an impression.

18TH.—Propose to charming daughter of the house, and am refused.

19TH.—Propose to vivacious little widow. Am also refused.

20TH.—Frost breaks. Thrown. Am carried on a hurdle to a neighbouring Inn.

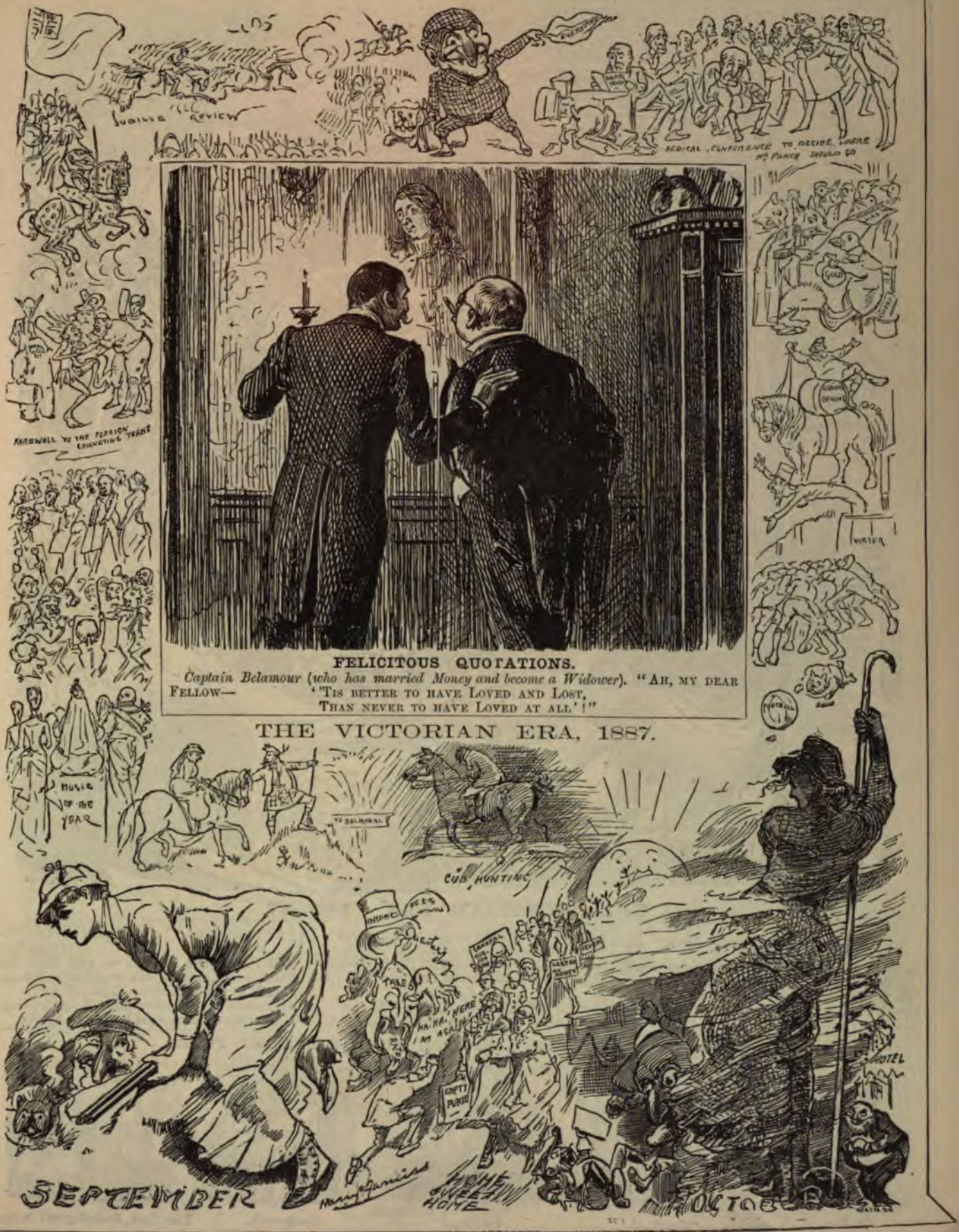
SOME FIRST-CLASS IDIOTS.

"They say the water 's about fifteen feet deep here. I can't swim, so I 'll *just walk in to see*—— !"
(Found drowned.)

"Here 's a barrel with dark-coloured powder in it—like gunpowder! I 'll apply a lighted match to the bung to *see*—— !" *(Remains not yet found.)*

"Escape of gas! Then of course I must take a lighted candle to see where it is—— !"
(Removed in fragments.)

"Hullo! here 's a gun! Of course it can't be loaded, but I 'll point it at my sister's head and pull the trigger, just to see—— !" *(Sus. per col.)*



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Captain Belamour (who has married Money and become a Widower). "AH, MY DEAR FELLOW— 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST,
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL'!"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1867—87.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.—JUNE.

JUNE! Oh, hooray! Avaunt fear, doubt, depression!
'Tis the Jubilee June of VICTORIA'S Accession.
Here's wishing prosperity, power, peace, plenty,
Also many happy returns of June twenty.

Memorials many the moment must grace,
And jubilant pageants all over the place.
Well, may they be worthy, for England imposes
High duties on all in this rare month of roses.

JULY.

JOCUND July brings in many a jolly day.
The Jubilee Year should be really *all* holiday.

"Ah, no such luck!" cries ill-paid Mr. QUIVERFULL. [river full.
Still *Punch* does hope to see rail, road, and
Phœbus dear, shine from a bright azure heaven,
If only in honour of year 'Eighty-Seven.
All sorts of joys—farmers know it—will follow,
If but they obtain a good lead from Apollo.

DUMB CRAMBO JUNIOR'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

By Run. "South, eh?" Coleridge. Wordsworth. Eliza Cook, Browning and Burns.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Love-lorn Middy (about to join his ship). "I'VE COME TO SAY *GOOD-BYE*, AMY!"

Cousin Amy. "GOOD-BYE, JOHNNY. WHEN WE SEE YOU NEXT, I HOPE YOU 'LL BE AN *ADMIRAL!*"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.

THE VICTORIAN ERA. 1867—87.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.—JUNE.

JUNE! Oh, hooray! Avaunt fear, doubt, depression!
'Tis the Jubilee June of VICTORIA'S Accession.
Here's wishing prosperity, power, peace, plenty,
Also many happy returns of June twenty.
Memorials many the moment must grace,
And jubilant pageants all over the place.
Well, may they be worthy, for England imposes
High duties on all in this rare month of roses.

JULY.

JOCUND July brings in many a jolly day.
The Jubilee Year should be really *all* holiday.
"Ah, no such luck!" cries ill-paid Mr. QUIVERFULL. [river full.
Still *Punch* does hope to see rail, road, and
Phœbus dear, shine from a bright azure heaven,
If only in honour of year 'Eighty-Seven.
All sorts of joys—farmers know it—will follow,
If but they obtain a good lead from Apollo.

DUMB CRAMBO JUNIOR'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

By Rum. "South, eh?" Coleridge. Wordsworth. Eliza Cook, Browning and Burns.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Love-lorn Middy (about to join his ship). "I've come to say *Good-bye, Amy!*"

Cousin Amy. "Good-bye, Johnny. When we see you next, I hope you'll be an *Admiral!*"

THE VICTORIAN ERA, 1887.

Keeper (to the two Tourists, who find Canoeing more difficult on the Highland Rivers than on the Thames). "HI! HOY! HOY! D' YE NO KEN THIS IS THE MCCHIZZLEM'S PRIVATE WATTER!!"

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

AUGUST.

AUGUST! We 'll hope that no poor Party wrangle
Once more may our Parliament put in a tangle.
No dread of prolonged Autumn Session should paralyse
Patriot souls who would pleasantly ruralise.
The Jubilee Year gives a chance to reform all
St. Stephens's cantrips absurd and abnormal,
And let our tired Senators gleefully outstream
To keep their appointments with moor or with trout-stream.

SEPTEMBER.

JOY! Jubilee sport should employ lots of cartridges,
And nothing *this* year should go wrong with the partridges.
Ceres has sulked far too long, thinks the Farmer,
But loyalty surely this year should disarm her.
Autumnal Spouters, don't go it too tub*bily*.
For overmuch jaw will o'ershadow the Jubilee.
We shan't want too much of the militant Member
Pervading our platforms this pleasant September.

OCTOBER.

AN *Annus Mirabilis* even gets sober
When Autumn days draw to an end in October.
But the warm mellow strength of October's old brews
May our hearts, if they 're stout, at this season suffuse.
Punch drinks to his QUEEN, of chill Winter defiant,
And wishes JOHN BULL the strong health of a giant.
For patriot passion his bosom will fill aye,
E'en in "Chill October," as painted by MILLAIS.

NOT TO BE DISCONCERTED.

"THIS IS THE SUEZ CANAL, ISN'T IT, MOTHER?"—"NO, DARLING; IT 'S THE *REGENT'S* CANAL."—"OH, OF COURSE. HOW STUPID OF ME! I'M *ALWAYS* CONFUSING THESE TWO CANALS!"

PROVERBIAL PESSIMISM.—What 's the odds so long as you are happy? That you won't remain so much longer.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—Don't feed Pigs with Peaches.

WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.—That there may be no further opposition to my excellent scheme for an Imperial Institute. That *Mr. Punch* and myself may agree on every subject.

Lord Salisbury.—That HARTINGTON will listen to reason,' and that every blessing may light on my dear RANDOLPH's head.

Lord Hartington.—Wish RANDOLPH hadn't spoilt my holiday. Wish I hadn't been born an hereditary politician.

Mr. Parnell.—That my friends in Ireland will in future leave *me* to fix on the "plan of campaign."

The Czar.—That the Powers would unanimously accept KATKOFF as Prince of Bulgaria, so that I could have a few hours' peace in my own dominions.

The Prince of Mingrelia.—That the CZAR would let me go off quietly to Monte Carlo, instead of Sophia.

Mr. Justice Butt.—That the Divorce Court may be turned into a Camera Obscura.

Mr. Gladstone.—That the SULTAN had given *me* that diamond cigar-case instead of CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Labouchere.—That the G. O. M. may be led to see the value of my constant support by the time he is making up his next Cabinet.

Mr. Chamberlain.—That I may get the Premiership.

Mr. Morley.—I wish he may get it.

Lord R. Churchill.—That those idiotic London Members really knew something of the public opinion they are supposed to represent, and that I had never been led by them into an unpopular crusade against the Coal and Grain Dues.

Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen.—That I had never set eyes on South Kensington!

The Governor of Kilmainham.—That the Nationalist platform may always contain a plank-bed as one item.

Sir Charles Warren.—That not a single aggrieved citizen during the whole twelvemonth may have reason to think that the Force is no remedy.

Mr. Punch, for the whole British Public.—That the year may contain as few Society scandals, prosecutions of Irish leaders, Parliamentary wrangles, All-night Sittings, Trafalgar Square Meetings, Prize-fights, East Winds, Burglaries, and Bye-Elections as is consistent with the continued and unimpaired existence of the British Constitution.

ANOTHER "NEW DEPARTURE."—Lord RANDOLPH's from the Cabinet.

THE MYSTERY OF GREAT PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

THE only newspaper, as far as we are aware, that published the startling news of Lord RANDOLPH's resignation last Thursday morning was the *Times*. So for once not even the most Ultra-Liberal or Radical journal was in advance of the *Times*. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was so astonished that it thought the Jupiter must have been hoaxed, and sent an Interviewer post haste to Lord RANDOLPH. But the ex-Chancellor was too wary a bird to be caught, and the *P.M.G.* Young Man had to be content with interviewing Lord RANDOLPH's Secretary. Who gave the *Times* the private and confidential tip? Was it RANDOLPH himself? Anyhow the *Times* was *not* hoaxed, though it was "taken in" everywhere and by everybody that morning.

To Lovers of a Good Dinner.

"CIVILISED man cannot live without dining," sings Lord LYTTON. Still less can half-civilised children. If, however, any *bon-vivant*, who happens to have a good heart as well as a good digestion, wishes to know what pleasure can be got out of dining, let him take a turn at the Mission Room in Clerkenwell Close, where Mr. J. A. GROOM, Superintendent of the Flower Girls' Mission and Brigade, on Wednesdays and Thursdays supplies halfpenny hot meat dinners to hundreds of poor children. A Halfpenny Hot Meat Dinner! If that is not a "good" dinner, what is? Failing a personal visit, the next best thing the *bon-vivant* can do is to send a representative—in the shape of a handsome contribution to the Mission's funds. A guinea will give a dinner to 504 poor children! Spare as many guineas as possible; send some to Nazareth House for the poor old folks at home there, and you will have done something worthy of the title of the real *Bon-Vivant*, with an emphasis on the "*bon*."

"DAYS WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY" (MACMILLAN).—In our notice of this charmingly got-up and most seasonable book we omitted to mention the name of the Artist, Mr. HUGH THOMSON, whose work does so much to enhance the value of the selections. But why did we omit it? Because we could not find it, where, as we contend, it ought to have been, on the title-page facing the frontispiece, which, by the way, is not at all a fair specimen of his work throughout the volume. After careful search right through the book, we discovered it at last where we might have looked at first, modestly recorded on a sort of fly-page at the commencement. Quite an unexpected pleasure, and delighted to meet him anywhere. It is also emblazoned on the cover, but the cover of our copy was itself protected by a paper wrapper, which as it happened we did not remove. This explanation is simple and satisfactory.

MR. PUNCH'S PARTY.

NEW Year's Eve! The eve of the Jubilee Year!

A merry party is assembled in the Palace of *Punch*. It is something like a Party, *Punch's* Own Party, embracing the pick of all parties. And they are enjoying themselves tremendously!

"Look here, Markiss" cries the host, "don't you *entirely* monopolise our Hermit of Hawarden. His opinion on CARNARVON'S latest Homeric effort is doubtless superlatively interesting; but he hasn't given us a song yet. Years ago he used to be great at Nigger Minstrelsy. What shall it be, WILLIAM? Your old favourite, '*Camp-Town Races*,' or '*The Whole Hog or None*'?"

"Why," says the ex-Premier, modestly, putting up his shirt collars, which have become a trifle limp in the course of the evening ("O-limpy-'uns," RANDOLPH is heard to murmur, with that air of resignation which he has recently assumed), "if you *don't* mind, I'd *rather* give you my friend Lord TENNYSON'S '*Hands all Round*,' which JOHN BRIGHT has set to music, and HARTINGTON says *it just suits my* voice." Whereat HARTINGTON nods pleasantly.

Producing from some mysterious pocket a small bottle, containing his patent Vocal Vaseline, he takes, as JOHN MORLEY facetiously expresses it, "a suck at the lemon," and then strikes up this latest composition. *Such* a chorus! JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN puts in a pretty "seconds." ("If he'd only do it as nicely at St. Stephen's, what harmony we should have!" whispers LABBY to GOSCHEN, who is beating time blandly with a cracker bon-bon.) Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT brings in his *basso profondo* at the wrong places, and only finds out his mistake when his leader frowns him down. Then he subsides, and tries to catch the tune occasionally, but fails. RANDOLPH'S tenor comes out well, but Lord CROSS'S alto is a trifle feeble, owing, he says, to the change of weather. Lord GRANVILLE hums an accompaniment, and PARNELL executes a few variations on the original theme. MORLEY has got an idea of the tune, but he's a trifle too sharp. BROADHURST wishes he had brought the marrow-bones and cleavers with him, but, failing that, he beats time on his knees. Then RANDOLPH volunteers "*The Army and Navy for ever! Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!*" arranged as a trio for himself, W. H. SMITH, and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. Everybody delighted.

"Bravo, all!" cries *Mr. Punch*. "'May differences of opinion never alter friendship' is an old-fashioned sentiment. You will

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

[MURRAY wrote to Lord BYRON in 1816, about his idea of starting a "monthly literary journal." The first number of *Murray's Magazine*, has just appeared. December, 1886.]

HERE'S the *Fortnightly*, *Cornhill* too,
Likewise *The National Review*, *Macmillan's*,—yet one more, brand new, Our MURRAY!

With "'letters, essays, epigram,
Facts, travels, characters,' I am
About my Magazine to cram,"
Wrote MURRAY!

In 1816—date you fix—
Your Magazine projected—*nix*—
But here's, in eighteen eighty-six,
Our MURRAY!

'Tis here! The Magazine's begun,
Yes! The first number is well done.
You've "taken care of Number one," My MURRAY!

"*Byroniana*"—eh?—unless
You've something startling,—but we guess
You know what's what. *Punch* drinks success,
To MURRAY!

LORD RANDOLPH'S RESIGNATION.—"Dear, dear! most annoying! He has no consideration for *us!*" exclaim all the purveyors and compilers of Diaries, Almanacks, and Pocket-books for 1887. We haven't yet seen *Whitaker's*. But if his invaluable work should happen to be a trifle late, it will have the pull over all the others by coming out with the "C'rrect Card." But it is too bad of RANDOLPH—he might have waited.

CHRISTMAS-BOX "À SURPRISE."

NEW TOY PRESENTED TO LORD SALISBURY.

NEWS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[It is announced that Mr. BENTLEY will publish Mr. SALA'S Autobiography early in the New Year.]

WHAT! the long promised, long looked for, at last,
Coming ere Spring her green mantle hath cast [Year?
Over the fields of the Jubilee
That is a thought to make Winter less drear.
SALA'S own Autobiography coming?
This will set gossips and *gourmets* all humming.
Everyone will be expectant, with reason. [the Season!
Surely it should be *the* Book of
We shall look out for it eagerly, trust us.
Health and a Happy New Year,
GEORGE AUGUSTUS!

CHRISTMAS "Mummers" is the name of the new Society for "Botanic Beer" drinking, started by the EX-M.P. who lately wrote to the *Times*, stating that this beverage is a composition called "Mum," by which Mr. GLADSTONE, in the "Budget and Mum" time, "found himself completely floored." It's another sort of Mumm in magnums that might do this. Anyhow "Botanic Beer" might have some association with "Flora."

AN UNPOETIC LINE.—This is evidently the proposed Lake District Railway. Mr. HILLS wrote strongly to the *Times* last week against this new measure, which is more akin to prose than poetry. It is in the fitness of things that Lakes should be defended by Hills.

---

agree to differ among yourselves, professionally; but, Gentlemen, remember there is One Party to which you all belong, which is not the First, or the Fourth, or the Fifth Party, but it is before all Parties, and it is *Punch's* Party. ('*Hear! hear!*') In this Party there will be no splits—except of brandies-and-sodas. (*Loud applause.*) Remember, Gentlemen, I disdain all partisanship. (*Great enthusiasm, especially from Lord Salisbury and Lord Cross.*) Irrespective of parties, I consult the public good. When I laugh I shake not one side only, but both sides. (*Cheers.*) You must all, as Lord CROSS has just whispered to me, be prepared to take the chaff with the wit." ('*Oh! oh!*') Do not let such a pun disturb the harmony. Lord CROSS's health. (*Drunk enthusiastically.*) We will not call upon him to return thanks. (*Laughter, during which Lord Cross re-filled his tumbler from the flowing bowl.*) A good example. Glasses round. The solemn moment approaches. The last toast of the Old Year is 'Our Differences.' (*Drunk in solemn silence. Big Ben strikes midnight. The Punch bowl blazes. The Bells ring joyously and jubileeishly.*) And now with the first minute of the New Year let our Jubilee Toast be Her Imperial Majesty

'THE QUEEN!'"

[*Drunk with six times six, Mr. Parnell calling for another cheer, and Mr. Morley giving it.*

"And next my Lords and Gentlemen, the Prince of WALES, the PRINCESS (bless her!) and the rest of the Royal Family."

[*Received with enthusiastic cheering.*

"And lastly the final toast of this particular meeting, '*Mr. Punch's* Party, and no Politics!'"

[*Thundering cheers.*

"And now, Gentlemen," said *Mr. Punch*, lighting another cigar, "the night is young, so is the year. Give your orders, the waiter's in the room. We won't go home till morning——"

All (*in chorus*). We won't go home till morning!

Lord Cross (*enthusiastically waving his spectacles*). We won't go home at all!

Everybody (*with enthusiastic unanimity turning to Mr. Punch, and uplifting glasses and voices*):—For he's a jolly good fellow! And so say all of us!

[*After this the sitting partook of a strictly private character, and called for no further remark.*

WORTH CONSIDERATION.

ALTHOUGH the voice of Kensington on the subject of the supplemental charter to Albert Hall is to be heard by means of a BRAYE—which has an unfortunate sound—yet, like the utterance of BALAAM'S inspired animal, it speaks the words of wise warning. Shall the Albert Hall and the Gardens become a Cremorneries? this is the question. With Olympia at Addison Road, with Buffalo BILL'S Show at Earl's Court (about Easter-time), and the Exhibition re-opened, the Kensingtonians will not have to complain of lack of amusement, whatever else they may have to grumble about.

Now, be it understood that, if a Cremorne be a necessity, *Mr. Punch* is not opposed to it, as long as it does not pretend to be a scientific exhibition, and so sneak in under a disguise. His Royal Highness's Councillors having settled their scheme for the Imperial Institute, a scheme on which *Mr. Punch* can congratulate H.R.H., the Kensington site will no longer be required for a Cremorneries. So *Mr. Punch* ventures to point out that there is plenty of space, and to spare, for Cremorneries in the interior of Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and St. James's Park. Why should not central spaces in these localities be put up to the highest bidder, who could sub-let the ground to showmen and Restaurateurs, so that we should have a kind of Champs Elysées in Hyde Park with a Café des Ambassadeurs, and such like places, open in the summer for dining, and for concerts, and music-hall performances afterwards, and in the day-time for luncheon? The same sort of fair could be arranged in Regent's Park. The People's Caterer would undertake the amusements in Battersea Park; and there would be bands playing throughout the day in all the Cremorneries.

Place all the details under the capable management of Sir SOMERS VINE and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD; call the Shows collectively the "Summer Vineries," and start with the Spring: the better the spring the better the start. Such a scheme as this would enliven London, relieve Kensington from a plethora of amusements, and fairly distribute the pleasure-seeking crowd.

A CHILDREN'S TREAT.—Take them to a *Matinée* of *Alice in Wonderland* at the Prince of Wales's. More anon.

MEMOIRS OF A SECRET MISSION.

(Extracted from the Diary of BYTO, M.P.)

AETA, Saturday. — This Gaeta a charming place. The Bay might well compete with that of Naples for beauty of situation; but it is the town itself that is unique in interest. The Guide-book has little to say about it, and tourists are rarely seen within its ancient gates. It is very old, was a free city with its own Doge, down to the 12th century, taking its full share in the wars of the period. (Sorry the Doge is dead; should like to have interviewed him and recruited him with the rest. But he is no more.) Can only walk about the streets he once passed through in splendour. Such streets! about the width of an ordinary dining-table, flanked on either side by lofty houses budding into balconies at all kinds of unexpected places. For the ten centuries these streets have existed, the sun has never touched the pavement. There is all about a genial green mouldiness, which must be very refreshing when, in July or August, the sun is beating down upon the rock round which Gaeta has twined itself.

Naples, Saturday.—The voyage from Civita Vecchia to Gaeta was, by reason of fine weather, enchanting. That from Gaeta to Naples was even better—a perfect day, with the blue Mediterranean just rippled with a breath of wind, and all the hills that sentinel the mainland standing clear out under the cloudless sky. Yet another beautiful day, and we crossed the Bay in the steam-launch, landed at Torre del Annunziata, and drove through the narrow, crowded streets to peaceful Pompeii. Worth a long journey to stand for awhile in the streets of this silent city; could almost imagine that the inhabitants had quitted it but yesterday. Some of them, however, we saw lying in the Museum by the entrance gate, prone as they fell eighteen hundred years ago. Strangely human they look, their faces so well preserved that, doubtless, if the Wandering Jew were about, and had personally known them in Pompeii, he would be able to identify them. Evidently a luxurious race the Pompeiians, with a shrewd notion of making themselves comfortable. Barring the little tendency to accident, the site of the city is one of the most beautiful in the world, with its peep of the sea, and its amphitheatre of hills, prominent amongst them Vesuvius, smoking with a deliberate air of unconcern, in passive denial of having had anything to do with the present roofless state of the city.

Naples, a busy place, with no footpaths (to speak of. The principal thoroughfares densely crowded; have to walk in the roadway; rather awkward, owing to peculiar method cabmen have of inviting custom. If they see anyone walking in the roadway who looks as if he had a franc in his pocket, they drive down upon him full speed, skilfully bringing the horse's head over his shoulder, and the near shaft into the small of his back. If he wants a cab, you know, there it is; if he don't, the man turns off in search of business elsewhere. This has its conveniences, but grows monotonous by the time you have walked the full length of the Chiaja, or the Via di Roma. One other street habit I (notice, more desirable for importation to London. The morning and afternoon milk is brought to the door of the customers by the animals themselves. The milkman drives his goats their daily round, the customer produces a jug, and not only pays for his milk, but, to quote a familiar injunction, "sees that he gets it." To-day we saw a number of turkeys being driven up a street. The Sailing-master says they are worked upon the same principle. The proprietor knocks at the door, inquires if eggs are wanted. If he gets an order for two, or half a dozen, the turkeys *lay them*, and pass on their round. I did not see this done myself.

Have seen CHAPLIN and HARTINGTON, and arranged for them an interview with the Prince of MONACO. Rather a picturesque rendezvous. Have to be very careful, since we are constantly watched by the reporters. Our Chief has assumed the name of "Mr. BISHOP," and looks very well in pair of blue spectacles. Wears a long cloak, after the Italian manner. HARTINGTON, who travels as "Mr. CAVENDISH," wears his hat on the back of his head, keeps his hand out of his trouser pocket, assumes a jerky walk, and is consequently thoroughly disguised. We met at the foot of Vesuvius on the stroke of midnight. Mr. CAVENDISH said it was "bosh!" but our Chief, flinging the flap of his cloak over right shoulder (as he has seen the Italian officers do), said mustn't omit any precaution. Chief seems certain that he has secured HARTINGTON. Professes not to care about CHAMBERLAIN or GOSCHEN.

To-morrow we set off for Messina, Palermo, thence to Venice, and eastward through the Isles of Greece to the Golden Horn. If I succeed in my endeavour to see the Doge of Venice, I'll write again.

"THE CROCODILE."

FROM what I have read in the *Daily News*,
Of this new piece of Mister SARDOU's,
I think *The Crocodile* is, *sans doute*,
Adapted from the *Overland Route*.
What! adapt from English! that can't be true
Of any French author, eh? SARDOU?
But it seems very like it, unless we say,
That both had worked from an older play.
And this suspicion won't be removed,
Until the contrary be proved.

A GOOD BUTLER IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

MR. PUNCH congratulates Mr. TOOLE upon his new situation at his own Theatre, which suits him to a tea. Naturally it must, because

"Allow me! Miss Linden and Miss Vanbrugh,—our Novice."

it comes between his early dinner and his late supper. Mr. and Mrs. HERMAN MERIVALE call their play a Domestic Comedy, and they have not chosen this description inappropriately, as assuredly the "Domestic" is the feature of the cast. Good, however, as Mr. TOOLE certainly is, he receives admirable support from the clever and versatile Miss MARIE LINDEN, the thoroughly conscientious Miss EMILY THORNE, the intelligent and *piquante* Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH (a valuable recruit), the useful Mr. E. D. WARD, and the evergreen Mr. BILLINGTON. The Company work together with a will that quickly finds a way to the hearts of the audience. Judging from the houses that have been seen since the production of the new piece, *The Butler* during the present season will have a constant supply of Christmas Boxes, to say nothing of Stalls, Dress Circles, Pits, and Galleries.

Tennyson's Latest.

IN "*Locksley Hall after Sixty Years*"
There's many a thought to awaken tears;
Many a line both true and strong,
And one great merit—'tis not too long;
But as to the tedious *Promise of May*.
'Tis dull as a poem, absurd as a play.

SOMETHING LIKE "A POWER OF ATTORNEY."—"Lewis" in the language of Freemasonry means "strength." It required LEWIS to pull the Colin Campbell case through. And it was pulled through triumphantly by GEORGE!

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

THE Hon. HALLAM TENNYSON has been playing the part of the sweet little cherub—he has been keeping watch o'er the life of poor *Jack*. And while he has been stalking his hero, he has not neglected his talk about his adventures. Don't you see what we are driving at—*Jack and the Beanstalk*, (MACMILLAN & Co.). RANDOLPH CALDECOTT'S illustrations are full of spirit and humour, and the Laureate's son would pass with honour any examination in hexameters. A book for children of all ages!

Reviewing the Books.

The Land of Little People, (HILDESHEIMER & Co.,) will also be vastly popular with little people and big.

Poems done by WEATHERLY, sparkling and featherly,
Miss DEALY'S judicious, with pencil dealycious!

And so we sum it all up. But here is another book which children will clamour for. *The Queen of the Pirate Isle* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). It is full of hearty fun, or rather Bret Hartey fun, and the illustrations by Miss KATE GREENAWAY are excellent. A capital sea-story—quite a first-floor-fronter—is *The Cruise of the Black Prince*, by Commander LOVETT CAMERON. Older boys will delight in *The Chronicle of the Coach*, by J. D. CHAMPLIN, Junr. A rapid journey with plenty of wheel and very little wo, from London to Ilfracombe. E. L. CHICHESTER'S clever cuts—not with the whip, but with the pencil—add materially to the pleasure of the trip. *Glad Hours* (WARD AND LOCK), by Miss MURIEL EVELYN, is an attractive volume. This version of "Evelyn's Diary," and all the pictures illustrating it, will be a favourite amongst the Tinymite Party. *The Babes in the Wood*, (RAPHAEL TUCK). The old, old story with capital new wood-cuts by WIEGAND. Ought to be called *The Babes on the Wood*. But supposing they are not wood-cuts? Supposing they are some "process,"—copper? zinc? "Of what is the old man zincing?" This is frivolous—let us inspect *The Knight and the Lady* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE), TOM HOOD'S capital ancient ballad with a number of admirable new illustrations by EDWARD JESSOP. *The Theatre Annual*, is a capital one this year, and contains a wonderful variety in prose and verse. Among the principal contributors beside the editor CLEMENT SCOTT, are E. L. BLANCHARD, GODFREY TURNER, H. SAVILE CLARKE, W. ARCHER, BRAM STOKER, and VIOLET FANE. *Unwin's Annual* is a good one, with a good title—*The Witching Time*. It consists of excellent stories well told, under the editorship of HENRY NORMAN.

Doubtless we get a great deal too much Christmas literature at Christmas-time, and next year it is to be hoped the Publishers will try a change, and give us tales of frost and snow at Midsummer, and let us read verses celebrating the delights of sultry weather, the river, and the sea, at Christmas. As *Mr. Punch* enjoyed his Christmas by anticipation somewhere about last August, he does not want to hear any more about it. It is a relief to turn to Captain HAWLEY SMART'S *Outsider* (WHITE & Co.). This story will probably be an "insider" during the festive season. It will be inside many a boudoir, library, and smoking-room, and add to warmth and geniality by its dashing spirit and cheery good humour. *Romantic Spain* (WARD AND DOWNEY) is a good book to read when the snow is on the ground, or during the intervals of water-pipes bursting. J. A. O'SHEA tells of his personal experiences in perturbed Spain from the abdication of AMADEUS to the entry of DON CARLOS. The book is full of adventure, and abounds in picturesque description. Very little guide-book and less history, for which the reader will be truly thankful. *Margaret Jermine* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by FAYR MADOC, might be described, in the language of vintages, as "a very fair Médoc." There is an excellent bouquet about the first volume, which, had it been sustained through the remaining two, would have supplied a novel of note. But there is scarcely sufficient body in the story to justify its dilution into three volumes. It would have been more successful as a big one-volume tale. In *Riding for Ladies* (THACKER & Co.) Mrs. POWER O'DONOGHUE (more power to her—not that she wants it) shows no signs of "falling off." Indeed, she shows her readers how to become riders, and to stick on gracefully. She sketches her pupils "in their habits as they ride," and gives them a bit of her mind about bits, and tells them all about spurs on the spur of the moment.—We heartily welcome the initial Number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The Messrs. SCRIBNER were the pioneers of that excellence in get up, printing, illustration, and literary value, which have made the American periodicals of this class famous throughout Europe. Their latest venture shows they have by no means forgotten their rare skill and admirable taste in such matters. The Number before us is well printed, capitally illustrated, and contains a great variety of valuable literary work. Of especial note is "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris," by E. B. WASHBURNE, Ex-Minister to France. This Magazine is well charged—the charge, we may note, is the harmless but necessary shilling—and, though there is no chance of its "blowing up," there is every prospect of its "going off" in England in a manner that will prove, in all respects, satisfactory to its promoters.

FATHER CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILD.

A Seasonable Colloquy, after a Celebrated Model.

"You are old, Father Christmas," the young child said,
"Yet you're true to your time to a day,
Though your hair is so white, and your nose is so red.
Tell me how you keep going, I pray."

"I am yet a mere youth," Father Christmas replied,
"Though I have such a jolly long past.
If you've got a warm heart, and shun sourness and pride,
You may keep up your youth to the last."

"You *are* old, Father Christmas," the young child remarked,
"And you do not take pills, I'll be bound;
Yet, considering how you have gobbled and larked,
Your health seems remarkably sound."

"As for COCKLE & Co.," Father Christmas replied,
"They're devoid of attractions for me;
For the lots that I take won't upset my inside,
Since I *give* even more, don't you see!"

"You're a brick, Father Christmas," the young child said,
"Yet you're rather like *Bardolph*, between us.
Say why do they give you a flushed figure-head,
That reminds one so much of Silenus?"

"Most Artists are muffs," Father Christmas replied,
"When true fancy, convention-clogged, slumbers;
But judge me, dear child, by my fame far and wide,
Not my pictures in cheap Christmas Numbers!"

THE OLYMPIANS.

A WONDERFUL place this Olympia. Quite handy to the Addison Road Station. Good omen in the name of "Addison," suggesting numbers of Spectators. Nothing so extensive has yet been seen in London. A regiment of cavalry could be equipped from the stables,—cavalry of all ages, and of many nationalities. As for infantry, there are the tiniest ponies there to suit the requirements of any nursery. We happened to look in while two of the Elephants were rehearsing. One of them evidently liked his part, but the other was inclined to throw his up, judging by the movement of his trunk. However, he was not more troublesome than any other Actor would have been under similar circumstances; and, on consideration of being permitted to intersperse a considerable amount of "gag," which he did by roaring with laughter, of course, and trumpeting (his form of advertising himself), he consented to undertake the part, and went through it in a manner that promised well for its success with the public. The Olympians were in their working dresses. The gods and goddesses seemed very tired. Æolus was making a tremendous noise in practising the wind instruments, and Apollo and Diana were arranging to rehearse the stag-hunt as we were leaving. More, after our official visit.

Going Underground to Olympia.

A LIST of the guests at the New Club last week included one "M. DE SEVERAL." No more comprehensive name since the days of Lot.

PLAYING "THE DUES" WITH HIM.—The Coals did it. At the last meeting with his Chief he had been hauled over them, and, in a temper, he resigned. They call him Lord RANDOM CHURCHILL, now.

A YOUNG HUMANITARIAN.

"OH, MAMMA, MAMMA, COULDN'T YOU INTERFERE? THERE'S A HORRID MAN SQUEEZING SOMETHING UNDER HIS ARM, AND HE *IS* HURTING IT SO!"

THE JUBILEE "MEET."

Old Huntsman loquitur:—

JUMP into the saddle, my juvenile! Just so!
You have, for a youngster, a promising seat,
'Twill serve you 'cross country, at least, lad, I trust so;
My eye is upon you, at this, your first meet.
I've witnessed so many, and so as a Mentor
You cannot do better than take *Mr. P.*,
With the eye of a hawk and the seat of a Centaur,
And so keep *your* eye, my young Nimrod, on me!
You'll have to look sharp, if you'd hold the first flight;
But just follow me, and you're bound to go right.

The first dash at anything's thrilling, my younker,
But keep a cool head and a not *too* hot heel.
You need not, of course, be a fumbler or funker,
But fate tries not only our fire, but our steel.
There is many a "nasty one" looming ahead, lad;
The run will be long, and the course may be rough;
There is no royal road in this chase when all's said, lad;
Your nerves must be steady, your muscles be tough.
Yohoicks! Tallyho! This seems capital fun;
But we are not, you see, at the end of the run.

You're lucky, my lad, such occasions to few come,
For this is a Grand Anniversary Meet.
That ought to put you on your mettle, young Newcome.
A chance such as this, youthful courage should greet.
The run will be certainly hot and exciting,
The field will be full, and the company grand,
Why, e'en an old huntsman, in caution delighting
May feel himself get just a bit out of hand.
Tallyho! Tallyho! We will go it to-day,
For such frolics as this come but once in a way.

You are fresh to the pink and the pigskin, my youngster,
So mark the Old Hand, and attend to his tip;
Don't prove what Lord TENNYSON calls a mere "tonguester;"
Don't shout, but ride straight, quiet hand, steady grip.
The prospect is foggy, some fields heavy, boggy,
And raspers and croppers may come at the close.
Good going at present, my bright adolescent?
Not much! Hark! the horn its shrill tantara blows.
Here's pace to the steady, and stay to the fleet,
And good fortune all round at the Jubilee Meet!

IN THE CRACKERS.

For Lord Salisbury.—A new Leader in the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone.—Free pass to the Stalls at "Olympia."

Mr. Chamberlain.—Parcel of recently imported Greek Oratorical Fire, to be used shortly, and displayed at the Athens of the North.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach.—Draft for a new Crimes Act, drawn up at Dublin, from Notes taken on the spot.

The Emperor of Russia.—The Bulgarian Constitution in a nut-shell.

M. Grévy.—Credit Note for £20,000,000, to be spent forthwith in French Armaments.

Prince Bismarck.—Materials for drawing up an Ultimatum.

The Postmaster-General.—Model of a Cunard Liner, in sugar, and set of Complimentary Verses from Liverpool Commercial Notabilities.

Mr. Parnell.—Prize Essay on "The Occasional Disadvantages of Masterly Inaction."

Sir Charles Warren.—Silver Dog Whistle, presented by subscription from the Battersea Home.

The Bulgarian Delegates.—Invitation to cordial but unofficial Interview on the back-stairs of the Foreign Office.

PUFFING A "CHURCHWARDEN" WHICH "DRAWS" WELL.—Mr. TERRY, in his new piece at the Olympic, is immensely funny. As usual nowadays, the Play is a translation from the German. Evidently, when Paris was occupied by the foreigner from beyond the Rhine, the Library of the little Theatre in the Palais Royal must have been sacked, and the contents carried off to the Fatherland. Mr. BISHOP is excellent in an eccentric character part. Mr. TERRY might advertise the Olympic as a temporary "Church House," with a Bishop and a Churchwarden as the attractions.

THE JUBILEE "MEET."

THE OLD HUNTSMAN. "YOU STICK TO ME, YOUNG SIR. *I'LL* SHOW YOU THE WAY!!"

POOR LETTER "O"!

Signor Mossini. "OW, MY LOVE! I LOVED HER SOW!
MY LOVE THAT LOVED ME YEARS AGOW!"

PUNCH'S OWN ZADKIEL FOR 1887.

January.—The year opens coldly. The appearance of the Great Bear in conjunction with Orion's Belt denotes that persons born on a Friday will suffer much distress of mind, caused either by a disappointment in love, or German measles. Aged Sovereign will suffer from headache. Political complications. Persons travelling on the 15th of the month should beware of storms. Prince BISMARCK will create suspicion.

February.—Parliament, now open, will see many changes. The Miky Way being in the house of Mars, there is reason to fear great pestilence in Eastern Australia. The 17th will be an unfortunate day for travelling to persons with red hair, and the Emperor of China. Aged Sovereign much better. Further complications. Prince BISMARCK will cause alarm.

March.—An event of great interest to the Royal Family will occur early in the month, and cause much rejoicing in some quarters, while in others it will be regarded with concealed suspicion. The appearance of Jupiter in Saturn's belt denotes that colds will be prevalent amongst persons with blue eyes, Arab agents, and the President of the United States. Aged Sovereign not quite so well. Balance of power affected. Prince BISMARCK will be carefully watched, and arouse conjectures.

April.—There will be several debates in Parliament, of very long duration. The 3rd will be unwholesome to children having mothers born on a Friday, tallow-chandlers, and the Queen of SPAIN. During the month, Venus governs the Southern Cross, denoting that there will be much rain in Suffolk, and a revolution in North America. An aged Sovereign sneezes, thus causing complications amongst the European Powers. Prince BISMARCK will conceal his policy, and create apprehension.

May.—Much stormy and sunshiny weather. The 9th will be unfortunate to those who have been married on a Wednesday, Statesmen, letter-carriers, and the King of PORTUGAL. The concord of Cancer in the house of Uranus forebodes earthquakes in Ireland and the prevalence of influenza in Northern latitudes. Much apprehension is felt in Venezuela. An aged Sovereign goes out for a walk, and returns fatigued, causing European complications of a kind not easily removed. Prince BISMARCK by his conduct provokes comment.

June.—The month commences sadly with a famine in a country ill able to bear the disaster. The 29th will be a day to be avoided by aged persons fond of athletic exercises, mariners, and the Mikado of JAPAN. The eclipse of the Gemini shadows forth much distress in Switzerland, especially amongst those holding high office in the Navy. An aged Sovereign receives intelligence of a disturbing character. Prince BISMARCK, by a stroke of unexpected policy, promotes distrust in some influential quarters.

July.—Rain and snow, in spite of the season of the year, are found in Greenland and further North. Between the 14th and 22nd poulterers and the Ex-Khedive of EGYPT should beware of playing on the German flute. An aged Sovereign takes a bath, a fact that has to be considered in international councils. Prince BISMARCK attracts attention.

August.—Hard times are experienced in Mexico owing to the failure of the harvest of a vegetable closely resembling the potato. The 12th is not a day to be chosen by mariners and children under four years of age for embarking in adventures requiring great energy and discrimination. An aged Sovereign was never better in his life. Prince BISMARCK causes a feeling of insecurity.

September.—Much storm in various parts of the world. Neptune, crossing the orbit of Jupiter, forebodes ill tidings to persons with red hair, and especially the Emperor of BRAZIL. An aged Sovereign suffers much from the extreme heat of the weather, and his state is regarded with interest by neighbouring monarchs. Prince BISMARCK's utterances are discredited in some quarters.

October.—The month opens with much excitement in America, produced by the dissemination of news of an alarming character. The 4th should be avoided by those intending to make a bargain, and the Imperial Family of Russia. An aged Sovereign dines half-an-hour later than usual, which causes some uneasiness. Prince BISMARCK's policy is regarded with disfavour in Southern Europe, especially Turkey, or its dependencies.

November.—London is invaded by a dense fog, which lasts for some time. The 9th is a fortunate day for the adventures of shipowners, burglars, and the President of the French Republic. An aged Sovereign is reported to be in weak health, a rumour that has its effect in the councils of Europe. Prince BISMARCK is regarded with suspicion by his fellow-statesmen.

December.—The month commences sadly in the more unhealthy parts of the West Coast of Africa. The conjunction of the Great Bear, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars, and Uranus, in the Milky Way denotes that some disaster may occur to the junior branches of the family of the Emperor of Austria. Great fires are seen in London on or about the 24th. Ireland is threatened with commotion, and the potato is eaten largely as food by the people of that unhappy island. An aged Monarch is said to feel the cold intensely, and the report is received with interest by adjacent Monarchs. Prince BISMARCK is very reticent in his utterances, but is still regarded with surprise, distrust, unbelief, suspicion, dislike, and apprehension.

THE TRUE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY:—The proposed Victoria Jubilee Tower.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

(*Dis-played by D. Crambo, Junior.*)

Share 'ards. 'Ole made.

Van Toon. Blind Man's Buff!

FELINE AMENITIES.

'NOW WHICH OF THESE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOU MAY *I* HAVE, DEAREST? THE BEAUTIFUL ONE, OR THE ONE AS I KNOW YOU?"

DOMESTIC MELODIES.

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

(*By Sancho Preston Panza.*)

No. I.—"MY WIFE HAS GONE AWAY."

AGAINST a leaden sky the tree
(There 's one in my suburban garden)
Uplifts its ebon tracery,
And, as I gaze, I almost see
The scanty gravel freeze and harden;
And yet my heart is glad as May,
Because my Wife has gone away.

Sweet ties of Home! New cares in vain
Their piety essay to smother,
While those old spells the bride constrain
To play at maidenhood again,
And stay, a child once more, with Mother.
Thank goodness, Mother was not led
To come and stay with her instead.

Come hither, button-studded boy!
South, North, and West dispatch the fiery
Cross, with its tale of festal joy;
With plectral sixpences employ
The strings of the electric lyræ!
Bid SMITH and BROWN and JONES attend
The feast of their recover'd friend.

To-day in Cambridge guise we 'll meet,
As when some startling work we still meant,
When dancing measures stirr'd our feet,
And hope made all the future sweet—
Before we met with its fulfilment.
We 'll spend a true Ambrosian day,
Because my Wife has gone away.

Not that I love AMANDA less,
But that I wish to love her better,
'Tis well to loose the loving stress
That makes me sometimes fail to bless
The memorable day I met her;
She putting on the final word
A value that I deem absurd.

And soon to more marital mind
You bring me back, you careless Cook,
And, thanks to MARY JANE, I find. [you!
(Like mouse unwatch'd to play inclined,)
Μεταβολὴ not *παντῶν γλυκύ*.
When kettles boil and boots are black,
Be sure my Wife is coming back!

ADVICE GRATIS.

JIMMY.—The correct pronunciation of "Psyche" is not "Psitch," as you seem to think. It rhymes with "Mikey." GOETHE is pronounced so as to rhyme with "Shirty." Your verses are promising.

STUDENT.—1. No; POPE did not write the *Iliad*. 2. The Great Seal is the impression on wax of the Arms of the Kingdom, and is always borne by the LORD CHANCELLOR. It is not a marine animal of unusually large dimensions. 3. Write to the Secretary of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. Possibly he may reply to your other queries.

BROKEN-HEARTED.—We cannot really undertake to advise you as to what is your best course. Yours is a peculiar case. It is rare for any one person to be simultaneously threatened with epilepsy, deserted by her affianced lover after the banns have been already published, bitten by a dog which has been rendered insane through being led about by a string, expelled from her lodgings for non-payment of rent, *and* thrown out of an active volcano. These events do not often happen together. Do not, at any rate, return the presents your lover gave you. If we were in your place we should convert them into cash. Then you might take out a County Court Summons against the owner of the dog, also of the volcano, and have something over for a Breach of Promise action.

VOTARY OF FASHION.—1. In paying afternoon calls, be careful to leave as many cards as there are persons in the family. Thus, if there are thirteen in all, leave thirteen cards. This is always done in the highest circles. 2. If you wish to make "kind inquiries," write P. P. C. in one corner. It is a formula which is well understood. 3. Do not take up the gravy in your plate with a spoon. It is contrary to good etiquette. You can get up as much as you want on the blade of your knife, but be sure not to cut yourself in so doing. 4. Buy *Etiquette for the Million; or, How to Behave like a Gentleman on Nothing a Year*—published at this office.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The "Venus Milonis" means "the Venus of, or belonging to, MILO." MILO was a celebrated Greek athlete, famed for his prodigious strength. He is said to have dragged HECTOR three times round the walls of Troy *before breakfast!* He was the possessor of a beautiful Statue of Venus, the Goddess of Love, which he took, on a judgment-summons, from the house of one of his ancient Greek debtors. It is now in the British Museum.

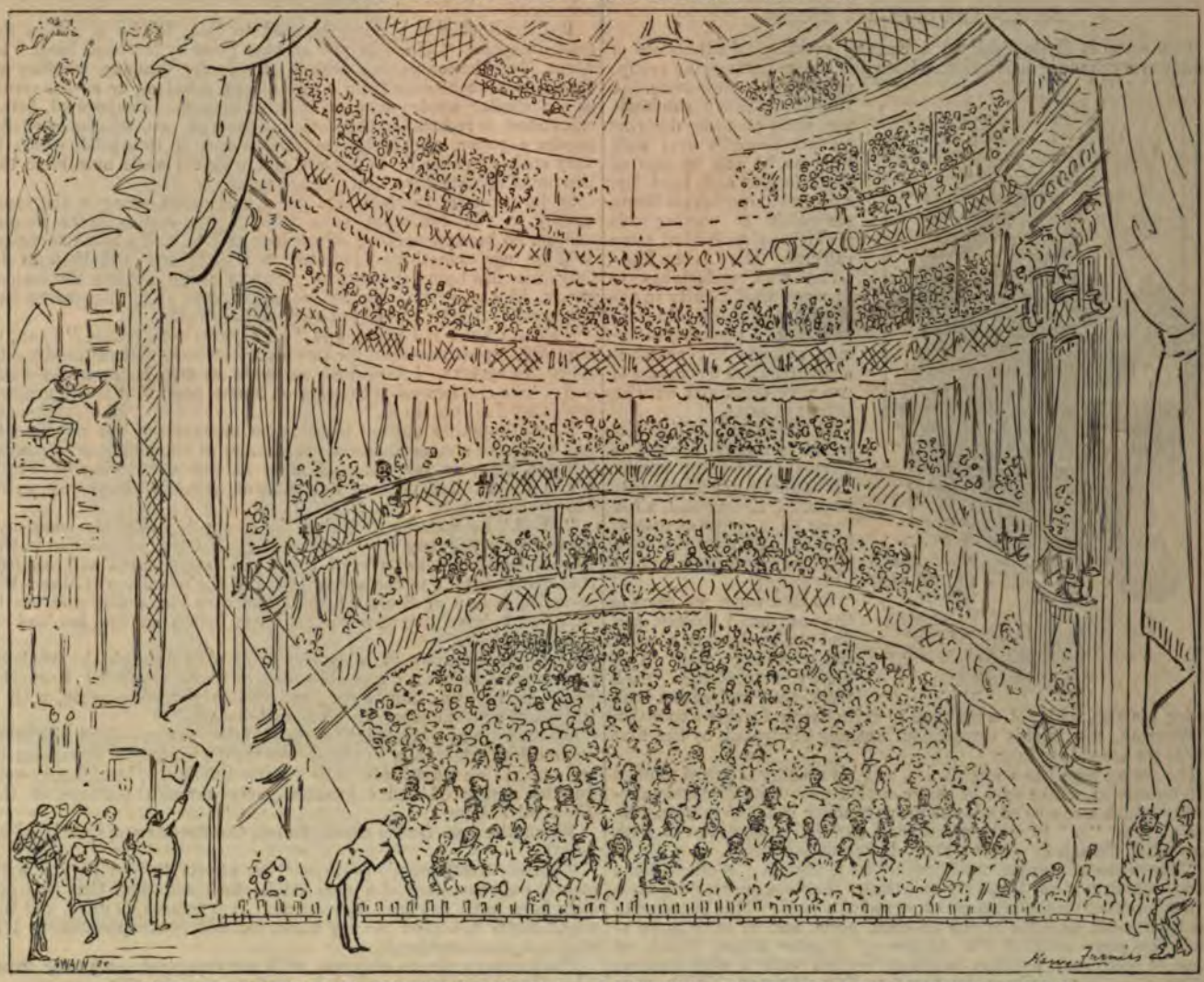
PERPLEXED.—The best handbook on bees and their management is *How I made £500 a-year out of Honey*, printed by the publisher of this paper, and to be obtained at this office.

JOHN BULL.—As nearly as possible the pronunciation is "*Partong poor lar Siry.*" The words mean, "Departing for the Far East," and are part of a song invented by GAMBETTA when the French troops set out for Tonkin. French pronunciation is easily picked up. Get *How I learned French, German, Italian, and Spanish in Three Weeks*—sold at this office.

ENTERPRISE.—You have discovered a new explosive fifty times stronger than dynamite, a single pound being capable of blowing up the largest ironclad. You ask what we should advise your doing with it. If you do not feel inclined to experiment on the Temple Bar Griffin some dark night, we should advise your communicating with the Admiralty, or the Ordnance Department, who are always overjoyed to welcome any invention which is for the public good, and which is likely to give them a great deal of trouble by superseding the methods now in use. If this plan fails, try Scotland Yard.

HARD UP.—Professors, Clerks, Pianoforte-tuners, Company-Promoters, and Beadles, are certain to get on well in the unsettled parts of North-West Manitoba. But agricultural labourers had better stay at home. They are not wanted. You say you are slightly crippled, and an invalid, and that you have been successively turned out of all your employments in England owing to incapacity, but that you are "very hopeful," and you ask whether you are likely to make a fortune easiest and quickest in Canada, the United States, or Australia. We should say your best chance would be at the South Pole. Try it.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 44.



DRURY LANE ON BOXING-NIGHT. AUGUSTO DRURIOLANO IMPERATORE.

(Rapid Sketch by Our Lime-Lightning Artist.)

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

"The glaring sins against taste, and the most ordinary dictates of reason, perpetuated of late under the pretext of celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, furnish a sad and solemn warning."—*Times.*

THE following suggestive schemes for the celebration of the coming Royal Jubilee are among the latest that have come to hand:—

DITCHBOROUGH.—At a Meeting of the Town Council of this ancient borough, held yesterday morning, it was unanimously decided to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Her Gracious Majesty's accession to the Throne by the establishment of a Central Pig Market. Seeing that the town is noted for its production of pork sausages, and does an active trade in this commodity, it is felt that, while paying a delicate compliment to HER MAJESTY, the inauguration of the Market in question will at the same time subserve usefully the interests of local commerce. The Motion was received with great favour in the borough, and much enthusiasm prevailed.

WAPPINGHAM.—It has been decided that Wappingham shall mark the event of the Royal Jubilee by the erection of a new Town-pump and the opening of a local Cemetery. It is thought that the idea which thus happily associates the occasion with the supply of two public wants that have for some time been experienced in the borough, cannot fail to recommend itself favourably to HER MAJESTY'S consideration; and it has been arranged that a deputation shall visit her at Windsor for the purpose of submitting the proposition to her judgment forthwith. Local feeling runs high on the subject, and will anxiously await the Royal approval.

KETTLINGTON.—The Corporation of this town have decided to utilise the New Sewage Scheme for the purpose of celebrating the keeping of their gracious Sovereign's year of Jubilee. It is thought that a handsome public subscription will be forthcoming under the exceptional circumstances, and so enable the Corporation to complete in a substantial manner this necessary public work, and at the same time appropriately do honour to a memorable epoch in HER MAJESTY'S reign. Much local confidence is expressed that the happy idea will meet with the Royal approbation.

BLINKSWORTH.—After a good deal of discussion over several rival schemes for the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, it has at length been decided to commemorate the great occasion by the erection, subject to the control of a Limited Liability Company, of a first-class Hotel, an institution the lack of which has long been a reproach to the borough. It is hoped too, if sufficient funds are left over for the purpose, to supplement the idea by the further erection of a plaster statue of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, on a suitable pedestal, on a convenient site facing the coffee-room of the building, and it is conceived by the Authorities, that if HER MAJESTY can be induced to visit our loyal borough for the purpose of inaugurating the undertaking, that the bestowal of some local honours cannot fail to follow upon such an auspicious occasion. Altogether a most excellent feeling has been manifested in the borough on the subject.

DAMPOVER.—It was unanimously decided at the meeting of the Town Council held here yesterday, that the happiest and most fitting memorial of Her Gracious MAJESTY'S fiftieth anniversary of accession to the Throne, would be the inauguration of the New Borough Gasworks. Steps have, therefore, already been taken to organise a Committee for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the preliminaries of the undertaking, which appears to be extremely popular, and promises to enlist a large amount of sympathy.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. X.—THE OPEN-AIR RECITER.

THE scene is Hyde Park on a Sunday evening. Enthusiasts of nearly every shade of conviction and complexion are haranguing groups more or less numerous. A ringletted Italian is defending some peculiar doctrine he has brought over with him, as he sits on one of the benches, and, hard by, a fluent but incoherent Negro revivalist is waving his pinkish palms behind some railings. Here is the Positivist who undertakes to disprove Christianity in the short space of ten minutes; and there a gloomy gentleman exhorts to repentance a congregation consisting of one very small girl with an infant in arms.

A Cockney Atheist disputes publicly against a German Protestant amidst the applause of a thoroughly impartial circle; and, a few paces on, a constant succession of pallid youths drop their aspirates from a portable pulpit.

So that when we come to the next small cluster, and find its nucleus is a short sickly young man in a highly respectable black frock-coat, and with a book under his arm, it is not unnatural to expect some further exposition of doctrine, nor is this expectation entirely dissipated by the first words we are able to hear.

The young man has a weak voice, and his manner is one of studied self-repression, with a dash of that consciousness of intellectual superiority which a course of miscellaneous reading is apt to induce. He sees a nasty "h" looming ahead, and generally negotiates it with some skill, though he seems a little shaken on landing.

"The crime of murder, my friends," he is saying, "is one of those events which few can be guilty of without their consciences are more or less haunted by the memory of so awful a deed. This peculiarity has been noted by some of our greatest poets, and by none more so than the piece entitled *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, which, as some of you may perhaps recollect"—(this with a very dubious optimism)—"was written by the late TOM OOHOOD. With your permission, I shall now endeavour to recite this piece from memory."

The circle of idlers are pressing close round him, and yet one and all avoid meeting his eye, and maintain a noble British stolidity. The young man seems to have something to say, and they may as well stay where they are till they have had enough of it.

And the young man gives his rendering of the famous poem—a rendering which, it must be admitted, is consistently tame throughout. The reek from the pipes, which are within an inch or so from his nose, makes him cough at all the crises. When he addresses an impudent Street Arab, who is staring up at him, as "my gentle boy," and reminds him that it is nothing but a dream, the urchin yelps suddenly, and plunges through the ring, shrieking with impish laughter. The pallid youths close by strike suddenly into melody, and our reciter gives a shrug of despair. "Gentlemen, I'm sorry to interrupt my course, but the opposition is really too strong for me just 'ere. It 's not my desire to say anything against anyone's opinions; but so much as this I will say, that some people might employ their spare time far better in storing their minds with improving literature than what they are owling out ims. I must ask you all to adjourn with me, where we shall be less disturbed."

Hereupon he moves on, but his audience remains behind, doubtful, apparently, whether their interest is sufficient, or their dignity sufficiently accommodating, to warrant any additional exertion. At last one or two bolder spirits shuffle towards him sheepishly, with an apologetic giggle, and most of the rest drift after them.

"When we were interrupted," says the Reciter, who has obviously forgotten all about it, "I had arrived at that portion of the narrative when the murderer—in which the corpse——"

"You was a sayin," says a surly man, "as you was like a Devil of the Pit."

"*Quite* right," says the Reciter, scholastically, and continues *without further mishap. When he* leaves ARAM in the mist, between the two stern-faced men, there is a silence—no face expresses the slightest emotion, no voice utters a word of thanks, or even criticism.

But the Reciter is apparently used to this, for he is not in the least damped. "There is yet another piece by the same hand," he opens, "on the companion subject of suicide. Suicide, whether we regard it as proceeding from a disordered intellect, or as the result of—of similar unpleasantness, is liable to serious disapproval, being calculated to reduce the population. Some of you, who occasionally peruse a paper, may have remarked a case of this kind, which is very aptly depicted by TOM 'OOD, and which I shall now have the honour of repeating by heart before you."

So he proceeds to recite the poem, and again there is the same apathy in the audience; some whisper personal remarks to one another on his appearance; others look at him with a blank surprise, as if he was something exhibited in a tent; now and then an old lady, who has been flitting from group to group sipping theological honey, like a serious-minded bee, approaches and, discovering her error, sails off with a volley of very audible sniffs.

"I don't know if I weary you," he says on concluding, "I can, if required, repeat passages, for two hours on end, without needing to refer to any text. I *have* done as much as two hours and-a-half, and I 'm quite agreeable to going on longer now, if it is the general wish that I should do so."

There is another pause; there is no enthusiasm, but no dissent, and at length a more appreciative member of the audience responds, "Spout away if yer like, old man, no one's 'indering of yer!" which the Reciter, perhaps not without grounds, accepts as warm encouragement.

"Well," he concedes, "I shall be happy to oblige the company. Some among you may have studied English Istry, as recorded in the learned and luminous pages of YUME and SMOLLIT, and will recollect that great writer's pathetic description of the execution of MARY, the so-called Queen of Scots. I shall now give you a dialogue she is supposed to have uttered a few moments before she laid her 'ead on the fatal block."

It would be tedious to follow the young man through the whole of his programme, which resembles one of those revolving fireworks which are always about to stop, and suddenly starting again, with a whiz, and a total change of colour and design.

On returning to his neighbourhood, after various short absences, we find him alternately exulting over the destruction of Sennacherib, and explaining what battle is to "Little PETERKIN," and finally conducting a reduced and exhausted party through portions of the *Deserted Village*.

When the last feat is accomplished, the Reciter stops, satiated at length.

"I hope, Gentlemen," he says, "my efforts to provide you with mental entertainment of a more intellectual sort than that you get elsewhere have not been unwelcome. It is coming on dark, and the night air is not good for my voice, so, with your permission, I 'll wish you good evening."

His hearers make no response, with one exception,—a young man, who offers him a penny, which he declines with dignity.

"You misunderstand," says the Reciter. "I do what I have done to-night with no idea of making money by it,—only to improve the popular taste, and lead them, if possible, to read and think for themselves."

The crowd disperses, too indifferent, or, it may be, too shy, to express any gratitude for his exertions; and the Open-Air Reciter goes away alone, with the sense of being a public benefactor for his sole reward.

One cannot help suspecting that, whether he is conscious of it or not, some more personal motives have been at the bottom of his proceedings; but who will grudge him a vanity which assumes so harmless and well-meaning a form, and which will probably gild his week's work for him with the recollection of the evening past on which he had an audience all to himself, and the anticipation of the evening to come when his innocent excitement may be repeated?

Mr. Punch rather fancies he has met amateurs of far higher standing whose self-satisfaction and incompetence were not less pronounced, whilst their taste in selection was decidedly inferior to those exhibited by this humble specimen of the irrepressible race of reciters, to whom, as he takes a not unkindly leave of him, he will only wish increased lung-power, and a more demonstrative audience on the next occasion on which it pleases him to take the field.

Two Jubilee Editions of *Shakspeare* are to be issued; one, we are told, is the work of Messrs. IRVING AND MARSHALL, and the other is brought out by Messrs. VIRTUE. We hope the names are synonymous.

MRS. RAM came over from Calais to Dover the other day. She said that it wasn't so much the sea as the osculation of the boat that upset her.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied *by a Stamped and Directed Envelope* or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

CH-PL-N'S OPPORTUNITY.

"A ready wit and a fluent tongue are valuable auxiliaries. But force of character, consciousness of power, masculine ability in grappling with complicated questions, and that species of eloquence, the effect of which arises rather from earnestness, straightforwardness, and elevation of sentiment, than from sparkling or elaborate rhetoric, give a man a position in the House of Commons which leaves him little in need of such other gifts as we have mentioned."—*Standard*, Dec. 30.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

OUR CHIEF IN A RAGE.

DEAR TOBY, MONTE CARLO, *Monday*.

I SUPPOSE I may as well address you by your proper name. This foolery about "BYTO" has now, doubtless, served its purpose, and we may be assumed to have come to our senses. It was RANDOLPH began this, as he does everything else that is bad. If there had been no "Mr. SPENCER," there would have been no "BYTO, M.P.," and, I daresay you will add, no "Mr. BISHOP." But I took that name only for a few days, have cast it off with the cloak, and you can now address me by my proper name, of which I have no reason to be ashamed.

Since we parted at the foot of Mount Vesuvius a great deal has happened, for which I hold you directly responsible. If you had only been content to hold your peace, there would have been no Ministerial Crisis. But you must needs go writing "Memoirs," letting cats out of the bag, and otherwise playing the doose with me and high politics. Why will people write Diaries and Memoirs? Do you forget what a distinguished lady said in a recent trial about the danger of writing Diaries? But you plunge in, and bring down about our heads one of the best built architectural constructions that has been reared for many years, though I say it that should not.

Up to the date of the publication of your confounded "Memoir," everything was going on swimmingly. Had got HARTINGTON out here and was gradually bringing him round. In another week he would have been entirely with us. The Prince of MONACO—and though I am seriously displeased with you, I am bound to admit you managed that business well—has left nothing to be desired. He has entered into our scheme with an enthusiasm far beyond what might have been expected from him. I daresay you have seen that paragraph in the newspapers about him cruising in the Mediterranean "studying the speed of the ocean currents." I got that circulated. Fact is, MONACO has been acting as my emissary in negotiating the Great International Alliance that shall reduce BISMARCK to his proper proportions, and bring England, under my leadership, back into the place she filled in Elizabethan days. In addition to the Day of Algiers and the Nights of Malta, whose alliance you secured, MONACO has sworn-in the BEY of Tunis, the DOGE of Venice, and the ARCHIMANDRITE.

There is no saying what other ramifications this work of statecraft might not have reached but for your reckless meddling. Everything was working admirably in the profoundest secresy. HARTINGTON was supposed to be taking an innocent holiday. No one recognised in the stately figure draped in sleeveless cloak, wearing blue spectacles and entered in the hotel books as "Mr. BISHOP," the Leader of the only genuine Conservative Party in England. As for MONACO he was, as we have seen, engaged in scientific pursuits in the blue Mediterranean. RANDOLPH was lulled to sleep; the Markiss was in a state of somnolence. In another fortnight or three weeks we should have been able to throw off all disguises, seize upon the helm of State, and steer the hoary vessel on to the loftiest pinnacle of national fame. When you, forsooth, must betray us! I do not accuse you of traitorous design, or of lack of fidelity to me and the cause. It was stupidity, my dear TOBY, crass stupidity.

What followed was easily foreseen. RANDOLPH is a man of resolution and resource. You showed our hand; he trumped it. Never was so fair a game spoiled by the maladroitness of an inconsiderate confederate. Our *coup de main* must necessarily be postponed, perhaps indefinitely. HARTINGTON has been summoned back by the Markiss. MONACO is tearing his hair, and wants to know whether he can get to Central Asia in his yacht. The DOGE is dazed, the DEY despondent, the BEY baffled, and the ARCHIMANDRITE seeks solace in strong language. England's chance of reassuming its place among nations is sunk in the abyss, and BISMARCK is more blatant than ever. And all this because you could not restrain your too facile pen! I hope at least it will be a warning to you.

As for me, I tarry here awhile, listening with dulled ears to the *croupier's* cry, "*Le jeu est fait! On ne va plus!*" Yours, broken-heartedly, H-NRY CH-PL-N.

NO WORK TO DO!

Brief Comedy, as performed recently, with some success, by certain Members of the Unemployed in Suburban Districts.

ACT I.—SCENE—*An Unfrequented Back Suburban Street. Enter Six of the "Unemployed." After making sure that there is no Policeman about, they commence bawling a popular hymn. Chorus of Unemployed, concluding ninth verse of popular hymn with redoubled vigour—*

Hangels of light,
A singing to welcome the pilgrums ho-of the night,
A singing to welcome the pilgrums ho-of the night!

Mrs. Bungler Bountiful (*at window*). Ah! those poor men out of work! How cold and famished they look! I wonder they've got any voice left to sing with. It's really too bad of the Government, or somebody, not finding them any work to do. Dear me! it's very sad. I must really give them a trifle. (*Goes to door, and gives them a shilling.*)

Spokesman of the Unemployed. Thank you kindly, lady, to help poor, honest, starvin' working-men, who can't get a job nowheres, though their wives and children is 'ungry and forlorn at home, and cryin' for the crust as they'd be thankful for. Thank you kindly. (*Is about to recommence bawling popular hymn, but noticing Policeman approaching at the end of the street, retreats hurriedly with his companions round the corner into the adjacent Square.*)

Mrs. Bungler Bountiful (*watching their departing figures with benevolent interest*). Poor men! I'm sure their distress was quite genuine!

ACT II.—*Another spot in the neighbourhood. Parish Official discovered superintending the removal of accumulated snow. Enter Six of the Unemployed. They slouch about and survey the operations surlily.*

Parish Official (*noticing them. Cheerily*). Ah, my men, out of work. Do you want a job?

Spokesman of the Unemployed. P'raps we does. P'raps we doesn't. Depends on what it is.

Parish Official. It's to clear this snow away.

Spokesman of the Unemployed. What clear that there away? and what's the swag?

Parish Official. Your pay will be fourpence an hour.

Spokesman of the Unemployed. Chivey! Fourpence an hour! Why, what do you think me and my mates is made of, to be slave-driven like that! Why it would be no bargain at heightpence!

Parish Official. I thought that as you had no work——

Spokesman of the Unemployed. Who said we had no work to do? Come along, mates! let's give 'em the "Pilgrums" down along the hother side. (*Exeunt to support their starving families in a more excellent way.*)

THE DRAMA IN OXFORD STREET.

Mr. Punch. You have asked my opinion of Mr. JONES's piece——

Mr. Nibbs. Excuse me, Sir. But the author's distinguished name should be given with the sort of flourish with which it is set off on the programme, where it is printed thus:— [*Produces it.*

+• Henry • Arthur • Jones. •+

Pardon my drawing your attention to the fact, Sir, but it is so evident that the gentleman who has put his name to this bill wishes it to be understood that, though it is only JONES, he is the Onliest JONES, and must be announced in the arena as "HENRY (*alarums*) ARTHUR (*fanfare*) JONES! (*Grand flourish of trumpets*)."

Mr. Punch. Surely, Mr. NIBBS, this is a small matter, which, if it please Mr. JONES, does not hurt us. I was about to say that the *Noble Vagabond*, up to the end of the Second Scene of the Third Act, is as exciting and ingeniously-contrived a melodrama as one would wish to see. But at this point, just when a strong climax is essential, it collapses in a muddled situation, which very naturally disappoints an expectant audience.

Mr. Nibbs. I am entirely of your opinion. The Scene at the Fair was spun out with a purposeless boxing-match, and if the Professor who was floored had only got up and sung "Oh, what a surprise! Two lovely black eyes!" the audience could not have been more astonished than they were at the termination of the Act, though they might have been more pleased.

Mr. Punch. Then in the last Act, though all that acting can do is done to re-kindle the excitement, yet in the scene of *équivoque* between the hero, the heroine, and the returned Baronet, there is such a strong element of comedy, as there must always be in a dialogue of cross-purposes, that the dramatic instinct of any intelligent audience is opposed to taking it seriously; and a laugh in the wrong place is, at such a critical moment, fatal to the melodrama.

Mr. Nibbs. But, Sir, having placed your finger on the weak part of the play, can you at all suggest how it might have been avoided?

Mr. Punch. Only by reconstruction. The materials are all there. The idea of impersonating a murdered man is not, of course, new,—it was done most effectively in *Henry Dunbar*,—but the motive in the *Noble Vagabond* gives the requisite novelty.

Mr. Nibbs. It struck me that the dialogue was terse and telling.

Mr. Punch. Undoubtedly, and we were not overwhelmed with sermons and elocutionary essays, which threatened at one time to become a Princess's tradition,—just when everybody wanted the action of the piece to "get on," and the elocutionist to get off.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. WARNER is good.

Mr. Punch. It is fair to assume that he realises Mr. JONES's ideal of a Noble Vagabond as nearly as possible, or he would not be playing the part. His imitation of *Old Scorier* is certainly excellent.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT, too, is one of our best low comedians in a homely part like this of the Showman.

Mr. Punch. A part not strikingly original, but always popular and safe. I should like to see Mr. GEORGE BARRETT play ROBSON's part in the *Porter's Knot*. I was delighted with Miss DOROTHY DENE as *Maud Deveson*; she is thoroughly in earnest.

Mr. Nibbs. She is comparatively a novice.

Mr. Punch. We only heard of her coming out last year, and by this time she has achieved a very marked success. She is a young actress of great performance and of still greater promise. She possesses that spark of dramatic genius which may be fanned into a flame, not by the puffing of flatterers,—which would extinguish it,—but by the gentle breath of judicious critics. Seeing her so good as she is—and I much doubt whether there is anybody of her youthful standing on the stage who could have played this part half as well—I am inclined to ask where was the stage manager, just to give her performance that finishing touch, which otherwise she can only acquire by experience, or may, as too frequently happens, fail to acquire at all?

Mr. Nibbs. I know exactly what you mean, Sir, and suppose that the fault lies with a defective system of rehearsal. Of the actors I thought Mr. CARTWRIGHT uncommonly good as the villain, and Miss ANNIE HUGHES very nice and sympathetic as *Dinah Vimpany*.

Mr. Punch. Mr. WALTER HANN's Scenery is most picturesque and appropriate. I shall tell all my friends to go and see this piece for the sake of Miss DOROTHY DENE's performance and Mr. WARNER's remarkable imitation of the make-up and manner of Mr. JULIAN CROSS as *Old Scorier*. I shall warn them against disappointment in the Third Act. Good evening, Mr. NIBBS. I am going to see the *Extravaganza*-Pantomime at the Avenue, where I shall be pleased to meet you; *and next week, perhaps, we can discuss it. Au revoir!*

HOW WARS ARE GOT UP.

(*By Our Special Foreign Correspondent—but we've stopped him in time.*)

VIENNA, *Jan.* 1*st.*—Just now I am sure your readers will be thirsting for a new sensation, in place of the one provided by a recent *cause célèbre*, prematurely concluded, so I hasten to wire you a most extraordinary rumour which is circulating in the highest circles of this Capital, in which I invariably move. It has reference to the mental condition of the Emperor of GERMANY. I was talking to-day to a Diplomatist, whose name, were I to give it to you, which I, unfortunately, can't do, would in itself be a guarantee of the complete credibility of every word he utters, and he assured me, as a fact, that the German Emperor is under the impression that war with France and Russia has *already broken out*, and that BISMARCK only keeps him quiet by forging bogus telegrams from the seat of war, describing victories for the Fatherland! Also, in his occasional paroxysms that Kaiser WILHELM is in the habit of taking pot-shots at passers-by from one of the windows of the Palace Unter den Linden, and the amount of hush-money which the Crown Prince has already paid to relatives of persons killed in this way is enormous. An unlucky attendant who hid the Emperor's revolver the other day, as a measure of precaution, was *actually scalped* by the infuriated monarch, and none of his *entourage* come near him without wearing bullet-proof armour under their Court uniforms, and being provided with chloroformed handkerchiefs to wave in the aged Kaiser's face in case of necessity. You can judge from these incidents on how slender a thread the peace of Europe now hangs.

PARIS, *Jan.* 2*nd.*—I may mention, under all possible reserve, a fact which has just come to my knowledge. General BOULANGER, acting on a hint from his friend, a sworn ally of the CZAR, has executed a masterly *coup*, which forms a Gallic counterpart to the kidnapping of Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria. You have been informed in previous trustworthy communications from me that the French War Minister desires an addition of one hundred million pounds sterling to the French Budget, in order to provide a supply of new epaulettes and tinned-meats to the Army. Finding M. GOBLET unwilling to sanction this expenditure, he took down a couple of hundred masked men, one dark night recently, to the country residence of the Prime Minister, and surrounding the place so as to prevent any of the inmates escaping, forced that Statesman (who at the time was having a modest supper of anchovy-toast and *vin ordinaire*, preparatory to retiring to bed) to sign the order to the different manufacturers and to the Treasury. The apparition of General BOULANGER late at night, with a sword between his teeth, and a loaded revolver in each hand, uttering tremendous threats, is stated to have unnerved M. GOBLET, so that you need not be surprised to hear of his resignation at any moment. Can anybody doubt, after this, that we are on the eve of a devastating European conflict?

VIENNA, *Jan.* 3*rd.*—I told you before that the Emperor WILLIAM is now a raging lunatic. His last freak is to imagine himself a Fasting Man, and to refuse to take any nourishment of any sort. BISMARCK and MOLTKE have to stand over him, and force him to eat *at the sword's point!* BISMARCK has already been twice shot in the leg, and MOLTKE's cocked hat (which he always wears) has been carried away by a bullet from his Royal Master, and the Chancellor and the veteran soldier both threaten to resign in consequence. This intelligence is *absolutely authentic*. War (against somebody or other) *may be declared at any instant!*

ST. PETERSBURG, *Jan.* 5*th.*—To-day's *Official Messenger* has the following passage:—

"The idea that a great European war is preparing for next spring, is chiefly kept alive by the hysterical correspondents of certain foreign newspapers. These journals do not perceive that by perpetually harping on the subject, they are themselves helping to produce the catastrophe they pretend to deprecate."

Your readers will be able to judge from this extract, that the Franco-Russo-Germano-Austro-Turko-Italian war is *really very near indeed*. I have been busy prophesying it, as you know, for some time past, but this official *communiqué* (which, to be understood, must of course be read as meaning exactly the contrary of what it states) puts the imminence of the conflict beyond a doubt. I should advise anybody who holds foreign stocks to sell out without a moment's delay, especially as I have just wired my London broker to take advantage of the fall, which I trust this telegram will cause, to buy into most of them, and look sharp about it.

VIENNA, *Jan.* 6*th.*—I have just found out that my previous authentic information about the German Emperor was not quite so authentic as I thought it. I now have it *on unimpeachable authority* that the Kaiser WILHELM is perfectly sane, only rather feeble from age. I hasten to send you this reassuring intelligence all the more readily because the member of the Austrian Imperial family who imparted it to me, and who is an intimate friend of mine, seemed quite hurt at my recent statements, and, in fact, threatened to call me out, if I did not at once retract and apologise. My personal liking for His Imperial Arch-Highness, who is an excellent

shot, and practised duellist, renders this task not so much a duty as a positive pleasure for me to perform.

ST. PETERSBURG, *Jan. 7th.*—Expect me in London shortly. I am expelled from Russia by fiat of the CZAR! Your readers will remember that I quoted a short extract from the *Official Messenger* as to the chances of a great European War. Unfortunately, nobody here is allowed to quote from the official journal without leave, *so they say*, but I believe it is an excuse. After being chained in a dungeon to a Nihilist for four-and-twenty hours, as a sort of "first warning to the Press," I have been politely told that I must choose between leaving Russia for England or for Siberia. I don't like to say what I think of this treatment, as this telegram will have to pass the official Press Censor; but I reserve for your private ear my reasons for adhering to the idea that *war is absolutely certain*, and at no distant date.*

* And we reserve something for his private ear when he shows himself at our Office.—ED.

"'HARRIS' IN WONDERLAND."

WONDERLAND! rather! Sure such a sight was never seen on the stage of Old Drury. Wonderland! a land full of marvels, marvellous even to Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, whose magic pen has been busy over this Jubilee Pantomime.

"Pleased as Mr. Punch."

Hail, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR, hail! or rather snow, for on what a Boxing Night was thy Pantomime produced! Yet the people crowded in, glad to get out of the cold, and eager to give their great AUGUSTUS a warm and hearty greeting. Gorgeous is the Druriolanian Pantomime called *The Forty Thieves*, and well worthy of the Augustan Age. Until now we had no idea what an enormous number was forty! Forty Thieves!—four hundred more likely, and these the very pick of pickpockets, splendid women, handsome girls, shapely forms and pretty faces, resplendent in all the bravery of glittering armour, of many-hued silks and satins, their eyes gleaming with the ardour that Indian-inked lashes alone can impart, their cheeks aglow with the healthy flush of the rouge-pot, and their skins fair with the sheen of delicate bismuth, and soft with the pearliest powder. Steel your hearts against such thieves, or they'll steal them. Year after year we are saying, Never was there such a scene as this! Each new Pantomime eclipsing the previous one in scenery and costumes. Welcome again to our BEVERLEY! It is no disparagement to the other talented artists that the veteran's work is *facile princeps*. Long may it be so!

But the fun? Well, on the first night it was only possible to see where the fun would be after the third or fourth performance, when the Pantomime works closer, and when the three low comedians, Messrs. NICHOLLS, CAMPBELL, and STEPHENS, shall be on such familiar terms with their author as to warrant them in getting along without his aid. Such names as theirs to a Pantomime bill speak for themselves. By the time these lines appear the fun will have begun. What larks the Donkey (Mr. LAURI) and the Monkey (Mr. MARTINETTI) will have when they are quite at home for the holidays, it is easy to foresee; and that they will be the delight of thousands of children of all ages is a certainty; but let the two gymnasts limit their animal spirits to the stage.

As to the story, "the long and short of it" was represented by Miss EDITH BLAND-BRERETON, six feet high, as the dashing leader of the harmonious band, with Miss DOT MARIO, three feet nothing, as her lieutenant. Miss CONSTANCE GILCHRIST was not a very dashing *Morgiana*, but Miss EDITH BRUCE, as *Ganem*, was lively enough for two. Mr. PATEMAN played the avaricious brother in a style that shows us he has a soul above pantomime.

The energy of the Conductor, Herr WALLENSTEIN, made up for the brevity of the Overture, and anything like the enthusiasm with which this Boxing Night audience cheered the National Anthem has not been heard within the walls of Old Drury for years. It was a thorough Jubilee thrill that ran through the house. The spectacle is costly and brilliant, the designs and the combinations of colour are in exquisite taste. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS may well sing—

"I'm monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute.
My Pantomime 's splendid and gay,
And every taste it will suit."

True, O AUGUSTUS, but, when next Christmastide comes round, couldn't you try to give us a shorter Pantomime? couldn't you contrive to let your opening scenes be in the dark caves, with the dear old unintelligible demons speaking an unearthly and awful language? Couldn't you then take us to the fairies, and give us a genuine ballet of fays, in which the graceful ÆNEA could have a part, having by that time invented some novel aërial flight of fancy? Couldn't you arrange with a Fairy to come and change the lovers into Harlequin and Columbine, and with a Demon King to turn the Wicked Baron into Clown, and the miserly old hunks of a father into Pantaloon? Throw in the swell and the policeman, and there's your real Christmas party.

AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS! There will be—there must be—a reaction in favour of King Clown, deposed by cabal and not by the voice of the People. But at the same time one word in the ear of the last of the great PAYNE-tomime Family, Mr. HARRY PAYNE, whom, to our great regret, the lateness of the hour prevented us from seeing on Boxing Night; let him prepare during the year four genuinely good comic scenes, with new tricks and plenty of irresistible drollery, so that when his chance comes he may be ready to assert his position and be himself again. At present *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas le Pantomime.*

A CHRISTMAS "CARROLL."

OUR Child-Critic says that the place to spend a really happy afternoon is at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where *Alice in Wonderland* is being played. "They must know the book," she says, "and then they 'll recognise all Mr. TENNIEL's pictures walking about." The Dormouse is delightful, she adds, and the Oysters charming. Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee are very funny, and *Alice's* introduction to the Mutton and the Plum Pudding—illustrated with "cuts"—is one of the best things in Messrs. SAVILE CLARKE and EDGAR BRUCE's entertainment.

MR. C. F. KEARY, we are told, has written an essay, for private circulation, on the Evolution of Money, and Heredity and Variation in the World's coinage. If he wants a good Darwinian-sounding title for his book, he might surely call it "The Origin of Specie."

"FARJEON SMILES UPON US!"

ORIGINALITY of design, considerable humour and consistent development of character, combine to make Mr. [FARJEON's *The Tragedy of Featherstone*, one of the best romances he has written, perhaps *the* best from a literary point of view.

But admiring readers of Mr. FARJEON's novels, as of BOISGOBEY's, grudge every bit of superfluous work, no matter how good, which distracts their attention from the story in which, from the very first line of the very first chapter (a great point with both authors) they have become deeply interested. Mr. FARJEON doubtless has frequently sacrificed his own likings for the sake of his readers, but when he stops in his narrative to depict a humorous scene, which is only remotely, if at all, connected with the main issue, or when he pauses to give a little extra local colouring, or to bring into prominence the eccentricities of a character to whom readers are only friendly as long as he is kept within his proper limits in the story, he forgets his rule of self-sacrifice, and tries the patience of his many friends, who resent being compelled to skip and jump—alighting sometimes in the wrong places, and having to try back—in order to get on with the tale.

Much of the Cheap Philanthropist, *Mr. Pennyfold*, in this story could well be spared, including the school treat; but the revenge of *Tommy Mayple* on *Thrifty Miller* is genuinely humorous, and well serves its purpose as a "carpenter's scene" in a melodrama. But Mr. FARJEON's mission, we contend, is not to cause laughter, but to "make our flesh creep," which was the *Fat Boy's* sole aim in narrating the story of *Mr. Tupman* and *Miss Wardle* to the Old Lady. He must not break off in the midst of unravelling a thrilling mystery to tell us a good joke. We may laugh at it, if it is a really good one, but we get it over as quickly as politeness will allow, and say, earnestly, "Proceed! Your story interests us much." *The Tragedy of Featherstone* is exciting, humorous, pathetic, and always interesting.

1787. "HERE'S A HOW-D'Y'-DO!" 1887.

A CHAPTER ON THE EVOLUTION OF DEPORTMENT.

THE GREAT-LITTLE "RANDOM."

PET of the Public and pride of the Ring,
Master of excellent fooling,
Beating in patter and tumble, and fling,
Fellows with ten times his schooling,
Great-Little RANDOM the company led.
Was it a wonder he went off his head?

Went off his head? That, of course, is the charge;
He, with a fist in each pocket,
Laughs at his elders, who frown and look large,
Turns, and is off like a rocket.
"What, Mr. Ring-Master, not have *my* way?
Do as you like, then, old man; *I* shan't play!"

Does he walk out like a Droll in a huff?
What is this conduct to end in?
Has he indeed, as they say, "Cut up rough?"
Or is he "only purtendin'?"
Clown, tho', best knows his own "business" himself,
Great-Little RANDOM's a comical elf!

DESCRIPTION OF MR. HENRY IRVING (*as lately given by Mr. Wilson Barrett in America.*)—"A distinguished countryman of mine." Ha! *Now* HENRY is indeed distinguished. A proud moment for Mr. IRVING. This was said to the Philadelphians. The Messrs. GATTI might send their *Harbour Lights* Company over, as they are regular Fill-Adelphi-'uns. The Messrs. GATTI, being Italians, cannot be introduced by Mr. W. B. *as* "distinguished countrymen of mine." *What a pity!*

OFFICIAL MINUTES.

WE have received the following particulars from the Admiralty and War Office regarding the British War Preparations. It will be at once seen that these are of a character calculated to alarm the British Tax-payer:—

THE NAVY.

1. Seven men and a boy will be immediately added to the strength of the Royal Navy, to assist in washing up the crockery on the Royal Yachts.

2. A presentation Jubilee violin will be presented to our Royal Admiral as his *rosin d'être*.

3. The purchase of two of the river steamboats to relieve the Channel Fleet in the event of foreign complications. These will be armed with a new telescopic gun—which can be discharged at both ends at once,—and manned by the Unemployed.

4. The construction of a two-thousand-ton gun will be commenced immediately, with a breech action of such elaborate and delicate construction that it is thought that nobody will care to go within half-a-mile of it, should it ever be loaded.

5. H.M.'s ships, *Incapable*, *Unsteerable*, *Harmless*, *Blunderer*, and *Unmanageable*, will be at once pressed forward, and will proceed to sea without either guns or ammunition.

THE ARMY.

1. New cocked hat for the Duke, warranted to go off.

2. New Rule for Line Regiments.—"Children in arms not admitted."

3. The sending out of a complete Foodless Battery of Artillery for the defence of the North-West frontier of India.

4. The purchase of six cab-horses for remounts in the heavy cavalry regiments.

GENERALLY.

A new button-hole is now occupying the attention of the Military Authorities. When approved, it will be sent to Aldershot for trial with the old buttons.

It is under consideration to enter into a contract with the Universal Provider, on advantageous terms, for the supply of two regiments—one infantry and one cavalry—complete, and warranted ready for active service.

A Troubled Tory's Suggestion.

OUR RANDOLPH we've lost, and we cannot get HARTY—
A Leader we *must* have with power and pith;
Well, it seems to need *welding*, the Unionist Party;
One might have a worse than a SMITH!

MRS. RAM's nephew did not get through a College examination. "He was all right," his Aunt said, "as long as he was writing the answers to printed questions, but he failed when it came to the *vice versy*."

"*HUSH! 'tis the Night-Watch!*"—no, not the old song by HENRY RUSSELL, but the old picture by REMBRANDT, etched by WALTNER, and published by BRUSSOT VALADON & Co., successors to Messrs. GOUPIL.

AGILE AS KITTENS.—The pupils of KATTI LANNER.

THE GREAT-LITTLE "RANDOM."

"I SHAN'T PLAY ANY MORE!!" (*Exit.*)

NEW AND STARTLING SLACK-WIRE PERFORMANCE.

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF THE TELEPHONE COMPANIES AND THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

SALVAGE SMALL-TALK.

SCENE—*A Linendraper's. Large boxes full of cards occupy the counters; behind them are flushed young women, more or less short of temper; double row of undecided customers.*

Enter the Conscientious Purchaser with Sycophantic Companion. This *is* a cheap place to go to—you only pay twopence three-farthings here for a card they 'd ask as much as threepence for at some shops!

S. C. (*with enthusiasm*). How *very* nice, dear!

C. P. Now let me see—have you got the list? I always like to make sure that all my cards have something appropriate about them.

S. C. But, then you have such wonderful taste, dear?

C. P. I take a little pains over it—that 's all. We 'll begin at this tray, shall we, and work round? Would you send one to the SKYMPERS—or not? I see I 've put them down—but really, it 's so long since they asked us to dinner. Well, I can settle that afterwards, can't I? Just tell me when you come across anything you like, and put it aside.

S. C. Don't you like this, SOPHIA, isn't it perfect?

C. P. A little commonplace, *I* think.

S. C. Yes, perhaps it is, but rather a striking kind of commonplace in its way, don't you think? No? Well, perhaps you 're right, dear!

A Simple-Minded Old Gentleman (*to Bland Shopman*). Look here, I want a card to send to a little girl.

B. S. Certainly, Sir! Now, here 's a card we 're selling a good many of—"Ye Festive Skeletons," in two subjects—represented as eating plum-pudding, and playing blind-man's buff, you see. The pair for sixpence three-farthings, Sir.

S. O. G. (*doubtfully*). Um, haven't you got anything livelier?

B. S. (*surprised*). Livelier, Sir? Those are considered very lively, this year, I assure you.

S. O. G. Don't seem to me quite suitable for a child.

B. S. (*tolerantly*). Think not, Sir? Do you like this? Churchyard and ruined tower, with moonlight effect—we find that a popular design.

S. O. G. No, no. Haven't you got something more—more Christmassy? Robins, holly,—that kind of thing?

B. S. (*with pity*). Oh, *dear* no, Sir! You won't find that class of article at any *respectable* shop!

C. P. I want something for Mrs. CHARTERHOUSE GREEN. Not a wassail-bowl, my dear! She only came out of that Retreat Place last Friday!

Overworked Shoplady (*to Assistant*). What are we doing those angels playing the 'arp at?

Assistant. Twopence three-farthings; sixpence set of three. But we 're sold out of angels.

O. S. Well, give me some of those cats with fiddles, will you?

C. P. Now, tell me, *would* dear TIBBIE think I meant anything personal if I send her a cat? It won't do to send FLORRIE CRACKENDELFT Darby and Joan by the fireside, if it 's true he 's filed a petition, will it? I think, on the whole, a snow-scene will be safer.

A Vague Purchaser. Oh, I want one of those new Art cards—those with a kind of a little—well, not a sketch exactly, but—dear me, I could explain what I mean exactly, if you were to let me see one. It 's *too* provoking I can't think of it! Not in the *least* like that! It 's published by those people who brought out so many of the same sort last year. (*To a Friend.*) If it wasn't a linen-draper's, they 'd know *directly!*

A Meek Housemaid. If you please, have you a penny one with two clasped 'ands?

B. S. Not at this time of year. They don't come in season till February, clasped 'ands don't.

Simple-Minded Old Gent. (*leaving shop with purchase*). I 'm not altogether sure, even now, that a photograph of two stuffed toads kissing under the mistletoe is *exactly* the sort of thing to please a child as young as little ELFIE!

C. P. And you 've got me envelopes to fit them all? *Very* well. How much did you say? Five-and-tenpence three-farthings! Oh, then I must find some others not quite so expensive. No, I won't take any I chose first, thank you! Let me see. Yes, you may pick me out a dozen from this penny tray. It doesn't matter which! (*To Companion.*) Saves so much trouble, doesn't it?

S. C. Much the most sensible way of doing it, dear. I should never have thought of it myself; but you are so full of clever ideas! I 'm sure you must feel this a great tax upon you.

C. P. I don't mind a little trouble for my friends. They like to be remembered so!

The Prudent Fiancé. Must send MARIA something, I suppose! *That 's* a pretty thing now—Eh, hand-painted on china, is it? Only five shillings? Ah, what was that again I saw in the window—the sole of a slipper with something about "hard times" on it? You may put me up one of those. (*To himself.*) A girl likes something that makes her laugh.

A Nice Child. I 've bought all mine, such beauties! I got Grandma a card with a purse full of sovereigns on it, because she forgot to send us anything last year, you know,—and such a funny fat pig for TOMMY, he always eats too much on Christmas Day. Oh, and two turtle-doves for Papa; he hasn't spoken a word to Mummy, except naughty ones, for two days—fancy! And a picture of five playing-cards for that Mr. REDFLUSH, that, Papa says, can't get anyone at the Club to play with him, and a horrid one for JESSIE—because she sent me one with a monkey on it, before, and a lovely one for *you*, Aunt MARY, if you don't mind it being not *quite* clean! You shall see them all if we happen to stop at a confectioner's going home. Do you think we shall, Auntie dear, *do* you?

Overworked Shoplady (*to Assistant*). I say!

A. Well, what?

O. S. You remember that party with the 'andbag, at my tray? that chose the tipsy owls, the set of complimentary cards with gilt bats, and the row of sparrers on tilegraph wires?

A. Her that took such a time and spoke so pleasant over it? Yes.

O. S. She could afford to speak pleasant—went away and never paid me for one of 'em!

A. Well, I wouldn't stand in your shoes for something when the accounts are gone through!

A Mild Man. Can you tell me how much this one is?

O. S. (*tartly*). Aren't they marked on the back? No! Sixpence three-farthings, then.

M. M. Are you quite sure? I took it out of a *threepenny* tray!

O. S. (*more tartly*). Then it had no business there, that 's all! Anyone might tell *that* wasn't a threepenny card, *I* should ha' thought!

M. M. I 'll take four, if you please.

O. S. (*watching him out*). If I only get one or two more of his sort, I shouldn't care!

A Feeble Customer (*plaintively*). I put all my cards down in this corner, and now they 've got all mixed, and I don't know which are mine, and which are somebody else 's!

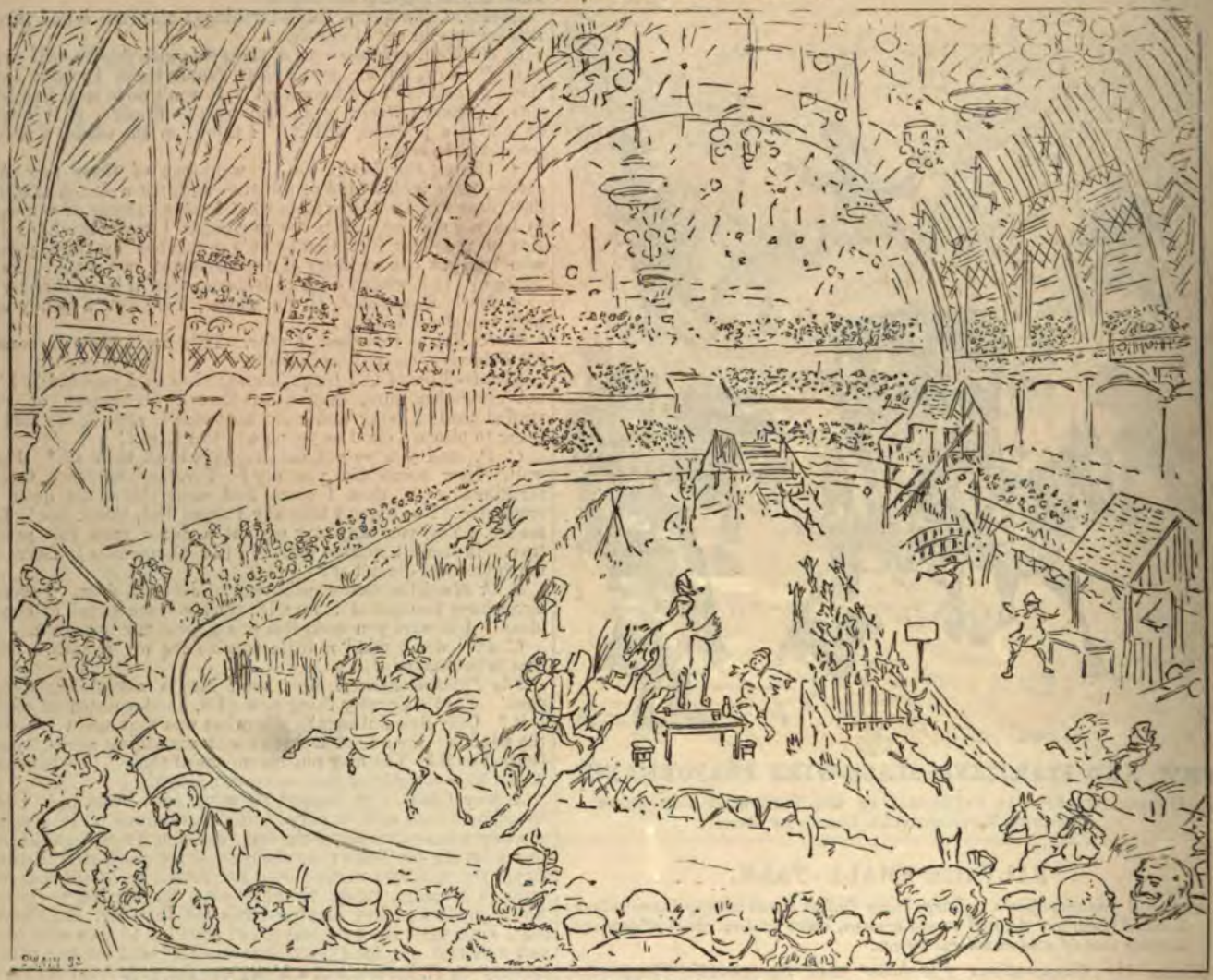
A Pert Young Woman. I want a card of small shirt buttons, half-a-yard of narrer tape, and two packets of egg-eyed sharps.

Bland Shopman. Oh, we can't attend to you now—look in another evening.

P. Y. W. I 'll see if they 've got 'em at the Stationer's!

[*Scene closes in.*

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 45.



HIPPODROME AT OLYMPIA. RAPID ACT SKETCH. By Our Electro-Lightning Artist.

IN THE FIRST OLYMPIAD.

THERE has not been seen in London, within the recollection of anyone under thirty, anything equal to the Hippodrome performances now daily and nightly going on at Olympia. It does not enter into rivalry with a circus entertainment.

The comic business is confined to the acrobatic and pantomimic actions of two twin Drolls, who may be termed the Hippodromios, and then the donkey and his master are highly amusing. The race of unridden steeds is a very pretty thing to see, and as regards all these races, if the same horses always run, it is highly probable that the result is invariable, and a sharp frequenter of Olympia might do a good bit of business with casual visitors.

The Roman Games are a feature, though the Roman Feature itself is conspicuous by its absence. The chariot-racing is very exciting.

During an interval of twenty minutes, which might be shortened with advantage, the servants set up an extensive country scene, composed of pieces representing a mill, capable of holding a full-grown family of six, a bridge that would bear a regiment, a stream of painted canvas, trees, hedges, gates, a forge, tables and chairs, all suggestive of having come out of a box of Christmas toys for Giant's children, and of their having been laid out here in this picturesque fashion—quite a hamlet—for the Brobdingnagian infants to come and play with them. No Giants appear, but there is a ballet of action, from which it appears that a young peasant is deeply enamoured of the Maid of the Mill, and persists in his demonstrations of affection in spite of being warned off by the maiden's mother, *an elderly lady of peculiar habits and vulgar manners, who slides down the mill-stairs, displaying more* underclothing than is ordinarily consistent with good breeding, and who, when specially aggravated by things going contrary, expresses her disgust with everybody by throwing sommersaults and behaving generally in such a way as we should have thought would have disgusted any youthful aspirant for her daughter's hand, with the prospect of saddling himself for life with so undesirable and extraordinary a mother-in-law. However, he is madly in love, and the sporting gentleman pleads his cause and he is married, and everyone connected with the Hippodrome drives to the wedding and witnesses a dance between the newly married couple. In these festivities there is a wonderful doll, well worth seeing. "Oh, what a surprise!"

Then comes the stag-hunt; ladies and gentlemen, well mounted, jump the gates and hedges, race over the bridge, one lady clearing a table and bottles, and, the dogs having gone after the stag, the stag at last, apparently, goes to the dogs. Capital afternoon entertainment for boys home from the Classics during the present Olympiad.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(*By Our Own Paper-Knifer.*)

SPIDERS of Society (F. V. WHITE & Co.), according to Miss FLORENCE MARRYAT, are mostly women, and men are the flies that are victimised in the webs they weave around them. The writer of this novel being of the fair sex, it is absolutely impossible that she could say anything unfair of her sisters. A woman's thoughts about women are always refreshing; and though Miss MARRYAT does not make the mistake of putting too much bitters in her sherry, she adds just enough to give piquancy to an amusing story. *Randolph Caldecott* (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), by HENRY BLACKBURN, is a truly

OUR CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

The Rector (who conducts the Rehearsal). "SUPPOSE WE TRY THAT MOVEMENT AGAIN? I THINK, MR. FOOTLES, YOU WERE HALF A BAR BEHIND IN TAKING UP YOUR POINT. OH DEAR!—YOU 'RE NOT GOING, MR. FOO——"

Mr. Footles (our Flauto Secondo, huffed). "YESSIR. 'F YOU 'RE SO PERTIC'LAR 'S T'ALF A BAR, I SHA'N'T JINE THE S'CIETY!!"

delightful volume. It gives an account of his early life, from the time he was in the bank at Whitehurch, to 1879. To his "picture-book career" this volume is especially dedicated. It has over one hundred and seventy illustrations—among them several from the collection of *Mr. Punch*—and by the study of these we are able to appreciate the wonderfully graphic power and versatility of the artist, to see what marvellous work he did, though dying before the zenith of his powers were reached. We are not surprised to note that this volume is now in its fourth edition. *Wild Animals Photographed and Described* is the title of a portly volume by J. FORTUNÉ NOTT. Its title hardly, however, gives a good notion of its contents; *Our Private Zoo* would perhaps be a better one. The author's descriptions are nearly as good as a visit to the Regent's Park Gardens along with FRANK BUCKLAND used to be. Our *cicerone* is not too learned, neither is he too superficial. He writes in a popular style, but at the same time he conveys a large amount of information in a palatable form. The illustrations, although phototype reproductions of photographic negatives, are also, on account of their artistic merit, of distinctly "pallette-able" form. Among them visitors to the Zoo will recognise capital portraits of many of their old friends. Yet another reprint of the ever-welcome work of CHARLES LAMB! This time Lamb is served up with sauce! What would C. L. have said to us for talking in this fashion? No matter! The sauce is good. It may not be mint-sauce, but then it is not *mint* to be. The sauce is the series of excellent illustrations by C. O. MURRAY, which will prove to be a source of great pleasure to all who peruse *Some Essays of Elia* in their latest form. *Romances of Chivalry* (T. FISHER UNWIN), by JOHN ASHTON, convince us that there really was romance in chivalry as well as chivalry in romance. The illustrations are quaintly humorous; and if the people of those days were only half so funny as they are represented, there is no doubt the human race has sadly deteriorated. Our gallant knights are dull dogs indeed compared with the merry family that gaily disported itself in days gone by.

ILLUMINATED BY G. A. S.—His promised Autobiography.

OUR WINTER GARDEN.

"'Tis true, 'tis Piggy, and Piggy 'tis 'tis true!"
Shakspeare on the Scene in C. G. Circus.

COVENT Garden, of course, and the Circus. The Clowns and the LAVATER LEE Musical Family are very droll: as also is FELIX,—happy name,—especially when he is trying to catch the butterfly. Among the fair ladies of the *troupe*, we should be inclined to give equal prizes to Mlle. AMALIA DE RENZ in her leaping pirouette acts, and Mlle. ROSITA on a bare-backed steed. But the Big Man and the clever performing Pig are the hits of the entertainment. The latter is especially, that is pig-culiarly, amusing, and where all is so attractive in the Horse-Show provided by Messrs. DOUGLAS COX and HENRY—(why didn't COX get BOX to join him?)—this is saying a deal.

IN PUDDING-TIME.—On Saturday, the 1st instant, the Bulgarian Deputies enjoyed, at dinner, the hospitality of the Servian Consul-General in London, Mr. H. W. CHRISTMAS, who of course regaled them with substantial Christmas fare. (Pity that Government couldn't promise them a treat still more substantial.) Happy conjunction of Christmas with New Year. *Prosit omen*, and many Happy New Years to the brave Bulgarians!

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XI.—SEPTIMUS SWALLUM, THE CONFIRMED HYPOCHONDRIAC.

IT is now quite ten years ago since SEPTIMUS SWALLUM may be said, to use his own graphic language, fairly to have "broken up." Yet he is still about. Any afternoon you may meet him being dragged towards the Park in a Bath-chair, wearing on his face that expression of aggressive scowl that seems characteristic of the blighted fraternity who usually patronise those invalid vehicles; yet if you stop him, and tell him, which is probably a fact, that you think him looking much better, he will resent it almost as an insult, and reply, with a smile of sickly sarcasm, "Am I? Well, I wish I felt so," that leaves you no courteous alternative but to express a regretful sympathy, and inquire after his symptoms. These he will catalogue to you, dwelling on their worst features almost with relish, and they certainly are sufficiently appalling. Indeed, as he is jolted out of sight in his conveyance amidst the crowd, you look after him with a feeling of wonder how, taking him at his own account, he can manage to hold together at all. Yet SEPTIMUS SWALLUM was not always thus. Ten years ago, before his "break-up," he was what he called a regular liver.

"I can't put my finger on anything in my present mode of life," he said, addressing the eminent practitioner whom he first consulted as to his state of health at the time, "to account in the least for my existing symptoms." He had been describing an overwhelming sense of lassitude that oppressed him in the morning, coupled with a sensation as if the ground were swaying under his feet as he walked home at night, together with a tendency to see two of everything—two doors, two windows, two shaving-glasses, two sets of fire-irons, and two newspapers, accompanied by a sharp pang something between a kick and a stab in his back. "And yet," he continued, "I'm a moderate man, and very careful about my food. I dine out a good deal, and am what you may call a hearty feeder, and I mix my wines pretty freely, and I'm fond of nuts, but I don't overdo it. Then in the course of the day I may take an occasional 'nip' as a pick-me-up, and I generally finish up with a 'nightcap' when I go to bed, but I'm confident I don't do anything to put me out of order in this fashion."

The eminent practitioner listened attentively, and giving his patient a prescription, in which the chief ingredient was a combination of potassium, and enjoining on him a daily diet of two underdone mutton-chops, and half a wine-glass of claret, took his two-guinea fee, and smilingly bowed him out.

SEPTIMUS SWALLUM tried his diet of underdone mutton-chops for three days, but finding, at the expiration of that period, that the ground swayed about under his feet more than ever, resumed his nuts, his nips, and his nightcap, and, making up his mind that something must be the matter with his head, determined to consult a famous specialist, noted for his success in treatment of obscure diseases of the brain. The interview took place, and the famous specialist, shaking his head blandly over the eminent practitioner's prescription, wrote out another, in which this time phosphorus, and not potassium, figured conspicuously. Moreover, he removed all restrictions in the matter of diet, advising a "generous table," and SEPTIMUS SWALLUM left him, hopeful and satisfied.

But neither his hope nor his satisfaction were destined to be of long duration. Not only was there no abatement in the old symptoms, but on the third day of the new treatment fresh and alarming ones, of a novel character, developed themselves, and SEPTIMUS SWALLUM, when sitting down, or rising from his chair, suddenly saw sundry luminous balls and stars floating about the room before his eyes. This frightened him. He expressed his opinion "that something must be very wrong with him," and the very next morning he put his case into the hands of a celebrated nerve doctor.

The celebrated nerve doctor was equal to the occasion. He quietly discontinued the phosphorus, but gave him instead a powerful acid tonic that, after a dose or two, bound an iron band round SEPTIMUS SWALLUM's head, and set up a singing in his ears that *nearly deafened* him and robbed him entirely of all sleep.

Then he grew desperate, and beat about wildly in search of fresh advice. He consulted another specialist—this time fixing on one noted for his success in dealing with spinal mischief—and was treated liberally with nux vomica and strychnine, with the result that his facial muscles began to twitch convulsively, while a sudden, everpowering constriction set up simultaneously in his hands, arms, back, and legs. Then he decided that the doctors were killing him, and determined to take his case, as he put it, "into his own hands." This he did by having recourse to Patent Medicines. It was a sombre and severe experience, for in turns he tried them all! Indeed those who came across him during the progress of the experiment describe his condition at the time as apparently "much shattered." He lost flesh visibly, and by the end of a twelvemonth had come to the conclusion that drugs were even more deadly than doctors, and, in this frame of mind, stretching out his hands for succour, he had it thrust into them in the shape of an advertising pamphlet on the subject of Galvanism. He turned to it with the alacrity of despair, and forthwith invested in all the known appliances of the hidden recuperative force. He now walked about incased in belts, chain-bands and batteries. He went even further.

Those who called upon him when in the full flood of this phase of his therapeutic career, would find him frequently seated on a metallic plate, holding in his right and left hand respectively the positive and negative pole of a seventeen-guinea battery that was simmering on a table before him. Three months of this, however, "took it out" of him, and he became hysterical, and in this condition he fell into the willing hands of the proprietor of a great Hydropathic Sanitorium.

"You are poisoned with drugs, Sir," remarked the enterprising proprietor, heartily, "but we must eliminate them from the system," and so saying he instantly "packed" SEPTIMUS SWALLUM up in a damp sheet. The result of this "treatment" was, that after three months of it, he found himself so feeble that it was with a positive effort he broke away from it, scarcely able to hobble to the fly that took him to the station.

"Eliminate poison from the system, indeed!" he cried, threatening the proprietor of the establishment with exposure as he left; "why, you have eliminated nothing but my strength; but you have added chronic rheumatism to my other symptoms with your confounded cold water. You ought to be prosecuted." And so fuming he dragged himself up to town, where he sought relief from the mischief induced at the Sanatorium, for a short time, in a system of Scandinavian Massage, that he however soon abandoned, declaring that it only aggravated his pains, and made matters ten times worse, and from this period he may be said slowly but surely to have descended the remedial ladder, clutching wildly at and giving a temporary trial first to this nostrum then to that, suggested in turn by officiously advising friends.

A broken-down, battered, nervous, dyspeptic individual—such is SEPTIMUS SWALLUM at present; and it is not easy to say what possible further downward developments await his shattered constitution. It is true he still has the experience of the famous German and other Continental Spas open to him; but such is his terror of damp beds and draughts, and so strong is his disinclination to move out of his own arm-chair, and away from his own fireside, that he is not likely, except in a state of coma, to try the experiment, and be found whisking away in some foreign express, even though propped up by india-rubber hot-water bottles, and supported by continuous "nips" of brandy from a medicine glass. For when he is persuaded to leave his home to pay a short visit, he carries into the house of his temporary host all the discipline and paraphernalia of a hospital, and both breakfasts and lunches in bed, sleeps in a flannel bag, and when he does appear in the drawing-room, sits apart, wrapped up in a blanket, gazing at the fire in a settled gloom, which no conversational powers of those present, be they practised with ever such skill, are able not only not to dispel but even to penetrate.

But if you manage by any chance to draw SEPTIMUS SWALLUM out of that inner contemplation of himself which is now his habitual mood, and get him to hold forth for a few minutes on any subject whatever, you will quickly find him relapse into the one congenial topic that is ever uppermost in his thoughts—his symptoms, upon which dilating for a few moments with nervous insistance, he however soon relapses into his settled and familiar gloom.

"What I go through with, nobody knows," he complains, with a melancholy wail. "I don't sleep. I don't eat. I scarcely live. I can hardly see you where you stand, or hear what you say. That has come on only lately. But it gets worse every day. Ah! if you had only to go through half that I have, you'd precious soon cry out, I can tell you!"

Very likely! Poor SEPTIMUS SWALLUM! A victim? Yes—but a victim to himself. For it seems with all his aches, and his pains, his experiences, and his treatments, he has never got out of certain old bad habits. He still sticks to his nuts, his nips, and his nightcaps, and as, whatever else he may do, to the end he will never relinquish these, he is destined, to the close of his mournful mortal days, to be known among men, to the sport of his foes, to the terror of his friends, as that recognised social incubus, a confirmed hypochondriac!

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.*

THE CLOWN'S LAMENT.

WHAT has become of your fun and frivolity?
Where is the laughter that lifted the roof?
Gone are the highest of jinks and of jollity,
Holiday spirits are under the proof!
Where is the merriment blue devils banishing,
Sending a thrill through the heart of the town?
Gone with old friends everlastingly vanishing—
This is the weary Lament of the Clown!

Pantomime past, can we never recover it,
See it again in its glory alive?
If under down-trodden grass we discover it,
Who will have faith in the past to revive?
Is there no magic once more to restore to us
Laughter of little ones? childhood of man?
Can it be true that sweet fancy's a bore to us?
Who placed the fairy tales under a ban?

Ah! for the days when the curtain unclosed to us
Regions of mystery, demon and sprite!
Who can forget how all Fairyland posed to us,
Some in pink tarlatane, others in white!
Those were the times when the giant's voice stormed to us
Out of a mask of Dykwynkyn renown;
Happy the hour when the fairy transformed to us
Silly young farmer to jolly old Clown!

Then came a voice pealing out from the gallery,
"Give us, old friend, of '*Hot Codlins*' a taste.
'*Tippitiwitchet!*'—it's all in your salary—
Tip us a stave, you old rascal! make haste!"
Who could be weary when slides were a-buttering?
Days of hot poker and sausage galore!
Out, neck and crop, they'd have turned a fool muttering,
"Don't you think Harlequinades are a bore?"

If it be true that *mutantur* our *tempora*,
That *nos et mutamur in illis* as well,
Far better to call for a halter of hemp or a
Gallows to strangle the past as a sell!
Tradition lies dead, with a pall for a covering
Of satins and silks and fantastic brocade;
But over its gorgeous bier there are hovering
Ghosts of delight that new fashion has laid!

Where is the end to this jewelled magnificence,
Gorgeous processions, and money in heaps?
Cannot a pantomime fairy's beneficence
Change it as quick as a Harlequin leaps?
Is there no hope that, remote as a star away,
A dynasty banished will rule us again?
Recalling our vanished companions from far away,
That innocent laughter may ring through the Lane!

One cheer for the past, when its perfume is tost to us!
GRIMALDI and FLEXMORE, their spirits are free;
But the soul of pure Pantomime never is lost to us,
When merry TOM MATTHEWS lives down by the sea!
So in bumpers of port that is nutty and nourishing,
Let us toast to their names and their deathless renown,
And in days when the last of the PAYNES is still flourishing,
Let us claim a reprieve for the Jolly Old Clown!

BUMBLE AT BAY.

SIR,—Your Correspondents, who complain of the "apathy and imbecility of all the London Vestries in dealing with the snow nuisance," can hardly be aware of the facts with regard to the parish which I have the honour to represent. The recent heavy snow-fall took place between eight and ten on a Sunday evening, and in the incredibly short space of *thirty-six hours from that time* my Vestry had not only met to consider what should be done, but actually exhausted themselves so much in discussing the subject that refreshments of a rather expensive character had to be supplied to them at the cost of the ratepayers! What, Sir, was the result of this public-spirited action? Why, in the course of the *very next day* fifteen infirm old men and an orphan lad were engaged as scavengers, attracted by the promise of the really munificent wages of one-shilling-and-sixpence for a day's work of twelve hours. Is it fair to blame the Vestry if these men proved so hopelessly inefficient that a deputation of indignant ratepayers called at the Vestry Hall, and threatened to lynch the office-boy—the only official then on the premises? Is it just to point out that ten times the number of men ought to have been hired, or to make unfeeling allusions to the fact that all the fifteen were found drunk in the gutter, and that the orphan lad most ungratefully ran away with the wheelbarrow and spade that were supplied to him, and has not been seen since? Certainly not, at least in the opinion of

Yours obediently, SIMON SLOWCOACH,
Clerk to the Guzzlington Vestry.

SIR,—The Vestry which I belong to can hardly be accused of slackness in the matter of using snow-ploughs. A timber-merchant, whose brother is on the Vestry, kindly consented to construct twenty *at the low price of one hundred pounds a-piece*, and the Chairman, who is himself an eminent Contractor, generously offered to supply teams of four horses for each plough, at the moderate rate of *ten pounds a team per diem!* Not only has all the snow in our parish been cleared away (at the cost to the ratepayers of a mere bagatelle of three thousand pounds, so far), but the ploughs were of such a powerful nature that, through some trifling error in their construction, a good deal of the wood pavement in our main thoroughfares has also been scraped up, and rendered totally unfit for traffic. The relaying of the wood will give employment to hundreds of workmen for some time to come, under the able superintendence of one of the Vestry, who happens to be Managing Director of the "Patent Compressed Sawdust Paving Company, Limited." The publication of these facts ought to put a stop to the croakings of penurious ratepayers, and show the Vestry, besides, what an admirable (and insufficiently remunerated) Surveyor they possess in

Yours, TIMOTHY TAXEM.
For the Vestry of the Parish of St. Jobbery's, Hanwell Square.

SIR,—Nobody can regret more than my Vestry does the fact that the method of stacking the mingled snow and refuse of the streets in front of private houses, and leaving it there for weeks, should be a source of annoyance to the various residents in different parts of London who have written to complain on the subject. But I can assure them that in course of time they will learn to regard the snow-heaps as quite picturesque, and when the summer comes they will most probably disappear. Of course, if fatal accidents happen because cabmen *will* drive up against these snow-heaps on dark nights, that is not the fault of the Vestry. Your Correspondent, "SPLASHED FROM HEAD TO FOOT," who writes angrily about the system of "lining the roads with ramparts of sloshy snow," is evidently either a sufferer from confirmed biliousness or a disguised member of the Municipal Reform League, and does not require any answer from

Yours, &c., URIAH HEEP.
General Manager of the Local Authority for Spattersea.

LAPSUS CALAMI.—A slip has been sent us as an extract from the *Press News*, purporting to give "recollections" concerning the "First Editorial Staff" of *Punch*. It is "a slip," indeed!—a slip of the memory of the worthy individual who compiled it, as most of the statements are absurdly inaccurate. One example will suffice,—it records how TENNIEL, MARK LEMON, DU MAURIER, DOUGLAS JERROLD, the Brothers MAYHEW, all regularly, and with them SHIRLEY BROOKS and DICKENS, and others occasionally, dined at the Sussex Head Hotel every Saturday. Well, first, these Saturday "business dinners" were in the earliest days of *Punch*, in 1841. Secondly, Mr. TENNIEL didn't join till 1851, when these particular dinners had ceased. Thirdly, Mr. DU MAURIER, at the time he is said to have been enjoying the society of DOUGLAS JERROLD, TENNIEL (who wasn't there), and so forth, was about eight years old. Perhaps, being very precocious, he stole out of the nursery. Lastly, SHIRLEY BROOKS was not a Member of the Staff till some time afterwards. It is doubtful whether DICKENS was ever present at one of the regular "*Punch* business dinners"; he might, perhaps, have been there once; but "PHIZ," KNIGHT, BARHAM, HOOD, AINSWORTH, were never at these dinners, and only foregathered with the *Punch* men on "off" nights.

INSCRIPTION ON A STONE—"R.A."—These letters mark him as a precious stone. MARCUS was elected for his artistic merits and social qualities; that is, they wouldn't have chosen this Stone if he hadn't been a regular brick.

MRS. RAM says that at Olympia the Roman Charioteers are in classic costume, with fillets on their heads and saddles on their feet.

"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES," &c.

The Bishop. "I HOPE YOUR GRANDCHILDREN LIKED THE CIRCUS, LADY GODIVA. THAT WAS A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF MLLE. PETITPAS ON THE BARE-BACKED STEED, WASN'T IT!"

Lady Godiva. "YES—A—BUT I DISLIKE THOSE BARE-BACKED PERFORMANCES. THEY 'RE SO RISKY, YOU KNOW!"

UNWELCOME GUESTS.

By an Unwilling Host.

"Many people like to pose as 'hosts,' but not in the sense of being feasted upon by germs and parasites—a sense in which the term is understood by Zoologists and Physicians."—*Dr. Morrison's "Notes on Consumption."*

TRUE, genial Doctor! Curious use of terms,
To call him "host" who 's feasted on by germs!
With horror it must fill us,
To think that hospitality's New Years' guests
May be nought else than parasitic pests,—
Bacterium or *Bacillus.*

'Tis pleasant though to know it is your practice,
Bacterium Termo or *Bacterium Lactis,*
(Most grateful, pray, suppose us)
Germs, gentle, harmless, that won't hurt or kill us,
To pit against that horrible *Bacillus,*
That 's called *Tuberculosus.*

To those who are not up in learned tongues,
'Tis hardly nice to picture their poor lungs
A field for germ-contention.
Latinised parasites perchance to you
Have many charms; *we* feel we 'd rather do
Without their intervention.

Still, if to such strange guests we must be "hosts,"
We trust you 'll justify CANTANI's boasts,
And make them few, not many,—
Nay, rather that *Bacteria* and *Bacilli*
May kill each other out, Sir, willy-nilly,
Like cats of famed Kilkenny.

"THE Benjamin Hatfield Lodge of the Original Grand Order of the Total Abstinent Sons of the Phœnix." There 's a title for a Benefit Society which won't allow its members to take a little wine, even when the port is ordered by the Doctor. If the Doctor who gives such advice to one of these patients depends on his patient's Society for his money, the reply will probably be, that the sick member who broke the rules by taking a little alcoholic sip-port, was one of the sons of the "*Fee-nix.*"

BLACK 'S WHITE.—Mr. WILLIAM BLACK won an action for libel the other day, and proved that he wasn't so Black as he had been painted. He left the Court with *White Wings.* Why did he fash himself? his fair fame extends far beyond the sound of Bow Bells.

A WINTER GARDEN.

FAT children, and food-stuffs, and holly,
The tributes of Art to his sway,
And the struggle all round to be jolly,
Have vanished with Christmas away.

But, true to the season, the weather
Has banded again with the Parks,
To start on the war-path together
For a glacial epoch of larks.

When pale snows on ice-levels glinter,
What cheer for the sun-loving souls
Who seek to escape from the winter
Unaided by skating or coals?

Though frost the broad gravel-path hardens,
The glasses are beaded with dew;
Though it 's desolate out in the gardens,
There 's life in the greenhouse at Kew.

Good-bye to the reign of December,
To boughs that are leafless and wet;
From the fires of the summer an ember
Keeps warm the chrysanthemums yet.

Narcissus and tulip and lily
The siege of the season abide,
While the fog-demons chubby and chilly
Throng thriftless and baffled outside.

They stand the dull atmosphere scorning,
Like beautiful captives arow,
As white as the mists of the morning,
Or flushing like sunset on snow—

The dress of a fairy of fashion,
Whose skirt a wet rainbow has swept;
The cheek of a pearl in a passion,
Whom a moonbeam has kiss'd while she slept.

Fast-frozen the grey grass beseeches
A token of hope for the lawn
From the high-tow'ring poplars and beeches,
The wind-whisper'd watchtow'rs of dawn.

But we turn from the climate of Sweden
To breathe the perennial balm,
Where aisles like the alleys of Eden
Are arch'd by the fronds of the palm.

And silvered, unvex'd by the raw gust,
Benignant, and happy and hot,
Is lull'd by that music of August,
The clank of the watering-pot.

Where gardeners, passive and pensive,
Their leisurely labours pursue,
And tropical trunks, comprehensive,
In charity hide them from view.

Though man, more and more, with his crass works
Profanes this sweet Goshen of trees,
Though Brentford, with whistles and gas-works,
Claims more than its share of the breeze,
So much of the fugitive Summer
Is caught in the crystalline cage,
That the thought of sweet Spring, the new-comer,
Makes mirth of Jack Frost and his rage.

The River, again, in the twilight
Gleams silvery grey like a dove,
And birds twitter clear in the shy light
That dawns upon April and love.

LORD DUNRAVEN is reported by the *St. James's Gazette* to have said to the Run-corners last week, that "he would venture to stake his head" if, in all cases in which the Union was in question, they would not find Lord RANDOLPH on the side of the Tory Government. Lord RANDOLPH is already by his own act and deed a Separatist, as he has separated himself from Lord SALISBURY's Cabinet. But, in a difficulty, it might happen that Lord DUNRAVEN would lose his head and the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer keep his. As to the value of the stake which Lord DUNRAVEN is prepared to lay down, we would not offer an opinion; but—*will he bet sixpence?*

ABSIT OMEN!—Bad title for The Onliest JONES's play at the Haymarket, *Hard Hit.* Suppose it shouldn't be any hit at all—might this change hit into *Frost?*

THE DRAFT HOUND.

Master of Hounds, loquitur:—

HUMPH! So he's here! Will he ever go back?
Call him the pick of the opposite pack,
Lent me awhile. It's exceedingly kind!
Know him of old; wasn't quite to my mind
Not so long since. Thought him most unreliable.
Still, I've had losses, and so must be pliable.
Looks a bit lonely! Would like to have had
One or two kennel-mates, eh, my old lad?
Somehow, however, that couldn't be squared;
Others hung back, but thought *you* could be spared.
Compliment, truly! Your points they could never
Appreciate fully. And yet you *are* clever!
Promising pups, like the one I've just lost,
Bring heaps of bother, involve lots of cost.
You'll fill his place in a steadier style.
Hope you'll get on with my kennel awhile.
Should have liked "Harty"; such hounds are so few! [do!
Still, you *have* points, and—I think you may

AT the annual Twelfth Night festivity given on the stage of Old Drury last Thursday, a Shakspearian actor cautiously declined the proffered slice. Quoting the reply of *Hubert*, he exclaimed, "BADDELEY I fear!" And he did not "take the cake."

PROBABLY.

Nervous Stout Gentlemen (to Cabdriver). "I SAY! I SAY!"
Driver. "ALL RIGHT, GEN'ELM'N. SHE'LL BE QUIET ENOUGH *WHEN YOU'RE BOTH IN!*"

A SHILLING'S-WORTH OF OLD MASTERS.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to that Old Master, J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., and Treasurer to the Royal Academy. Never has this energetic Academical Official discharged his office with greater ability than on this occasion, when he has collected these invaluable treasures, and stored them, for the winter, under the roof of Burlington House. The very man to do this sort of thing capitally is JOHN CLOTHES HORSLEY, and well he "knew'd" it. Ahem!

The arrangements are excellent, and we may say thoroughly carried out, as on our arrival under the portico we were confronted by two splendid Constables in an excellent state of preservation. Their colour was as good as could be expected considering the atmosphere in which they were exhibited, and their tone left nothing to be desired.

After confiding our gold-stick-in-waiting to the custody of the Charon below, who has the entire control of the Styx,—a wise precaution, as so many umbrellas, canes, and crutches, if carelessly carried up-stairs, would be used as "*maul*-sticks"—we, after receiving a Catalogue from an Art-Commissioner in uniform, upon whom we bestowed a small silver [medal, ascended the staircase, preceded by several people in full dress (it was uncommonly cold), and were received by the working Models, the presiding Genii of the place, who lead, what appears to our limited mortal intelligence, a monotonous existence, with "No change" from day to day, and ever *attracting* the notice of visitors with much the same enticement that is offered by the photographer's touts to the passers-by—"This stile one shilling."

Need we say that our loyal instincts at once led us to the Third Gallery, where inspired by a happy thought for the Jubilee Year, the Providential Treasurer has hung No. 117, *The First Council of Her Majesty the Queen*, painted Sir DAVID WILKIE, R. A.—needless to say a most interesting picture—showing the youthful QUEEN looking rather pale and nervous, the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, with a very comic expression on his face, not unlike the portrait of LISTON as *Paul Pry*, and next to him the LORD CHANCELLOR frowning severely on such untimely levity, the Duke of WELLINGTON blushing and the burly Duke of SUSSEX, with his black skull-cap on, a blank piece of paper before him, and a pen in his hand, looking as though he were going to pronounce sentence and sign a death-warrant; and No. 118, *The Queen's Coronation*, where the Duke of WELLINGTON with a drawn sword stands over the kneeling QUEEN, with all the air of a Lord High Executioner awaiting the signal. This is painted by C. R. LESLIE, R. A.—No. 119, *Portrait of Her Majesty*, by Sir MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P. R. A.—portrait of "Her" by "Shee"—and No. 120, "*Christening of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*," where the royal infant is indeed "a bonny boy," and the Duke of WELLINGTON again appears as the executioner,—quite enough to frighten any child if he stepped forward,—but once more blushing,—he is blushing in all three pictures,—and keeping himself modestly in the background. This is by Sir GEORGE HAYTER. The group cannot help being Theatrical, as it came from Her Majesty's own The-Hayter. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS! here's your chance for three scenes of a Jubilee Drama, which shall embrace the chief events of the last fifty years.

Let's leave the Royal Young Missis and visit a few splendid Old Masters.

No. 126. Velasquez. Magnificent. "*Philip the Fourth of Spain.*" From the collection of R. S. HOLFORD. When you've feasted your eyes and taken your Phil, on you'll go to

135. Another Velasquez, just as good. "*Don Gaspar de Guzman*" (beautiful name), holding a slight, fresh-cut willow wand, or switch. He is looking out of the picture. That was his character—he was always "looking out." The sapling-wand is figurative; the celebrated statesman is saying, in the purest Castilian, "Twig?"

No. 140. A Van Dyck. Lady, evidently with pins and needles in her hand, stretching out her numbed fingers in considerable pain! It is a portrait of ANNE, Countess of Bedford. The subject would come under a heading to a Latin Grammar exercise, *An-ne, num.*

No. 144. Van Dyck. Perfect. Stern man, evidently tutor (in armour), holding a stick with one hand, and small boy, his pupil, with the other. Boy is explaining, "Please, Sir, first fault!"

No. 149. By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. "*Venus and Adonis; or, Ought we to visit her?*" Is it true that when our Mr. HORSLEY saw it he exclaimed, "TURNER away!"

No. 152. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. PHILIP STANHOPE—or PHILIP CAN'T STANDUP. The original "Sloper."

No. 153. "*Isabella.*" By GEORGE ROMNEY. A very decided "Rum Knee." Just look!

No. 115. "*Pan and Syrinx.*" By RUBENS. Ahem! Next to this we should expect to see "*The Treasurer, R.A., rubens.*"

And last, but perhaps greatest, is No. 93. "*Portrait of Martin Looten.*" By REMBRANDT. What superb painting! But someone else had a hand in this besides Old Master REMBRANDT, and that is Old Father Time, the softener, the mellowist. Father Time is a wonderful colourist. Slow, but very sure is his method, where he has good material to work upon. And this picture, does it not tell its own story? Why, certainly. Regard it. Look at that wonderful right hand in that marvellously uncomfortable attitude. It is clutching at something over the region of the heart, and the tips of the fingers are lost in the pleats of the coat. What does this indicate but pain? A sharp stitch in his side, perhaps one of those powerful ones which, coming in time saves nine, or a spasm, or a twinge? Glance at his left hand? What do you see? A writing signed. Yes: it is a prescription. Now, cast your eye up to his face. It expresses contemptuous incredulity. He is evidently saying to his physician "I feel my pain here (*indicating it*) just as bad as ever: this prescription hasn't done me any good!" And the title? Epigrammatic and expressive, "*No Fees.*"

This is all we have time for to-day. Perhaps we may visit the place again, perhaps we mayn't. A good deal depends on any inquiry being made about a beautiful agate-headed, gold-mounted umbrella, which, in a moment of abstraction, we took out of the hands of the Guardian of the Styx, who mistook our ticket, No. 66, for No. 99. But we're an Old Master, and know what a real work of Art is. "Burlington House, adoo!" we cried, as we hurried down the steps, for we were late for tea, and we always go home to tea. At the last moment we fancy, in the distance, we hear some one calling out after us, hoarsely. But, as we are not HORSLEY, we don't stop. Once more, Old Masters, adoo!

AN EPITAPH.

IN MEMORY OF THE VISIT OF THE
BULGARIAN DELEGATES.
THEY WERE HARD TO PRONOUNCE, TRANSITORY, BUT INSINUATING.
EGGED ON AT VIENNA, SNUBBED AT BERLIN,
AND SNUFFED OUT AT PARIS,
THEY,
THOUGH BARELY SURVIVING THE HORRORS OF THE
CHANNEL PASSAGE,
ARRIVED EXPECTANT AND HOPEFUL IN THIS COUNTRY;
WHERE,
WELCOMED ON THE BACK-STAIRS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE BY
LORD IDDESLEIGH,
ENTERTAINED AT LUNCHEON BY THE LORD MAYOR,
AND INSPECTED BY THE PREMIER AT HATFIELD,
THEY LEARNT RAPIDLY TO APPRECIATE AT ITS FULL VALUE THE
DEPTH OF THE SYMPATHY FELT BY THE BRITISH PUBLIC
FOR THEIR CAUSE, THEIR COUNTRY, AND THEMSELVES.
DRAGGED BY SOMEONE DURING THE LAST HOURS OF THEIR STAY
DOWN TO BRIGHTON, TO VISIT THE AQUARIUM,
THEY FINALLY QUITTED THESE SHORES ON FRIDAY LAST,
AWAKENED AND WISER IF SADDER MEN;
AND HAVE NOW RETURNED TO THE MIDST OF THAT DOMESTIC CHAOS
AT SOPHIA,
FROM WHICH THEY MAY PERHAPS REFLECT
THAT, ON THE WHOLE, THEY MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE DONE BETTER
NEVER TO HAVE EMERGED.

"OH, POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE!"

As some evidence that the legitimate Harlequinade is still attractive, we can point to the one comic scene that follows the three Acts of the Hanwellian Extravaganza *Robinson Crusoe*,—which we believe was to have been called *Arthur Roberts on Crusoe*,—at the Avenue Theatre, and which for practical fun is better than anyone of them, or the whole three combined. True that Mr. WILKINSON, as Clown, is not remarkably humorous, nor is Mr. ASHLEY exceptionally comic as Pantaloon; tall Mr. FRED STOREY, though very nimble, is a storey too high for Harlequin; but Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS is inimitably droll as the Policeman, and Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON is the sweetest Columbine since the first one we ever saw, with whom we fell head over ears in love, and for whose *beaux yeux* we would have sacrificed oranges, toffy, and weekly allowance. Miss PHYLLIS can act prettily, *pas grand' chose*, but then when she dances a *pas* it is *grand' chose*; and, after Miss CATHERINE VAUGHAN, she has not her equal on the stage for a style which, as something between the finished performance of the highly-trained *première danseuse* of the ballet and that of the burlesque actress, has a charm peculiarly its own.

"Arthur's Show."—*Shakspeare.*

The piece is too long, and unfortunately the best of it is in the First Act and the comic scene which follows the Third Act. Mr. STOREY and Mr. ATKINS,—not our old former "WILL ATKINS," but a very comic dwarf,—are capital as the two acrobatic bailiffs. Miss WADMAN has plenty to sing, but nothing worth hearing; and even Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS' songs, in spite of his mirth-provoking business, are not particularly good. But he himself is immensely droll, and so genuinely popular, that his admiring audience laugh not only at any nonsense he says or does, but they laugh in anticipation of what it is probable he may be going to say or do. In fact, so distinctly is the success due to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, that a first-night audience, instead of crying out, "Author! Author!" would have been justified in calling loudly, "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!"

The sole vocal and musical success is achieved by Miss LYDIA YEAMANS, who sings "*Sally in Our Alley*" so charmingly as, on the night of our visit at all events, to obtain a triple encore, so genuine, hearty, and unanimous, that it seemed as if the audience were delighted to have an opportunity of showing how thoroughly they could appreciate anything really good. There was a ring about the encores for this ballad very different from the polite and mechanical rapture exhibited on other occasions, when the singers, thinking that half "a hand" was better than no applause, had smirkingly bowed their acknowledgments and had lost no time in recommencing their ditties.

There is a show of girls of the accepted extravaganza pattern, who deliver the author's witty lines in that clear, crisp and telling manner for which the LOTTIES, TOTTIES, CONNIES, MAGGIES, and GEORGIES, are justly celebrated. We say "witty lines," as they are the production of Mr. REECE, and though we unfortunately could not catch much that was being uttered, yet, as the young ladies appeared highly delighted with what they were saying, we felt sure that what had elicited a laugh from *them* must be highly diverting, and so we smiled, simper-thetically.

Mrs. MACINTOSH, as the Queen, looks, to quote a popular classic, "very fine and large," and is ably seconded by *Jam Jam*, one of the sweetest of the suite, gracefully played by Miss JANE STEER.

When the public is tired of the quaint drolleries of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, the grace of Miss PHYLLIS as Columbine, and the "*Sally in Our Alley*" as sung by Miss YEAMANS, it will be tired of this piece at the Avenue, and they 'll 'ave a new piece.

MANY thoughtless people, on seeing the title *Persia as it Is*, would be inclined to say, "Shah!"—but no one who looks within Dr. WILLS's book will say "Pshaw!" to its contents. The author from his long residence in the country, and his position as *hakim*, or physician, had special opportunities for observation of which he has fully availed himself. You get the genuine article in this volume—indeed a *gutta-percha* of the best quality.

LORD ROWTON is very busy just now. He has been "repeatedly calling" on everybody concerned in the recent double-shuffle, and would never take "Not at home" as an answer to his knock. He should have an addition to his title—"Lord ROWTON-ER-UP."

M. LE COMTE GOES DEERSTALKING.

M. le Comte. "HA! QUELLE CHANCE! UN MAGNIFIQUE CERF DIX-CORS!"

Donald (the Gardener). "HI! HULLOA! MOSSOO LE COUNTY! DON'T SHOOT, SIR! IT'S *CHAMPION!* HER LADYSHIP'S TAME STAG FROM THE SOUTH. HE WANTS A BIT OF SUGAR!"

"IS THE OLD MIN FRIENDLY?"

Dickens still further adapted to Circumstances.

"The Old Min" . .	Mr. GL-DST-NE.
Fred Trent . . .	Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT.
Dick Swiveller . . .	Mr. CH-MB-RL-N.

* * * * * *

"THERE'S a friend of mine waiting outside," said the portly personage on the round table, "I'll call him in, with your leave."

Saying this he stepped to the door, and looking down the street beckoned several times to some unseen person, who, to judge from the air of impatience with which these signals were accompanied, required a great quantity of persuasion to induce him to advance. At length there sauntered up, on the opposite side of the way—with a bad pretence of passing by accident—a figure conspicuous for a certain obvious attempt at smartness, which, after a good many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance apparently of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road, and was brought into the Council Chamber.

"There! It's DICK SWIVELLER," said the portly one, pushing him in with an air of swelling satisfaction, which sat naturally upon his sleek and complacent countenance. "Sit down, SWIVELLER."

"But is the Old Min agreeable?" said Mr. SWIVELLER in an undertone.

"Sit down," repeated his companion, *sotto voce*, "have a talk with him, and see how he takes it."

Mr. SWIVELLER complied, and looking about him with a complacent smile, observed that it *had* been fine weather for ducklings—especially daring ones—but that just now there was a deal of dust flying; he also remarked that judging from the appearance and demeanour of an Irish pig, which had come under his observation, dirty weather would probably ensue.

"But what," said Mr. SWIVELLER with a sigh, "what is the odds so long as the bonds of Union are tightened by mutual understanding, and the wing of party friendship never moults a feather! What is the odds so long as kindred spirits are brought together by *means of a modus vivendi*, and the present moment is the most *dissentient of our existence!*"

"You needn't play the Great Panjandrum or the Glorious Apollo *here*," suggested his friend, aside, with a glance at the aged occupant of the chair.

"FRED!" cried Mr. SWIVELLER, tapping his nose, "a word to the wise is sufficient for them. We may be good and happy without being cocks o' the walk or even Perpetual Grand Old Presidents. Say not another syllable. I know my cue; smart is the word. Only one little whisper, FRED—*is* the Old Min friendly?"

"Don't ask too many questions—yet," replied his friend.

"Right again—quite right," said Mr. SWIVELLER. "Caution is the word, and caution is the act." With that he winked with a vigour which nearly dislodged his eye-glass, and then readjusted it with solicitous care and profound gravity.

The Old Man sat in his chair apart, and, with folded hands, which retained tight hold of an official-looking document, glanced sometimes at the portly one, and sometimes at his smart companion, as if he were entirely neutral, and intended, for the present, to leave them to do pretty much as they pleased. The portly one reclined against the table, at no great distance from his friend, looking the very incarnation of combined self-complacency, and diplomatic astuteness.

The silence was not of long duration, for Mr. SWIVELLER, after favouring the party with several melodious assurances, that, though reasons of one sort or another had lately taken him to Istamboul, England, even in preference to Athens, held his heart and soul, and that he desired but to resume, on his own terms, his seat at the Table Round, "the goodliest fellowship of noble Nobs, whereof this world holds record," as a preliminary to the achievement of great feats of valour and loyalty. After these poetic prolusions, Mr. SWIVELLER removed his eyes from the ceiling, and subsided into prose again.

"FRED," said he, stopping short, as if the idea had suddenly occurred to him, and speaking in the same audible whisper as before, "*is* the Old Min friendly?"

"Oh, don't bother about that—at present," returned the portly one, pleasantly.

"No, but *is* he?" said DICK.

"Why, of course," whispered his friend, with a wink of portentous significance.

"It's a devil of a thing, Gentlemen," said Mr. SWIVELLER, "when

"IS THE OLD MIN FRIENDLY?"

(Mr. Dick Swiveller in the "Old Curiosity Shop.")

comrades and colleagues fall out and disagree. If the wing of friendship should never moult a feather, the Umbrella of Party should never be shut up or busted, but always expanded and serene. Why should a Grand Old Min and a Grand Young Min peg away at each other with mutual wiolence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not jine hands, and forgit it?"

"That's the talk," cried the portly one, jovially.

"Sir," replied Mr. SWIVELLER, "don't you interrupt the Chair. Gentlemen, how does the case stand upon the present occasion? Here's a hoighty Grand Old Min—I say it with the utmost respect—and here's a sperrity Grand Young Min. The hoighty-toighty G. O. M. says to the sperrity G. Y. M., 'I've brought you up and educated you; I've put you in the way of getting on in life; you have bolted a little out of the course, as young fellows often do; and you shall never have another chance, nor the ghost of half a one. The G. Y. M. makes answer to this and says, 'You're as uppish as uppish can be, you want everything all your own way, you haven't done half as much for me, as I've done for myself, and, for the matter of that, for you; you've had an uncommon long innings, yet you want all the batting to yourself, and the bowling too, —why can't you stand aside a bit and let the pick of the promising colts have a turn?' The G. O. M. unto this retorts, not only that he declines to stand out with that cheerful readiness which is always so agreeable and pleasant in a gentleman of his time of life, but that he will blow up, and call names, and make reflections whenever they meet. Then the plain question is, ain't it a pity that this state of things should continue, and how much better would it be for the old gentleman who is so fond of bossing the Show to fork over a reasonable amount of authority unto others, and make it all right and comfortable all round?"

Having delivered this oration with much unction and considerable incisiveness, Mr. SWIVELLER abruptly thrust the head of his cane into his mouth, as if to prevent himself from impairing the effect of his speech by adding one other word—at present.

* * * * * * *

"Before I leave the gay and festive scene and halls of dazzling light," said Mr. SWIVELLER, "I will, with your permission, attempt one other slight remark. I came here this day under the impression that the Old Min was friendly. Feeling that badgering, baiting, and bullying was not the sort of thing calculated to expand the souls and promote the harmony of contending parties, I take upon myself to suggest a course which is *the* course to be adopted on the present occasion. I'll put it in half a syllable:—The watchword to the Old Min, friendly or not friendly, is—Fork!!!"

* * * * * *

"THE LAST STRAW."

Benevolent Briton *discovered in the midst of his family, looking over his accounts.*

Benevolent Briton (*inspecting his cheque-book*). Well, my dear, I can only tell you that, what with the fall in rents, and bad times generally, together with the unusually large amount of charity calls that seem to have fallen on the end of the year, I am left with a very small margin indeed. Guy's, and the East London Palace, and the Church House, and the Southport business, and half-a-dozen other extras all tacked on to the account. 'Pon my word I don't think I can safely draw another penny.

Mrs. B. B. Oh, but we must find something for the "Orphans' Emigration Fund." You must let me have five pounds for that. We have always given it, you know.

B. B. (*drawing cheque*). Very well, my dear.

Eldest Miss B. B. And oh, Papa, there's the "Indigent Daughters' Industrial Home." You couldn't leave that without something. They're dreadfully in want of money.

B. B. (*drawing another cheque*). Ah, yes, to be sure, my dear. Very well, there you are.

Other Members of the B. B.'s Family (*in chorus*). And then there's the "Helpless Seamen's Assistance Association," and the "Aged Sempstresses' Refuge," and the "Blind Clergy Asylum," and the "Street Soup Fund," and the "Pauperised Foreigners' Mission." Oh, Papa, you must give something to these. They all want it dreadfully.

B. B. (*drawing the several cheques*). Well, well,—there you are. But now I really must stop. I've reduced my balance to two figures, and scarcely see my way to the end of the quarter. With the best will in the world one must really moderate one's expenditure in this direction. However, I think we've pretty well answered all pressing appeals. Anyhow if anything else "urgent" comes in, all I can say is, it must wait.

Post arrives, bringing the B. B. *an application, in an imposing envelope, from a Local Committee for a Subscription for the forthcoming "Imperial Institute."*

B. B. (*reading application*). Hullo! What's this? Want to raise a quarter of a million, do they? Well, they'll have to do it without me, that's all. Can't do it just now. I'm dried up.

[*Throws application into waste-paper basket, and returns cheque-book to drawer. And a great many other Britons, more or less benevolent, do likewise.*

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES FULFILLED.—Right again! Always Right! See *Mr. Punch's* Fancy Portrait, No. 44, Aug. 13, 1881, of the Right Hon. G. JOACHIM GOSCHEN, M.P., and the Cartoon Junior for Aug. 9, 1884, entitled, "*Un Mariage de Convenance*," about Lord SALISBURY and RANDOM CHURCHILL.

'CYCLING

Trips by D. Crambo, Junior.

Sigh-cling Union.

Buy Sickle and Try Sickle.

Ball Bearings.

Rubber Tires.

Tanned 'em?

A Bone Shaker.

ORDER, ORDER!

THE *P. M. G.* last Friday asked whether "the Theatrical Managers in conjunction with Sir CHARLES WARREN could not introduce into London the simple and orderly feature of the French *queue*." The "orderly feature" already exists in the crowd at most theatre doors. Not that this is what the *P. M. G.* means, but the "*queue*" system might be more frequently insisted on at Railway Stations, on great race-days for example. When the crowd arrives unexpectedly, Sir CHARLES WARREN, or one of his agents, could be sent for. Sir CHARLES's intimation to the Managers would be a quotation, adapted from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "When your *queue* comes, call *me!*"

The New Catiline.

"*Abiit*"—He left the Cabinet.
"*Excessit*"—He used strong language.
"*Evasit*"—He said it was the Estimates.
"*Erupit*"—He joined the Radicals.

SONG FOR LORD SALISBURY.—"*Look at the price of Coal-ition!*"

SEASONABLE DISH FOR A LIBERAL BANQUET.

COLLAR'D HEAD."

"RECULER POUR MIEUX SAUTER."

The Coming Harlequin . . . Lord RANDOM. *Clown* . . . The Celebrated "MATTHEWS." *Pantaloon* . . . Sir H. D. W-LFF.

THE BOUNDER!

(*An Example of "English 'as she is spoke' at the Universities."*)

CRIES ANGELINA, "EDWIN dear,
I've but imperfect knowledge
Of all the curious words I hear
You introduce from College,
And quite the latest that you've brought,
And use with iteration,
To me at least as yet untaught,
Indeed needs explanation.
So tell your ANGELINA true,
Nor let her further flounder,
Come quick enlighten her, now do,—
Do tell her what's a *Bounder?*

Then EDWIN thought, and then replied,
"It's easy of solution,
When on the cad you once have tried,
The spell of evolution, [know
Hence springs the 'Bounder,' whom you'll
By various signs that note him.
His tone,—more, he himself is low,
So those who know him, vote him.
His bills he always leaves unpaid,
He's also a black-mailer;
He gets his clothes all ready-made
From some far East-End tailor;
He wears a lot of showy rings,
Nor vulgar seems to find them;
He does a lot of nasty things,
But somehow does not mind them:
Plays whist with kings stuffed up his cuffs,
And uses them at poker;
Inordinately smokes and snuffs,
And is a clumsy joker;
The choicest china tea-cups breaks
At crushes never grieving;
Comes in a shocking hat, and takes
Another hat when leaving.
His company's the very worst,
He's always in some swindle;
He pays third-class and travels first,
His cheating tastes to kindle.
But there:—although perhaps I miss
A definition sounder,
You possibly may grasp from this
What is,—in short,—a *Bounder!*

OLYMPIA.—Here are a couple of suggestions for the entertainment. The races are too brief. They might give a Derby Day scene, or a representation of the Grand Prix. Then, instead of the present somewhat slow ballet which precedes the stag-hunt,—also too soon over, with not half enough adventures by flood and field for the space at their disposal—they might give us the Battle of Waterloo from a French point of view. BOULANGER might win it.

"O SHE!"

"*CHERCHEZ la femme!*"—that is, get "*She*" by RIDER HAGGARD, and read it. Very original romance with a coquettish heroine two thousand years old. It has four faults which prevent its being perfect, and these are: firstly, the low comedian *Job*, who is a dull and irritating person; secondly, the author's inability to restrain himself, even in what are intended to be the most thrilling situations, from occasionally letting you see how he is laughing in his sleeve at his own ingenuity; thirdly, the weak device of calling one of the heroes "*Mr. Holly*" for the sake of cutting jokes on the name; and, fourthly, the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the automaton hero in undertaking the last expedition. From time to time disappointing, it is, on the whole, an absorbing, though a carelessly constructed, romance.

With a Difference.

Tory. How is it that so many Public School and University men, after receiving a Liberal education, become Conservatives?

Whig. I don't know; but, at Election time, it's very remarkable that the Liberals turn out Conservatives, and Conservatives turn out Liberals. [*Exeunt severally.*

"TAKING STOCK"!

Wife (jealous). "WHO HAVE YOU BEEN GIVING A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR TO? THE OTHER DAY I COUNTED EIGHTY ODD, AND NOW THERE 'S ONLY—NOT NEAR SO MANY—WRETCH!"

MONTY CRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

AT the Gaiety *Monte Cristo*, as a spectacle, is brilliant; Miss FARREN as its hero is as lively as ever, and Mr. FRED LESLIE as *Noirtier* (or as anybody else for the matter of that) is immensely funny. As long as Mr. FRED LESLIE is on the stage, no matter how he may be disguised, or what he may be doing or saying, the audience shouts with laughter; that is, during the First Act, for the laughter is only occasional and spasmodic in the other two Acts. Were it not for the versatility of this accomplished actor, the sprightliness of Miss FARREN, and the terpsichorean agility of some of the minor characters, this extravaganza, with its muddled plot, would be but a very poor affair.

From first to last, we did not catch one single witty line, and heard only one good bad pun that seemed to belong to the rhymed dialogue; that is, if the dialogue proper be in rhyme, of which, in the absence of any positive evidence, we have our doubts. When the audience laughed, it was more often at what was done than at what was said or sung, and when any utterance of the actors raised a smile, we rather fancy, judging from its irrelevance, that it was "gag," of which at this Theatre there has always been a liberal supply, the present company loyally keeping up the tradition. If the public approve and encourage the practice, and the authors do not object, what does it matter to anyone?

The music which, without being anything extraordinary, is not quite so brilliant as the costumes, but considerably brighter than the dialogue, is composed by MEYER LUTZ the conductor, and four talented assistants, so that it took seven persons to put this extravaganza together. If they had had seven more congenial spirits to help them, what a literary, dramatic, and musical treat would have resulted from such a rare combination of all the talents!

The authors, who, as we have been informed, are two single gentlemen rolled into one "Mr. RICHARD HENRY," are most fortunate in their actors, in their clever stage-manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, and in Mr. EDWARDES, the present lessee of the Gaiety, who has put their piece on the stage with a liberality recalling the best days of the Hollingsheadian era, though it cannot revive the combined fun of such a company as NELLIE FARREN, KATE VAUGHAN, ROYCE, ELTON, and TERRY, all playing together, unequalled since the still earlier combination at the Strand, when MARIE WILTON, FANNY JOSEPHS, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, JAMES BLAND, JOHN CLARKE, and JAMES ROGERS, genuine actors every one of them, played H. J. BYRON'S admirably-written five-scene burlesques, which were over in an hour and a quarter. In those days we laughed at the couplets, greeted the bad puns with an "Oh!" as if they had been rockets, and enjoyed the acting which was in the true spirit of burlesque.

We are no *laudatores temporis acti*, and willingly admit that Mr. LESLIE is an actor equal to any eccentric comedian, past or present, and superior to most of them as a singer and accomplished musician; but subtract him, with NELLIE FARREN, and what would become of such a piece as *Monte Cristo*? Even as a dramatic entertainment, *Monte Cristo* is not "in it" with its predecessor *Little Jack Sheppard*. Will Mr. LESLIE devote himself henceforth entirely to this eccentric line, firing off crackers, striking angular attitudes, depending for some of his humorous effects upon noises made at the wing, on deep notes of the trombone, and on any nonsense that may come into his head to say at the minute? Where is the playgoer who, remembering him in the Opera of *Rip Van Winkle*, does not hope that he may soon find a part worthy of his histrionic and vocal talents, and give up being the mere "Droll," which, by strict attention to this line of business, he will infallibly become.

At the same time we recommend anyone who is not particularly enthusiastic about "the Drama," but who loves the healthy after-dinner exercise of laughing even at utterly idiotic absurdity, and who may like a brilliant show and some cleverish dancing, to visit the Gaiety and see Mr. FRED LESLIE, Miss FARREN, the brilliant costumes, the pretty faces, and sparkling *mise-en-scène* of *Monte Cristo Junior*.

CHEMICAL DEFINITION OF LEATHER.—Ox-hide of Best.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XII.—CAPTAIN HORSELIE GOWER.

CAPTAIN HORSELIE GOWER is the *raciest* man in all London, that is to say, there is no such theoretical authority on horse-racing about the West End of Town; practically the Captain is not to be quite so implicitly relied on, and even those wont to listen with reverence to the words of the oracle seem a little shy of backing his "good things." Still to listen to HORSELIE GOWER laying down the law about a forthcoming event in the smoking-room of the "Flag and Flourish," is to feel you are indeed behind the scenes and being initiated into the innermost secrets of the turf, and when dropping his voice he informs you that he "had it *straight*," you are conscious of being on the verge of attaining important information. "I had it straight," reiterates the Captain, "I was told it by BILL DOBSON, who's a great friend of LARKINS whose cousin trains in JOHN DAWSON'S stable. Cockamaroo, Sir, must win—tried with Brown Brandy at 21lb." Here the Captain's voice sinks lower and lower till nothing is audible but such snatches as, "10lb beating a ton in hand," "best thing out," and as you stroll homewards, you decide that no time is to be lost in getting a few pounds on Cockamaroo. You do so the next morning, and are still more impressed with the rather liberal odds that you obtain about that distinguished animal. From that out Cockamaroo fades gradually out of the betting, and is heard of no more, when you appeal plaintively to the Captain, he replies, "Yes, I believe they *did* rather fancy him, but they're always making mistakes in that stable," and entirely ignores that he had ever mentioned Cockamaroo, as a "good thing."

That is HORSELIE GOWER'S way. It is no use reminding him that he told you such a horse would win a race. He invariably replies, with a lofty smile at your ignorance, "*I told you that the stable fancied it;* my own opinion was another matter."

The Captain in his vaticinations, deals chiefly in outsiders, there is something much too common-place for his vivid imagination in predicting the success of a horse whose antecedents point to his winning again. When you venture to suggest that you think the favourite will win the Leger, he replies, "Do you really now?" with that pitying smile of his which says clearly, Well, if you believe that, you will believe anything! "He's *safe*, my boy, in the pockets of the book-makers. Wait till we meet on Doncaster Town Moor, and tell me what you think of his chance then."

This does not commit the Captain to much, as you are as little likely to meet him at Doncaster as a red deer. He invariably talks as if he attended all such festivals, but except on rare occasions, at Ascot and Epsom, HORSELIE GOWER is never encountered on a race-course.

Still, HORSELIE GOWER is a sportsman all round, in his way, and it is quite possible that it is merely narrowness of means that prevents his developing into what he aims at being thought. He occupies a couple of rooms in the purlieus of St. James's, wears trousers rather tight in the leg, and a horse-shoe pin. His speech is garnished with the shibboleth of the turf. He will tell you that he's going to the Park, *if he can get the course*. If you ask him if he's going to his Regimental dinner, he will tell you that he is "a bit off, and struck out of all engagements,"—and was once heard to describe an acquaintance as "a good sort, but he can't stay; two brandies and sodas are his length."

To hear HORSELIE GOWER hold forth at the "Flag and Flourish," you would suppose that his betting transactions were on a somewhat extensive scale. He is given to talk about "having had a good race," "having got a nasty one over the Stakes," &c., but his relatives have no cause to be anxious about him on that score, as he is a consistent man and his betting pretty nearly as theoretical as his knowledge of racing generally. He is great at the drawing of club lotteries, and given to offering something under their value for the prominent favourites. He is busy with a pencil and a piece of a paper on such occasions, calculating the exact value of every horse in the betting, in relation to the lottery, and to do him justice he was taught arithmetic in his youth, and has a notable knowledge of fractions.

"*Up in Scotland, this year, GOWER?*" inquires young MORRISON, who lives solely for shooting and fishing, and is equally deadly with fly and trigger.

"No; deuced unlucky. Was to have shot in Perthshire with old JACK BELPER, but he wrote me word it wasn't worth my while."

"Not worth your while! Well, I don't know where JACK BELPER'S Moor may be, but we'd lots of birds in Perthshire."

"Dare say," replied the Captain, "but JACK said he'd been done. Only hired it this season, you know, and the people who had it last, shot it down shamefully."

HORSELIE GOWER has never been seen with a gun in his hand by any of his acquaintances, and where he spends August and September is a sore puzzle to his intimates. He is usually off to the Moors to stay with somebody, but something always intervenes. Old JACK BELPER figures in many of HORSELIE GOWER'S sporting narratives, and apparently came into the world for the express purpose of being rescued from all sorts of unpleasant animals and positions by the gallant Captain; a *nominis umbra*, who has never yet been visible in the flesh. In like manner with regard to hunting, HORSELIE GOWER is singularly unfortunate. To inquiries as to where he means to betake himself for that diversion, he unhesitatingly replies that he intends giving the Cotswold or the Atherstone a turn, and if any one expresses surprise at finding him lingering about the Club smoking-room during the winter months, his answer comes glibly as ever—

"How is it I'm not down in the Cotswold country? By Jove, old man, there's not much hunting for you when you get such a facer as I did over the Leger; stood to win a cracker on Roderick Random, and"—here the Captain's voice drops, and he becomes deeply confidential—"I don't believe he tried a yard."

Men who witnessed the race, would tell you that whether Roderick Random tried or did not try to win, made little difference in the issue.

But to see HORSELIE GOWER in all his glory, is to see him in the hall of the "Flag and Flourish," on the afternoon that a big handicap is to be decided, say the Cambridgeshire, when the tape is coming in, and being put up on the telegraph board about every twenty minutes. The Captain upon this occasion has stumbled on a horse at long odds and backed it with the tobacconist round the corner, with whom he usually does business, for a couple of sovereigns. The horse stands now at about half the price he got about it, and is considered by good judges as very likely indeed to be hailed the winner. HORSELIE GOWER, always very positive in his opinions, is demonstrating to the little knot around the telegraph board who are awaiting the issue of the big race that Cockchafer, bar accidents, must win.

"I picked him out directly I saw the weights," cries the Captain, "no one who knows anything about racing, could help seeing he was thrown in. Look at the way he gave Tycoon 10lb and a beating at Kempton."

Ha! here comes the tape—Cambridgeshire result—Tantalus 1, Mary Anne 2, Dolphin 3.

Captain HORSELIE GOWER indulges in a big big D. and strides silently off to the coffee-room bar to wash down that disappointment. He really had discounted that fifty or sixty pounds in his sanguine imagination, and was a little dashed at Cockchafer's ignominious performance.

There is a little disposition to poke fun at the Captain that night in the smoking-room, but he rises to the occasion.

"Chucked away, Sir, the race was literally chucked away. Saw old JACK BELPER just before dinner, who told me all about it. The boy got flurried, and just rode his horse's head off. Cockchafer ought to have won; don't tell me, he'd a stone in hand."

It is a very harmless amusement; Captain HORSELIE GOWER rarely leaves London. He has no other aim in life, and if his racing does cost him a certain small sum every year, it cannot be said that he does not have his fun for his money.

To a Place-Hunter.

WHAT, out of place? Well, man, take heart of grace,
Be this your comfort till once more you win it:
A man like you is *never* out of place——
Save when he's in it!

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!"—The Representatives of the Government in Ireland, when they heard of the Chief Baron's severe remarks on the conduct of the Authorities in the Woodford case, exclaimed, "Who would have expected this from our 'dear old PALLES'!"

"THE WEAKER VESSEL."—There was an article with this heading in last Friday's *St. James's Gazette*. The title of the article caused a great sensation among "My Lords" at the Admiralty. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD hadn't time to read it, but wanted to know why on earth the writer didn't speak out plainly and say which vessel he meant in particular.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied *by a Stamped and Directed Envelope* or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

ATHLETICS.

(By D. Crambo, Junior.)

Boxing—Light and Heavy Waits.

Glove Contest.

Scientific Sparring.

A Lively Rally.

Trap-ease.

Three-legged Race.

Horizontal Bar.

"Hi!" Jump.

Seasonable Song.

FOGGY would a-brewing go,
Whether November had hooked it or no,
With its rolling peasoupy pall of asphyxia,
Heigho! says the British Public!

THE American House of Representatives has passed a Bill for the suppression of Polygamy in Utah, at the same time abolishing Woman Suffrage in that land, where ladies are supposed to be in the majority. This seems to suggest that it is the ladies themselves who support the system. Mormons and strong-minded females are already prophesying that the Bill will be an Utah failure!

To the Author of "The Ring and the Book."

IF on an old subject again you would sing,
Some truth a particular *clique* might be taught to.
So pipe, Sir, about the South Kensington "*Ring*,"
And the "*Book*" which they ought to be brought to!

THE Ghost's Bargain—One Shilling. This is a real bargain reprint, by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, of this, as well as the four other Christmas stories by DICKENS, at the same price each.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE UPON AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

(Important Letter lately received by Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—In writing to expose in your columns the unseemly treatment to which I have recently been subjected, I am not, I humbly trust, actuated by any feelings of revenge. I merely wish to give some idea of the extent to which young people of the present day are penetrated by a spirit of irreverence towards those, who in *my* early days, would have been listened to with respectful attention. I may pause here to remark that I am a man who throughout a long and prosperous commercial career, has been accustomed to a marked deference in those circles in which he moves, which I attribute in a great measure to my invariable practice of discountenancing any undue flippancy in my presence. Well, Sir, some short time since, I, in company with my dear wife, spent a few days at a certain Hydropathic Establishment in the vicinity of the Metropolis. A large proportion of our fellow-visitors had not attained years of discretion, and you would doubtless expect that they would refrain from obtruding themselves at all upon the notice of their elders, without some special encouragement. What will you say, Sir, when I tell you that—so far from that—they attempted, under the guise of a "Committee of Amusements," to dictate to us the manner in which we were to spend our evenings!

I do not say that I found much to object to on the first evening of my visit, though some of the recitations struck me as unnecessarily frivolous, but, before the second, it reached my ears that the Committee contemplated the performance of a Charade to be followed by a dance! Now, neither I nor my dear wife dance, while we hold all entertainments of a theatrical nature in the strongest disapproval, carrying consistency so far indeed, as to have repeatedly declined to take part in, or even witness, "Dumb Crambo" performed by near relatives, some of whom were well advanced in years. We do not judge those who think differently—it is a matter for the conscience of each—but such are *our* views, and so we were naturally disgusted by the selfishness of proposing an amusement in which all could not participate. Short as the time I spent in the Establishment was, I had even then attained a certain influence over those of a similar way of thinking, and, amongst us, we brought a pressure to bear which led to the Charade and Dance being abandoned, although I fear in no very good or proper frame of mind.

I proposed games as an alternative, for I am no foe to harmless merriment—far from it, Sir, old as I am, I enjoy a romp with a party of dear young friends, as much as many a younger man. But on this occasion, my dear wife being present, I confined my suggestions to sports which are almost purely intellectual in their nature, and demand nothing but a ready wit, a sheet of paper, and a lead pencil. My proposition was received with the utmost hostility by all the younger members of the company, with one single exception—a young lady, whose appearance struck me, I must confess, as distinctly prepossessing at the time—though my dear wife (with that true woman's instinct, which, in these matters, I have often been compelled to admit, is keener than my own) at once detected the levity and love of admiration that marred an otherwise attractive exterior. This young lady (for a strong sense of duty compels me to give her name in full) was a Miss TRIXIE LARKIN, and while affecting to welcome my suggestions with enthusiasm, she offered to introduce us to a new game which she described as being at the same time rational and exceedingly provocative of mirth. I consented readily, only stipulating that none of the dissentients should be permitted to join our party.

The gravest and most important amongst us were easily induced to take part in the new game of "Rabbits," for by this somewhat unmeaning appellation it seemed to be known, and so Miss TRIXIE marshalled us all into the centre of the drawing-room, where we were directed to kneel down in a circle, and pass around the questions she, as leader, might originate. I placed myself on her left, my dear wife being at her right, and awaited the sequel with some amusement and anticipation. The first inquiry put was whether my wife was acquainted with the game, and she replying in a decided negative, was directed to pass on the question, which, after being asked and answered alike by all in succession, came at length to my turn. Not unpleased that it should be reserved to me to receive initiation, and concluding all that had passed to have been a piece of mock formality, I said, with a smile, "Well, my dear Miss TRIXIE, as it seems to be my turn to put the question, I ask you, then—do *you* know the game of, ah—'Rabbits'?"

Whereupon, Sir, that shameless minx (my dear wife's exact expression up in our bedroom afterwards) had the impertinence to look me straight in the eyes, and say, "*No, I don't, indeed!*" and leave us there, exposed to the ribald laughter of all who had been spectators of this most pointless piece of buffoonery!

We made a firm and dignified protest by leaving the room in a compact body on the spot; and I am willing to hope that the mirth and music which later assailed our ears were assumed to conceal the shame and mortification caused by our withdrawal.

But that such irreverence, such almost inconceivable levity, can be possible at all, appears to me to throw a lurid light upon the deterioration of the young persons of the present day, which is my only motive for mentioning a matter which, as it was a mere personal failure of respect, would otherwise have been at once forgotten by

Your obedient Servant,
POMPONIUS PROUDFOOT.

A SAVING.—There has been much talk about "education for the million." But H.R.H. offers it for the "half-million," at the proposed "Imperial Institute."

Illustrious Institutor (pleasantly). "NOW, MR. BULL, PUT IN HALF-A-MILLION, AND THE MODEL WILL WORK."
John Bull (reflectively). "HUM! YES, VERY GOOD IDEA,—BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE MACHINERY."

KEEPING UP THE CLASSICS.

"YES, certainly. The study of the Classics must be maintained at all costs at our Universities and Public Schools," said Paterfamilias, decidedly. "I'll set TOMMY some Latin verses to do. GRAY wrote an ode 'On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.' TOMMY's holidays are nearly over; he shall write one on a near prospect of returning to the same ancient seminary. It will show me how the lad has progressed."

TOMMY's progress may be estimated from the following lines.

"They seem to want finish," said Paterfamilias, reflectively, at the end.

"Oh, I could have finished them ever so long ago, if I'd known that was what you wanted," replied the unabashed youth.

Hercle! Gubernator notionem cepit atrocem!
Me nunc desirat pumpere de studiis!
"Ad scholam (cœlo gratias!) mox, TOMME, redibis;
Fac igitur versus," dixit, "elegiacos.
Addressum ad scholam, de finibus holidierum,
Fac," repetat. "Aliter, frivole, cave canem!"
Mi ocule! Ille "canem" considerat esse "flagellum"!
Antiqui pueri classica lingua tremit.
Latinam (admitto) linguam cordialiter odi;
Cogito rem totam jollius esse pudor!
Quantum humbuggum! Sed rem tentare necesse est,
(Rem pendere volo!) quum pater ipse jubet.

Me posuit, timeo, nunc in cavo regulari,
Nam "Gradus," ille liber optimus, est alibi.
Cribbus abest etiam, et Dictionarius, et non
Sum multum dabbi scribere versiculos.
Quid Romæ faciam? Felix cogitatio! Versus
Forte Pater pravos twiggere non poterit.
Hic it! "Arma virumque cano, qui primus ab oris"—
(Hei mihi! Quæ, Dickens, proxima linea sit?)
Nunquam mens! Hic it iterum! "Casus Genitivus
Concordat numero, genere, cum"—reliquis.
"Et Balbus muros (stultissimus!) ædificabat,"
(Forsitan antiquus is "jerry-builder" erat?)
"Nunc subit illius tristissima noctis imago,"
(Cogito, sic dicit beastlius OVIDIUS,)
Quum Scholam repetam, condemnatosque Magistros,
In tergoque pedes accipiam juvenum.

Hem! Videor post omne tumor de versibus esse;
"Addressum ad Scholam" non ita difficile est!
Nos vapulat sœvus, cognomine BUSBE, Magister;
Post quod sittere down est dolor excrucians!
Nos pueri grubbum non primæ classis habemus,
Nec (nisi in camino) utere Bacche licet.
Fumabam quondam. Socius twiggebat odorem;
Et domino (sneakus!) nunciat omne scelus.
O! mihi qualis erat data castigatio tonans!
Sed lixi sneakum commode, crede mihi!
Nigratos oculos in nullo tempore habebat.
O! post omne, scholæ gaudia vera tenent!
Et sunt, quæ stomachos implent, emporia tucki;
Deque domo veniunt hampera—dulce domum!
Et, generale, Gubernator est tippere trumpus;
Admiror quantum post opus hoc dabitur?
Quid! a Solum Pater exfurcavit semi-coronam!
O pudor! O mores! Sordidus est, timeo.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

(By Our Own Paper-Knifer.)

HIGH Life and the Towers of Silence, (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), might from its title be a Society Novel, only in such a connection a torrent of talk would be a more appropriate accompaniment to high life than towers of silence. However, it does not happen to be a society novel at all, but a delightful book of travels in Switzerland, by Mrs. MAIN. What makes it all the more interesting is, that it is entirely guiltless of the "regular Swiss round," and the beaten track of summer tourists. It gives graphic accounts of Switzerland in winter and spring, and the stories of climbing adventures are capitally told. Those who remember this lady's *High Alps in Winter*, can fancy what a pleasant and amusing book this must be. There is no special domain for Man left

CONTUMACY.

"HOW STUPID YOU ARE TO-DAY, EVA!"
"I'M *NOT* STUPID! I'M *INATTENTIVE!*"

nowadays. Women are not only expert climbers, but intrepid travellers. Before long, doubtless, ladies will be eligible for the Travellers' Club. In such a case probably among the first to be elected will be Mrs. HORE. Those who read the title of her book, *To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath-chair*, will probably think it a joke—nothing more adventurous than the Brighton invalid is ever associated with Bath-chairs. They will, however, find that the journey was anything but a joke; but that this undaunted lady, accompanied by her husband and her little son JACK and others—not all in one conveyance by the way—accomplished the greater part of the distance between Zanzibar and Tanganyika—over eight hundred miles, in a Bath-chair. What the traveller—or should we say travelless?—saw on the road, and the adventures she met with, are well worth reading. The fair sex are imitative: they are apt to follow a good lead. Probably we shall shortly see announced, *Through Honduras in a Hansom*, *To Bagdad on a Bicycle*, and other kindred works.

The Lady Drusilla (WARD AND DOWNEY), by THOMAS PURNELL, is certainly a new departure in romance. The author has abandoned all the usual machinery of the ordinary novelist. It is refreshing to find a writer in the present day who can strike out a line for himself, and produce a work full of thought and originality. *Playing with Fire* has nothing to do with hose or engines or escape-drill, but is a story of the Soudan War, by JAMES GRANT. You may take it for grant-ed that it is full of bustle and incident. The veteran author of the *Romance of War* has by no means forgotten his art, and in the present work again unites romance with war successfully. *St. Nicholas* commences the year with a capital number. It is full of good things in the way of papers and poems, and the illustrations are excellent. There are two articles on Eton. In one, the writer, speaking of the conclusion of the procession of boats on the Fourth of June, says, "The boys are reviewed, and then they toss oars, and away they go amidst great applause, and up the river as far as Henley, where they have a supper of duck and green peas." I doubt very much, on the evening of the Fourth of June, whether the most enthusiastic "wet bob" would ever be induced to row as far as Henley, even with duck and green peas in prospect. I am inclined to think Surley Hall would be a far more likely place for the suppering.

A Half-and-Half Plea for some Porter.

THE Guardian of the Wicket-gate says, "Find you may some fitter
Than me for Workhouse Porter. Porter?—ah, some calls me 'bitter.'
Lots knocks and mocks. And often, when a thunderin' knock there 's bin,
I've hopened, and myself 's the only one that 's 'taken in.'"

A WILLING CONVERT.

First Man (*lighting up*). "SEE THOSE THREE GIRLS OVER THERE, JACK? EACH OF 'EM HAS THIRTY THOU.!"

(*Jack Hardup thinks he remembers having heard that some Bishop was in favour of tolerating Polygamy, and wishes it would become fashionable.*)

"MERRY IN HALL."

THE Hall is St. George's, Langham Place, which might by this time be called German Reed-gent Street. Do they still call the place of entertainment "The Gallery of Illustration?" We think not, though the book still calls the characters "Illustrations." The other afternoon we contrived to squeeze in—this place is always crammed in holiday-time—and hear *The Friar*, a One-Act Operetta written by COMYNS CARR, and its music by CALDICOTT. A very pretty scene, and picturesque costumes, and as I listened to the dialogue which, it gradually dawned upon me, was in blank verse, I said to myself, remembering the Laureate's *Falcon* at the St. James's, "If J. COMYNS CARR goes on like this, TENNYSON isn't in it with him." And I am glad to say that, as the piece progressed, TENNYSON was *not* in it with him. To hear them talk in Elizabethan fashion, and to see the good folk right merrie, forsooth, at many of the japes and jests, and quips and quirks, by my halidame and marry come up but I wish that JOSEPH COMYNS CARR—such a Jo-Karr he is—had collaborated with WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE in such comic rustic scenes as those of *As You Like It* and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Beshrew me, but Master CARR doth show a marvellous pretty wit. An the ladies FANNY HOLLAND and MARION WARDROPER do not act and sing charmingly, call me Door-post, for your door-post, mark you, can neither hear, see, nor sing. The song-words too are of a sort that you shall not buy from every scurvy ballad-monger. And the quality of Master NORTH HOME—sweet, sweet, HOME, mark ye, maidens all, when he sang—as *Hubert*, was indeed goodly both for eyes and ears. Master SANT MATTHEWS bore himself as a most reverent *Abbot*; and as for Master ALFRED REED—good sooth, but he is a merry man and a full-grown one to boot, and if he have not as the players say, "all the fat of the piece," pluck me for a four-boy-cockroach. (*Shakspearian Note.* Why not this as well as a "three-man-beetle?")

And then, to bring us from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, in comes Mr. CORNEY GRAIN and sings, "*Oh, That Boy!*" the refrain of which everybody is humming on leaving the Hall. Capital song that of his "*Be always kind to Animals, wherever you may be.*" Very funny idea, and we fancy, if our memory serve us well, not absolutely unknown to *Mr. Punch* and his "Lazy Minstrel." The Lowther Arcade Concert excellently managed, in a duet for piano and CORNEY. All good. As SHAKSPEARE, had he known of the Gallery of Illustration, would have made *Hamlet* say to *Ophelia*, "Go to the Gallery, go!"

"FROM MOZART TO MARIO."

THIS title does not mean that you will find in these two volumes musical notes from the great Composer to the great Tenor,—for a very sufficient reason,—but it does mean that you will here read personal recollections of many Composers, Performers, and Singers, from the time of MOZART to that of MARIO, written by Mr. LOUIS ENGEL, who may be described, with mathematical precision, as "an acute ENGEL." It is an amusing, gossiping, readable, take-it-up-at-any-time sort of work, by a writer who, being composer, journalist, and pianist, has been "in it" all his life.

Every chapter is like a theme with so many variations, and all of them so erratic, that the original air, on which they are founded would be entirely lost, were not the author to return to it now and again, just to keep up appearances. There is something about VERDI, MENDELSSOHN, BERLIOZ, WAGNER, AUBER, PATTI, NILSSON, also about MOZART and MARIO too, and a considerable amount about Mr. LOUIS ENGEL. As the Yankee song has it, "'Tis Engel-ish, you know! So Engel-ish, you know!" And the *nom-de-plume* of the musical author of these reminiscences might well be, "The Wandering Minstrel." But, from this portfolio of oddities, three scenes stand out vividly, and impress themselves on the reader's memory. The first is the interview of Mr. LOUIS ENGEL with the POPE; the second, his evening at the Duchess's; and the third, his bounding dance with Mme. PATTI.

ULTIMA THULE; OR, TOOLE'S LATEST.

Mr. Nibbs. I hear, Sir, that one night last week you witnessed Mr. and Mrs. MERIVALE'S piece, *The Butler*.

Mr. Punch. Yes, and I trust the piece between husband and wife being by this time well established, may be a lasting one. It is most amusing, and it is capitally acted.

Mr. Nibbs. Miss KATE PHILLIPS is so uncommonly good in it.

Mr. Punch. She is exactly the style of low-comedy *soubrette* that Mr. TOOLE wanted to share with him the comic business of his farcical pieces. She makes every point in the dialogue tell, she keeps her place (which is a great thing as cook in such an establishment) in the picture, without anything approaching unnecessary or obtrusive vulgarity.

Mr. Nibbs. And in fact, Sir, she is as one may say, "one of the lifes and souls" of the piece.

Mr. Punch. How pretty Miss MARIE LINDEN looks, and how charmingly she acts as *Alice Marshall*, with just that slight *tremolo* in her voice which is so sympathetic. Let me see, who played *Lady Anne?*

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. TOOLE'S "novice," Miss VANBRUGH, and it suits her to a nicety. With a little more experience and "by careful attention to business," she will, I think, prove an acquisition to the stage. And then, how well Miss THORNE plays the Provincial Mayor's comfortable wife, with her good heart and her bad grammar. In fact the ladies of Mr. TOOLE'S Theatre would be hard to beat anywhere.

Mr. Punch. Sir! Nobody would be so barbarous and ungentlemanly as to try. Talking of beating, how did the plot strike you?

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, I was not knocked down by it. Granting the farcical element as essential, the plot is simple, and ingeniously constructed. The dialogue is good. The action drags a little in the Second Act.

Mr. Punch. And in one important situation the stage-management is decidedly faulty. This can be easily rectified.

Mr. Nibbs. Sir, you haven't said a word about the Actors.

Mr. Punch. Place aux dames! Let us come to "the Spear Side." Mr. BILLINGTON is more the peppery Old-English-Gentleman kind of parent of the standard farces and comedies, than the modern provincial monied snob, knighted for something or other—I didn't catch what—of this piece. Mr. WARD and Mr. LOWNE do their best to mark a contrast between two very ordinary types—with which the *collaborateurs* ought to have taken more trouble——

Mr. Nibbs. Certainly; and Mr. SHELTON'S bit of character,—*Lord Babicombe*,—most artistically made up, belongs to too ancient an aristocratic stage-family to be of much benefit to Actor or Author. Mr. BRUNTON'S deaf flyman, very cleverly impersonated, would bear toning down just a little. And, lastly, Mr. TOOLE as *David Trot*—a Dickensian name,—the Butler. Excellent, eh?

Mr. Punch. Yes, the part affords him considerable opportunities, of which he makes the most. His performance is, throughout, consistent, and he never once loses that air of respectful familiarity which would be the characteristic of an old and somewhat eccentric servant in a most peculiar household. Not having seen the very commencement of the play, I am not aware in what capacity he had started in life with his employers, who, when they are not bullying him, or dismissing him from their service, are constantly addressing him as "old friend," or asking him to sit down and chat. The young lady-companion gushes at him, and, on one or two separate occasions, nothing will satisfy her but kissing him. In such a Colney-Hatch family no Butler could possibly behave in any other way than as Mr. TOOLE does; and thus it is that this clever actor gives an air of probability to the strange scenes in which his lot has been cast by the Domestic Dramatists.

Mr. Nibbs. I see, Sir. If Mr. TOOLE were once extravagant or farcical in the midst of such fantastical surroundings, the interest would be immediately at an end, and the sooner the *dramatis personæ* joined in a wild chorus, and danced a break-down, the better.

Mr. Punch. That is so. I have nothing but praise for Mr. TOOLE in this part. His fascinating bride, the Cook, who is most appropriately attired, ought to protest against the absurd costume in which the Butler thinks it becoming to array himself for the wedding. Altogether, it is really most amusing; and if you don't "roar" and "scream," at all events you laugh frequently and heartily, and the night I was there it was thoroughly appreciated by a very full House. *Au revoir!*

CONSERVATIVE DESCRIPTION OF MR. GLADSTONE.—"A Hawarden'd Sinner." Of course "in a Pickwickian sense."

A TRIPLET.

I AM, I really think, the most unlucky man on earth;
A triple sorrow haunts me, and has done so from my birth.
My lot in life 's a gloomy one, I think you will agree:
'Tis bad enough to be a twin—but I am one of three!

No sooner were we born than Pa and Ma the Bounty claimed;
I scarce can bear to think they did—it makes me feel ashamed.
They got it, too, within a week, and spent it, I'll be bound,
Upon themselves—at least, I know I never had *my* pound.

Our childhood's days in ignorance were lamentably spent,
Although I think we more than paid the taxes and the rent;
For we were shown as marvels, and—unless I 'm much deceived—
The smallest contributions were most thankfully received.

We grew up hale and hearty—would we never had been born!—
As like to one another as three peas, or ears of corn.
Between my brothers ICHABOD, ABIMELECH and me
No difference existed which the human eye could see.

This likeness was the cause of dreadful suffering and pain
To me in early life—it nearly broke my heart in twain;
For while my conduct as a youth was fervently admired,
That of my fellow-triplets left a deal to be desired.

I was amiable, and pious, too,—good deeds were my delight;
I practised all the virtues—some by day, and some by night;
Whilst ICHABOD imbrued himself in crime, and, sad to say,
ABIMELECH, when quite a lad, would rather swear than pray.

Think of my horror and dismay when, in the Park at noon,
An obvious burglar greeted me with, "Hullo! IKE, old coon!"
He vanished. Suddenly my wrists were gripped by P'liceman X.—
"Young man, you are my pris'ner on a charge of forgin' cheques."

He ran me in, and locked me up, to moulder in a cell.
The reason why he used me thus, alas! I knew too well.
He took me for ABIMELECH, my erring brother dear, [cashier.
Who was "wanted" by the Bank of which he'd been the chief

Next morn the Magistrate remarked, "This is a sad mistake,
Though natural enough. I much regret it for your sake.
But, if you will permit me to advise you, I should say
Leave England for some other country, very far away.

"For, if you go on living in this happy sea-girt isle,
Although your conduct (like my own) be pure and free from guile,
Your likeness to those sinful men, your brothers twain, will lead,
I fear, to very serious inconveniences indeed."

I took the hint, and sailed next day for distant Owhyhee,—
As might have been expected, I was cast away at sea.
A Pirate Lugger picked me up, and—dreadful to relate—
ABIMELECH her Captain was, and ICHABOD her Mate.

I loved them, and they tempted me. To join them I agreed,
Forsook the path of virtue, and did many a ghastly deed.
For seven years I wallowed in my fellow-creatures' gore,
And then—gave up the business, to settle down on shore.

My brothers, on retiring from the buccaneering trade,
In which, I'm bound to say, colossal fortunes they had made,
Renounced their wicked courses, married young and lovely wives,
Went to church three times on Sundays, and led sanctimonious lives.

As for me,—I somehow drifted into vileness past belief.
Earned unsavoury distinction as a drunkard and a thief;
E'en in crime, ill-luck pursued me. I became extremely poor,
And was finally compelled to beg my bread from door to door.

I'm deep down in the social scale; no lower can I sink.
Upon the whole, experience induces me to think
That virtue is not lucrative, and honesty 's all fudge,—
For ICHABOD 's a Bishop—and ABIMELECH 's a Judge!

NO END OF A BOA!

(A SKETCH AT BRIGHTON.)

"VELVET AND IRON!"

Oh, pleasant sight! A Titan, mightier none,
Of valour fiercer, or of thews immenser—
Bending before a martial Amazon,
And in her honour swinging flattery's censer!
When were its fumes more odorous or denser?
A radiant subject for romantic art!
It makes one think of TASSO and of SPENSER,
The *Faerie Queene* especially—the part
Where brave *Sir Artegall* bows to beauteous *Britomart*.

"What iron courage ever could endure
To work such outrage on so fair a creature?"
Sings gentle EDMUND. Truly, to be sure!
'Twere sad to hurt a limb, to mar a feature
Of such a martial masterpiece of Nature.
She is as great, as proud, as brave as he,
Though not precisely of such towering stature;
With that at least the lady must agree,
For valour is not proof 'gainst natural vanity.

He beat her once, but that was by a fluke,
And e'en *Sir Artegall*, "the salvage knight,"
Might from fair *Britomart* receive rebuke
By being vanquished in a second fight.
He himself owns it possible, a flight
Of candour and of courtesy indeed.
Saigner à blanc? Why should persistent spite,
Or pride of arms, or all unknightly greed,
Still urge them, butcherlike, insatiably to bleed?

No! *Surge tandem, carnifex!* Let ire
No longer drive them to unholy strife,
Or feed what zealots call "the holy fire."
Is it, still must it be, war to the knife?
When candour rules and compliments are rife,
Why should the martial maid not soften now,
As *Britomart*, though warring for dear life,
Did at the sight of *Artegall's* fair brow,
Before her maiden charms content to bend and bow?

Who will not cry, "Certes, Sir ARTEGALL,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground"?
With stout Sir SCUDAMORE? Out, cynics all,
Who menace read where mildness should be found!
The Iron gloved with Velvet may be found
In friendship firm as close in warlike clutch,
Hush the loud clang of arms that rings around,
And reassure the doubting souls of such
As think the flattering Titan "doth protest too much!"

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, lecturing on "Savages," said, "Kissing is unknown to Australians, New Zealanders, Papuans, Esquimaux, and other races." Who will argue against the absolute necessity for an Imperial Educational Institute after this? To these benighted tribes let us send out Missionaries, or, say, "Kissionaries." Who 'll volunteer? Bachelors from Oxford and Cambridge. The Kissionaries must be able to teach these Savages the peaceful arts of Husbandry.

THE REAL REPEATING "RIFLE."—*Bill Sikes's* periodical burglary season in the suburbs.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

(*By Sancho Preston Panza.*)

No. II.—TO LUCASTA, ON THINKING OF GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
Nor recreant to thy worth,
That in Bulgaria's wastes I find
A Special's trying berth.

True, from your Bayswater I range,
And all its social zeal;
And, for too-doubtful lodgings, change
My residence genteel.

Yet this inconstancy is such!
As you too will adore:
If I should stay at home too much,
You 'd find me *such* a bore.

OUR ROYAL "HAMLET."—The day before the meetings at St. James's Palace and the Mansion House in furtherance of the proposed scheme, the *Times* said:—"It is understood that no element whatever will be introduced that will risk the conversion of the Imperial Institute into a mere Tea-garden." If it did become a Tea-garden, the element of hot water would soon be provided for everybody connected with it. But this risk seems to be getting more remote, as H.R.H. has carefully noted *Mr. Punch's* pen and pencil arguments, and has profited by the judicious leaders on the subject in the *Times*, to which journal he is evidently saying, as did the *Prince of Denmark* to the beckoning *Ghost*, "Lead on! I follow!" And the Spirit that H.R.H. is well and wisely following is "The Spirit of the 'Times.'"

"VELVET AND IRON!"

PRINCE B-SM-RCK (*with the utmost courtesy*). "MADAME, YOU ARE GREAT, POWERFUL, WARLIKE, AND IT WAS BY THE MEREST ACCIDENT THAT WE HAPPENED TO GET THE BETTER OF YOU!"

FRANCE (*aside*). "METHINKS THE GENTLEMAN DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH!!!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones (under the impression that he is making himself agreeable). "I DON'T CARE A *BIT* FOR A PRETTY WOMAN, MYSELF! THEY HAVE NO CONVERSATION. *I* LIKE A *PLAIN* WOMAN, WHO HAS *PLENTY TO SAY FOR HERSELF!*"

Lord Iddesleigh.

BORN, OCT. 27TH, 1818. DIED, JAN. 12TH, 1887.

As on a calm and genial Autumn day
The sun-glow's softened sheen we scarce remember,
Until from mead and mount 'tis swept away
By some swift-shaping cloud-wrack of September,
So there are lives which shine so mildly on
Their radiance scarce is marked till it is gone.

Such his who by so swift and sad a stroke,
'Midst selfish strife and the base fume of faction,
Which round him, worn but selfless, raged and broke,
From well-loved fields of patriot thought and action,
Like a clear light was suddenly withdrawn,
Darkening the young year at its earliest dawn.

Disparaged and dispraised, 'midst foolish fires
Of showier lustre but less steady flaming,
The patience high that generous souls inspires,
The calm magnanimous, meaner spirits shaming,
Held him above detraction's clamorous cry,
Pattern of proud but gentle chivalry.

The gifts of the arena, brass and blare,
Sly craft of fence, trick of impressive posing,
Were little his; the sophist's wordy snare,
The casuist's subtle shift and artful glosing
He shunned. A knightly sword he'd wield or whet,
But stooped not to the trident and the net.

So the arena's coarser heroes mocked
This antique fighter. And his place was rather
Where ARTHUR'S knights in generous tourney shocked,
Than where swashbucklers meet or histrions gather:
Yet—yet his death has touched the land with gloom;
All England honours Chivalry—at his tomb.

STANLEY IN THE CITY.—Meet and right was it that Mr. STANLEY, the Hero of the "Keep-it-Dark Continent," who has all his life been labouring for the liberty of African slaves, should last week have been presented with "The Freedom of the City"! And the sign of this Freedom is—a golden chain round the neck. The Corporation is provident. The African Turtle is said to make the best soup. The Freedman will show his gratitude.

VERY OLD TIMES AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HAVING accepted for my young son, PLANTAGENET TUDOR, aged eight, the LORD MAYOR'S courteous invitation for the Children's Fancy Ball, and having long been proud of the fact of our descent from the Portreve of London in the time of The Conqueror, I decided that PLANTAGENET should appear in that character. Strange to say, we have not preserved in our family traditions any details of our great ancestor, the Portreve's costume.

"Of course," said I, "as he was 'something in the City,' they will know at Guildhall."

My first visit was to the Guildhall Library, where I was received by a most courteous official (I may remark that all the City officials with which it was my pleasure to come in contact, were courteous), and explained, in a light-hearted way, that I wanted "a rough sketch—I didn't mind how rough—of a Portreve of London at the time of the Conquest."

"Well," replied the courteous official, "no doubt there were Portreves in those days, but it is not very easy to say what they wore."

"I suppose a gown, or a cloak, or something," I suggested.

"Yes," answered the courteous official, but with some hesitation, "very likely it was a gown, or a cloak, or some other robe. But I am afraid we don't know the colour or the shape."

"No?" I said, in a tone of bitter disappointment—"not know that! Well, did he wear a chain?"

"Well"—and the courteous official appeared to be buried in the deepest thought—"Yes. At least I think so."

Upon this I was shown into the Guildhall Library, and supplied with a number of books about the City's history. Alas! it was all modern! I could trace the Municipality sartorially back to HENRY THE EIGHTH with comfort, and even, by a little straining, catch a glimpse of King JOHN, but beyond all was mystery. However, I got the addresses of one or two City Companies where it seemed likely I should strike the trail. Amongst the rest I found on my notes Barbers' Hall, where an old picture, showing the shape of livery gowns, was preserved. I went there, the door was opened by a courteous official, who assumed that of course I had come to see the picture.

"It is rather dark, Sir," he said, "but I will get a candle."

The light was produced, and then I was taken into a large apartment and shown a Holbein of almost priceless value. I fancy to the surprise of the custodian, instead of going into raptures over the merits of the painting, all I did was to scrutinise the cut of the livery gowns. This was the first of many similar visits. I rushed from Hall to Hall, and this is a summary of what I discovered:—

1. That the Portreve came from the Romans, and the Lord Mayor from the Portreve.

2. That the Portreve wore a chain, but the rest of his costume was uncertain.

3. That the Lord Mayor is next to the Sovereign in the City, and may walk about with his sword and mace, with the precedence of an Earl everywhere else.

I hunted high and low, consulting PLANCHÉ and even "Mrs. MARKHAM." At length, wearied with the fatigue of hurried research, I was seated in the library of my Club, surrounded by books of costume, and began once again to look up "hoods" and livery-gowns. Everybody's friend, WAGSTAFF, saw my difficulty in a second.

"My dear fellow," he said, "go to old MESHACH'S, the costumier. He'll tell you." And he did too. He knew "how a Portreve wath dreth'd, bleth yer." I was on the point of accepting his authority, when RONALD ROWLAND, the well-known antiquarian and actor, set me right. For all that, I have a sneaking respect for MESHACH as a historian.

Yours, out of his troubles,
THE FATHER OF THE PORTREVE OF WILLIAM THE FIRST.

MEM. BY A GALWAY MAN.

"THE QUEEN'S WRIT" appears like an infant ungrown,
For—in Ireland at least—it can't yet "run" alone.

"THE FINISHING TOUCH."

Hairdresser (*chatty*). "THERE, SIR. IF YOU CAN SUGGEST ANY FURTHER IMPROVEMENT, I CAN——"

Old Gent. "WELL—JUST A LITTLE THICKER ON THE TOP, MR. SNIPSON, I THINK!—A LITTLE MORE!"

A CASE OF CHAMPAGNE.—As the British Tar used to say in the good old days of Nautical Melodrama, "The man who would lay his hand on a woman, save in the way of kyindness, is a villain, whom 'twere base flattery to call coward!" and we emphatically say that the individual who forges champagne-marks and substitutes some wretched stuff for the genuine article, is a villain of the deepest dye. Dreadful to think of a fiend in human shape thus "playing old gooseberry" with his victims. In a French paper we read that up to the present time the trade-mark of POMMERY AND GRENO has defied the most ingenious imitators. He'd be a bold man who should try to palm off on us fine old creaming cider as Pommery '74 sec, or Ditto '80. Where are "the sons of the widow," who would not avenge such an insult to the sparkling Veuve Pommery, or resent a wrong done to the Veuve Clicquot, ever sweet and very dear to many of us, bless her! whom we remember many years ago.

Note for the Defence.—Would it avail in law to plead, that in dealing with a customer, the alleged offenders had always truly described their falsely-labelled champagne as *The Genuine* "sham?"

WHICH, OR RATHER PUZZLING!

"Have not lotteries been put down in this country; do not the police relentlessly pursue little boys who gamble for farthings by the wayside? and are not the professors of the three-card trick and the manipulator of the nimble pea liable to punishment as rogues and vagabonds? It would be interesting if some of your local correspondents would explain the essential difference between these forms of gambling and that which is now so openly pursued on so large a scale, with the assistance and for the emolument of the censors of public morals."—*Letter to the "Times."*

ACT I.—*A London Street. Juvenile Offender against the Public Gambling and Lotteries Act deeply engaged with his compeers in the mysteries of a game of "Chuck-Farthing."*

Juvenile Offender (*finishing his turn*). Done yer, that time. I collars the lot.

[*Sweeps three halfpence off the pavement, and commits them to his pocket.*

Observant Policeman (*intervening*). So that's your little game, is it? I've been a-watching of you. You'll just come along with me. [*Seizes him.*

Juvenile Offender (*struggling*). Why, wot 'ave I been a-doing wrong? I've only been a-playing at Chuck-Farthing with them coves. Wot's the 'arm? [*Howls.*

Observant Policeman. Wot's the 'arm? The Magistrate will soon let you know that. You'll come along.

[*Drags him off to judgment, and vindicates the majesty of the Law.*

ACT II.—*A Suburban Interior. Mature Offender against the Public Gambling and Lotteries Act discovered in a back parlour, sedulously occupied in opening a pile of letters enclosing answers to advertised Enigma, together with Stamps and Shilling Postal Orders.*

Mature Offender (*ticking them off*). Let's see. That makes two hundred and fifteen more. Not a bad haul, by Jove! How many words can be got out of "Excruciating"? Ha! ha! How many fools, would be nearer the mark.

Postman knocks. He leaves 117 *letters directed to "X. X. X." Domestic staggers in with them on a tea-tray.*

Domestic (*shooting correspondence on to table*). Here, Sir, this is for you. Here's another lot of 'em.

Mature Offender (*gleefully extracting their contents*). Come, this is capital! Over sixteen pounds already! Who would have thought they'd bite so well!

[*Stuffs his pockets full of Orders, and goes off to the nearest Office to cash them, thinking by the way over his next new Puzzle, and, noticing the Policeman apprehending the Juvenile Offender, thanks his stars he lives in a land where there is as yet one law for the back-parlour and another for the gutter.*

SOMETHING ABOUT THE KNAVEY.—*Driven Home*, a Tale of Destiny, by EVELYN OWEN, is certainly one of the most sensational stories ever published. The plot deals with Chiswick, San Francisco, gold-diggings, ghosts, card-cheating, and Lynch Law. Some of the spectral effects are intense, and include a card (the Knave of Hearts) which suffers from a peculiarly weird sort of dys-pips-ia. We will not reveal the secret for worlds. Produced by the publisher of *Called Back*, this certainly clever novelette is sure to be popular. The Knave of Hearts, in spite of its eccentricities, is a safe card.

THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE.

THE importance of the gathering on Thursday and Friday at Sir W. HARCOURT'S house, led us to take extraordinary means to ascertain the course of the interview. That some kind of report would be forthcoming was not to be doubted. In fact, as our readers know, several reports have been published, affording a wide choice to the public. What we desired to provide for the civilised world was a precise, we may say, a stenographic report of what took place within the jealously closed doors of 7, Grafton Street. The task was full of difficulty, but one undertaken in similar circumstances, had at no remote date been brilliantly accomplished. Our esteemed contemporary the *Puddle Muddle Gazette*, had supplied in its earliest edition a report, almost *verbatim*, of proceedings in the first Cabinet Council held after the resignation of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. If we could only borrow the *Puddle Muddle Gazette's* young man, our task would be easy. We entered upon negotiations which proved successful, and at an early hour on Thursday morning, what we may call for the occasion, *our* Young Man set out for Grafton Street, and has since sent in his report.

What seems to have struck him most forcibly at the outset, was the fact that the Round-Table was square. What was more to the purpose was to find it covered with a cloth, whose ample folds almost swept the ground. Scarcely had our Young Man taken his seat (on the floor) than Lord HERSCHELL entered, looked round the room, pulled the curtains a little closer, and poked the fire with the butt end of the telescope which, from family associations, he always carries with him. Presently Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who had walked over from the Athenæum Club, arrived and shook hands with Lord HERSCHELL. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN drove up in a 'bus to the corner of the street. Descending, they walked thence arm-in-arm to No. 7. It was observed that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose coat was closely buttoned, swung an umbrella in his right hand. Latest to arrive was the host himself, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who drove up in a Hansom cab, having been to pay a visit to one of his Royal connections.

"Hi! hi! what's this?" said the cabman, holding out his hand, and looking scornfully at a coin which the Right Honourable Gentleman had deposited there.

"That's a shilling," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, blandly; "and what is more, I am the late Home Secretary, and if our work goes well to-day and to-morrow, I may be so again."

With remarkable alacrity the cabman thrust the coin in his pocket and drove off. Sir WILLIAM, softly smiling to himself and caressing with thumb and forefinger his abundant chin, strode into the house.

"Well, Gentlemen," said Lord HERSCHELL, "I think we are all here, and may get to business. I am quite sorry to bring you out in such inclement weather."

"It's very bad for the pictures," said Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. "I have been to the Grosvenor two or three times, and hardly know what the pictures are like."

"The roads are intolerable," Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT chimed in. "If I'd stayed in office and passed a Government of London Bill, things would have been very different."

"It's anxious times with hothouse culture," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. "You might have everything ruined in one night, if the fires should by any chance go down."

"By the way," said Sir W. HARCOURT, "strange thing happened just before I left home a quarter of an hour ago. A messenger arrived with a letter in a large envelope addressed to me, marked Immediate. The man brought it up, leaving the messenger in the hall. I opened it, and it contained nothing but a back number of the *Puddle Muddle Gazette;* nothing marked in it. I sent the man down to ask the messenger what it meant, but he had gone. Well, where shall we begin, and how shall we go about it?"

"I have thought," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "that perhaps you would like to hear what I have to say. I have therefore drawn up my views on this sheet of paper——"

"I beg pardon," said Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; "very awkward of me."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (looking across the table with air of surprise) continued—"on this sheet of paper, which I will read if you like."

"Perhaps, Lord HERSCHELL would read it?" said Mr. MORLEY.

"Certainly," said Lord HERSCHELL, "it seems nicely written." (*Began reading.*) "'Much misunderstanding has existed with reference to the position I have taken up on the question of Irish Home Rule. Being myself of pugnacious disposition, I have submissively borne the misrepresentations that have enveloped me. But I think the time has come when a common understanding should be arrived at between myself and my old colleagues. To that end I——'"

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT: "I beg your pardon, that's the second time I've kicked you."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (laughing): "You really haven't touched me once."

"Then, it must have been you I kicked," said Sir WILLIAM, looking across at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S partner.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN: "Not at all."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (lifting up the table-cloth and looking underneath): "Then who is it?"

It was our Young Man!

* * * * * *

This is as far as the report goes. Our Young Man explained that he had brought it home rather in a hurry to be in time for the Fourth Edition. That's all very well; but there is about the report an obvious absence of completeness. In that famous account of what took place in the Cabinet Council, the narrative finished with the statement that Ministers were "still sitting when we went to press." Couldn't we have something like that to wind up this report? Suppose we concluded the report with the observation "left sitting?" But our Young Man (who limps a little) demurred to the accuracy of this description. It seems they are anxious, above all things, for accuracy at the *Puddle Muddle Gazette* Office. Four of the gentlemen in conference might have been sitting when Our Young Man left; but he has the strongest conviction that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was standing on one leg, his right foot extended.

We wanted Our Young Man to return and complete the narrative with an account of Friday's proceedings. But he seems to have lost all interest in the affair, and offers to do us a bombardment instead. We will think about this. In the meantime we have the satisfaction of knowing that the morning papers will be green with envy at our enterprise in furnishing even this fragmentary *verbatim* account of the proceedings at the Conference.

"OUR NOTES AND QUERIES."

Put and Answered in "Queen's" English.

BRITANNY.—There are we should say few places now in Britanny where one can be comfortably boarded and lodged on threepence a day. "HOPE ON HOPE EVER'S" best plan would be to go and try it.

MARGATE.—There is no stag-hunting to be had here in the months of January, February, and March. It is unlikely that Mr. SANGER would let the Wild Elk from his Collection at the Hall-by-the-Sea out on hire for the purpose, as "DAMOCLES" suggests. He had better apply to some respectable proprietor in the Black Forest.

PEKIN.—Can anyone tell me the most economical way of getting to the above place. We are a family of fifteen, and five of us are dipsomaniacs. We should therefore prefer an hotel with iron gratings to the windows. Do you know of any such, and also can you inform me whether there is a resident English beadle, and any public institution where Backgammon can be played gratis.—ENQUIRING CHERRYBLOSSOM.

WAPPING.—Can anyone tell me what sort of place I should find Wapping as a winter residence? Also, what of the society? as I have six unmarried daughters, I should like to know that it is select. I should be glad, moreover, if any of your readers could furnish me with the names of one or two of the best-regulated and most fashionable *pensions*.—GLASS SLIPPER.

ROME AND THE NEWLY-CANONISED.—"Saints enough in the Calendar, and to spare," some may say. "I don't profess to be a saint myself," observes *Mr. Punch;* "but however many there may be, no true Englishman can object to MORE."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIII.—THE SYMPATHETIC FLIRT.

THE sun set, and the southern darkness fell swiftly on the muddy puddle that a few adventurous Boers know as "Böster's Pan." Under the one tree that would be reflected in the Pan, if its surface were capable of reflecting anything, sat three emaciated, sun-dried white men, each looking out in a different direction across the *veldt*. Each, indifferent to the proceedings of his neighbours, was smoking his last pipeful of tobacco, after eating his last inch of *biltung*. Not one of them had a cartridge left in his pouch, nor a button on his coat, nor a card in his card-case. Silent they sat there; from opposite quarters each had travelled that day to the scanty springs of Böster's Pan. Each had lost all his Bushmen guides; some the alligator had taken, some the fever, some the lion, some the Tzetze fly. Each was Alone!

Mr. Punch draws this Scene on his Canvas.

Fagged, disconsolate, and unintroduced, these three Europeans gazed silently over the rolling *veldt*, one looking southwards to the sea, one northwards to the Suleiman Range, one westwards to the sunset.

Then each took from his pocket a worn letter, carefully unfolded its frayed creases, and began to pore over lines which were obviously dear, though they must long have been perfectly familiar.

Suddenly, splendid in silver, beamed the glorious African moon in the high amber zenith.

The first comer, a soldierlike person, turned to the orbed maiden, and murmured, "MARGARET!"

The second comer, looking eagerly at the brilliant satellite, whispered, "MARGARET!"

The last comer, whose keen features wore the pale cast of the student, gazing with all his eyes on the lambent glory, moaned, "MARGARET!"

Then each looked on his neighbour suspiciously, and each felt for his revolver and hunting-knife.

"Gentlemen," said the eldest of the three, "I am a stranger to you. May I ask if your imitation of my conduct, for which I am perfectly ready to offer you every satisfaction, is an intentional mockery?"

"We were both going to put the same question to you, and to each other," said his companions.

"Our last night has obviously come," murmured the eldest of the three. "Let us pass it—'tis our hearty English fashion—in discoursing of our first loves! She who can never be mine, at our latest meeting, bade me, when I looked on the rising moon, to remember *her*, and an affection and sympathy which, she declared, would be deathless, though, as for *love*, that was beyond her power to give. And really she always *was* most kind and sympathetic. Of course, you know," drawing his dusty sleeve across his eyes, where glistened a purer drop than any in Böster's Pan, "of course *she* is not to blame for a fellow's falling in love with her. Is she now?"

"Your words," replied the second Englishman, "remind me strangely of my own fortune. I, too, loved a MARGARET; the sweetest, the kindest of her sex. 'My heart,' she whispered, as we parted, 'is not mine to offer. To you, dear friend,'—she called me *dear friend*," he said, with a sob,—"'to you I do not mind imparting a woman's secret. Since my earliest girlhood love has not been mine to give: the grass grows over it. Farewell! and whenever you look on the——'" "'Rising moon!'" exclaimed the third, taking up the discourse, "'you will remember MARGARET!'"

"This thing is becoming annoying!" exclaimed the eldest pilgrim. "How *can* the coincidence be accounted for? She whom I loved was tall——" "And slim."

"Willowy!" exclaimed the student, enthusiastically.

"Her dark hair——" "Crowned the purest brow."

"Her eyes——" "Were of a deep soft grey," interrupted the youngest of the company.

"When we parted," the eldest went on, like a lonely soul in self-commune, "she implored me ever to think of her as a friend——"

"A sister——"

"A guardian angel!"

"She asked me always to write to her——"

"And tell her what I was doing, and how my heart's sorrow schooled me to help others to bear their yoke——"

"And to be sure to forward any verses I might write," said the youngest, coming in like a chorus.

"Dear girl!—all sympathy and generous tenderness!—she asked me to speak of her to——"

"My mother!" whispered the second.

"My elder brother," murmured the third, "the Duke of PETERSFIELD. She asked me who was my dearest friend, and I mentioned old JACK—Heaven bless him!"

"Why, you are Lord ARTHUR VAVASOUR!" said the eldest man.

"I am," replied the stranger; "but what are titles—above all, courtesy titles—at a moment like this?"

"Would that we three men, met here to die, and each for love of a different woman, could show each other the face of our dearest!" exclaimed the second traveller.

As at the word of command each drew from his breast a diamond-studded locket. Each opened his own reliquary, each gazed at his neighbour's, each exclaimed, "By George! MARGARET MERRYTON!"

At that moment, through the darkness and the silence, whirred the noise of flying wheels. They listened, they doubted, they hoped, then came certainty. It was the Kimberley mail-cart on its way to Kuknanaland.

"Hi! Stop! Woh! *Oop-trek, Baas!*" shouted three manly voices, and the driver, seeing three revolvers within an inch of his breast, drew up his smoking horses.

"Gentlemen, spare me!" he said. "Don't rob the diamond-bags! My bread depends on my getting them through. It's as much as my place is worth."

"Bother the diamonds!" exclaimed each wayfarer, with all an Englishman's eagerness. "*Have you got the newspapers?*"

"Oh, if *that* 's all," said the driver, "I can wait while you read them by the light of the mail-cart's lamps."

Each seized his favourite journal like a starving man. For months these Englishmen had not seen a *Pall Mall Gazette!* Each turned to the page that bears the tidings of home and friends sorely longed for, to Britain's wandering sons, on the *veldt*, the mountain, the wave, and in the Arctic Circle and elsewhere. Then from each manly breast came a groan, and these words followed—

"She 's married a Duke!" "She 's run in old JACK!"

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, to His Grace the Duke of PETERSFIELD, Miss MARGARET MERRYTON."

"By Jove!" they all exclaimed, with unanimous decision, "she was a confounded Sympathetic Flirt!"

They then insisted on driving back to Kimberley, where every comfort awaited them, and dinner was served in mine host's usual style at the "Star and Garter."

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

PRINCE BISMARCK in his speech delivered on Thursday, declared that he did not expect to live three years longer. No doubt the eminent Statesman has calculated the effect of the actions he proposes to perform, and, therefore, is in a position to foretell accurately the date of his decease. We should not be surprised if his "plan of campaign" ran as follows:—

1887. *2nd Quarter.* Cession of Bulgaria to Russia, and threatened bombardment of Vienna.

3rd Quarter. Letter of congratulation to Her Majesty the QUEEN of ENGLAND, and attempt to seize the British Australian Colonies.

4th Quarter. Fraternal greeting to the PRESIDENT of the FRENCH REPUBLIC and partially successful effort to destroy Paris by dynamite.

1888. *1st Quarter.* Cession of Spain to Italy, Belgium and Holland to Norway, and Switzerland to Austria, on the conditions that Germany is allowed to do what she pleases with France.

2nd Quarter. Germany seizes New Zealand, Borneo, and Bombay. On remonstrances being offered to Prince BISMARCK, he apologises, and says he is forced to recognise the situation.

3rd Quarter. Bombardment of Rome, and destruction of Brighton. Investment of St. Petersburg, and burning of Vienna. Prince BISMARCK explains that all this is done in the cause of peace.

4th Quarter. Occupation of Ireland, and Marseilles converted permanently into a German port. At a grand banquet, Prince VON BISMARCK assures his audience that it is ridiculous to talk of war.

1889. *1st Quarter.* Further aggression. Planting of the German flag on the soil of Australia, which causes annoyance to England.

2nd Quarter. Persecution of Jews. Worrying Christians. Quarrels fostered everywhere. Prince BISMARCK sings the praises of peace.

3rd Quarter. Europe plunged into a suicidal war. Everything conquered or crippled. Prince BISMARCK is more assured of peace than ever.

4th Quarter. Indignation Meeting of all Nationalities. Discovery of treachery, and sudden decease of Prince BISMARCK.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions,* whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied *by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.* Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

DUMB CRAMBO'S GUIDE TO THE LONDON THEATRES.

Drew wry Lane.

Cove in Garden.

Lies! See 'um!

O! limp pick.

Cry-teary 'un.

Prints of Whales.

THE WEATHER, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

9 A.M.—Bright sunshine. Summer clothing in request.

10.—Dense fog. Gas and the electric light turned full on.

11.—Rain. Umbrellas in furious demand.

12 NOON.—Hard frost. Skating on the Serpentine.

1 P.M.—Rapid thaw. Bursting of all the water-pipes in S.W. district.

2.—Thunderstorm. Many churches struck by lightning.

3.—Sleet and mist. Suspension of traffic on the River.

4.—Heavy snowstorm. Roads impassable.

5.—Tremendous gale. Hoardings and telegraph-poles blown down all over London.

6.—Fog, rain, and ice.

7.—Thaw, thunderstorm, and mist.

8.—Gale, snow, and sleet.

9.—*Da capo* for the next twelve hours.

VENI, *VERDI*, VICI!

(*From Our Correspondent in advance.*)

MILAN, *January 25th.*

VERDI remains dumb, BOITO continues mute, FACCIO keeps silent, and RICORDI refuses to say a word. Critics are excluded from the rehearsals, and the leading singers are bound under heavy penalties not, outside the theatre, to sing one note of their leading motives. Nevertheless I can give you, about *Otello*, information which you would scarcely get from anyone else. In the first place, let me note, by way of memorandum, that I have had to pay rather a large price for my stall. But it is worth a couple of fivers to hear such a tenor as TAMAGNO. He impersonates *Othello:* and, with a view to appropriateness of colour, VERDI has, in the pianoforte score, written the part entirely for the black keys. In one part of the opera the terrible moor of Venice is represented by what I may term a musical landscape composed of airs culled from the Venetian lagunes.

The character of the heroine is admirably painted, especially in the last scene, when the dying moan of *Desdemona* is accompanied by a genuine Cremona —manufactured, without regard to cost or time, expressly for the occasion. The Willow Song will be illustrated in the printed libretto by plates of the same pattern. *Desdemona's* dying sigh is reproduced in a series of echoes, which, however feeble, will be heard throughout the famous theatre. It is proposed to call these remarkable passages, "Scala's Echoes of the Weak." The representative of *Desdemona* is Signora PANTALEONE, who excels in pantomime. But PANTALEONE is not a pretty name for a lady, is it? Why not have changed it to COLOMBINA?

As regards the setting of some of the most celebrated Shakspearian passages, the words "There's magic in the web of it," are accompanied by well-knitted chords which are positively enchanting. In the speech to the Senate, the "spirit-stirring drum" will be beaten with a wooden-spoon, which the performer will use between the strokes for stirring up a glass of spirits-and-water. Equally happy is the Composer's treatment of another phrase in the same scene. Hearing, that among the eminent Composers who had taken places for the first performance, were GOUNOD, MASSENET, DÉLIBES, TOSTI, GORING THOMAS, and others, he, with delicate flattery, set the words "My very worthy and approved good masters," to a combination of melodies borrowed from the works of these *maestri*.

With reference to the orchestration, VERDI hating, as every great Composer must do, the country of MOZART, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, WEBER, MEYERBEER, MENDELSSOHN, WAGNER, and so many other musical impostors, has banished from his score the German flute. Bearing in mind the adage on the subject of two strings to a bow, he has introduced a magnificent *adagio* for violins; to be played with bows each of which has been furnished with two strings. The cornets will be without pistons, the trombones without slides, and the clarinets (those, I mean, which have been specially constructed for playing in K naturl)a without mouthpieces. After the first performance the Composer of *Otello* will be serenaded—not, as many still expect by Signor FACCIO's magnificent orchestra, but (with an appropriateness on which it is unnecessary for me to dwell) by a band of Ethiopian serenaders. WAGNER may have composed Music of the Future. But never mind the Future. Give me VERDI, whose beautiful melodies entitle him to be considered our First Aorist. *Viva Verdi! Vive Milan!* And to you I will add: *Vivez mille ans!*

BROUGHT TO BOOK.—MR. ARTHUR H. D. ACKLAND complains that "Government Literature," by which he means the Blue Books, is not brought out, either in style or price, in a manner to attract the general reading public. Why not, then, start a Shilling Series, on the following lines? Here is a suggestive preliminary list:—*Saved! or, the Eleventh Hour.* A Cabinet Romance. By the PRIME MINISTER; *Cutlasses and Contracts.* A Story of the Sea. By the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY; *The O'Rourkes of Rory Point.* A Tale of Irish Adventure. By Sir M. HICKS-BEACH; *The Financial Spectre.* A Psychological Mystery. By the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; *The Democrat's Curse.* A Social Problem. By the SECRETARY to the BOARD of TRADE; and *Wild Times at Woolwich.* An Ordnance Novel. By the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR.

"UP TO THE STANDARD."

"NOW I'M FURNISHED!"

* "Give a lad a pair of skates and fill his pockets with a hunch of plum cake, or spice loaf, a couple of oranges, a dozen pies, and an indefinite quantity of nuts, and you have got rid of him for the day."—*Standard.*

PUER PROTESTANS.

O PUNCHE, priscis edite regibus!
Audi pupilli verba Britannici.
Ad nunc cogitavimus omnes
Te pueri Tobiumque brickos.

Dic mi, Latinos in tuo comico
Journale quare versiculos sinis?
In sortis humbuggo illius,
Crede mihi, nihil est jocosum.

Odi profanos lessons, et arceo,
Quum ad domum sum especialiter;
Quapropter desiras relictos
Holidies spoliare nostros?

Versus dabisne, tempore proximo,
Kamschatkinenses vel Patagonicos?
In classicis putare te ipsum
Est evidens caseum ululantem!

Laudat Pater te; non ego, per Jovem!
Nam quum Guberna-tor erat alibi
Chuxi furiosus in ignes
Versiculos tuos pestilentes!

Nunc, per Jingonem, confiteor tibi,
In grande funeo sum, quia pro meo
Hoc crimine exspecto maxillam
Accipere in jiffio tremendam.

Ad tuos sensus, PUNCHE, et ad "Anglicam"
Redi "Reginæ"! O nobilissime,
Occlude garrire, citoque
Ad Jericho relega Latinum!

THE SCHEME FOR A CHURCH HOUSE.—Carry it out.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Herr Professor. "HIMMEL! VAT A VONDERFOLL *DREE!*"

Lady Godiva. "YES; ISN'T IT. I LOVE IT BETTER THAN ANY TREE IN THE PLACE. IT'S FULL OF SWEET AND TENDER ASSOCIATIONS FOR ME!"

Herr Professor. "ACH! ZÔH! YOUR LATYSHIP HAS BERHAPS BLANTED IT YOURSELLFF! YES!"

OUR "NOTES AND QUERIES."

UGANDA.—"POLONIUS," who purposes paying a summer visit to this distant place, in company with three invalid uncles, had better, if he wishes to hit on the best route, lose no time in at once getting hold of Dr. JUNKER, who will be able to give him all the information he requires. He need, however, have no scruple about engaging fifteen hundred blacks, and, say, five hundred Europeans, as an escort, together with three elephants, to carry the three Bath-chairs of his three invalid uncles through the jungle, of which there are some nine hundred odd miles to traverse, if he takes the old route *viâ* Zanzibar. By the Congo the route is more varied, and, if he adopted this, he would only have to purchase a dozen Penny Steamers, and mount the river. This is easily done with an experienced Captain. The crocodile-shooting is excellent, but the chief local sport consists of hunting strangers for their skins, which, as there is no close season, is carried on all the year round, and is very exciting. With a view to providing against eventualities in this direction, he would perhaps do as well to supply his three uncles with a Gatling-gun a-piece. As the only current coin south of the Equator consists of rum and brass stair-rods, he should, if he wishes to pay his way, take care to be well furnished with these before setting out on his expedition. There is no respectable chemist on the upper reaches of the White Nile, and it would be as well not to rely on securing efficient medical attendance at Uganda, the leading native doctor having treated his last European patient for headache by scalping him with a tomahawk. But for further particulars "POLONIUS" had better refer to a Central African *Bradshaw*.

CIRCULAR TOUR.—No, we know of no tickets that enable you to visit Paris, Milan, Munich, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Hamburg, Stettin, and Boulogne, travelling first-class for £1 13*s*. 6*d*. The most economical plan if "POMPEY" could make up his party to thirteen inside and twelve out, would be to hire a two-horse omnibus. Yes, wolves are just now plentiful in Russia. They may be best kept at a distance by syringing them freely with chloroform.

A Glenbeigh Remonstrance.

WHICHEVER course to take you choose,
The game you surely see you 'll lose.
For, if you leave them out or in,
Both ways it 's clear they 're *bound to Winn!*

WHO'S TO HAVE IT?

THE announcement that Russia will not insist on the candidature of the Prince of MINGRELIA for the Bulgarian Throne, has at once led to active "inquiry" on the part of the Regents at Sofia. The following few replies taken at random from a British Letter-Bag, may be regarded as a sample of the innumerable answers of a confidential character received by them in the course of the last few days.

MY DEAR SIRS,

BELIEVE me, I am deeply sensible of the honour you do me, in offering me the Bulgarian crown, and though I assure you my heart goes out to you in response, I am compelled to decline it. I could not interfere with our present magnificent business. But could you not send the Sobranje and your Constitution over here? I might place it in the hands of WILLS and possibly produce it the season after next. Think this over, and believe me, with all artistic sympathy, Yours devotedly, HENRY IRVING.

DEAR SIRS,

NOTWITHSTANDING your flattering assurance, which I fully believe, that my acceptance of the throne would be favourably viewed at St. Petersburg, I must nevertheless beg you to hold me excused if I say "No," to your tempting offer. My energies are at the present moment concentrated on the acquisition of a far more important leadership nearer home. I am, Dear Sirs, Yours sincerely, W. E. GLADSTONE.

MR. J. L. TOOLE presents his compliments to the Regents at Sofia, and begs to inform those gentlemen that as his present West-End engagement as *Butler*, suits him uncommonly well, he has no idea of throwing it up to take that of a mere East-End Monarch, the perquisites of whose place are not even mentioned. Mr. J. L. TOOLE would inform the Regents that if they wanted a good showy *substantial middle-aged potentate*, who would look the part thoroughly, they could not do better than fall back upon Mr. BILLINGTON, though Mr. J. L. T. much doubts whether that gentleman will see his way to entertaining the idea himself.

GENTLEMEN,

I MUST confess myself overwhelmed by the distinction you have done me the favour to confer on me. But you surely cannot be acquainted with my principles. Why, I should be cutting down my own Civil List, and in a week should not be left with a single princely prerogative. Try EDMUND. I am, Gentlemen, Yours faithfully, HENRY LABOUCHERE.

DEAR SIRS,

YOUR generous offer that I should ascend the Bulgarian throne taking the title of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS THE FIRST, though it comes upon me as a pleasant surprise, finds me so occupied in ruling an empire of my own, that, spite its flattering character, I must ask you to excuse me if I do little more than acknowledge it. Need I point out that the task of consolidating a Balkan State cannot for a moment be compared to that of superintending the double performance daily of a Jubilee Pantomime, and in that I am at present engaged. Enclosing you three orders for the Upper Boxes,

I am, Dear Sirs, Yours very cordially, AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

"THE SHERIDANS."—In these two volumes (BENTLEY AND SON) Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD gives us an interesting account of this exceptionally gifted family. There is not much new about that unprincipled genius, RICHARD BRINSLEY himself; but there never was much really "new" about him, as he made anything worth taking his own, reproducing it worked up and polished to perfection, so that it looked "as good as new," and was, in fact, much better. As to the story about the actors receiving their parts in the last Act of *Pizarro* within half an hour of their playing it, and then playing it successfully, we only wonder that anyone with Mr. FITZGERALD'S practical experience of the Stage could accept and repeat it as literally true.

LARKS!

R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. "I'VE GOT A LOT OF SQUIBS AND CRACKERS IN MY POCKET. I'LL HAVE SUCH A GAME WITH THEM THIS SCHOOL-TIME!"

THERE was a little boy, and he had a little game,
Which he fancied only he himself could play, play, play.
But although it was a lark,
He preferred to keep it dark,
And what it was precisely he'd not say, say, say.

Some thought he'd missed his tip, but others said, "Oh, no!
He knows exactly what he is about, 'bout, 'bout, 'bout."
But, whether sage or fool,
When his mates went into school,
He chuckled and decided to keep out, out, out.

Says one, "Don't be an ass! You've got into the first class,
You've a level chance of being "cock" and boss, boss, boss."
"Come in and take your slate;"
But says he, "I'd rather wait,
And I'm game to run the risk, and stand the loss, loss, loss."

So here he stands, his pockets stuffed with crackers, squibs, and rockets,
With red and blue fire ready for to burn, burn, burn.
Does the little lad mean larks?
Well, he who stands and marks
The youthful pyrotechnist soon will learn, learn, learn!

THE HAT DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

Idea borrowed from the Tombs of the Cardinals in Rouen Cathedral.

[The Cardinals' Hats are suspended over the Tombs by long strings from the Roof.]

REMEMBERING TO FORGET.

A Hawarden Ballade.

"The Celt in Mr. R. L. STEVENSON'S fascinating *Kidnapped*, prides himself on the ease with which he 'remembers to forget.' Something of the same faculty must exist in Mr. GLADSTONE'S many-sided mind."—*Letter of Mrs. Fawcett to the Times.*

I.

THE Government in days gone by
On private letters seized,
Inspected them upon the sly
Exactly as they pleased.
And why do I rejoice, no more,
That now such deeds are done,
When we inspected three or four,
In eighteen eighty-one?
O'er such mere trifles should I fret?
No,—*I've remembered to forget!*

II.

And 'twas but fourteen months ago,
For this that PARNELL'S crew
Denounced the Government as low,
Such tactics to pursue.
"A cowardly and servile herd"
They styled us in their ire.
How comes it that they 're no more stirr'd
By this aggressive fire!
Ah! have they wiser counsel met,
And, too—*remembered to forget!*

THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—Mrs. M. declares herself the champion of her sect. She says she doesn't see why women should be denied the electrical franchise.

A LITTLE PROPHECY ABOUT A BIG THING.

"AND what is this place?" asked the civilised New-Zealander, who, tired of sitting on the ruins of London Bridge (which, truth to tell, were not very safe), had journeyed further West.

"Well," said the Oldest Inhabitant, shaking his snowy locks mournfully, "it has a very sad history! It was commenced nearly a hundred years ago, when I was quite a child, and it has never been completely finished."

"Dear me!" observed the intelligent foreigner, putting up his electric *pince-nez*; "and yet it seems to be sadly out of repair!"

"It does, it does!" sobbed the emotional veteran. "I can scarcely bear to look at it. So full of promise too when originated!"

"Was it ever a theatre?" asked the New-Zealander.

"I fancy it was at one time," replied his informant. "I am not quite sure, because it has had gaps in its history which no one has the memory to fill in; but I rather think that it *was* used once for a Shakspearian Festival on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. I fancy they played *Hamlet* in it."

"But how did it begin?" again queried the New-Zealander.

"Well, there was a great flourish of trumpets, but (so tradition says) not much money. The Public did not care to invest in an unknown quantity." And the Oldest Inhabitant wiped his eyes with a German cotton handkerchief.

"I am not surprised. But how *did* it begin?"

"It took several years building, and then was opened either as a Technical College or a Circus—I forget which, but I know it has been both. I fancy it must have been first a Circus, as I have some recollection of the loose boxes being turned into studies, which I imagine were used subsequently for the Technical College."

"Well, what became of it next?"

"Then, I think just about the time of the burning of St. Paul's, it was used as a substitute for that cathedral. When the old church was rebuilt, it became empty again."

"Yes?"

"Then there was one of those periodical panics about the Lunacy Laws, and Hanwell being abruptly abolished, it became an excellent substitute for Colney Hatch. It was rather a success as an asylum."

"Did it continue to be used for that purpose?"

"Not for very long; because the inmates, becoming convalescent, formed themselves into a Committee, and, with the permission of the Lunacy Commissioners (who took a very lively interest in the scheme), converted the place into a Swimming Bath and Garden of Acclimatisation, affiliated to the Newspaper Department of the Library of the British Museum."

"*And how did it succeed* in its new character?"

"*I am afraid not quite as well as its best friends could have wished.* Somehow or other the Swimming Bath and Garden of Acclimatisation affiliated to the Newspaper Department of the British Museum, although boasting some most illustrious names on the management, never entirely secured the absolute confidence of the British Public. It was then used by the Government for testing their new invention—their non-explosive gunpowder and innocuous dynamite."

"Yes?"

"And then, through a slight miscalculation on the part of the inventor (a most excellent officer in the Commissariat), the building was blown into atoms, and left as you see it now."

"Most interesting!" murmured the New-Zealander. "But what was it called?"

"It was called originally—that is to say in 1887—the Imperial Institute!"

A PROTEST.

WE lately came across an advertisement of Mr. JONES'S *Noble Vagabond*, at the Princess's, and here it is:—

PUNCH says: "I shall certainly advise all my friends to go and see *The Noble Vagabond*."

Mr. Punch objects to being misquoted. What he did say, in conversation with Mr. NIBBS, was, "I shall tell"—the advertisement has been amended in this respect—"all my friends to go and see this piece for the sake of Miss DOROTHY DENE'S performance and Mr. WARNER'S remarkable imitation of the make-up and manner of Mr. JULIAN CROSS as *Old Scorier*."

This is what *Mr. Punch*,—who was disappointed with the play, which he thinks utterly collapses in the Third Act,—said, and it is not fair to place this Managerial gloss on *Mr. Punch's* words by placing a full stop in the line where there was no stop at all. The Management having inserted a full stop in the wrong place, *Mr. Punch* makes this protest in order to put a final stop in the right place to such misquotations. He can't permit it, even to a JONES and his *Noble Vagabond*.

Notes for the German Emperor's Speeches.

DEEPLY touched at enthusiasm.
Sorry that Army Bill has not passed.
Bitterly grieved not sufficient ammunition.
Pained beyond measure not better guns.
Wounded to the heart that killing power has not been extended.
The above to be well larded with texts, and to be flavoured with the Conventicle.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WHETHER it was that this being what is called the Jewbely Year, —though I'm hardly sure as I knows why—everythink as anybody does in his publick capassity is xpected to be done much betterer and much grander than ever it was done afore, of course I don't know, but this I do know, and I should like to know who ort to know, if I don't know, that the Children's Fancy Dress Ball of last Wensday was the most wunderfullest of all we ever had there, and pretty *Allice* was ony one of the many hundreds as wanderd about in Wunderland on that most ewentful evening. Of course, this being Queen's year, the fust thort as struck the LADY MARESS when she set down to carmly think over the hole matter, was a Royal Percesshun of all the Kings and Queens as we ever had. How we managed to git on afore we hadn't none, it isn't for me, nor such as me, to say. Praps they was more of a Social lot than we is now, but that's neither here nor there. Well, I don't serpose as one of all the many as seed it, no not Mr. ORGUSTUS ARRIS hisself, who I saw a gazing at it in perfound estonishment, will wenture to say as they ewer seed anythink to ekal it. Fancy all the Kings and Queens of England being acted by most butifool children, and all drest in the most lovely sattin and welwet dresses as countless suvverins could procure. Some on 'em was that perfeck in ewery respek as made you think as proberbly most of our great Kings and Queens was werry little uns.

"The Girl we left behind us."

I declares as I was in that state of egscitement at the site, that I can ardly remember none on 'em seperately, but jest a few lingers in fond mem'ry. MARY, Queen of Scotch was purfekly lovely, and didn't at all mind being so close to Queen ELIZABETH, who went sailing by with her choler up, with all the dignerty of a reel Lady Maress. King HENERY THE 8TH, axshally brought all his six wives with him, and insted of looking jest a little bit ashamed of hisself, before sich a company too, went along a larfing away as if he was quite proud of 'em. The two poor little Princes who was a being taken to the Tower, close by, and who was drest in most butifool black sattin, was the hobserwed of all hobserwers, and if their good mother append to be present, as she proberbly was, she must have been a prowd and happy woman. I did hear as they was descended from the grate Abbot A'BECKETT, but I ain't werry well up in my Conchology. CHARLES THE 2ND, who I allers understood was one of the wust of the old lot, went strutting along like the best on 'em. CHARLES THE 1ST looked jest a littel melancolly, as one wood natrally expeck, under his rayther uncumfortabel circumstances.

Well, after this wunderfool site was all over, lots of their madjestys and their attendants came a rushing into the refreshment room as if suddenly seized with a parching thirst, so I hadn't much oppertunity for seeing what emediately follered, which I was told was the Performing Dogs, and Punch and Judy, which seemed rayther a slite on the Royal personidges as had jest finished. I noticed, later on in the evening, as many of the Kings and Queens looked remarkable tired. If it be so for a few hours what must it be for many long ears!

One of the most remarkablest effects of the hole evening was caused, I was told, by the sudden change of weather. BROWN was the first to come and enounce it to us, which he did by rushing in and saying, "Here's a pretty go! all the stattys in the All is a busting out into a perfuse perspirashun!" And so they was! And a wunderful site it was to see, they looked for all the world as if they'd all bin a bathing, and had all forgot their towels, and sumbody had stole all their clothes. I saw the nex Lord Mare and Lady Maress a looking on at the percesshun, as if they was a saying to theirselves, we shall have to do our best to beat this, but we'll try, and them as knows 'em best, says, whatever they makes up their minds to you may consider it dun.

With my usual good fortin I got behind the scenes at the Punch and Judy show, and I hardly expecks to be beleeved when I says that the hole of the orchester for that most intresting performance was performed by one werry jewvenile performer. He played the drum with one hand, and a large number of mewsical pipes with the other, and with a sperrit and energy as was quite wunderfool considering as it was all done on two cups of coffee and one lemonade.

The new Governor of the Tower was there, Lord MAGDALEN, I think they called him, I don't know whether he came to look after the two young Princes who had managed to get out, posserbly not. But I herd a Common Councilman say to him, as he was taking a cup of coffee, "I assures you, my Lord, we all sleeps much more cumfertable in our beds since your Lordship has been apinted Governer of the Tower." His Lordship didn't say nothing in reply, but there was a twinkle in his keen gray eye as spoke wollums. I've had a rather long experiense in warious kinds of gammon, naturally so, from my special wocashun, but I says without a shadow of a dowt, that for a perfeck sampel of that great gift, and said unblushingly, and with ewery semblance of sincerity, commend me to a well-seesoned Common Councilman.

How one touch of natur makes us all kings and queens! No sooner had a most butifool young lady, named ALICE, begun for to show us all she had seen in Wunderland, which I suppose is somewhere in Monseer JULES WERNER's country, that my son WILLIAM reads to us about sumtimes, than all the kings, and queens, and princes, and their atendants, and even jockeys, and ploughboys, and niggers, and charity children, and sailors, all rushed into the Egyptian All, which was turned into a Theater, with fields and trees jest like life, and sat down and laughed, and clapped their hands at all the funny little things they saw and heard, jest as if they was all alike. And then, as another proof of the truth of wot I says, direckly it was over they all with one acord rusht upstairs to supper, and pegged away at the bountifool repast as if they had cum out in such a hurry that they had quite forgot to have their dinner.

And so ended this wunderfool evening, and the one consolashun as the liberal Conservative LORD MARE, and his butifool LADY MARESS has for all their great trouble is, that ewerybody in the whole twelve hundred, Waiters and all, went away singing their prases.

ROBERT.

"THOMSON'S SEASONS."

AIR—"*And so said Dr. Johnson.*"

SPRING, Summer, Autumn, Winter too,
The Sun is always ruling.
In spite of all the Sun can do,
The World is slowly cooling.
Ten million years the World's to last,
As long as there is *some* Sun,
Enough to warm us—when that's past,
Look out! Says WILLIAM THOMSON.

The Sun can't keep on every year
A rising and a sinking;
One evening it will disappear
For ever, off like winking.
It's rather hard upon the Moon,
Who gets her mild light *from* Sun,
One comfort is 'twon't happen soon—
Not yet, Sir WILLIAM THOMSON.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

THE Hon. Mrs. CHETWYND'S *Sara* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), though somewhat dull at the beginning, increases in interest as the story proceeds. The misunderstanding is cleverly worked out; and if the story is somewhat too long, it is the fault rather of the absurd three-voluminous system than the author. The best work has been expended on the heroine: "*Che sarà, sarà.*" Undoubtedly, *Sara* is the main attraction of the novel. *Love and Liking*—"For loving and liking he little did care!" sang the Jolly Young Waterman. We will not be so inconsiderate to apply the line to Miss M. E. SMITH'S novel, but undoubtedly we should have liked it better had it been shorter. Authors are not to be blamed for this so much as the libraries. Years ago novels were published in four volumes, sometimes in six. We are gradually improving, and shortly the one-volume story will carry all before it. *Belcaro* (WHATCHELL & Co.) is a book of essays on sundry æsthetical questions, by the clever lady who writes under the *nom de plume* of "VERNON LEE." Æstheticism has been so associated with *Mrs. Cimabue Brown* and *Maudle*, and the rest of the long-haired unhealthy lot, that it would be well to warn mere glancers at the title-page that there is nothing whatever of pinchbeck æstheticism about this volume. They will find ten essays on Art, and all of them well worth reading. *The Making of New England* (J. FISHER UNWIN), by SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, is a compact little volume, full of information well indexed. At a time when everyone is talking about patching up Old England, it will doubtless be edifying to hear how they made the New.

CLEARING THE SERPENTINE. (MONDAY, JANUARY 17.)

BRIEF BUT BRILLIANT TRIUMPH OF THE 'ARRIES OVER THE BOBBIES. ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE FROM THE SHORE.

THE "EMERGENCY-MAN."

GOING on, Gentlemen? Season's come round!
Not quite so eager, though, *Punch* will be bound,
Not quite so frantic for skating's high larks
As zealots who flock to our ponds and our parks,
Careless of duckings, defiant of dangers.
You to the risks of the ice are no strangers.
Many a "downer" has SALISBURY had;
SMITH, you've been "in" once or twice, eh, my lad?
Fancy now! Fellows will write to the papers,
Grumbling at checks on their perilous capers,
Girding at Ice-men and Bobbies, whose care
Keeps 'em—harsh tyrants!—from ice that won't bear,
Claiming a wrong-headed Briton's full right
To drown, if he will, in his country's despite.
Funny now, isn't it? How do *you* feel?
SMITH seems a little bit "down by the heel;"
Knees rather wide, a left foot rather lagging,
And arms like inebriate semaphores wagging.
Perhaps his new "Acmés"—which RANDOLPH resigned—
Feel a little bit strange, and not quite to his mind.
Skates that are not quite a fit, my dear SMITH,
May flabberghast even a chap of your pith.
Ice doesn't look quite so sound as it might.
There are several "Dangerous" places in sight.
First on, you of course will run every risk,
But CECIL looks confident, not to say brisk;
Strikes out right and left, like a "crack" at the art,
Seems to fancy himself quite a sort of "Fish" SMART,
Who can fly like a Fen man, or roll like a Dutchman.
"Come, SMITHIE, hold up! Why that desperate clutch, man?
You nip like a lobster, and sprawl like a crab.
What? It's all very well for a chap who's a dab
At balance and pace, but you'd far rather *slide?*
Oh, nonsense, my SNEL—I mean SMITH—where's your pride?
Let MARSH—ahem!—CROSS—stoop to 'keep the pot boiling,'
You've now a fine chance, which you mustn't be spoiling.
Hold up! Strike out well from the heel! That's your sort!
Outside edge, with good pluck, is such capital sport.
Why, RANDOLPH—confound him!—will grin if we fumble;
Keep cool, put on pace, and, with luck, you won't tumble.
Eh, what? '*Will it bear?*' Why, of course it's all right;
And, besides, our 'Emergency Man' is in sight,
With the corks and the ropes, and the drags, too, at need,
He will come to the rescue, man. Danger, indeed!
We are bound to go on, so let's have a good spin,
And what if we tumble, or even get in?
There's some risk, to be sure, but no reason for scare.
I tell you, my boy, we're quite safe—while *he's* there!

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THE new eccentric burlesque opera *Ruddygore*,—an idiotic but appropriate title,—by Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN, was produced last Saturday night. Nothing that excellent scenery, exquisite costumes, pretty faces, thorough drilling, good singing, and plenty of dancing, and a gushingly enthusiastic audience, could do to achieve a first night's success was omitted, and yet, somehow, *Ruddygore* wasn't happy. There were three distinct hits, firstly Mr. LELY's song and hornpipe, secondly Mr. BARRINGTON and Miss BOND in their serious duett and dance,—reminding us of "*The Quakers*," once so popular at the Music Halls and in a Gaiety burlesque,—and thirdly, the surprise (which is the essence of wit) caused by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who, when the scene was in total darkness, conducted his orchestra with what at first sight appeared to be the familiar red hot poker of pantomime, but which was in reality a *bâton* illuminated by electric light. The idea of the burlesque is funny to start with, but not to go on with. The development of the scene from Mr. GILBERT's *Ages Ago* at the GERMAN REED's is not as effective as it might and ought to have been. The first Act is bright, the second isn't. At any other Theatre the same piece, with different names attached to its production, would have had a bad time of it, but who will venture to say this of the Great Twin Brethren of the Savoy, who are always treated on the "most favoured Theatre" terms by the critics? We speak only of it as we found it on the first night; perhaps, after some excision, it may be considerably improved; but, "taking one consideration with another," *Ruddygore* is not even up to the mark of *The Princess* or *Iolanthe*, and not within measurable distance of *The Mikado*, which, by the way, might be successfully revived.

THE "EMERGENCY-MAN."

W. H. SM-TH. "WILL IT BEAR?" Lord S-L-SB-RY. "COME ON! WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH—AS LONG AS *HE'S* THERE!

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIV.—THE SMALLEST ANONYMOUS AUTHOR IN EXISTENCE.

THOSE industrious persons who devote their best energies to solving riddles in weekly papers for the dazzling guerdon of a divided guinea might employ their ingenuity to worse purpose than in the endeavour to ascertain the particular kind of author who forms the subject of this study, and a prize of sensational value might be offered with perfect security to the successful competitor.

Of course a great many whose delight is in the Retort Obvious, would write to connect this somewhat dubious distinction with the writer of this paper, but in that case he would, as the awarder of the prize, feel it his duty to adjudge all such answers incorrect. However, he thinks it advisable to propitiate any Œdipus among his readers with what he believes are known as "additional lights."

This obscure, but not wholly uninteresting literary phenomenon, then, is a compound of paradoxes. Unknown, even under so much as a *nom de guerre* or inverted initials, his works occupy the same shelves as the most popular novels of the day. He is as much read as anyone, yet there are none to praise his style or recommend him. Endowed with a conceit which approaches the sublime, he yet remains of his own free will a modest abstraction, and never gives the slightest clue to his identity. He is the most egotistic of altruists, a cynic with a flow of sloppy sentiment, a Puritan whose expressions verge at times upon the Aristophanic, an ardent grammarian and a shady speller, and through all these and countless other incompatible phases, he remains the same One and Indivisible Fool, and preserves unstained his escutcheon as a manysided but still unmistakable ass.

Are more lights wanted? They shall be given. The covers which enshrine some of his best productions, bear titles which convulsed all literary London in their day, and at JONES'S Esplanade Library or BROWN'S Pump-Room Bazaar, are even now occasionally inquired for on wet afternoons. Yet it will be scarcely credited that he never received a single penny from a publisher for anything he has written, and that in spite of the circulation he has attained, a grateful country will never place his effigy upon a pedestal, or his name upon its Civil List! He does not even expect this himself.

Does the reader give it up? No, of course he guessed it long ago—but *Mr. Punch* at all events will not condemn him to pass a week upon tenterhooks. He hastens to announce that the form of anonymous small-authorship which it is intended to study here, is that exhibited by the versatile and indefatigable being who scribbles upon the margins of books which do not belong to him, remarks which are of no general interest.

Mr. Punch of course, is not unaware that many of our greatest writers have covered the books they have borrowed with marginal annotations that render them priceless for all time, but he considers it unnecessary to draw distinctions which are so obvious.

The Marginal Annotator of the baser sort is remarkable for his omnivorousness, he will annotate anything from *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, to *Daniel Deronda*, THACKERAY to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Miss BROUGHTON to *John Inglesant*—it is all the same to him, and the stumpy lead pencil which seems to lend itself more readily to the flow of his ideas.

In his more reserved moods he simply confines himself to recording whether the author has or has not filled his intellectual void. If this has been accomplished, he writes "good," or underlines passages here and there, while in case of a failure, he inscribes upon the title-page the crushing condemnation, "Rot!"

But this terseness of his will expand at times, often into autobiographical fragments of incalculable value and interest, as where after some vivid word-painting by Mr. BLACK or Mr. BLACKMORE, our Annotator good-naturedly informs us that he was in the neighbourhood himself some time ago, and stopped at the best hotel, but considers the description of scenery in the text rather exaggerated. He is great too on Ethics: "The author is wrong here," he remarks, opposite one of the profounder passages of GEORGE ELIOT, "see article in this week's *Family Herald* on similar subject." Or, "why didn't she tell the Vicar at once that she was secretly married to the Baronet's foster-brother?" Etiquette, too, is a strong point of his. "No *lady* would have said this!" and "Not the act of a *gentleman!*" he comments severely at intervals.

He will often bitterly resent the behaviour of certain characters: "Why does the author make *Mrs. Proudie* so disagreeable?" "I think *Becky Sharp* was a *wretch!*" "I hate *Count Fosco!*" he records on various margins.

Then we meet him in his captious and carping mood; when, for example, he sneers, "The author appears to think partridge are shot with a *breechloader!*" or, "I was not aware you caught salmon with a *worm!*" Indeed he is always industrious in detecting and removing blemishes, and has been known to change "Oxbridge" to Cambridge, and "Camford" to Oxford, wherever he comes upon these palpable slips. It is sad to find from internal evidence that the Marginal Annotator's life has not been all sunshine, that he, too, has fulfilled the common doom—has loved and been betrayed! For how else can we explain such Byronic ejaculations as, "How like a woman!" "A lie! no woman is *ever* sincere—they are *all* hypocrites!" or such a passage as this, "The author must have known what it is to waste his affection upon a *mere heartless doll*, or he could not have described it so accurately!"

But the Marginal Annotator is full of contradictions, which if not wilful, are so glaring at times as to force upon us an uneasy impression that there may be two or more of him—worse still, that a female Annotator is not an utter impossibility. For some of the utterances are suspiciously feminine, while others are highly uncomplimentary criticisms, not of the printed text, but of foregoing marginal comments, which, unless the writer, like Mr. RUSKIN, is correcting the extravagance of his cruder youth, it seems difficult to accept as the work of the same hand.

However, there are solemn mysteries which we shall never be accounted worthy to penetrate in this lower life; the Marginal Annotator will never raise his mask, never inform us why or for whom he undertakes his supererogatory labours.

And it may be that, in some future stage of the world's progress, when posterity evolves the power to read the myriad characters which have so long sparkled undeciphered upon the scroll of Heaven, there too amongst those dread secrets will be discerned, scribbled in asteroids or dotted down in fixed stars, some such brilliant observation as, "How true!" or, "What Bosh!" But even in apotheosis the Marginal Annotator will probably remain anonymous.

FUNNY LAW IN A COMIC COURT OF JOCULAR JUSTICE.

SCENE—*A Chamber in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Theatrical Trial in progress. Everybody in good spirits except (possibly) the litigants. Famous Comedian has just entered the Witness-Box.*

Mr. Keystone, Q.C. Ha! ha! Mr. FOOTLIGHT! Here we are again! (*Laughter.*) Well, and how do you find yourself to-morrow? (*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. Footlight. My Lord, (*laughter*) am I bound (*renewed laughter*) to answer (*continued laughter*) that question? (*Roars of laughter*).

His Lordship. It is not quite relevant, but no doubt the Counsel is following his instructions.

Mr. Keystone, Q.C. I am more likely to follow my nose. (*Laughter.*) Now, Mr. FOOTLIGHT, have you ever played *Macbeth?* (*Laughter.*) I am looking at you! (*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. Footlight. I cannot (*laughter*) call to mind (*renewed laughter*) that I ever (*continued laughter*) have played *Macbeth.* (*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. Keystone, Q.C. I suppose you couldn't play unless the proper cue were given you? (*Laughter.*)

His Lordship. "Play?" "Cue?" But I've not yet heard a word about billiards. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Keystone, Q.C. No, my Lord, but we're playing for the pocket. (*Shouts.*)

Mr. Footlight. And I'm always on the spot. (*Convulsions of laughter. Two Ushers carried out, and their neckties undone.*)

Mr. Keystone, Q.C. Well, Mr. FOOTLIGHT, can you tell me if a herring and a half cost three-halfpence, how much twelve will come to? (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Rope. Really, I do not wish to interfere with my learned friend, but there is a limit to everything, and I think that limit has been reached. The Defendant is a foreigner, friendless, and not blessed with too much money, and——

Mr. Keystone, Q.C. Not blessed with too much money! I like that! Why, without money she would have seen precious little of my learned friend on this occasion! (*Laughter.*) He would not have given her much rope. (*Roars of laughter.*)

[*And so on, and so on, for two or three days until the Trial closes in.*

'ARD 'IT.—It is not true that Mr. H. A. JONES tried to obtain the services of Signor ARD-'IT-I as Musical Conductor at the ~~Haymarket~~ Theatre.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Freddy (*in his First Childhood*). "GRAN'P'A, WHAT DID YOU DO IN YOUR CHRIS'MAS HOLIDAYS, WHEN"—(*sniff*)—"WHEN THE WIRES BROKE AN' YOU COULDN'T—COULDN'T GET SEATS FOR"—(*breaks down*)—"THE PANTOMIME—BOO-OO!"

Patriarch (*in his Second*). "WHAT DID WE DO, MY BOY? WIRES! WHY WE WALKED THROUGH THE SNOW, AND PAID OUR MONEY, AND TOOK OUR SEATS. NO WIRES AN' GIMCRACKS THEN, FREDDY!—CUTTING THE POOR COACHMEN'S HEADS OFF!—WIRES——!"

[*Dozes off placidly.*

THE following advertisement offers a fine chance to some enterprising Bath Chair Sir GALAHAD:—

MATRIMONY.—A WIDOW, COUNTESS, about 40, no family, pleasing, unpretending, cultured, domesticated, having lost fortune and home, wishes for the protection of a Protestant Husband, elderly or even invalid, requiring a cheerful, Christian, attentive, devoted wife.—Address,——

The qualifications of "elderly or even invalid" would seem to imply that the ruined but "unpretending" Countess was in the hopes of getting a Knight Hospitaller to come to her rescue. She ought to be overwhelmed with replies.

MOTTO FOR THE GLENBEIGH TENANTS.—*Væ Evictis!*

AN APPEAL TO APOLLO.

(*From a Quiet Neighbourhood.*)

A SCORE of organs all the day
Wheeze, hammer, reel, and grind it—
The Chord the lady tried to play,
But failed, alas, to find it.

And nomad merchants roar, *sans cesse*,
Their barter-checking jargon,
Until I almost learn to bless
Their efforts when they *are* gone.

Their dainty-footed donkeys bray
As elsewhere bray no donkeys;
And German bands of demons play
In tottering time and wrong keys.

With raucous voice he breaks my rest
Who thunders forth the dirges
Of clothes that once, belike, were "best,"
The Rag-and-Boanerges.

O Phœbus, have them all convey'd
Afar, in peace, to fill a
Sahara of itinerant trade,
But spare the poet's villa!

A NEW "TANGLEWOOD TALE."—Somebody else is "keeping up the Classics," too, *Mr. Punch* is glad to see. In the Novelty Theatre (good ending for a hexameter—"in Noveltate Theatro") last week was performed an English Play, called *Dux Redux*, *or a Forest Tangle*, written, and partly acted, too, by JAMES RHOADES. But who was the "*Dux*"? We don't see our way, even with RHOADES to keep us straight. Was it a political skit, and was the "*Dux*" W. E. G.? If so, why "*redux*"? Perhaps, TOMMY suggests, it was meant for "reduced." But in the Play there is a revolt of wood-cutters, and wood-cutters would never cut the Hawarden feller. We knew a Dux once at school, but he is not likely to play "Dux" again. Time has played ducks (and drakes) with *him* probably before now. *Who* was it? If it's supposed to be Mr. RHOADES's *magnum opus*, why not have called it *The Colossus* of RHOADES, and have attracted attention that way. The result was, we believe, satisfactory.

A TRANSPONTINE STUDY.

You think she's a dainty dairymaid
From a Watteau-Dresden dairy,
A Nymph from a New Arcadia's glade,
Or a Savoy Theatre fairy;
A figure cut from a *bon-bon* box,
A cook, from a School of Cookery:
Oh no—she's a study in pink and white,
Of a girl from a London rookery.

Red-kerchieft youths, in furry caps,
Would woo and win—and whop her,
But her demeanour is perhaps
Discouragingly proper;
And when on gallant lover's breast
Reposing all her weight she's,
In modest wise she drops her eyes,
But never drops her H's.

Her thoughts are, like her attic, high,
Expressed in language stately;
Though where she picks the language up
Has exercised me greatly.
And the dangerous classes worship her,
As Buddhists their Grand Lama;
And that is the London flow'r-girl's form
As seen in a melodrama.

WHAT steps should be taken to celebrate Her MAJESTY'S Jubilee? A whole flight—if you would rise to the occasion.

House of Commons, January 25.—House meets on Thursday. Came down to take a look round, and see if I left any cigars in my locker last August. Capital place for keeping cigars if you like them a little dry. House itself comes up smiling at the beginning of new Session. Looks polished and clean as if it had never known an all-night sitting. Thought the policeman and I would have the place to ourselves. Seems to have occurred to others to come down and have a look round.

Here comes W. H. SMITH, walking on his toes as if afraid to disturb one of the Leaders of the Opposition. Doesn't see me at first, as I curl myself up in SPEAKER's Chair. Looks cautiously round. Believes he 's quite alone. Takes seat on Treasury Bench opposite brass-bound box.

"Mine!" he mutters to himself. "The seat that once was PEEL's and DISRAELI's, and GLADSTONE's, and——"

"SMITH's!" I called out, peeping over the elbow of Chair.

"My gracious! how you startled me, TOBY!" he said, jumping up. "Knew you were there all the time, don't you know, but thought you were asleep. Just looked in, as I happened to be passing. Fine seasonable weather."

"Very," I said, "and a good deal of it."

Then there was a pause timidly broken by our new Leader.

"And how do you think I 'll get on, TOBY? Do you suppose I 'll make much of a mess of it?"

"Not at all," I said, taking the opportunity, in the absence of the SPEAKER, of cocking a hind leg over the arm of the Chair. "You 'll do very well if RANDOLPH will let you alone."

"Ah!" said SMITH. And a look of anguish crossed his placid brow.

"You 're a good, honest sort of fellow, of the kind the House likes.

Everybody but RANDOLPH will be glad to help you, and, besides, you won't be here very long. Don't be too apologetic. There's no danger of your being too bumptious. Give up your habit of sitting on the edge of the bench, as if you were not quite sure you had any right to be there, and you'll do very well. Hallo! here's RANDOLPH!"

"Where?" cried W. H., growing ghastly pale, and instinctively sitting on the edge of the bench. "Ah! I think I've a letter to write." And our new Leader, again walking on tiptoe, disappeared by the door at the back of the Chair.

RANDOLPH halted in contemplative mood by the Cross Benches where Members stand when they've Bills to bring in, and await call from the SPEAKER. Must have seen W. H. SMITH gliding out, but hadn't caught sight of me in recess of the Chair.

"Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL!" I called out, in imitation of the tones of the SPEAKER, when he invites a Member to bring up his Bill. Pretty to see how he jumped. (What a day I'm having, to be sure!)

"That you, TOBY?" he said. "Wish you wouldn't go playing these larks just now. Not quite up to fun. Temper a little spoiled, nerves slightly shattered by recent events. Know now something of the feelings of *Richard the Third* as depicted in SHAKSPEARE. Have my night-before-the-battle every twenty-four hours. Toss about on my bed for half the night. Then, when I fall asleep, comes the Markiss, with dishevelled hair, reproachful glance, and wringing hands, moaning with the ghost of *Buckingham*,—

"'The first was I that helped thee to the crown,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.'

After him come Grand CROSS, and SMITH, and STANLEY, and all that I have jumped upon, passing in mournful procession through the room."

"Well, you'll have a chance of making it all up now. They'll want a little help in the Session, and you can be kind to them."

"Yes, I know," said RANDOLPH, twirling his moustache, whilst a curious light shone in his eyes. Can't quite make out what this means, but fancy it doesn't forebode peace.

Looked in at the Lords, but nobody there. Only the memory of one who will come no more. Odd that the Conservative Party should have so little prized a man like STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Won't easily, if ever, replace him. But happy deliverance for him. Had a bad time ever since DIZZY's protecting arm withdrawn. Turned up a letter he wrote to me more than four years ago, at the close of the Autumn Session, when the Closure was discussed, and RANDOLPH mouthed against it. Might have been written four weeks ago. Just the same worry, and just the same patient, brave spirit, making the least of personal discomfort, and hoping for the best. About this time RANDOLPH and his merry men had been "going for" him with additional ferocity. His health showed signs of breaking down. He was setting out on an expedition to summer seas, and a few lines were written in the Diary, wishing him a good time, and renewed health. Then came his letter, in his painstaking, neat handwriting:—

30, *St. James's Place, S W., Nov.* 22, 1882.

DEAR TOBY,—Very many thanks for the kindly words in *Punch*. TOBY, M.P., I look upon as a most valuable Member of the House, and sincerely trust that the *Clôture* may never be applied to him.

—Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

I need hardly say that I am much touched by the kindness shown to me by so many of my friends, including my enemies. The life in the House of Commons has many trials, but I find them much more than compensated for by the many pleasant feelings which they evoke. I hope to be back in my place at the opening of next Session, and prepared to endure any amount of fire "From the Cross Benches," or any other part of the House.

Believe me, Yours very faithfully,
STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

Alas! *Requiescat.* No more "next Session" for him. * * * For us, what promises to be a lively one begins on Thursday.

INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

(*By Our Own Pell-Mell Commissioner.*)

THE recent great demand for pork-sausages having aroused curiosity in this branch of industry, we sent one of Our Representatives the other day to wait upon Mr. BLOGGS, the eminent Manufacturer, to ask him a few questions.

Mr. BLOGGS was reclining amongst Liberty fabrics and high-art rich stuff, old oak and brass-work. He wore a pleasant smile upon his open and rather expressionless countenance, which argued that the sausages were going off well—when trade is dull he is inclined to be savage, like a roused pig or an aggravated bore.

"*So I understand* that you have a new variety of Sausage under consideration?" observed Our Representative.

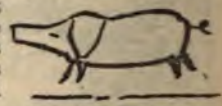
"Certainly," replied the eminent man, "but, I cannot quite understand why there should be such excitement about it. After all, you can't get much variety out of sausages—the flavour of one must be very like the flavour of another. Much depends on the stuffing."

"You are too modest," said Our Representative. "Why, Mr. BLOGGS, do you not know that all London is waiting for your next new sausage?"

"So they tell me," smilingly acquiesced the great Manufacturer. "So they tell me. Well, there is no secret. Here is the recipe."

And the scientific caterer handed Our Representative a sheet of paper containing some writing.

"Of course, you must not publish the receipt," Mr. BLOGGS continued, with a little laugh, "because that would not be fair. Still you see it is simple enough. But I have by me a sketch which is at your service. I have here all the ingredients in miniature, and can make up my model sausage without even leaving my armchair."



The Raw Material. Sketched by Mr. Bloggs.

"But are you not nervous about the result?"

"Very. You would scarcely believe it, but I have never been present at the selling of any one of my own sausages. I once went into a shop where they were exposed for sale, and on seeing a purchaser about to ask their price, I became so faint that I was obliged to leave immediately."

"Your nervousness is very strange, considering that your sausages are so popular."

"Perhaps the secret of their success is, I believe in them—I do most firmly." And here the eminent Manufacturer made a movement which seemed to denote that he was anxious to return to his work.

"Before I leave," said Our Representative, "if you have no objection, Mr. BLOGGS, I will ask you one question."

"Certainly; I shall be most happy to answer as many questions as you are pleased to set me."

"Well, then, may I put it to you? Have you ever eaten one of your own sausages?"

"No," replied the Manufacturer, promptly. And then, as he bowed Our Representative out, he added, in a tone of evident conviction, "and, what is more, I don't think I ever shall!"

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

ALICE in Wonderland will continue to delight children as long as there are any left in town to visit the Prince of Wales's, the home of the BRUCE, which is crowded every afternoon. We suppose that all children over eight years of age must have read LEWIS CARROLL's book, so thoroughly conversant are they with its scenes and characters. It's a splendid re-advertisement for the book, and the Christmas CARROLL ought to be grateful to Mr. SAVILE CLARKE, the dramatiser of this work. But, mind you, it is not a work to please the elders. What delights the little ones will not suit their parents and guardians, who must be content with taking a back seat, and being enchanted to see a theatre filled with children thoroughly enjoying themselves.

It is all very well for anyone, say over thirty, to take up the book, look at Mr. TENNIEL's wonderfully fancy pictures, and to select here and there some nonsensical prose and funny verse. But to sit out nearly three hours of inconsequent dialogue and utterly idiotic songs, given with only one rest of ten minutes between the two Acts, strikes us as an uncommonly good preparation for being entered on the books of Colney Hatch. And then from the experienced playgoer's point of view—for whom it was never written, and never intended, so he'd better not go and see it,—what effective chances have been lost! and, with the exception of the Gryphon, the Mock Turtle, the Hatter, the March Hare, and Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, how unsatisfactory are the realisations of Mr. TENNIEL's ideals! Why, the Chess Queens look like bottles of salad mixture, and the Pawns like overgrown fungi! Then the song of the Jabberwok—oh dear, oh dear!—utterly lost. It ought to have been declaimed to music by a good reciter, and the fight with the Monster should have been shown by means of a magic lantern and electric light, or some such device.

However, it was written for the children, and not for their seniors, and the children could go and see it over and over again, and never be tired. We recommend the Papas and Uncles who take them, to see a little bit of the beginning, then to retire to their Club, and, if they indulge in such a habit, smoke, or read the papers, and return in time to see Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee in the Second Act. For which tip they'll thank us.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can* Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied *by a Stamped and Directed* Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

DUMB CRAMBO'S CUIDE TO THE LONDON THEATRES.

Tooles.

"A Delf—fie!"

"'Ave a new Theatre!"

"A—mark it!"

Caught.

Gay at Tea.

MUCH IN POINT.

IN the now historical case of *Brett* v. *The Holborn Restaurant*, the Plaintiff alleged that a needle and thread had been served up with his spinach and quail, and that he had swallowed and suffered. "One swallow makes one suffer" sometimes, and the unfortunate Mr. BRETT had been undoubtedly a sufferer.

There is a slang phrase, "getting the needle,"—meaning, "being angry," often used by 'ARRY. Well, might a man "get the needle," who had indeed actually swallowed one. There is a dinner called "potatoes and point," which sounds the nearest thing to "spinach and needles;" but the Holborn never professed to serve either of them.

But as far as the Holborn Restaurant was concerned in the matter of the needle, the Jury, though they followed the thread of the argument about the needle, were unable to see the point, and the Chief Justice shutting up the needle-case, observed in effect, that "it was needles—he should say needless—to proceed any further," except to the Holborn Restaurant, where, as he had heard from his Brother PUNCH, and as was pretty clear from the evidence in Court, they served very many and uncommonly good dinners.

Mr. Justice PUNCH concurred, and added, that had the Restaurant been situated in Threadneedle Street, this accidental circumstance might have had its weight. Quail was not, to his mind, associated with Needles—they were not a sea-bird; nor was it of the Pin-tail family. It was true that the French for spinach was *épinards*, and here, undoubtedly, there was a "pin" in the middle. But a pin was not a needle, and this made, not a mere pin's point of difference, but an essential and vital distinction between this and such a possible case. When he (Mr. Justice PUNCH) went to the Holborn he should always ask, at the right season of the year, with the poet HORACE—a great *gourmet*, by the way—

"Qualem commendes?"

And if the Manager did recommend the bird, he should certainly eat it, even though it had been shot with a needle-gun, without fear of it or its surrounding "spinach." The Jury very properly gave a verdict for the Holborn Restaurant. Had it been for the Plaintiff, it would have been recorded as Needles and Spinach; but, as it is, the Jury's opinion of the case might perhaps have been less politely expressed by Gammon and Spinach.

'ARRY IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

DEAR CHARLIE,

DESSAY you'll remember I told you a good bit ago,
'Ow I served on a Jury. Well, chummy, they nailed me agen, dontcher know.
Not quite on the same little lay, though; they 'ooked me as Witness this round,
In the case of *McSlobber* v. *Muggins;* you 've 'eard of *that* case, I'll be bound.

It was pasted all over the place, and the name of Yours Truly, dear boy,
Has bin printed in all the dashed papers, a barney you 'd think I'd enjoy.
Not a bit on it, CHARLIE, believe me! I don't mind a 'ealthy trot out,
But this bizness has bloomin' well broke me, and jolly nigh give me the gout.

Poppylarity 's pleasant, my pippin, and "ARRY" ain't one o' them sort
As is frightened to spread theirselves out; quite contrairy, it 's proper 'igh sport.
When I got the soopeener, I tell yer, I chi-iked and chortled with glee,
And if ever a feller stood up and shook 'ands with hisself, it was me.

Thinks I, now then 'ARRY, my sparkler, you want to strike one,—here 's yer chance!
The broccoli-wigs must jest watch it; way-oh! won't I lead 'em a dance!
Them Kew Seas is wonderful clever, and dabs at a snack or a joke,
But if 'ARRY don't romp round the lot on 'em—well, I 'll go home and eat coke.

Oh, CHARLIE!!! Wot swivel-eyed jossers the best on us is, mate, at times!
Owsomever I 'd better look slippy, and rumble along with my rhymes.
I got myself up a rare buster, tan kids and a brown Hinverness,
With a lovely black Hastrykan collar; you know I 'm a whale at smart dress.

Can't say as I made the sensation I 'oped. The old mivvy called Law
Is a sawdusty kind of a sell, with no soul above parchment and jaw.
I 'd to 'ang round that Court for three days, CHARLIE, elbered, drove here and shoved there.
Yah! A Witness *must* be a job-lot if he ain't wuth a stool or a chair.

The Beak and the Barristers—dash 'em!—sat snug as old china on shelves,
A-passin' smart compliments round, and a-crackin' bad jokes to theirselves.
When the Bench or the Bar made a wheeze, they all roared, the Beak wagged his white pow,
And that beast of a Husher cried "Horder!" as though *hus* poor coves made the row!

There wos close on a score of hus witnesses, *such* a rum regiment, dear pal,
There wos parsons, and potboys, a cabman, two toffs, and a nervous old gal.
The old mivvy went orf in highstericks, the toffs lost their 'eds and talked stuff,
And the parson got awfully mixed and flung out of the box in a huff.

The plaintiff hisself wos so flummoxed, he seemed to go slap orf 'is chump,
And leaked orkurd facts like a sieve when the Counsel jest put on the pump.
He couldn't keep cool at the "nasty ones," spluttered, went red in the face,
And jolly nigh mucked the whole game in his fear of not making a case.

Thinks I, well it all 'angs on me, that 's a moral. *I'll* make 'em sit up!
They won't put the kibosh on *me*, that's St. Paul's to my tarrier pup.
Well, they called me; I twirled my moustachers, and tipped a sly wink round the Court,
As much as to say, "*That* rot 's over, and now, rorty pals, you 'll see sport."

They *did*, CHARLIE, oh! yus they *did*, mate; but *I* wos the victim, wus luck!
A rat in a pit wos a king to me. Not that I shied or lost pluck;
No fear, that is not 'ARRY's form. But oh, scissors! that bloomin' old Beak!
He boshed all my patter to putty, and snubbed all my snideness as cheek.

He 'adn't no eye for a "Star," CHARLIE; that 's where it wos, dontcher see?
I believe the "Big BOUNCE" at his best, in his patter-song, "*Sparks on the Spree*,"
Would just ha' bin clean chucked away on 'im. Jibbed when I put on the pace,
And "cut" all my cackle, dear boy, till I felt I could sit on his face.

Disgustin'!—"Jest answer my question," the Counsel sez, "straight!" "Oh, I 'm fly,
But I give up that speshal conundrum. You ask me another!" sez I.
Then, Oh, wasn't the fat in the fire, CHARLIE? Wigging? That isn't the word.
If I 'adn't dried up, they 'd 'ave offed me to gaol for "Contempt" like a bird.

That mucked me, took all the romp out of me somehow. I fair lost my tip,
And went slopping all over the shop, letting all sorts o' secrets let slip.
Sez Old SIXANDEIGHTPENCE, quite tart, as I wobbled away from that Box,
"You 've jest lost us the case, Master 'ARRY!" I felt I could sink in my sox.

And that 's wot these Jossers call Justice! Wot 's wus, every pal as I meet
Sez, "Hullo! Saw your name in the paper. You nice cup o' tea!"—ain't it sweet?
I think I must trot out of town, for much more of this chaff I *can't* carry,
And when Justice next wants a Witness, I 'ope it won't drop upon

'ARRY.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.—According to all accounts (including the builders') the coming Cab ought to be a success. But it will indeed be perfect if it succeeds in doing away with all growlers.

POOR LETTER "G."

The Duchess. "YES; SKATIN' WOULD BE CHARMIN', IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FREEZIN' STOPPIN' THE HUNTIN'!"

Lord Charles. "YES; AND AIN'T SLEIGHIN' TOPPIN' FUN, EXCEPT FOR THE SNOWIN' SPOILIN' THE SKATIN'!"

LAOU-LAI-TSZE; OR, THE TOO-CONSIDERATE CHINAMAN.

A Moral Drama in One Act. (*Adapted, without permission, from a recent Leader in the Daily Telegraph.*)

SCENE—*A Country House near Pekin.*

Enter LAOU-LAI-TSZE.

Laou. To-day is my seventieth birthday. Should my parents discover this fact, they may be led to suspect that they themselves are getting on in years. Yet how to conceal the unwelcome truth? Ha! an idea! I will away and put it into execution. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. TSZE, Senior, *and his Wife, aged Ninety-six and Ninety, respectively.*

The Old People. 'Tis singular how time seems to stand still with us—our hearts are yet young. But where is LAOU?

Enter LAOU (*disguised as an infant*).

Laou. Here I is, Pupsy and Mummy. Tum to pay!

[*He gambols in an ungainly manner.*

The Old People. Still a child! Then the past sixty-five years have been a dream, and we are younger than we supposed. Singular but not unpleasing discovery!

Laou. My plan has succeeded. Oh, joy!—but ah, rheumatism!

Enter Mrs. LAOU.

Mrs. Laou. Husband, accept from me this pair of silver-rimmed spectacles as a birthday present.

Laou (*crawling up*). Pitty, pitty! Dive 'em to yickle LAOU.

[*Sucks the glasses.*

Mrs. Laou. What do I see? My husband a hopeless idiot!

The Old People. No, no. He 's a bright little fellow for his age—for his age. [*They chuckle senilely.*

Mrs. Laou. Get up, LAOU, and don't be so ridiculous. Someone will see you!

Laou. 'Oo is a velly coss ole lady, and me don't yove 'oo a bit!

Mrs. Laou. Repudiated, after all these years! Oh, agony!

Enter LAOU'S Son *and* Daughter-in-law.

His Son and Daughter-in-law. Father, your little dead dog and rotten pigeon (*Chinese politeness*) present their humble service on this your natal day.

Laou (*jumping up and down*). Goo-goo! Show LAOU 'oo yickle dog an' 'oo pidjin!

His Son and Daughter-in-law. Dear Papa is really very peculiar this morning. Perchance the sight of his grandchildren may recall his wandering intellect.

Enter his Grandson *and* Granddaughter. LAOU *runs at them on all fours. They scream with laughter.*

Grandchildren. Oh, what a funny ole gan'pa!

Laou. I *isn't* a gan'pa. I is a yickle boy. (*Aside.*) Heaven pardon me this innocent deception!

His Son and Daughter-in-law. This is most painful! He ought to see somebody.

Laou (*aside*). If they only knew how painful it is to *me!* But for my parents' sake I must persevere.

[*Rolls round the room, singing nursery ditties, and groaning furtively.*

The Old People. We must have some young friends to tea, now dear little LAOU is old enough to enjoy a party.

[*They send out the invitations.*

Later. A retired part of the grounds. Juvenile Feast of Lanterns going on in distance. LAOU *drags himself in with difficulty.*

Laou. This well-meant deception is like to prove my undoing. I *cannot* keep this sort of thing up much longer! My indulgent parents stuff me with sweetmeats, which are simply death to me. I 've had to tumble about with those infernal children all the afternoon, and the whole of Pekin has turned out to stare at my eccentricities! Ah, my parents again! I must dissemble.

Enter The Old People.

The Old People. Why, here he is! Come and play Puss in the Corner with the others, LAOU, like a little love.

Laou. Ickle LAOU tired.

The Old People (*severely*). If LAOU 's naughty and cross, he must be slapped and sent to bed.

Laou (*with emotion*). Slapped! I confess I did *not* contemplate that indignity.

The Old People. Eh, eh—what? What 's the boy talking about?

Laou (*recovering himself*). Don't sap poo' ickle LAOU! He 'll go and pay, yike a goo boy! (*Aside.*) Confound it all, they 're carrying it *too* far—they really are!

Enter LAOU'S Wife, Son, Daughter-in-law, *and other relations.*

His Family. LAOU, this is simply scandalous. As a Mandarin with the scarlet button, you degrade your rank by these tomfooleries. Who would ever think you had passed so many exams.!

Laou (*aside*). My parents are listening. I must wear my mask still! Ickle LAOU don't know what 'oo 's talking about.

[*Sucks his thumb.*

His Family. In the name of CONFUCIUS, pull yourself together. The Emperor is coming himself to felicitate you on this anniversary. Get up, you old fool!

Laou. San't det up. (*Aside.*) Oh, if my parents would but go!

[*Gurgles to himself.*

Enter the Emperor *and Suite.* LAOU *skips up and plays with the Imperial buttons and peacock's plume.*

The Emperor. Seize him, guards! Either he is mad and must be imprisoned, or disrespectful and must be executed. I don't care which, myself. [LAOU *is seized.*

His Wife and Son. Sire, it is softening of the brain. Have mercy!

The Old People. Your Majesty must forgive his indiscretion. Remember he is but an infant!

The Emperor. An infant! Why, he 's seventy to-day!

Laou. Discovered! in spite of all my precautions. Alas, the shock will *kill* them!

The Old People (*without emotion*). Seventy, is he? Why, we 've been thinking all along that he was a fine-grown child of his age. (*With sudden recollection.*) But in that case, impious wretch that you are, you have been grossly deceiving the authors of your being!

His Wife and Son. Disgracing your family!

The Emperor. And insulting your Sovereign!

Laou. This is *very* hard! Hear me. 'Twas with the best intentions that I thus simulated a deportment more juvenile than my actual years would justify.

[*Explains his motives.* Emperor *deeply affected. General emotion.*

The Emperor (*still sobbing*). Yours is a noble heart. With the exception of a small fine of a few thousand taels for button-holing your Emperor, you are pardoned.

Laou. And if our kind friends in front will learn from me the lesson, that even a pious fraud may be productive of the gravest inconvenience, there will be no cheerier septuagenarian in all Pekin than LAOU-LAI-TSZE, the too-considerate Chinaman. [*Curtain.*

RE-OPENING OF ST. STEPHEN'S RESTAURANT (UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT).

Mr. John Bull (*Proprietor to Manager*). "I RATHER LIKE YOUR NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS, MR. SMITH. HOURS OF BUSINESS FROM 2 P.M. TILL 12·30. THE SERVANTS TO HAVE AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF FOR THEIR DINNER, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS OUT, AND THE USUAL HOLIDAYS. I MUST INSIST ON MORE WORK, AND LESS NOISE; AND IF ANY PARTY MAKES HIMSELF OFFENSIVE TO THE COMPANY, HE WILL BE WARNED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT, AND IF HE DOESN'T BEHAVE HIMSELF, THE 'CHUCKERS-OUT' WILL PUT HIM OUTSIDE."

GOOD NEWS ALL ROUND?—It is stated on good authority, that, at the next meeting of the Round Table Conference, an arrangement will be made by which further set gatherings may be rendered unnecessary. Has the circle been squared?

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."—Mr. BROWNING'S new book hasn't got about it much of the true ring of poetry.

A FRISK OF FRANCISQUE.—M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, the well-known dramatic critic, has been summoned before the correctional tribunal for writing of "ROSE MIGNON" as "ROSALIE MICHON," a notorious *demi-mondaine*. SARCEY said it was a *lapsus calami*. But the ROSE, who wouldn't allow that she was as sweet by any other name, thought that it was a *lapsus calumny*, and a great deal too Sarcey. The Court hasn't, so far, accepted M. SARCEY'S explanation.

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

Mr. Punch. I am glad to hear they are going to revive TOM TAYLOR'S play of *Clancarty* at the Haymarket.

Mr. Nibbs. Yes. Mrs. KENDAL ought to be an admirable *Lady Clancarty*.

Mr. Punch. No better. It was a stirring play, as I recollect it.

Mr. Nibbs. TOM TAYLOR did good work for the stage.

Mr. Punch. Yes, he was a thorough dramatist.

Mr. Nibbs. But not always original.

Mr. Punch. Seldom, I should say. But what does that matter? The greatest dramatists and the greatest composers have all cribbed the materials on which their genius has exercised itself. His dialogue was telling, sturdy and frequently humorous. There was a "go," too, even about his rough blank verse which served his dramatic purpose.

Mr. Nibbs. What set you thinking of this, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Partly the announcement about *Clancarty* at the St. James's, and partly having recently seen Mr. HENRY *AUTHOR* JONES'S *Hard Hit* at the Haymarket.

Mr. Nibbs. I have seen it also. It struck me that *Hard Hit* was no hit at all.

Mr. Punch. It has this one unpardonable fault—it is dull. If it were bad, there might be some question as to its degree of badness, or some discussion as to which Act were the worst. But there is no room for discussion or for dispute where a play is simply and undeniably dull.

Mr. Nibbs. There is one effective situation in the Fourth Act, where the husband hides behind a curtain.

Mr. Punch. Yes, but nothing comes of it, as he disappears only to meet somebody in the passage who clears up the difficulty. As to the situation in the Third Act, it is the Screen Scene spoiled, just as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE'S character is a compound of *Captain Hawksley* and *Joseph Surface*, both spoiled, and *Mrs. Ashby*, is a commonplace adaptation of *Lady Sneerwell*.

Mr. Nibbs. I see exactly what you mean, Sir. I thought the actors very good in it altogether.

Mr. Punch. So good, that I would rather have seen them out of it altogether, though had an actress like Miss SOPHIE EYRE been cast for *Mrs. Ashby*, the piece might perhaps have gained by it. Mr. TREE'S make up is admirable; a trifle *trop chargé*, perhaps.

Mr. Nibbs. I thought Mr. KEMBLE capital as the garrulous Major.

Mr. Punch. And Mr. COUTTS, a name unknown to me on the stage scored most decidedly as the little used-up masher the *Honourable Effingham Nangle*. But why on earth did Mr. JONES make the host introduce this personage to his guests as "the Honourable?" Is it a new fashion in society?

Mr. Nibbs. Perhaps Mr. JONES wishes to start it; but as the piece has been out barely for three weeks, "Society" has not yet had time to adopt the novelty. And perhaps you noticed, Sir, that to intensify the absurdity, the gentleman described as "The Honourable" was being introduced to a real Baronet.

Mr. Punch. Impersonated by Mr. ARCHER who looked as if he had stepped out of an illustration to a story in *Reynolds's Miscellany*. I liked Mr. WILLARD, he was excellently made-up and acted remarkably well; but though it sounds paradoxical, he is best when he is bad. Once let an actor acquire a reputation on the stage for being a villain and the public will never believe in his conversion. Mr. DACRE is another paradoxical person.

Mr. Nibbs. How so?

Mr. Punch. He is physically a "slantingdicular" actor, who with a bias to the right "can't go straight." He was better suited as *Jim the Penman*.

Mr. Nibbs. And *Jim* suited the public better than *Hard Hit* is ever likely to do.

Mr. Punch. It was hard on *Hard Hit* to follow *Jim*, just as the enormous success of the *Private Secretary* told against *The Pickpocket*, and the *Pickpocket*, in its degree, against *Lodgers*, which is poor stuff, though at all events one can have two or three good hearty laughs at Messrs. PENLEY and HILL.

Mr. Nibbs. No such luck at the Haymarket, where you can neither laugh nor cry.

Mr. Punch. No, and an audience neither amused nor harrowed becomes mildly indifferent or conspicuously bored. Mr. JONES left to himself, without any of his former *collaborateurs*, like the last rose of Summer blooming alone, fails in construction. That is, as far as I can judge, as I have never yet seen one of his pieces where he was sole author. His dialogue is plain and straightforward enough for a melodrama like the *Noble Vagabond*, and in that only up to the middle of the Third Act, when the muddle begins. But compare *Hard Hit* with TOM TAYLOR'S *Still Waters*, and then you'll see what might have been done in dialogue and construction with even such old materials as Mr. JONES has got together.

Mr. Nibbs. Oddly enough, Sir, throughout *Hard Hit* they are always talking about a "Still Waters Company Limited."

Mr. Punch. Perhaps that is what recalled the old piece to my mind. However, it is sufficiently well-known nowadays among play-going amateurs for them to appreciate the force of my observations. I have yet to see Mr. PINERO'S new piece at the Court.

Mr. Nibbs. And the latest at the Royalty.

Mr. Punch. Both very amusing as I am told. I hear that our friend AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is to rule over Covent Garden as well as Drury Lane. More worlds to conquer! He has shown himself uncommonly clever at Old Drury, and we all wish him success. *Au plaisir!*

"HIS HIGHNESS!"

ROBSON as the Showman in the farce of *Catching a Mermaid*, used to call out, "Walk up and see the Giant! Alive! alive! alive! He's eight foot high, he's nine foot high, he's ten foot high!" "Why, father," said a boy, "the carawan ain't ten foot high!" "He's a sittin' down, stoopid! Walk up! Walk up!" and here at the Pavilion every night may be seen this tremendously tall man, eight feet nine inches high, so they say, not ungainly for a Giant, and looking as amiable as Giants always do outside books of fairy tales, and apart from Pantomimic tradition. If any one were justified in preserving a lofty demeanour it would be HERR WINKELMEIER; but he is polite to all, and affable with the lowliest.

Mr. VILLIERS, Junior, showed us the great man's suite of apartments, and they certainly have "done him," very well at the Pavilion. His Highness—doesn't he deserve the title which *Mr. Punch* hereby bestows on him?—contrives to amuse himself in the day-time by playing at draughts, and trying to make Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, the Acting Manager, understand what he means. The Giant only speaks German, and Mr. SWANBOROUGH is limited to English.

The Pavilion Management are not averse to letting him out, though if they "let him out" much, they would have to raise the roof. They may loan him to some exhibition, but at present they are quite content with his height, and don't want him to be higher'd anywhere else.

The Acrobats at the Pavilion are marvellous, and if a few of the feats—arms and legs as well—of the LETINE and SCHAFFER Troupes, were introduced into a burlesque, and performed by some of the regular actors, the novelty would draw the town. We have lately seen how a tenor, Mr. LELY, can overcome all difficulties and dance a horn-pipe, and it is a pity that Mr. GROSSMITH or Mr. BARRINGTON, as the first and second Bad Baronets, did not bestow some time on acquiring one or two of the tricks of the KATSNOSHIN AWATA, which would have lightened up their parts in the Second Act, amazingly; but perhaps they'll keep it for the Indian burlesque Opera, when they can appear as the Bounding India-Rubber Brothers. In the meantime a visit to the Pavilion will astonish the idler, interest the anatomist, and amuse the Democritical observer.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE not been very well lately, so I thought I would consult that eminent physician Dr. A. The first thing he said to me was, "What do you drink?" (if he had said what *don't* you drink, it would perhaps have been more to the purpose.) "Oh," I said, "things in general, anything that's handy." "The very worst thing you can do; you should take nothing but a couple of glasses of dry Sherry with your dinner." I followed his prescription for some time, and getting no better, I resolved to see that distinguished practitioner Dr. B. He immediately asked me what I drank—you would think from their questions I was an habitual drunkard—I said "only a little dry Sherry." "What!" exclaimed Dr. B., "dry Sherry? That accounts for it. You must take nothing but a pint of dry Champagne." I tried this for a week, and, finding myself still out of sorts, I called upon the distinguished Dr. C. Of course the usual question. And when I replied "a pint of dry Champagne!" he jumped. "Poison, my dear Sir, poison! No wonder you're out of sorts. Now, if you take nothing but a pint of Léoville—the very best Léoville mind you,—we shall soon put you on your legs again!" I tried this remedy for a fortnight—for I rather liked it—but found no improvement whatever in my health.

So on the recommendation of an old friend, I called on the fashionable Dr. D. The usual question, and then Dr. D. exclaimed, "You should never taste a drop of wine of any description. Take the best

Scotch whiskey and soda in moderation, and you will be well in a week. I tried this, but became rapidly worse. And then?—*then I consulted myself.* Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? *I* will! I prescribe for myself. Dry Sherry with soup and fish, a pint of dry Champagne, with the rest of my dinner, a pint of Léoville after it, and Scotch whiskey and soda with my cigar in the evening. I have tried my own prescription—which combines the wisdom of four distinguished Doctors with my own—for a month, and you will be glad to hear I never felt better in my life.

Yours, better-than-everly,

Tollollington Park, Tuesday. THE LAZY MINSTREL.

A FAIR START.

THERE may be many a slip between the cup and the lip, but there is one most important "slip" between London and Ramsgate, in the shape of a carriage, to be attached to the Dover Boat Express 11 A.M., which on Sunday mornings, will be a boon to the jaded London toiler.

The first Sunday in February, *Mr. Punch* has the greatest pleasure in announcing the fact, will see this new slip planted at the L. C. & D. line, Victoria Station, which will, he hopes, take route and prosper for many a year. What more delightful for the fatigued Londoner, who does not want the *tohu-bohu* of town renewed at the sea-side, than to start at an easy-going hour on Sunday morning—is not 11 A.M., the very hour for a Train Service, specially when the rule as to a vast number of Church Services is "short and early?"—and to breathe the vital airs of the Kent coast ere yet the luncheon-bell hath sounded?

This slip-carriage will be attached—so strongly attached, that the attachment will be something touching to behold,—to the Dover Boat Express, and will be taken off at Faversham. A slip-carriage, like an individual, resents being "taken off," and therefore at this point it parts company with the Express, which pursues its rapid course to Dover, and is taken up by a friendly local at Faversham, which will convey it safely to Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, which last-named place, its ultimate destination, it is timed to reach at 1·5. Mr. QUATREMAINE EAST of the Granville Hotel on the East Cliff, has only to make his *table d'hôte* lunch at 1·30, and advertise it, to insure a number of visitors who would be glad of the opportunity. Let Mr. Q. E. try it, and if the result will be what we anticipate—Q.E.D.

Then for the Line Regiment, after the Faversham detachment is completed, the Herne Bays will arrive about 12·25, the Westgaters in their peculiar uniform, simple "west" and "gaiters," will be at St. Mildred's or wherever they may be quartered, long before one, and the Birchington Division will have easily reached their Bungalows ere the gong sounds for tiffin.

This is a move, an excellent move, in the right direction, and we trust that this "slip of a train" will grow into something permanent and substantial. At all events this arrangement for Sundays at Faver-sham is not a Sham favour, but a real benefit, of which the weary of working ought to be eager to avail themselves; and the pale student who travels through the Kentish scenery, as his eye lights up with Kentish fire, will exclaim that not in all the poets from CHAUCER to TENNYSON, is there one line so true to nature as the L. C. & D. line from Victoria to Ramsgate. If these movements in the right direction continue, *Mr. Punch* will reward Mr. JAMES STAAT FORBES and the Directors, Managers, and Superintendents of the L. C. & D., with a P.O. (Punch Order) for Distinguished Railway Services, to be worn on State occasions, when the costume will consist of a magnificent train hanging from the shoulders, and carried by three of BRADSHAW'S Pages.

HERRICK IN THE HOUSE.

BY A TROUBLED TORY.

AH, BEN!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy sheep,
Less scattered order keep?
Or have such fun
As when you led us on,
When we such musters had
As made us with great joy half mad?
Ah, sure one speech of thine
Outdid nine RANDOLPHS and SMITHS nine times nine!

My BEN!
Oh, come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it.
Lest we that talent spend,
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of will, wit, tact, our Party have no more!

MANLY RESOLUTION.—From Douglas, Isle of Man, is reported the rejection by a public meeting of a scheme to increase the number of Members of the House of Keys. Well determined. The House of Commons ought to be a caution to the House of Keys. Too many Members would probably often bring the House of Keys likewise to a dead lock.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XV.—THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

MR. PUNCH desires to explain that he has included this particular subject among his Studies upon the urgent recommendation of a certain faithful attendant of his own, who declares that, with the single exception of himself, he is acquainted with no quadruped which presents a more remarkable combination of devotion and intelligence.

The first experiences of the Blind Man's Dog must contain a continual disenchantment. In early youth he finds himself called upon to lead an existence nearly monastic, to renounce the World, the Flesh—and whatever in Canine Ethics answers to the Devil. He dare not linger to inspect the most alluring garbage; he may not run between the legs of a crowd, and yelp; he must not bark at the heels of nervous horses; a dog he could roll over and worry to shreds, may insult him grossly, and he must keep his temper; no sticks or india-rubber balls are ever thrown for him to run after, as for more privileged animals of his acquaintance; he scarcely knows what a good wild scamper is, and has to walk ever soberly and discreetly at a uniform pace, neither allowing pleasure nor panic to drive him to heel.

It is no wonder, then, that the Blind Man's Dog is distinguished by a gravity beyond his years, or that the constant necessity of repudiating the advances of other dogs should isolate him to a great extent, and force him to occupy his mind with undoggish matters.

Mr. Punch believes that his leisure moments are largely employed in abstruse calculation, and that he amuses himself by reducing the day's earnings to shillings, and comparing them with past receipts.

He has certain compensations, no doubt. Wherever he goes, he is almost as popular a character as the itinerant *Toby* himself. All make way for him; and few stop to put their coin into the little tin cup he carries, without giving him a friendly pat of approval.

This does not turn his head, though it does undoubtedly tend to develope in him an air of conscious dignity. But he remains affable to all, and never neglects a courteous welcome to the regular client, while, with the Blind Man himself he is on a footing of cordial fellowship—never obtruding himself, yet always responding to advances with warmth and cheerfulness.

He very soon comes to take a keen interest in the business in which he is the working partner, not infrequently insisting on all moneys passing through his own mouth before being placed to the joint account; but this precaution is probably due rather to the desire of maintaining his position, than to any suspicion that the profits are irregularly divided.

So the pair prosper, and the regular client looks out for the Blind Man's Dog at the accustomed spot day after day, and, if he is a soft-hearted, sentimental kind of person, may even feel himself the better, somehow, for having seen this humble servant of the poor and afflicted doing his duty almost as well as if he had ever heard of the Church Catechism, until one day, perhaps, as he approaches the place, after a short absence, he discovers that his shaggy, honest-faced acquaintance is not at his usual post; and stopping casually, to hear the explanation, learns that the junior and more energetic member of the firm has become a sleeping-parter.

COLD WATER CURE AT BERLIN.

FOLLOWING up Prince BISMARCK'S idea that his recent attitude to France may be regarded as a sort of cold *douche*, the severity of which can be increased if necessary, the subjoined may be regarded as an accurate tariff of his possible prospective treatment of his patient, with its cold water equivalents:—

Giving them a bit more of his mind.	Half a turn more of the tap.
Demanding the prompt evacuation of the Eastern frontier.	Souse with a pailful.
Total suppression of General BOULANGER at 24 hours' notice.	Cold shower-bath.
Demand for instant disarmament.	Plunge ditto.
Pulling the French Ambassador's nose in the Unter den Linden, with declaration of war.	General *douche*, full force.

PENALTIES OF HIGH SOCIAL STATUS.

HER LADYSHIP IS CONFINED TO THE HOUSE BY A COLD, AND POOR SMUT HAS TO TAKE HIS DAILY CARRIAGE EXERCISE IN SOLITARY GRANDEUR. IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE HONOUR AND GLORY (HE THINKS) HE WOULD SOONER BE ON FOOT.

THE VICTIM.

A long way after Lord Tennyson.

"IT is only a sacrifice of a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the altar of thrift and economy, which can raise the people to take stock of their leaders, their position, and their future."—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

HARD times upon the people fell,
Taxes were high and prices low.
Between two fires a Chancellor tires,
For SMITH says, ay, when he says no.
"By vows I'm tied," the Chancellor cried,
"Pledged to the lips waste to withstand."
Then SMITH in horror shook his head,
And HAMILTON lifted a pleading hand:
"Help us from splitting,
A plague on strife!
What would you have of us?
War to the knife?
You are our nearest,
You are our dearest,
(Answer, Oh, answer)
Would'st shorten our life?"
But still his Budget the Services crammed,
Still the Departments begged and sued,
And bayonets bent, and cartridges jammed,
And costly war-ships proved no good.
And the Chancellor gay, was heard to say,
"This sort of thing is a thundering shame!
I must immolate self for the People's pelf.
It's the only way to stop this game.
'Twill make CECIL unhappy,
Raise shindy and strife;
But I'll lay on Thrift's altar,
A Chancellor's life!"
* * * * *
The rites prepared, the victim bared,
He sharpened the knife for the fatal blow;
To the altar-stone he sprang alone,
And—well, the sequel the future must show.
Retrenchment will furnish a popular "cry,"
Which is bound to "fetch" the world and its wife;
Self-sacrifice shines in the People's eye,
And a Chancellor-Victim *may* come back [to life.
His Party's not happy;
"O RANDOLPH, RANDOLPH,
Why raise such strife?"
Says he, "What is nearest
To me, and dearest,
Is Thrift—and I give it
A Chancellor's life!"

OVERSIGHT IN THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—It was not discovered till too late on Thursday last that throughout the Queen's Speech no mention or allusion had been made to "Mrs. KENDAL with Mr. KENDAL" having been royally commanded to play at Osborne in THEYRE SMITH'S—(a compliment to Rt. Hon. W. H. SMITH)—comedietta, *Uncle's Will*. However, in spite of this injudicious omission, Bank Rate remained unaltered, and, by diplomatic intervention all round, all chance of panic in the City was averted. Subsequently, on Tuesday, probate of *Uncle's Will* (in which "Mrs. KENDAL with Mr. KENDAL" has the largest interest) was taken at Osborne, where *Uncle's Will* was proved—to be a success. This is the first occasion, since the time of the Prince Consort, of a performance "by command" at Her Majesty's Osborne; but the first theatrical performance the QUEEN witnessed was a few years ago when Her MAJESTY went to the Prince of Wales's (Scotland) to see Mr. BRUCE *with* his company in *The Colonel*.

A PINT IN PORT.

[One of the pint pots lately used at the defunct "Cock" Tavern has been sent to the Laureate as a memento of the old Hostelry he has immortalised.]

"ONE fix'd for ever at the door"—
Nay, Time all links doth sever,
Nor e'en the Cock "WILL" sang of yore
Could keep his perch "for ever."
If, like the Phœnix, Fleet Street's bird
Anon were resurrected,
Why then—but there, the thing's absurd,
And not to be expected!

Yet may it have a life as long
As the strange fowl of fable;
A fame enshrined in deathless song
Is something sound and stable.
This Cock, though driven from its post
Above the Tavern's portal,
Shrined in the Laureate's lines may boast
A destiny immortal.

No more "libations to the Muse,"
The plump-cropp'd fowl may witness;
But die 'twill not, and who 'll refuse
To see poetic fitness
In mellow-voiced "WILL WATERPROOF,"
Taking, as to a haven,
Beneath his lordly later roof,
That "pint-pot neatly graven?"

WHO says "Young King COAL" is not consistent? Why, it seems from Lord RANDOLPH'S Apologia that his hostility to the Coal Duties extends to the *Coaling* Duties—which latter most Englishmen consider to consist in provisions for the proper defence of our Coaling Stations.

THE "CATCH-PENNY."

POLICEMAN. "NOW THEN, YOU MISCHIEVOUS YOUNG RASCAL,—STOP THAT!"

ONLY A ROOSE.

There's a nice cheerful paper by Dr. Robson Roose in the *Fortnightly* for February, all about Infection and Disinfection, and what Mrs. Ram would call "contiguous diseases." He says that the word Disinfection was not known in literature till the end of the last century. If they hadn't the word, they had the thing. "All the infections," are what *Caliban* wants to pour out on *Prospero's* devoted head. And hadn't *Prospero* disinfectants? Of course, or where was the use of his art, or of Shakspeare's invention?

Professor Hump-backterium.

But the Doctor has got a "bacterium" in pickle for the healthiest of us. To think that we have minute organisms—which means germs and nasty little creatures, telescopic-rod-shaped, in our mouths—alive all alive!—but—ugh—it won't bear thinking of. To whatever nationality we may belong, the doctrine *à la Roose* describes us as simply Germ'uns. Please, Doctor, as you've given us physic in this number, give us the sugar-plum to take after it as soon as possible. And don't go on being a nasty Germ, but return to your old practical form about the *Wear and Tear*. That's the style preferred by *Mr. Punch* and everybody else. Try back-terium.

INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

A Chat with the Prime Minister.

Feeling that at the opening of the Session, some direct hints from the Marquis of Salisbury would be appreciated by our readers, we sent the other day one of our Representatives to Downing Street, and have much pleasure in publishing his report:—

On reaching the official residence of the Premier and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I was immediately admitted and ushered into the working-room of the noble Lord. In the centre of the apartment was a pile of papers five feet high, from which the Marquis laughingly emerged.

"You are busy?" I queried, noticing that Lord Salisbury had a pen stuck behind each of his ears, and carried one in his mouth and another in his hand.

"Not at all," he replied shaking me heartily by the hand and moving a luxurious arm-chair towards me. "I was only knocking off a little thing in Egypt, settling some bother about the Afghan frontier, and reading a despatch that had been just received from Bismarck."

"I am afraid I disturbed you?"

"Oh, no. I am heartily pleased to see you—all the matters I have mentioned can wait—it is not often that one has a visit from you."

"I propose to make my visits more numerous."

"I hope you will," cried the Marquis, with the utmost cordiality, and he again shook hands with me. "But, pardon me one moment,—what is it, Manners?"

"The Ambassadors of France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, are below, awaiting interviews, my Lord."

"Oh, I can't be bothered with them," exclaimed Lord Salisbury, smiling. "Tell them I am busy. Ask them to call another day."

The Private Secretary bowed, and left the room.

"And now, my dear fellow, what can I do for you? But first let me give you a really good glass of port and a cigar. Although I say it who ought not, you don't get wine like this every day. It was given to me by poor old Musurus Pasha, who, although he represented the Porte in this country, was not a port-drinker."

And the Marquis filled two glasses from a black bottle covered with cobwebs. We touched goblets, nodded, and drank.

"I hope you have brought a large note-book, as I am anxious to give you the fullest particulars. You see I assume that you have called upon me for information. Well, what do you want to know?"

"Well, can you tell me, Marquis, the true story of the negotiations which culminated in the loss of poor Lord Iddesleigh?"

"Oh, certainly. Well, it came about like this. I will dictate to you—stop me if I speak too rapidly for you to follow me." And then the Premier told the whole story without reservation.

When he had finished, luncheon was served, and we spent the next quarter-of-an-hour in discussing a most *recherché* meal. When the tray had been removed, the noble Lord rang the bell for a messenger.

"Call in a couple of porters, and take those papers, with my compliments, to the Under-Secretary, and ask him to settle them for me. I leave them entirely to his discretion. Tell him I would see to them myself, only I am very busy to-day."

"Oh, no!" I politely interposed.

"He will do them just as well as I would," said the noble Lord, as the messenger and porters disappeared with the heap of papers. "As *Mr. Eccles* used to say in Robertson's *Caste*, 'I like to see the young 'uns work—it does them good, and does *me* good.' And now have another cigar while you drink your coffee. Which do you take as a *chasse*, Cognac or Kümmel?"

"Can you tell me anything about our position with the Foreign Powers?"

"Why, certainly! Here, take this note-book—yours, I see, is full—and I will tell you all about it."

Again my noble friend unbosomed himself, laughing heartily when I occasionally uttered an exclamation of surprise on discovering a State secret. We were still busy, when five-o'clock tea was brought in.

"I really must go," I said at last, "as I have another appointment. I have to attend on the first night of a new piece at the Elephant and Castle Theatre."

"Let me tell you one more story about Bismarck—he was so awfully clever in that colonial matter, which you will remember, caused some excitement a little while ago?"

"Certainly—but this really must be the last."

"Well, you must know——" and the Marquis told me one of the most interesting histories I have ever heard.

On taking my leave I thanked my host for his great kindness.

"Not at all," he replied, "I am always delighted to see you, and hope you will look in upon me often."

I said I would, and moved towards the door.

"Oh, by the way," the Marquis added, as an after-thought. "Perhaps it would be as well not to put into type what I have told you until I have spoken to my colleagues—not that they will mind. It is only the etiquette of the thing, don't you see."

"Oh, certainly—the publication of the information is not of the slightest consequence. Our readers don't care a pin for that sort of thing, but they would like to know that you wear a seal-skin waistcoat. May I mention it?"

"Certainly—and you shall have permission to do what you like with what I've told you. I'll mention the matter at the next Cabinet. Only wait." * * * * I am waiting.

RE-ASSURING; OR, QUITE PACIFIC.

St. Petersburg.—Though it is now admitted here, in official circles, that within the last few days 70,000 men have actually been massed on the Polish frontiers, it is explained that the incident has occurred entirely owing to the misunderstanding of an order issued by the War Department. As, however, it is assumed that no possible importance can, under the circumstances, be attached by the European Cabinets to the presence of the force in the locality indicated, it is not proposed to withdraw it at present.

Vienna.—The rumour that all the wool in the market had been bought up by the Government for the manufacture of uniforms, and that an order had been given for the immediate purchase of one million pairs of military boots, is now denied. It is said to have had its origin in the fact that a well-known Viennese firm has been securing large quantities of the commodity with a view to the production of red flannel petticoats, that are said to be likely to be much the fashion during the course of the ensuing season. The *canard* as to the military boots is referable to the receipt of an unusually heavy order for dancing-pumps from a shoemaking firm at Buda-Pesth.

Berlin.—The purchase, by the military authorities, of all the available tinned meats in the country is, says the *National Zeitung*, easily accounted for. The relish expressed by the aged Emperor for this dainty delicacy is well known, and it has been to ensure a supply of it for the Imperial table during the coming summer months, that the authorities have taken the precaution in question. The order relative to the export of horses, is now said to have been limited to that of "circus horses" only, and may, therefore, be regarded as void of all significance.

Paris.—The rumour that 72,000 shells have already been filled with General Boulanger's new explosive compound is not denied, but it is pointed out that they are prepared solely with a view to the firing of a *feu de joie* on the occasion of the forthcoming Republican *fête* to be held in July next. The story of the planks required for the huts on the Eastern frontier, is also explained. It appears that, on the contrary, they are to be employed in the construction of bathing-machines on the Western Coasts, and that several dozens of them have already been shipped to Dieppe.

"TEMPERATURE."

Mrs. Purkset (née Gamp). "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT ONE O' THEM THUM—UM—THINGS YER KNOW, SIR, AS REGGYLATES THE 'EAT OF A ROOM."

Chemist. "THERMOMETER, YOU MEAN, MA'AM, I SUPPOSE?"

Mrs. P. (eagerly). "YES, SIR, THAT 'S IT, SIR. AND IF YOU 'LL BE S' KIND, SIR, TO SET IT TO 'SIXTY-FIVE,' 'CAUSE THAT 'S WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS I 'M TO KEEP THE ROOM AT!!"

"LITTERÆ HUMANIORES."

(To a Friend.)

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE,

I'VE been writing such a heap of Latin lately, that I can't send you much of a letter. Here I am back at Eton again, and awfully sorry the holidays are over. I suppose you are the same. My Governor has gone half cracked over what he calls "keeping up the Classics," and has made me promise to send him a *real Latin letter* once a month, with some well-known piece of English poetry turned into Latin verses!!! It's a jolly shame, isn't it? Only I am to have five bob a-piece when I do it well. Also I've got a *Gradus*, and a *Dickjohn* now, which I hadn't before at home, when the Pater first took the idea into his head. Also—you won't sneak about it, will you?—I've got a *Book of Latin Proverbs*, most of 'em in verse, and when I run dry, I shove one in, and they sound splendid, and I don't think the Governor will twig, do you? and in case you have to do the same thing, I send you a copy of my last Latin letter and verses, and now good-bye, and I remain, believe me,

Your sincere young friend, TOMMY.

[TOMMY'S *friend did sneak, or how did the verses come into our hands?* TOMMY'S *delight at being able to refer once more to the Gradus reminds us of* THEODORE HOOK'S "*Ah me! quam durum est sine Gradû scribere versos!*"—ED.]

MEUS CARUS PATER, *Etonæ, Januarius.*

JAM iterum hic sumus! Ut ego promisi tibi scribere epistolam Latinam, unam per mensam, ego nunc sedeo parvæ plumæ scribere tibi ut promisi. Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam? Hæc schola est multum eadem quam erat antea, et consequenter non est multum dicere. Unus vel duo pueri reliquerunt. JOBSONIUS, iste bullius, reliquit, lætus sum dicere. Meus magister dixit meum taskum holidierum non fuit perfectum, quod depono ad habentem scribere versiculos pro te, carus Pater. Lætavi multum vacationem meam, specialiter enus ad "Quadraginta Fures" ad Drurilanum; quoque euns ad "Aliciam in Terrâ-Mirabile-Dictu." Sum, in facto, laudator temporis acti, ut CICERO dicit. Estne nunc frigidum in Londone? Haud aliter (ut unus dicit Latinè) hic est.

Puto, carus Pater, te amaturum hanc epistolam. Cepi magnos angores circa id. Si tu monstrabis id ad aliquem scholarem, ille erit delectatus videre quam classicalè scribo et Ciceronianè. Poema sequitur quod tu desirabas. Est de LONGOFELLO, qui est Poeta Laureatus, cogito. Est appellatum "Naufragium Hesperi."

"Hesperus" est navis, tumidis agitata procellis;
Navigat oceanum qua regit horrida hiems.
Cepit Saltator parvam prolem femininam,
Ut foret illa ei plurima turba virum.
Cœruleos habuit oculos, ut textile linum;
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis!
Ibam forte Viâ Sacrâ, sicut meus est mos.
Cantabit vacuus. Delia, curre pede!
Ut est mane novum buccæ fuere puellæ,
Atque sinus pulchræ virginis albus erat.
In roseo Saltatoris fumarius ore,
(O fortunatus!) aspice, tubus erat!

Habui molere ad id horribiliter, Carus Pater. Tu dixisti ut esset bonum subjectum pro versibus Sapphicis Mr. GLADSTONIUM scribentem de Olympicâ religione, et Mr. GOSCHENUM dicentem otium esse quod ipse (et totum rus) desirat. Feci id quoque. Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

Impiger noster GULIELMUS EWART
Arbores non vult hatchetare plures;
Nec potest lauris super ejus restans
Keepere quiet.

Otium GOSCHEN rogat et, per Jingum,
Id pro Ministro petere est serenum!
Otium temnit Hilaris-Lapis, vel
Anglicè GLADSTONE.

Ille desirat iterum tenere
In manu plumam, papyrumque necnon,
Et veteranus veteres Olympi
Tacklere Divos.

Quid sumus de hoc cogitare starto?
Isne St. Stephen's nunc abandonavit?
Labbio "Domus-Dominationem"
Isne reliquit?

Nunc vale; dixisti ut mitteres mihi decem shillings (nullum verbum pro hoc in Latino) pro epistolâ et versibus. Bis dat, carus Pater, qui cito dat. Cakus quoque et cetera est finitus; si tu mittis hamperum alium, ero multum obligatus. Rusticus expectans. Tuus filius affectionatus,

TOMMIUS.

THE SPEAKER'S NEW NURSERY RHYME.

"SHAME! Shame!"
Who cries "shame"
Anyone the SPEAKER will "Name."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 46.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 27TH, 1887.
Lord Randolph Churchill. Design for Fresco. The Great Scene—Churchill's Explanation.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 27TH, 1887.
All Our Special Artist saw of Lord Randolph Churchill's Explanation in a fog.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THURSDAY, January 27.—Thought I'd make my way down early to the House this morning. Well to get a good seat on Opening Day; these new Members are so eager; necessary to be up early in order to circumvent them. Eleven o'Clock hadn't struck when I crossed Palace Yard, but evidently wasn't first. Familiar figure disappearing under gateway leading to entrance to House of Commons. It was RANDOLPH, who, hearing the patter of feet, waited for me with his usual urbanity.

"Ah, TOBY, old man," he said, "going to get a seat, I suppose? So am I. Might have corner seat behind Treasury Bench, but that too common place for me. Everyone goes there after leaving a Ministry. I mean to get old corner seat below the Gangway, sacred to the memory of GORST and WOLFFY. Fancy I'll make W. H. squirm when he comes, and finds me sitting there. Nuisance to have to be down so early, but well to be on safe side."

Entered House together. RANDOLPH made straight for corner seat below Gangway. "Hallo!" he cried, halting midway, and pointing, with startled expression, towards corner seat. "What's that?"

No mistake on this point. It was a hat. RANDOLPH advanced cautiously, but firmly, and taking up the intrusive object, anxiously examined the lining.

"'H. C.,'" he read out. "Can't be CHILDERS. Of course not. COBB? He daren't do it. CHAPLIN, by Jove!"

Our Chief! Couldn't help glow of pride suffusing this mortal frame when I discovered this proof of our Chief's presence of mind, and fertility of resource. That trip to Monaco evidently brightened him.

"I wonder, now," said RANDOLPH, reflectively, "if I were to sit on it, and have it removed by one of the attendants, how that would work. But then CHAPLIN would come, find me here, and guess at once. No, I must leave it, and go into old quarters."

Strode up the Gangway to corner seat, in which Ex-Ministers sit, and take benevolent interest in procedure of old colleagues. Expected to see him deposit his hat. Instead, took off his gloves, and, with haughty gesture, flung them on the Bench. Then he wrote on a card these lines,—

"Who dares this pair of gloves displace
Must meet R. CHURCHILL face to face."

Pinned the cartel to the gauntlet, and, turning, left the House.

Pleasant, after this stormy scene, to come upon JOSEPH GILLIS. Hardly knew him at first. Has been growing beard and moustache. Not much yet, but full of hope.

"I'm again repression anywhere," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "Why should an Irishman every morning, razor in hand, put in practice a Coercion Act, levelling and evicting the honest attempt of whiskers to establish themselves, and refusing to put in a moustache as caretaker? I'm a man of principle, and carry it into practice into things big or little. Besides, I don't see why RANDOLPH should have the only moustache talked of in the House; and, since MACFARLANE left, there hasn't been a beard on any Bench worth looking at. I mean to grow one."

House crowded later to hear RANDOLPH'S speech. Cunningly conceived, and admirably delivered. Like most speeches from this particular corner seat, vociferously cheered by Opposition. Con-

tinuing narrative of events that led to his resignation, RANDOLPH fell into trick of saying,—

"I am sure my Right Hon. Friend, and my Noble Friend, will bear me out when I say——"

All very well once. But repetition of invitation grew maddening. Pretty to see SMITH furtively turning up sleeves, and feeling his biceps, whilst Lord GEORGE HAMILTON wrestled with his knee. What would the SPEAKER say if they, yielding to temptation, rose together, made a rush at the corner seat, and justified RANDOLPH'S confidence by "bearing him out."

"I'm agin repression anywhere."

Full success of speech rather marred by strategic movement of our Chief. Turned on fog just before RANDOLPH rose. Increased in intensity throughout speech. Figures gradually lost to view, till not much left of RANDOLPH save the red rose in button-hole, which gleamed through the fog like a danger-signal on a railway-track. Now's the time for "My Right Hon. and my Noble Friends!"

"I'm sure," said the voice near the red rose, "my Right Hon. Friend and my Noble Friend will bear me out when I say——"

Would they? SMITH glanced nervously at Lord GEORGE; Lord GEORGE, finally throwing his knee, began nervously to tear a copy of the Orders to pieces. It was a critical moment. But hesitation was fatal. A few more sentences and the voice ceased; the red rose was observed to drop a foot or two. RANDOLPH had resumed his seat, and opportunity had fled.

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—Colonel SAUNDERSON delivered lively address, on what he called "the crisises in Ireland."

"Why?" asked new Member, "does he call it crisises?"

"Because," said CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, "he naturally wants to make the most of it."

Not many Members present, and after SAUNDERSON, things rather dull. HICKS-BEACH stirred up Irish Members with long pole and led to a little scene. Irish Members after their recent habit called out "Shame!" SPEAKER said word unparliamentary. Will "take notice" ("As if he were a baby," JOHN DILLON whispers) if the cry is repeated. "Shame! shame!" Irish Members murmur among themselves, but take care SPEAKER doesn't hear.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

"THE REVENGE."

A Ballad of the Ordnance.

I'LL tell you the story, my Masters, for I was one of the crew,
Who mann'd the *Revenge* in the Roossian war of eighteen-ninety-two,
I'm one of the seven heroes—you can put it so if you like,
Who lived to tell of the famous fight, when we sunk her rather than strike.

The last of the seven survivors. And eighteen years ago,
A score and more sat down to dine in public all of a row,
But the annual banquet thinn'd us, and the Music Halls tell at last,
And the Charity Organisers make history very fast.

Our ship was built by an English firm for a foreign naval pow'r,
But they sold the ship and the foreigner too, in Britain's trial hour;
So we knew that the craft was smart and staunch, as money and skill could make her,
And if it hadn't been for her guns, no vessel afloat could take her.

But they used to serve self-acting guns to the Navy of that day,
That drove the breech-piece through the side, or blew the muzzle away:
And the crews jumped overboard, and waited in water up to their necks,
'Till the iron shards had settled themselves a little about the decks.

'Twas all very well in peace-time, and the drill was pleasant enough,
For the order was, No firing, when the weather is cold or rough,
But it didn't answer in action when the enemy's fire was hot,
For we stood to our guns and cheered like mad, but never returned a shot.

But ours was the fastest ship afloat, and armed with a terrible beak,
So most of the cruise in '92 was a game of hide-and-seek,
For we sank the powerfullest ironclads with our ram at a single blow,
And many a mast-head flag I snatched as the vessel was sucked *below.*

One brilliant summer morning a squadron hove in sight;
Lor', how we cheered, for all our chaps were spoiling for a fight,
And down, full-speed, upon the fleet our gallant vessel bore
With a mighty rift in the sea behind, and a pillar of foam before.

And snowy fleeces slowly round the Russian war-ships grew,
And vivid flashes lit the way as monster bolts tore through;
But she ducked and dodged like a playful dog as higher the smoke arose,
And quivered and shook with the joy of battle, hurling upon her foes.

And the deadly space grew shorter, till plain the foe we saw,
And the triumph in their faces changed suddenly to awe:
"Hi! Hi! You've crossed a dozen mines!" the Russian Captain cried,
"You're out of action, you lubbers!" And we crashed through his iron side.

Ship after ship with foaming jaws the thirsty ocean drank
As fast before our deadly prow they shuddered and reeled and sank;
But still with floating pall of smoke fresh war-ships round us drew,
And still, as fast as one was sunk, we had to tackle two.

Our vessel reeled and staggered, too; in swathes her heroes fell,
As round and through and over us came tons of shot and shell;
And her plates like sheets were flapping, and cheerly above the din
Whenever they gave a loud rat-tat, our Captain cried, "Come in!"

The still sea-floor was strewn with wrecks and guns and gallant dead,
Whose stony eyes stared up to mock the tumult overhead;
And fiercer still the fight went on, till, when the sun was low,
Our shatter'd ship could neither stand nor deal another blow.

And then the Captain called us round; the fight grew slack, it seem'd,
As through the rolling mounds of smoke the muffled sunset beam'd;
And when the lees of that strong crew were gathered round to hear,
You could not see how few we were: you heard it in our cheer.

"My lads," he said, "you've fought this day as Englishmen should fight,
We've kept all day a fleet at bay—we won't give in at night.
The water through our riven sides is pouring in by tons—
We cannot win—we will not strike—now, lads, to fire the guns!"

Unwitting of that stern resolve the Russians closer drew,
While still in triumph at the peak the British ensign flew;
But vultures wheel, and sea-birds scream, when through the vessel runs
That last stern whisper of the brave—"We're going to fire the guns!"

* * * * * *

And still in fearful whispers the Russian sailor tells
How the air grew dark with muzzles, and jackets, and coils, and shells,
And part of a forty-three-ton gun hit the Admiral on the head,
And he cried, "It is grand—but it is not war"—and his gallant spirit fled.

And so the *Revenge*, unconquered, went down by the Baltic shores,
And they punished the seven survivors for wasting the Ordnance stores;
And they've issued a gun that a child could fire, and none of it blows away;
The others were good enough for us—the Navy has had its day!

Procedure and Progress.

PROCEDURE comes first! Well no doubt they know best.
But what if the first item swallow the rest?
And of paradox surely it seems an exposure,
To say that the Session must *open* with *Closure!*

COAL AND WINE DUTIES THAT NO ONE CAN OBJECT TO.—Lady BOUNTIFUL'S distribution of fuel and "invalid port" amongst the destitute sick this severe winter.

The Per-verse Poet.

HAVE you *Parleyings* read by BOB BROWNING?
Of which the absurdity crowning
Is the Fates' "Tra la la,"
Their "Bah! Ha! ha! ha!"
Which sounds, we should say, much like clowning.

A DISCLAIMER.—The *Daily News* begs to disclaim any connection with the *War Cry*. Quite another booth in the fair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

DUMB CRAMBO'S GUIDE TO THE LONDON THEATRES.

Globe.

Princesses and Royal Tea.

Strand and "Save, hoi!"

"Scent, James?"

AUTOMATA-SUPER-SPRINGS.

(*By Our Own Investigator.*)

BEFORE entering the town I had to cross a stile, against which was leaning a gentleman of a most engaging appearance. Raising my hat, I asked him politely to allow me to pass. He made no reply, when I found from a placard on his back, which asked me to call his attention by "pressing the top button of his frock-coat," that no doubt he was deaf. Complying with the direction, the gentleman at once bowed and made room for me.

"You wish, I suppose," said he, with rather a strange smile, "to see all that is to be seen."

He spoke a little jerkily, and there was a curious kind of tone in his voice, which made me fear he was a martyr to bronchitis.

"Yes," I answered, "is there anything worth looking at before we actually enter Automata?"

"Not much. You notice that that cow milks itself, and by placing the produce into the dairy, produces cheese and butter. The whole farm is carried on on the same principle."

My friend walked on and I followed him. I was concerned to notice that he seemed rather unsteady on his legs, and to have a tendency to run up unconsciously against lamp-posts. The place I found perfectly deserted—we did not meet a soul.

"Automata appears to be rather empty?" I observed.

"Well, yes. The fact is everything is done by machinery—steam or clockwork. Now here we are before a fishmonger's. You notice that slit in the box, drop in sixpence and see what will come of it."

I did so, and immediately a drawer flew out lined with marble, upon which was resting a whiting.

"Were you to place appropriate sums (you could take that list hanging yonder as a guide) in those other slits, you could secure all sorts of fish—soles, skate, mackerel, and even oysters."

"Most remarkable," I observed. "And I suppose these other shops are on the same principle?"

"Certainly," replied my guide. "It is really very well managed. In this slit (which belongs to the butcher) were we to place half a sovereign, an enormous joint of beef would be at our service. Place three sovereigns in this hole and await the result."

As my instructions had been to spare no expense in conducting my investigation, I dropped the sum named through the aperture, and immediately drew out a mysterious something of wire, gauze, and ribbon, the intrinsic value of which seemed to me well under a couple of shillings.

"A lady's bonnet!" explained my guide, with a metallic chuckle. "But not only have we the system of automatic shopping, but other conveniences are at our command. Pardon me—coming through the fields you have managed to dirty your boots. Place your foot on this box and watch what follows. By the way, as a preliminary, you must drop in a penny."

I followed my guide's directions, and in a moment a pair of brushes were busily at work, assisted by a blacking-bottle and a couple of polishers. My boots were capitally cleaned by artificial hands attached to wires and piston-rods.

"Perhaps you would like something to eat?" queried my guide.

"Certainly," I answered, and we entered a restaurant.

"This is rather well managed. You see you select your own meal, drop in the necessary sum, and take a seat. The pressure of a spring in the chair supplies the rest." I sat down, and in a moment a *serviette* was tied round my neck, and a knife, fork, and spoon were placed before me. Soup, fish, and a fillet followed. Then came some cheese, and a hand politely handed me a salver, upon which rested the receipted bill. I noticed that my guide ate nothing, and he explained that he did not require anything—he was not hungry. Upon leaving the restaurant we came to the residence of a doctor, with the usual brass door-plate.

"We don't show this to ladies or children, because they are so nervous. But, really, it is rather clever. Just slip in ten guineas."

"Rather a large sum," I remonstrated.

"But well worth the money."

Thus urged, I dropped a cheque into the box. Immediately a prescription was thrown out.

"Is that all?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "We set our faces against high prices. You have not yet got all you are entitled to for your money."

Even as he spoke a very long drawer came from the door, containing something rather bulky. I looked down—it was a coffin!

"Enough to kill a timid man!" I exclaimed, angrily.

My companion, who during the last few minutes had been speaking and walking very slowly, made no reply.

"Don't you think so?" I asked, sharply.

My guide, with one foot lifted as if to take another step, and his mouth open as if to speak, kept perfectly still. To attract his attention, I gave him a gentle push. He tumbled over like a doll, and then, by the disarrangement of his coat which revealed some complicated wheels, I found that he was an Automaton! He had run down! As I could not find a key to wind him up again, I obtained no further information.

THE OXONIAN'S WEEK.

(*After the Establishment of the proposed "School of Agriculture."*)

Monday.—In morning, attended lecture by Regius Professor of Top-dressing. After that, an in-College lecture on "Theory and Practice of Cucumber-raising." Afternoon devoted to practical experiments in that portion of the College Quadrangle which has been allotted to me for agricultural purposes. Afraid there's something defective in my way of treating mangel-wurzels. Dean acts as bailiff, and blew me up tremendously about it.

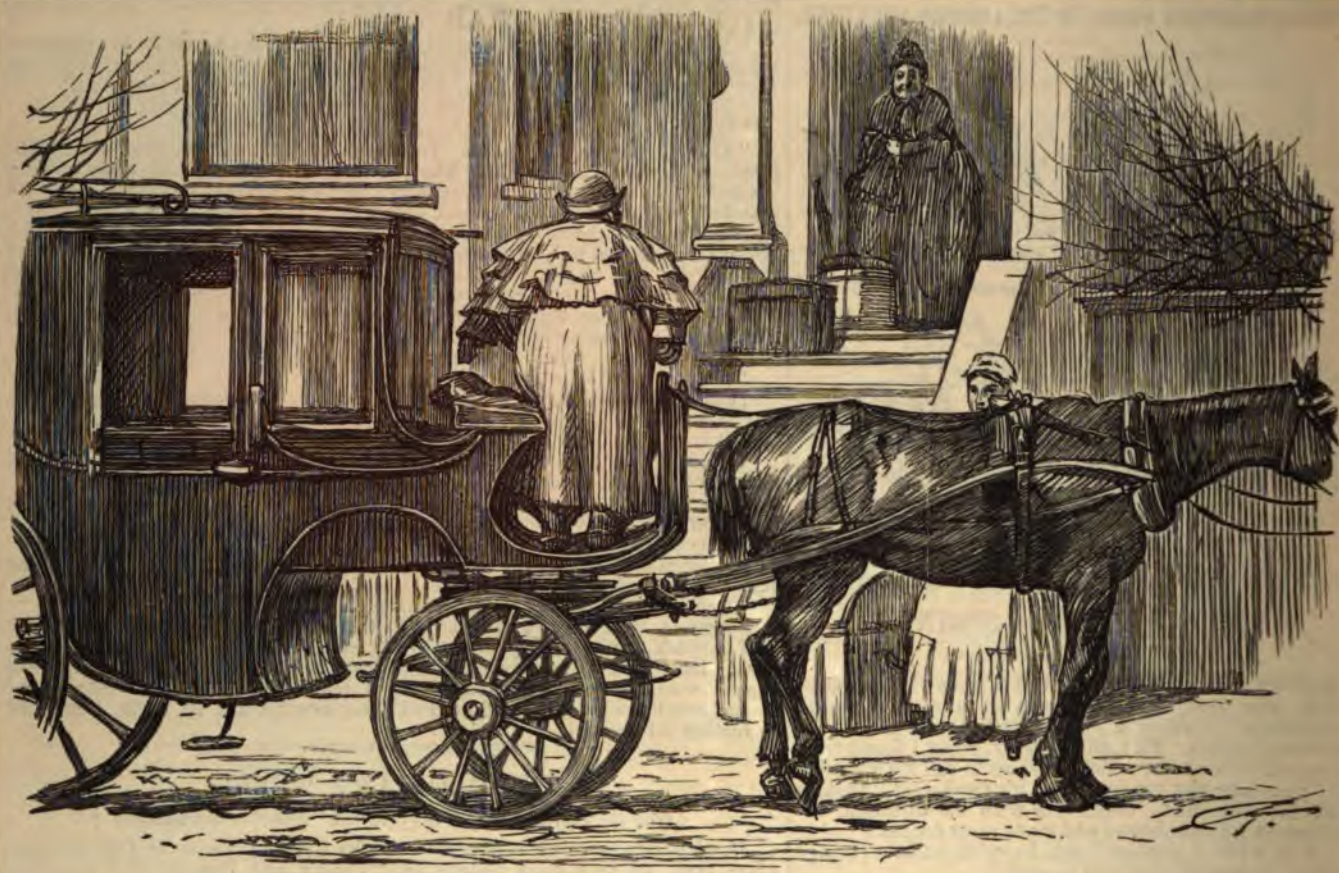
Tuesday.—My silo coming on nicely. Inspected it after morning chapel, and so pleased with result that I offered some of the compressed hay to the Master. Master angry. Wanted to know "if I took him for a horse?" A donkey more likely—don't say this, however. Bad beginning of day. Goes on still worse. Sent for by Dean, who says, "he's sorry to notice that my beetroots are looking very sickly, and if this continues he will be compelled to gate me for a week." Depressed. Attend lectures on "practical Laundry work," and "Cottage Cookery." Intended to fit us, as Master says, for "being useful to our parishioners when we become country parsons." Don't mean to be a country parson myself; chosen this school because ever so much easier to get honours in it in Classics or Philosophy.

Wednesday.—Put on white tie, gown, and corduroys, and go off to the "Schools." First day of examination for a class. Flatter myself I've floored the morning paper, anyhow, on "connection between agriculture and morals." My reference to ancient systems of ploughing most erudite. Wonder if examiners will show me *modern* system of ploughing? Don't think so, as far as exam. has gone at present. In afternoon, *vivâ voce* on Domestic Button-sewing, with practical illustrations. Ran a needle into my finger early, and couldn't stitch at all. Brute of an Examiner told me, "I had entirely ruined two shirt-cuffs, and I'd better be careful." Go away feeling quite miserable.

Thursday.—Miscellaneous agricultural questions. "What evidence is there to show that CICERO knew of the rotation of crops?" None, that I know of. "Who introduced Swedes into England?" King of SWEDEN, probably; or, was it SWEDENBORG? Put down the latter. On the whole encouraged by day's work. Another *vivâ voce*, this time on Laundry. Asked what I should do "if I sent five shirts to the wash, and only two came home?" Examiner seemed pleased with my answer. Rather a dab at the Laundry. If it were Cambridge, suppose I should be called "Senior Mangler." Return to rooms exhilarated, and find that some sportive undergrads, have been "making hay" there; wish they'd do it in their own silos instead.

Friday.—Day of rest. Hoe turnips.

Saturday.—Result of exam. to come out to-day. Go early to Schools to see. Horror! *My name is not on the List at all!* Sent for by Master. Says "Examiners' report is, that my views on Potato-culture are most erroneous and unorthodox; also that I don't seem even to have heard of the new system of planting Standard rose-trees with their roots in the air, invented by the Vice-Chancellor; and that they're reluctantly compelled to refuse me my *Testamur!*" Agriculture ends in my being rusticated! Go down same evening, and wish to goodness I'd stuck to Latin and Greek.



"HARD TIMES."

Cabby (to thrifty Old Lady). 'WANT ALL THAT THERE LUGGAGE TO GO INSIDE!? I WONDER YOU DON'T WANT TO BE 'ISTED ONTO THE ROOF YERSELF, AN' BE TOOK AS A PARCEL!!"

A QUIET SUNDAY.

MARIA says I ought to go to church this morning with her and the children. But, as I tell her, my paper upon "The New Method of Obtaining Flavaniline from Orthoamidoacetophenone" is a work of necessity, and I cannot do full justice to the importance of my subject except on a day when all ordinary traffic has ceased. Afraid MARIA thinks I'm shirking—women have no sympathy with science.

Get out my rough notes, and begin. Fortunately for me this secluded neighbourhood is comparatively free from church bells; I ought to get my work done before luncheon. Now then:—"*It will probably be familiar to most of my hearers that the extremely interesting substance under our notice has been recently ascertained to be amido-phenyl-lepidine, though you may not all be equally aware that Flavenol*——" Bless my heart! what's that?—a German band—*to-day!*—scandalous! Must knock off work till they have finished—they are coming nearer. . . . It *can't* be a German band, in poke-bonnets with tambourines! Why, of course, the Salvation Army! Well, I daresay they do a vast amount of good. . . . Now I can resume:—"*Flavenol is, expressed in simpler words, hydroxyphenyl-lepidine: it necessarily follows, then, that*——" I'm afraid the Salvation Army must be coming back again. Must go to window and see. Odd: Curate walking backwards with concertina, half-a-dozen old women, and banner. "The Church Army." Dear, dear! I'm afraid they don't strike the popular imagination as much as the poke-bonnets and tambourines; but they mean well, no doubt. Still, they *do* interrupt. Let me proceed:—"*that, taking the higher homologue*——" Cheering this time! Are those Salvation or Church cheers, I wonder? I don't disapprove of heartiness myself; but where was I going to take my homologue? Can't remember. Never mind—pass on:—"*Now, I need hardly remind you that picoline is methylpyridine.*" But how can I fix my thoughts on picoline if those people yell like that? I see; it is not piety this time—it's Politics. Some one is holding a large open-air meeting at the street corner. I have always understood that the right of free speech and meeting in public is the proudest privilege of a Briton; but why *yell over* it? There, it's no use—I am confusing *Triamidotriphenyl-methane with Diamido-phenylacridine* now! My thoughts are no longer under control—I must give it up. After all, this is a Day of Rest. It is wiser to lay aside all secular labour, and attend my Parish Church as usual. There, at least, I shall be soothed and quieted into forgetfulness of this world—yes, I will go . . . .

Never appreciated the calming influence of sacred music so much. What a mercy it is the Choir don't use tambourines! How restful are the decency and order that reign here undisturbed. Murmurs outside . . . sensation in congregation . . . A band of Socialists have arrived to assist in our devotions! There, there, as I whisper to Maria, there is plenty of room for us all. If they wish to join us, let us welcome them. *I* say—it's a good symptom!

They come tramping down the aisle . . . I *could* wish, as a seat-holder of some standing, that they would not leave a banner with "Bread or Blood!" on it in a corner of my pew—it frightens the poor children so! The Verger remonstrates with Head Socialist. Head Socialist says Church belongs to the People, and they have a right to know what goes on in it, especially as they mean to do away with it by-and-by. There's something in that, no doubt, but then they seem to have come here chiefly to read their newspapers.

Interruption in first lesson; Democrat attempting to prove to the Curate that the Egyptians were all capitalists—Curate naturally rather nervous at being told he is a liar.

If I dared, I should like just to hint to that stalwart Socialist in front that it is a *little* out of order to hiss the Prayer for the High Court of Parliament.

It is rather rude of the Democrat who is sitting next to me to call me a "Pampered Pharisee" merely for finding the hymn for him, and I should perhaps be better able to attend to the sermon, if there were not twenty or thirty patriots all round me whistling the "*Marseillaise.*" Still, as they say, this a free country, and a man's opinions are his own. . . . . Another ten minutes of this, and I'm very much afraid my poor MARIA will be in hysterics; the children are crying already, because they say the Socialists are making ugly faces at them. At last, thank Heaven! it is over. They have taken their banner, and marched out, cheering for the Coming Revolution. Now we can go away in peace.

I was too hasty, it seems—they have collected in the churchyard, and are bonneting all the Aristocrats (an Aristocrat, for them, is any

THE FENIAN FIEND TROUBLING THE CANADIAN WATERS.

person in a tall hat). They evidently consider *me*—who have been a consistent, if mild, Radical all my life—as an Aristocrat of the most aggressive type. Have to take a cab home. After luncheon, read article in Evangelical magazine on "The Blessings of an English Sabbath," to renewed accompaniments from Church Army, Salvation Army, Street Politicians, and Socialists outside.

YOICKS!—"Amongst those who went best throughout the day," with Mr. HARDING COX's hounds in the Old Berkeley Country, said the *World*, last week, "was Mr. JONES the dramatic author, whose enthusiasm in the chace has already given him a wide reputation." A wider reputation, may be, than he'll get from a run with the *Noble Vagabond* or *'Ard 'It*. In his next piece he will probably bring the scent of the fox over the flote, and let us hope, if now and then "at fault," he may try back, make a workmanlike cast with the Princess's or Haymarket pack for some new drama, and then having "hit it off," may he cry, "Forrardy! Forrardy!" and be in for a good run—of two or three hundred nights.

THE Separatist fever is catching. It appears that the Orkney and Shetland Isles are now agitating for a special Legislature of their own, and we shall probably soon have the Scilly Isles following suit. Indeed, there is no reason that the movement should stop there. Why should not the Isle of Dogs, for instance, have a Parliament to itself? Then, again, there is Eel Pie Island, or, for the matter of that, the Goodwin Sands. To judge from the recent utterances of certain Anti-Unionist politicians, it is not easy to define the limits they would assign to the latest development of the craze for legislative independence. Why not try Home Rule in the Chops of the Channel? The experiment would be at once significant and entertaining.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

'WELL, BUT IF YOU CAN'T BEAR HER, WHATEVER MADE YOU PROPOSE?"

"WELL, WE HAD DANCED THREE DANCES, AND I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY!"

FRANCE AND SAVOY.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN actually wrote to the French *Figaro* explaining, in very excellent French—(the compilation of the letter must have given them considerable trouble, but whatever they undertake they do thoroughly—with the best grammars and conversation books on the table, Mr. GILBERT pacing up and down dictating, D'OYLY CARTE looking out the words in a dictionary, and Sir ARTHUR writing out the rough copy in his neatest hand),—that the song of their "*Marin pour rire*" (some relation to a "rear-admiral") was not intended as an insult to the French flag, and that, therefore, "*La Marine d'une nation aussi brave que chevaleresque*"—(Bravo, Sir ARTHUR! If this wasn't a touch of your special polish, and if D'OYLY CARTE didn't chuckle over it mightily, then are we mistaken in our men)—needn't take umbrage at what was merely a kind of joke, about on a par, *i.e.*, "*ayant précisement autant de sens que 'Rosbif' et 'Goddam' employés pour ridiculer les Anglais dans une comédie-burlesque française.*"

And so, in spite of the irate "T. JOHNSON," the distinguished correspondent of the *Figaro*—more distinguished than ever now by his apparent inability to understand Mr. GILBERT's peculiar humour—the funds will recover, the war scare will not be intensified, and the peace of Europe will be undisturbed. Evidently the two Savoyards consider the "*Comédie-burlesque*" *anglaise* at the Savoy as *the* Piece of Europe. This has not been undisturbed, as we hear that most of the first-night jokes have been taken out of the Second Act, which now ought to go capitally. But what a lesson is here!—that after the most careful rehearsal, after days and nights of work and elaboration, and after a dress rehearsal in the presence of critics, it is only after the public performance, and this in the presence of a most friendly and enthusiastic audience, that the mistakes are found out which ought to have been discovered and rectified at rehearsal.

THE ALLCARD-CASE.—Where the plaintiff wanted to get back money she had given away, what an unfortunate combination of names were those whom the demand affected—"SKINNER and NIHILL." Of course, nought could be got out of NIHILL—a name which is suggestive of "Noughty," but of course "nice." The *Skinners'* Guild must have felt much relieved after the decision of Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, *who seems to have talked a considerable amount of nonsense while arriving at a fair and just verdict. In future, over the doors of all conventual establishments, Protestant or not, will be written,* "NO MONEY RETURNED."

JUST IN TIME.

IN the new edition of *Men of the Time*, the Editor, in a pleasant preface declares that his object has been to preserve, as far as possible the laws of proportion, and announces that "could he publish his experience with regard to the communications that he has received from the different subjects of the biographies, he could certainly produce a volume no less instructive than amusing." This no doubt is the case, but as *Mr. Punch* is less scrupulous, he uses his gift of divination to guess at the nature of some of the autobiographical notes that have been sent to the amiable compiler.

Gl-dst-ne, The Right Hon., W. E.—Great hand at felling trees. Very fond of comic songs. Can play the banjo. Knows how to dance a breakdown. Hates politics, can't bear power. Is a Scotchman, also a Welshman, also an Irishman. Fond of liver and bacon. Liked TENNYSON very much years ago, but thinks he has recently sadly fallen off. Has written a piece but can get neither Mr. IRVING nor Mr. TOOLE to play in it, although they both say it is the best they ever read. Does not know whether the piece is a Comedy or a Tragedy, Mr. IRVING considers it the former, Mr. TOOLE the latter. Is a great collector of penny postage-stamps. Never lost his temper in his life.

Br-dl-gh, C.—Descended from the earliest of the Crusaders. Is conscientious, honest and chivalrous. From his childhood's days objected to swearing. Particularly fond of Church architecture. Takes great delight in playing with tin soldiers.

H-rc-rt, Right Hon. Sir. W. V.—Rightful heir to several of the European thrones. Some day when he has time will claim the best of them. Knows nothing of law. Fond of toffy. Hates people who pull at their beards and have similar habits.

T-le, Mr. J. L.—Great Shakspearian Actor. Prefers the *rôles* of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Cardinal Wolsey*, and *Richard the Third*, but, if desired, can play *Romeo*. Always comes home to tea. Devotes all his energies to the world behind the scenes, and thinks nothing of the front of the house. Objects to additions being made by actors to their author's words. Is extremely particular about points of etiquette, and never shakes hand in kid without apologising for wearing his glove.

Ch-rch-ll, Rt. Hon. Lord R.—A little modest flower. Hates sensation, and loathes advertisement. Cannot bear to be talked about. The best fellow in the world to get on with. Is certainly rather partial to practical jokes, but means no harm. Fond of tripping.

De Sn-ks M-ntm-r-ncy H-w-rd, Esq.—A scion of an ancient Surrey family. A DE SNOGGUES came over with the Conqueror, and the family is next heard of in the character of Mr. DE SN-KS's father, who was a merchant in Liverpool about the middle of the present century. The land upon which Mr. DE SN-KS has settled is thousands of years old. The premises include a baronial hall, a chapel, and a family vault—all quite new. A cousin of Mr. DE SN-KS is an officer in a West India Regiment, and several of his friends are Captains in the Volunteers.

Tiger Lilly v. Huxley.

LILLY writes brightly
In *The Fortnightly*,
Meaning sharp HUXLEY to settle;
HUXLEY looks silly,
Finding his LILLY
Turns out a stinging nettle.

THE conduct of these Loafers—for Loafers they are, and ill-bred too—who, smoking short-pipes, march to Church and hiss the Prayer for the QUEEN and Royal Family, and certain portions of the (to them) highly objectionable and tyrannical decalogue, is somewhat akin to reckless wreckers of pieces who visit our theatres on first nights, determined to damn everything in a general way, especially if they are actuated by some spite against actor, author, or manager. Such loafers as these might now call themselves the "New Church and Stage Guild," since, not satisfied with disturbing the people in the full pit of a theatre, they will now disturb the parson in the pulpit. If they are roughs "put up to it," let them be strongly put down.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XVI.—THE STREET AUCTIONEER.

THIS gentleman carries on his profession at the corners of little back streets at night, by the light of paraffin cans. He has a melancholy air, as if his experiences had led him to form a low opinion of his fellow-men, and he never disguises his yearning to give up the whole business, and go home in disgust. His chief characteristics are the utter absence of conviction with which he pronounces his most extravagant eulogies, and his habit of starting the bidding at some quite impossible height, and climbing down by rapid stages.

His stock will generally be found to consist of cheap photograph frames, small ornaments under glass shades, quicksilvered vases of strange and fearful design, and a selection of atrocious German lithographs, round which a crowd of Saturday-night shoppers gather in various stages of listlessness, and generally without the smallest apparent intention of buying anything whatever.

"Now, then," says the Auctioneer, wearily, as he fumbles among his stock, "I'll tell yer what I'm going to do for yer." (Here he brings out some of the lithographs.) "I 'ave 'ere"—(Here he dusts the frames lovingly)—"I 'ave 'ere a set, complete, of four 'ighly-coloured hoil-paintings, by one of the leading hartists of the day, repperesentin' the life of an 'Ighlander . . .

"Number One shows you the 'Ighlander in his native 'eath, givin' his young ooman a thistle he has plucked for her. Number Two, the same 'Ighlander settin' out for the wars, partin' from his young ooman, the same young ooman (as you can see from her plaid petticoats) at the cottage-door, with a colley-dog and a waterfall in the immejit background.

"Number Three depicts the 'Ighlander as he is in battle, firing on the henemy with his claymore. Now, I guarantee that as a correck repperesentation of the scene; while in Number Four you 'ave the return of the 'Ighlander to the young ooman, wounded, with cottage, colley-dog, and waterfall, *as* before!

"Now, who 'll give me ten shillings for the lot complete?"

Apparently nobody, though a woman, who hardly looks as if she had ten pence to devote to the encouragement of Art, examines the cottage scene with the air of a connoisseur.

"No one give me ten shillin' for this suit of subjects, drawn and coloured from life? Well, it's throwin' money into the gutter; but I dessay, in these 'ard times, money ain't exackly plenty with you, so I don't mind if I meet you arf way. Nine-and-ninepence buys the lot—nine-and-ninepence!"

But nine-and-ninepence has not this privilege, and the auctioneer grows more pessimistic. "You don't know a work of hart when it's showed you, and that's the fact! Why, the gilt on the frames alone is worth all the money. Nine-and-six, then. Nine shillin'! Come, will eight shillin' tempt yer? It ain't on'y two bob an 'Ighlander. Seven-and-sixpence!"

Still the crowd is not impressed. "Look 'ere—it's not my way to bargin. You shall 'ave 'em at five bob. No one say five bob? I'm ashamed of you, callin' yerselves intelligent workin' men, and lettin' such a chance go by yer. Four-and-six!"

"Now, don't you make no mistake—this is the last orfer I can afford to make to yer, if I'm struck dead this very minute! It's the last lot left on 'and, or I wouldn't do what I'm goin' to do, though it's robbin' myself. I'll stick to my next orfer—three-and-sixpence. That's my last word, so make up your minds. I'm about to put 'em back where I took 'em from. I shall sell 'em for double at some other pitch, where there is more taste and money. Three-and-sixpence!"

The audience remains calm, even at this, and the auctioneer proceeds:—

"If it warn't that I was in such an 'urry to go 'ome to my tea, I shouldn't let the lot remain up another instant; but I'll give yer just one more chance, and, after that, I shall know what to think of yer. Arf a crown—two shillin' and sixpence? Look at 'em—'andle 'em, if you like. There 's the rings all ready to 'ang 'em up directly you get 'em 'ome—real plate-glass fronts, all sound workmanship, done in five distinct colours, 2 feet by 18 inches in diameter, for two-and-sixpence! Why, I paid more 'n that in the stoodio! If it was known what I was askin' for 'em now, I shouldn't be allowed to sell no more. Two-and-sixpence! Well, I 'm darned if ever I see seeh a poor lot as you are! I'll try yer once more—two shillin'. What, even that don't make yer open yer mouths? P'rhaps you expect me to wrap 'em up in silver paper, and pay you for takin' 'em off my 'ands? That's the sort *you* are! Two shillin'. Well, *eighteen pence*—eighteen pence, and they change 'ands! Just think it over, afore I put 'em aside. If there 's any young couple is keepin' company, and thinkin' of settin' up 'ouse, they won't get no fairer value for their money than this. It 's an article of this style as makes a 'appy 'ome—so don't deceive yourselves!"

Upon this a young artisan comes forward, shame-faced, and grinning, and produces the necessary coins, unable to resist domestic felicity on such easy terms.

"Thank you, Sir—I kingratulate you on seeh a bargin'. There won't be none others as 'll get me at a similar disadvantage, so don't you make no mistake. There you are, Sir—and don't go tellin' nobody what you gave for 'em, or you 'll be accused of bein' a liar. And now we 'll go to somethink else."

And here *Mr. Punch* proposes to follow his example.

JACK'S REJOINDER.

Addressed—to Whom it Particularly Concerns.

Now, when the last big ten-inch gun has burst,
And we 're a waiting, eager for the order,
A longing each of us to be the first
To grapple somehow up her sides, and board her,
And down upon the furrin Mounseers swoop,
With every blessèd cutlass bared, and gleaming,—
If *they* bends like a bit of iron hoop,
Think you we 'll find the fun precisely "screaming?"
"In course," you 'll say, and so your fun you 'll poke,
And have, at JACK'S expense, your little joke!

But if the country doesn't see the fun,
Of paying down good cash, while getting treated
To rotten stuff in cutlass and in gun,
Supplied by swindling hands by whom it 's cheated;
And rising in its wrath, with accents grave,
The mischief to its source succinctly traces,
And gibbets first, then punishes the knave,
No matter what his station or his place is,
Then p'raps you 'll own, although your fun you poke,
That JACK as well will have his little joke.

HOW MUCH MORE OF IT?

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO BY AUGUST.

IN the House of Commons yesterday the adjourned debate on the Address was again resumed. This being the 129th day of this now protracted discussion, the attendance was somewhat thin, and it was understood that all the Members of the Government were absent at their country seats, and at present had no intention of returning. The preliminary notices of questions, however, showed no signs of abatement, lasting fully three hours and-a-half, during which the SPEAKER, who looked still jaded and irritable, dozed off several times, and had to be awakened, much to his apparent annoyance, on each occasion by one of the Clerks of the House. The adjourned debate was then continued by Mr. MCBLATHER, TALKSWORTHY, CHATTERBY, FROTHING, MAUNDER and MOUTHER, the discussion, which has now dealt in turn exhaustively with every Home and Continental Social, Political, Scientific, Literary, Agricultural, and Artistic question, turning principally during the course of the evening on the prospects of the fly-catching interests in the Malay Peninsula, the free importation by rail of stuffed animals to South Kensington, the alleged supply of inferior Scandinavian butterine to Provincial Lunatic Asylums, and the recent scandalous revelations in the affairs of the South Patagonian Invalid Bath Chair Company.

On the motion of Mr. JAWLEY the debate was adjourned at twenty minutes to four, the SPEAKER on leaving the House being so fatigued that he had to be fanned for some minutes in the Lobby with the cover of a Blue Book before proceeding to his residence. It is calculated that at the present rate of progress, the division may possibly be taken at the close of the ensuing month. The business of the Session might then, it is hoped, at once commence.

SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE RECITER

Brown (*pointing to next room*). "*That's* NOT THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE A *Party* GO OFF!"
Jones (*pointing to himself*). "BY JOVE! IT'S THE SORT OF THING TO MAKE *This* PARTY GO OFF! TA-TA!" [*Exit.*

CHURCHILLIUS.

Fragments of a Lay sung in the Forum, showing how M. Curtius Churchillius made an Alarming Sacrifice of himself, and got into a rather big hole—and out again.

YE good Men of the Commons, with sturdy souls and true,
Who stand a lot from smart young men that make good sport for you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what you once have borne, and yet may have to bear.
This is no common fable—'tis worthy of the Nine,
Of the great rhetor's flowing phrase and loud-resounding line.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the Parties, the daring deed was done';
Nay, there be those among you who saw it, I dare say,
But none the less you 'll lend an ear to my heroic lay.

His "lay," too was heroic; the slangy phrase excuse;
There's nothing voted duller than a too punctilious Muse.
Just ask BRET HARTE—or BROWNING; the latter bard, at times,
Will lick the former hollow for larky words and rhymes.
The "lay" then of CHURCHILLIUS was most heroic; yes,
And heroism rather pays if managed with success.
That gap which in the Forum had opened gaped so wide,
Black Auster, ARCHER up, had failed to take it in his stride.
It yawned like any Churchyard, the muzzle of a Krupp,
Or the tired Member late at night when CONYBEARE is up;
It yawned and kept on yawning, insatiate as Sin
Or Death, no matter who was Out, no matter who was In.
Taxation would not fill it, though like a Danaë shower
Poured into it by day and night with ten-Niagara power;
E'en Blue Books failed to brim it; nay, there were those who swore
The speeches of GLADSTONIUS, like the sands on Ocean's shore
For multitude unnumbered, and like MUNDELLA'S nose,
Or the Commercial Road, for length, which one might well suppose
Would block the Vast Inane itself, were as one pinch of snuff
In THOROLD ROGERS'S mighty beak, not nearly *quantum suff.*

Then up and spake CHURCHILLIUS; unto himself spake he:
"In this same all-devouring gulf I rather think I see
An opening for a smart young man. *I* 'm young and I am smart.
I see my *rôle* 's to fill that hole; I 'm game to play the part."
CHURCHILLIUS was Chancellor; for that he cared no jot.
"This is," said he, "the sort of place where rubbish may be shot
For ever and for ever with none effect at all.
A Sacrifice is needed here! A leap is not a fall.
I take the jump but as a step toward my destined goal,'
And the result will tell us who is 'left in the hole.'"

Then up and spake CHURCHILLIUS, unto the House he spake:
"Commons, too long this gaping gulf hath made you gasp and quake.
As to the Curtius Lacus the oracle of old
Announcement made which I 'll apply, if I may be so bold.
Whatever was most precious the Romans had to throw,
A sacrifice, into that hole; this is a similar go.
Therefore *I* 'm clearly singled out by a sagacious Fate
To play the sacrificial part, and so to save the State.
Oh, don't be flabberghasted; the voice of destiny
Declares that ere this gulf is closed a Chancellor must die.
And how can one die better than facing a big cropper,
On it, and eightpence in the pound, to put a final stopper?

CHURCHILLIUS gaily mounted upon his gallant steed,
His ligneous horse (spotted of course) of the famed Hobby breed.
"Retrenchment" was the charger's name, from the Gladstonian stud,
By "Vigilance" out of "Vectigal," higher in bone than blood.
He donned his helm and buckler, he bared his trenchant blade,
(What time below on the Q. T. the feather bed they laid),
Off from the gulf's grim marge he shot like stone from catapult,
And———A later lay some later day may tell you the result.
Exit CHURCHILLIUS! Quite so. But actors have a way
Of dying hard one night, to live—and die—another day.
Gone from our gaze, young hero! But such a splendid feat,
Is a performance that a "star" will probably repeat.
And lest the public bosom with anguish should be riven,
Of our Star's "reappearance" due notice will be given.

CHURCHILLIUS; OR, AN ALARMING SACRIFICE!

(N.B.—"DUE NOTICE WILL BE GIVEN OF HIS RE-APPEARANCE.")

GOING COURTING.

Mr. Nibbs. I lost sight of you, Sir, in the crowd at the Court the other night. How did you like *Dandy Dick?*

Mr. Punch. Immensely. I haven't seen anything that has made me laugh so much—laugh till I cried—since *The Private Secretary.*

Mr. Nibbs. The notion of making Mr. CLAYTON a Dean in a farce,—the very ideal figure for it,—is in itself humorous, Sir,—do you not think so?

Mr. Punch. No, honestly, I do not. Mr. CLAYTON'S name is chiefly associated with serious drama, and he is essentially an earnest and most conscientious actor. By natural dramatic selection he would be cast for a Dean, or a Bishop, in a tragedy, a comedy, or a drama, and he would then be the right man in the right place. But here, as a real Dean in a farce, Mr. CLAYTON'S wish to throw himself heart and soul into the humour of the situation, which he intensely

"Tidd's Court Practice."

appreciates, is too evident. Imagine Mr. J. W. HILL as the *Dean* with Mrs. JOHN WOOD as the sporting *Georgina Tidman!*

Mr. Nibbs. But as Mr. HILL is not here——

Mr. Punch. Quite so. I am only "supposing." As it is I do not understand why Mr. ARTHUR CECIL was not cast for the *Dean*—unless it is that he is looking forward to a holiday—as any ordinary careful actor could play *Blore* the butler, and Mr. CECIL might join Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in his Continental trip while the Government of the Court and the Country would be carried on successfully in their absence.

Mr. Nibbs. The dialogue struck me as smart.

Mr. Punch. It is capital dialogue, capitally delivered by almost everybody. What especially pleases me, is that Mr. PINERO boldly describes his piece as an "original farce in three Acts." Now, as almost anything is permissible in farce, an audience is rendered supremely happy with the minimum of probability and the maximum of absurdity, as long as it does not become, either in action or dialogue, extravagant burlesque. And here as an Old Dramatic Hand, I would warn Mr. PINERO against his tendency to imitate a method which is Mr. GILBERT'S patent, and of which he ought to enjoy the monopoly. Mr. PINERO is bubbling over with fun, and can well afford to do without some of *Miss Sheba's* speeches—a part far too strongly accentuated by Miss NORREYS, whose self-consciousness and very apparent anxiety to make every line tell, mar the charm of her otherwise clever performance,—and without some of the mechanical action given to her and her sister *Salome*—very nicely played by Miss LEWES—which suggests the idea of the author's having borrowed the Savoy mechanism for use at the Court. These two young ladies, with their sudden jerkings, floppings, lying backwards on the table, and other eccentricities, all evidently done to order, run the risk of becoming mere marionettes. There is nothing spontaneous in their individual movements. This is the fault with the part that Mrs. TREE plays in Mr. PINERO'S curious mixture called the *Hobby Horse* at the St. James's. But having said this. I have little else but praise for *Dandy Dick.*

Mr. Nibbs. Yet, first-rate as the farce is, would it have achieved such a success but for Mrs. WOOD?

Mr. Punch. Recollect that when an author writes for a particular company the actors or actresses become part and parcel of such piece. Mr. PINERO, who, to my thinking, has suited neither Mr. CLAYTON nor Mr. CECIL in this piece, has fitted Mrs. JOHN WOOD with a part as perfectly as the best tailor would with a riding-habit. To see her square her elbows, put her head on one side, thrust out her hand, and walk forward in a knowing sort of way, to welcome her old racing friend, *Sir Tristram*, is something never to be forgotten. It is a joy for ever! But remember that Mr. PINERO must have calculated on this in writing the part, and doubtless Mrs. WOOD has exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Mr. Nibbs. And is not Mr. EDMUND MAURICE good as *Sir Tristram?*

Mr. Punch. He is so true to nature that he might have been in a comedy, and yet he fits exactly into his place in this farce. This is because the original model is highly coloured in actual life; and so his boisterous manner and his countrified awkwardness are familiar notes of the type. Whether by accident or design—for this actor's name is new to me—Mr. MAURICE'S *Sir Tristram* is simply perfect. I can say no more.

Mr. Nibbs. The two officers, M. KERR and EVERSFIELD, were good, especially the former, as the Major with a liver. He was not a bit overdone—for farce, I mean. But, dear me, remembering *Caste*——

Mr. Punch. Yes, I know what you are going to say,—"how you would like to have seen Mr. BANCROFT as *Major Tarver.*" What a shout would have gone up at the line, "I shall sing him off his legs," and at every effort of his to give, "*Come into the Garden, Maud.*" Well, there is a suggestion of Mr. BANCROFT as *Captain Hawtree* in Messrs. PINERO and KERR'S *Major Tarver.* By the way, the scene at home, "An Evening in an English Family Household," is very cleverly stage-managed.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. DENNY'S *Policeman* is a good bit.

Mr. Punch. Very; quite a study, and, in its degree of importance, so is Miss LAURA LINDEN'S *Hannah Topping.*

Mr. Nibbs. Did you notice the dramatic music that Mr. CARL ARMBRUSTER has composed, by way of illustrative accompaniment to the scene where the *Dean* and the *Butler* are mixing the bolus.

Mr. Punch. Of course I did. It was like a bit of WEBER, and one expected to see *Zamiel* appear out of the fire-place. I should say that Mr. ARMBRUSTER must have revelled in it. But—it is an utter mistake. This is another example of what I was saying about bringing burlesque into farce. That this scene, played with an evident consciousness of its burlesque character by Mr. CLAYTON, and with mock horror by Mr. CECIL, amid thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, should be ridiculously intensified by melodramatic music in the orchestra, with blows on the muffled drum burlesquing and showing up the conventional mechanism of a serious melodramatic situation, is out of keeping with the character of farce, and is, I have no hesitation in saying, a distinct mistake. It distracts an audience and puzzles them, and might discount the success by at least fifty nights out the three hundred to which the piece will probably go. The storm of wind and rain would have been quite sufficient without the thunder, the *tremolo*, the muffled drum, and the parody of an incantation scene.

Mr. Nibbs. I am inclined to agree with you. The music in this situation is superfluous. It struck me, Sir, that the Second Act was not so strong as the two others.

Mr. Punch. Partially on account of this particular scene we have been discussing. Still, it is a great point when the Dramatist produces a Third Act which is as fresh as his successful First. The Third Act of *Dandy Dick*, with its lock-up and stolid policeman, reminded me of the Third Act of that capital farce, *Le Reveillon*, in which LASSOUCHE played the stupid, loutish gaoler. Mr. DENNY'S rural constable is its worthy companion portrait. It is an eccentric character part, and presents no difficulties to an actor in this line of business. As to Mrs. WOOD as "*George Tid*"—well, I must see her again, and I believe I shall enjoy her performance just as much as I did the first time.

Mr. Nibbs. Why on earth did Mr. PINERO make her marry *Sir Tristram?*

Mr. Punch. It's a weakness with Dramatic Authors. They're like match-making 'mothers. *Sir Tristram* and "*George Tid*" were much better apart. You're quite right—it is an error of judgment; immaterial, of course, as their union affects nobody in the plot. But the audience would be so much better satisfied if they knew that their eccentric "*George Tid*" was not going to run again in double harness after the loss of her first stable companion. No matter, bless her heart! and may she be happy as *Lady Mardon*, though she can rarely, if ever, be so "happy" as she is as *Georgina Tidman, alias* "*George Tid.*" One word more for the very small part of the groom—*Hatcham*, a sketch every line of which is full of character. It is capitally played by Mr. LUGG. I thank everybody at the Court for a very pleasant evening. *Au revoir.*

ON THE GAVOTTE AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

CAPERS to spice old comedy revivals!
Where KATE VAUGHAN dances there need be no *Rivals.*

THE Prospectuses were Allsopped up pretty quickly. "The enormous amount subscribed, said Mrs. RAM, sounds like one of "Allsopp's Fables."

THE NEW SCIENCE.

Uncle Jack. "ULLO, MY DEAR, WHAT 'S THE MATTER? YOU AND EDWIN NOT BEEN QUARRELLING, I HOPE?"

Angelina. "NO, UNCLE JACK; BUT WE 'VE BEEN TO SIGNOR GAMMONIO, THE PALMIST, TO HAVE OUR HANDS EXAMINED, AND HE SAYS WE ARE NOT SUITED TO EACH OTHER, AND OUGHT TO BREAK IT OFF AT ONCE!"

TERRIFIC STRUGGLE WITH A GRAND PIANO!

A CASE which recently came before Mr. Justice GROVE and a Common Jury in the Queen's Bench Division, has hardly in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, attracted the attention it deserved from the sensational nature of its chief incident. It appears that it had become necessary, for certain reasons, to seize a grand piano which was in the plaintiff's house, and that two men entered it with that object. An attempt would seem to have been made to deter the gallant fellows from their desperate purpose, and they accordingly waited to be reinforced by some seven or eight others of equally fearless disposition, whereupon, to quote from the *Times* report, "picking the lock of the dining-room door, where the piano lay impounded, they finally, *after a struggle of some four hours*, removed the piano in triumph in a van."

Why, why have we no English VICTOR HUGO to paint the fierce picturesqueness, the lurid horror of this four hours' contest with an impounded piano? It is a scene, *Mr. Punch* ventures to say, unparalleled by anything in recent fiction. Think of it, sensation novelists; the piano, lurking grand and grim in its lair, the entry of the intrepid little band of assailants—the awful combat that ensued! Can you not picture the piano at bay, lashing out with its stout mahogany legs, snapping its lid, gnashing its ivory keys (which probably had been untuned for weeks)? One holds one's breath in admiration, in wonder that any of the devoted nine or ten left that dining-room alive to tell the tale, and that the infuriated instrument did not roll its crimsoned castors over their collective corpses.

But courage and intelligence prevailed at length, as they always do, against mere blind brute force; the piano, worn out, reduced far below concert-pitch, was eventually overpowered, and removed ignominiously, like a captive menagerie lion,—in a van!

Most justly was it observed by the plaintiff's Counsel during the trial, that "no one could tell the annoyance of such a scene in a house, except those who had gone through it, or witnessed it," and *Mr. Punch* feels proud to commemorate here a deed which deserves to be inscribed high in the record-roll of British heroism.

"WHY do they go on for weeks in Parliament discussing how they shall address the QUEEN?" *asked Mrs. RAM.* "*Surely some one among them must know that the* QUEEN'S *Address is simply 'Windsor.'*"

AN ANTICYCLONIC ODE.

By an Appressionist.

As on my steady threadbare way
Through life I jog,
There is one thing that makes me gay—
A London fog.

I love to wake an hour too late,
In calm seraphic,
Unruffled by the noise I hate,
Of constant traffic.

And find the genial evening hour,
Meridian scorning,
Assert its humanising pow'r
At early morning.

Without there reigns a hushing spell
O'er London's loud land,
And even 'bus conductors dwell
Awhile in cloudland.

And common objects through the fog
Come looming large,
And lamp-posts up against you jog
In jocund charge.

And streets impervious before,
For fiscal reasons,
Become a safe resort once more,
In foggy seasons.

At thaumaturgic mist's command
The sordid real
Melts in the boundless wonderland
Of the ideal.

My well-brushed hat, my muffler white,
My coat of blue,
Disguise the fact that they 're not quite
As good as new.

Streets where young bards their unsung verse
In third-floor rooms bury—
(The nascent Muse is not averse
To sombre Bloomsbury)—

Become to wandering fancy's view,
While vision slumbers,
The weird old cities DORÉ drew
In shilling numbers.

And Station roofs for once may change
Their wonted frowns,
And blend majestic in a range
Of mystic downs.

From cloud-clad tow'rs the hours are spelt,
Whose turrets fair,
Less blest than *Prospero's* visions, melt
Into thick air.

But lo! the swathing vapours fleet
Like darkness sifted,
And from the rather shamefaced street
The fog has lifted.

Again, amid its leafless planes,
I see the Abbey;
Unchanged, like it, the fact remains
That I am shabby.

Re-Marks.

THERE have lately been reports of some lunatic threatening Lord ROTHSCHILD's life, but Mr. B. S. MARKS has been most successful in taking his Lordship from life, and exhibiting him in a picture, as he appeared when taking his solemn oath in the House of Lords. As his Lordship is not represented as bare-headed,—his title, we remarked at the time, ought to have been "Lord HATTON,"—it may be supposed that, as the effort of swearing was almost overpowering, the artist caught Lord ROTHSCHILD's happy expression ("Bless me!") just when he had re-covered himself.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Viscount WOLMER said "he saw Hon. Members toss their heads." (*See Times Report, February* 1.) Our Special Artist here gives the effect, showing how some Hon. Members lost their heads, and how others became wrong-headed.

House of Commons, Monday Night, January 31.—A little tragedy unnoted by the thoughtless crowd befel under Gallery this evening. Sheriffs of City of London came down, dressed all in their best, to present petition. Business accomplished, took their seats under the Gallery as usual, and began to think what they should have for dinner. With legs crossed, hands folded, and scarlet gown draped around them, mused on modifications of the *menu;* when a sudden disturbance arose from the House. Bells rang, Members crowded in, and attendant, with peremptory gesture, bundled Sheriffs of the City of London into the outer Hall, upsetting as it were the soup, sliding the fish off the dish, and making the *entrées exeunt.*

All WILFRID LAWSON'S joke. AKERS-DOUGLAS had moved New Writ for St. George's, Hanover Square, in place of Lord ALGERNON PERCY. This, it was known, meant to make room for GOSCHEN. Nothing more natural.

"Where," as HARCOURT says, "could a prominent Unionist go with more appropriateness than to St. George's, Hanover Square?"

But LAWSON as a free and independent elector objected to undue haste. First he had heard of it. Must have time to think over it, so moved adjournment of debate. House cleared for division, and thus the meditations of the Sheriffs of London rudely broken in upon.

RANDOLPH in fine form to-night. Delivered piquant speech constructed on what General WOODALL (late Surveyor-General of the Ordnance) calls "swivel-gun system,"—that is to say, it will fire upon anyone in whatever position. Sometimes the muzzle bearing upon HARTINGTON, who sat immediately opposite, violently looking as if he were the sole occupant of the chamber. Sometimes at CHAPLIN in the corner seat to the right; occasionally full in the back of W. H. SMITH, who sat below; and sometimes at the empty seat where CHAMBERLAIN might have been. When not blowing people up, assumed a fine air of patronage. Reassured W. H. SMITH, patronised HICKS-BEACH, and on the whole let down gently a Conservative Party that had presumed to differ with him.

A promising speech from young CURZON, and then the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate completed HARTINGTON'S enjoyment of the evening by reproaching him with bad taste for insisting upon sitting on Front Opposition Bench shoulder to shoulder with GLADSTONE.

Business done.—Further debate on Address.

Tuesday.—A great and proud day for us, the Coming Party, the Chaplinites, the Dissentient Unionists. Our Great Chief has seized his opportunity, and made mince-meat of the adversary. All very well for RANDOLPH to occupy two evenings of the Session, for GEORGE HAMILTON to orate, and for CONYBEARE to discuss the question, "Why are the Tory Party so angry at me?" Our Chief's appearance on the scene dwarfs them all. Its effect, before a word was uttered, remarkable. GLADSTONE, unnecessarily apprehensive as it turned out, had invented necessity for adjourning to the Fens. RANDOLPH, with more occasion, had hurried out of the House, when certain movements on the part of Our Chief indicated preparation for rising. Usually reckless, he could not stand this fire. It was well for him to be out of range, for the firing was terrific. Mr. DISRAELI, in his most pompous moments, never equalled Our Chief in the profundity of his emotion, the impressiveness of his gestures, or the range of his emphasis.

"The noble Lord," he said, in one of the finest passages, "has not the shadow of a leg to stand upon."

I suppose that, as indicating absolute helplessness, the English language does not contain a more striking metaphor.

After this burst of natural eloquence, the vituperation of CONY-

BEARE fell a little flat. A new Member, one GRAHAM, gave it a fillip in a quaint maiden speech, with something of a touch of Carlylese in it. House thankful for anything out of the ordinary rut, and encouraged new Member with much laughter and cheering. Debate drifted on till midnight, when adjournment moved. W. H. SMITH, rising in ordinary Leader-of-the-House fashion, expressed hope that a little further use of the night might be made. Front Opposition Bench practically deserted; PARNELL absent; apparently no one to lead the Opposition in resisting this attack on its privileges. Seemed that all was lost, when a familiar voice heard below the Gangway. It was JOSEPH GILLIS, with one thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, the other hand disengaged what time he caressed his incipient moustache. In genial bantering manner, the hand of steel gleaming beneath the velvet glove, JOEY B. withstood the Leader of the House. He was gracious, even benignant; but no mistaking his purpose. JOHN MANNERS at once put forward to haul down the Government flag, and debate forthwith adjourned.

"Not the shadow of a Leg to stand upon."

Business done.—More debate on Address.

Wednesday.—"Still harping on me country," said O'HEA, in voice of deep melancholy.

Was standing at the Bar looking at the almost empty House of Commons, which CRILLY was vehemently addressing. O'HEA never been the same man since O'SHEA left. "I'm a poor widow man," he says, with a tear in his voice.

Particularly downcast to-day, and not without reason. Here we are at the end of first week of Session, and absolutely no forrader. Supposed to be debating the Address. Cloud of Amendments on the paper. Haven't yet, after six days, reached the first one. Amendments touch all subjects, stretching from Egypt to Ireland, *viâ* Scotland. Each will have its two or three sittings—that relating to Ireland probably a week. Yet here we are to-day, as we have been every day, talking about Ireland. All the speeches to be delivered over again, with others, when PARNELL's Amendment comes on. Well may the tears trickle down the face of the widowed O'HEA. Happy in being out of it is the errant O'SHEA. *Business done.*—None.

Thursday.—Profound sensation in House to night. RANDOLPH has disappeared, and Sir J. MCGAREL HOGG, by strategic movement, has secured his corner seat. RANDOLPH has made for Algiers. Report is, he has gone there on account of his health. ROBSON ROOSE says so, and he ought to know. But ROBSON ROOSE, though unapproachable in his own line, a mere chicken in the hands of a political Rooseter like RANDOLPH. Public doubtless haven't forgotten certain Secret Memoirs published last December. Will call to mind how an honourable Member, acting as agent for the Chief of the Dissentient Unionists, visited the Dey of ALGIERS, Bey of TUNIS, Prince of MONACO, Doge of VENICE, and other potentates; how he was followed to Monaco by the Chief himself with HARTINGTON in his train; and how when the projected alliance had made considerable advance, RANDOLPH upset everything by resigning office and bringing about chaos. RANDOLPH'S health may not be what his friends would wish; but it is at least a little curious that he should just now have started for Algiers. Should he go on to Tunis, Monaco, and Venice, perhaps the most short-sighted amongst us will begin to see a hole through the ladder.

Sir J. McG-r-l H-gg.

Meanwhile HOGG's manœuvring led to much conjecture, and on Treasury Bench to some perturbation. What did it portend? Chairman of Metropolitan Board of Works usually regarded as steady-going Conservative, amenable to discipline, and with rooted reverence for authority. What did *he* do in the seat of the scorner? Was this the beginning of a new revolt?

"J. MCGAREL," said W. H. SMITH, uneasily, "I hope *you* are not *going the whole Hogg!*"

"I'm not sure about that," said the Baronet. "BARTTELOT, PAGET, and I have been talking matters over. Think it's time we old stagers did something. Nothing is to be got, except by making yourself disagreeable. The young fellows like RANDOLPH get everything; the middle-aged young fellows like CHAPLIN are beginning to wake up. Why should we always sit quiet on the back benches?"

A. S. Cr-m-r.

Poor SMITH! and he just beginning to cheer up when he heard of RANDOLPH's flight!

More interminable speech-making, with remote reference to the Address.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—At last reached Amendments to Address. CREMER moved one calling for withdrawal of troops from Egypt. WILFRID LAWSON gave what he called "a bird's-eye view of how things had gone on in Egypt for the last eleven years." Principal figure in the landscape was GOSCHEN, assisting the KHEDIVE to put ZADIK PASHA in a chest, nailing him up alive, and dropping him to the bottom of the Nile. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, who has already lost his hat, sat and shuddered at graphic picture. W. REDMOND gave account of his visit to Egypt and how he was ashamed to be there, feeling the glances of hatred of the people were merited. SAUNDERSON created painful sensation by suggesting that REDMOND had been mistaken for an Englishman. REDMOND, however, hastened to assure the House that this was not so, and equanimity restored.

Business done.—CREMER'S Amendment rejected by 263 votes against 97.

TELLINGS OF THE TELEPHONE.

THE account of the conversation recently held between the King of the BELGIANS and President GRÉVY, coupled with the announcement that the Queen had at Bruxelles been listening to a rehearsal at the Paris Opera, has soon led the way to other Continental experiences of a like character. The following comes from a Berlin correspondent:—

The new telephonic apparatus was yesterday submitted to the Chancellor, who, taking much apparent interest in the invention, at once requested that he might be put into communication with the eastern frontier of France. This was immediately done, with the result that his Excellency distinctly heard the sawing of the planks now being utilised for the construction of the new French military huts in process of extensive erection in that quarter. This appeared to amuse the Prince, who laughingly suggested that the other end of the machine should be laid on to General BOULANGER'S private apartment; and, on being assured that the connection had been effected, he forthwith proceeded to dictate, in a loud and resounding voice, a further threatening article to the Reporter of the *Berlin Post*, who was in attendance for the purpose. This was attentively listened to, though with some astonishment, by the French War Minister, and was followed, in the course of the afternoon, by another characteristic panic on the *Bourse*.

The subjoined is from Vienna. The EMPEROR expressing much satisfaction with the apparatus, said he should like to test it in a little private conversation with the CZAR, where, on communication being established with the Winter Palace, his Majesty was startled by hearing distinctly the report of a gun. He, however, immediately made the humorous inquiry, "What are you about? Shooting a Secretary?" to which came the prompt reply, "No. Trying a new Repeating Rifle in my bed-room." After the interchange of a little good-natured badinage of the same character, the CZAR suddenly asked "How about the Landsturm? I fancy you're having them drilled. Can hear the continuous tramp." To this the EMPEROR, after a few moments' reflection, as if struck with a happy thought, responded, "Bless you! It's only the goose step;" an explanation which seemed to occasion the CZAR considerable hilarity, as he could be distinctly heard laughing immoderately on receiving it. On the whole the relations between the two Courts may be regarded as excellent, and the prospect may be said to be visibly brightening.

Communication has also quite recently been established between the Foreign Office and Her Majesty's representative at Constantinople, and was put to the test yesterday by the despatch of the laconic inquiry, "Well, what are you up to now?" To which, after a brief interval, was vouchsafed the reply, "Nothing in particular." To this Lord SALISBURY bade his Secretary rejoin, "All right; stick to it," and the conversation, which seemed to indicate a resolution on the part of Her Majesty's Government to assume a somewhat neutral attitude in any possibly impending conflict, abruptly closed.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.*

ORIGIN OF TITLES.

According to D. Crambo, Junior.

DUKES.

Con naught. Gnaw fo.k.

Vest, Min'ster? Came-bridge!

A SONNET OF VALENTINES.

WHEN February's lingering light reveals
The patient earth, still pallid with the weight
Of Winter's darkness, and the dazzling freight
Of snow, which Summer's wealth in trust upseals,

And heavenward turns th' unwary walker's heels,
And lends to dauntless Infancy a straight
And aggravating missile for the pate
Of musing stranger, who astonied feels

The concrete cloud upon his collar burst;—
Now, when the birds make their engagements known,
And early baas are on the thin winds blown,

There are who send—I can't tell why, I'm sure—
To strangers, who have ne'er with them convers'd,
Rude painted daubs of vilest portraiture.

HERE is an advertisement that might suit an ambitious conjuror out of place:—

CAN any Clergyman RECOMMEND a thoroughly respectable useful Man as INDOOR SERVANT and GARDENER? Some knowledge of house decorating desirable; age about 35; Church of England; principal duties gardening and drawing bath chair; parlour-maid does indoor work while thus engaged; dress as indoor servant after one; no beer; no clothes; *bonâ fide* non-smoker.

Note the wonders of this mysterious household! There is an ubiquitous parlour-maid, who, while engaged in "gardening and drawing a bath chair" at the very same moment apparently "does indoor work." But no lesser marvel is expected of the applicant. He is to dress as an indoor servant after one, and yet he is to do it without any clothes. After this it seems immaterial that he should have some knowledge of house decorating and be a *bonâ fide* non-smoker. The advertiser had better apply direct to M. VERBECK.

MR. SANTLEY has been recently made a Knight of St. Gregory by LEO THE THIRTEENTH. Why not have beatified him at once, on account of his being so Santley? He was in excellent voice when he sang in SPOHR'S great Oratorio, which, by the way, is a subject that does not lend itself to any Spohr-tive remarks.

"FAIR AND FORTY."—The Thieves in the Drury Lane Pantomime. But where's the "Fat" in this quotation? Oh, the two low comedians have got all that to themselves.

"A BREECH OF PROMISE."—The new twelve-and-a-half pounder for the Horse Artillery.

TO FOLLOW.—After "*She*,"—*He*.

A PROTEST FROM THE PEDESTAL.

THE adjourned meeting of the Public Thoroughfare Protection Association was held, after midnight, yesterday at Charing Cross, Lord NELSON, who descended from his column for the purpose, being again voted unanimously in the Chair. The assemblage which was rather select than large, was, however, well attended by Statues occupying various prominent sites in other parts of the Metropolis, and who, therefore, took a lively interest in the matter under discussion.

On the hour of One sounding on the clock of the Westminster Palace, the CHAIRMAN rose. He said, he need not detain the meeting by dwelling on what had brought them together. They were met to protest against an intolerable nuisance ("*Hear! hear!*") need he say he alluded to the utilisation, attempted and threatened, of the open space that surrounded them, for the purposes of public meeting. Though when a mob crowded the Square, he, perched up on the top of his lofty pedestal, might personally consider himself out of it, still he could see what was going on at his feet, and he had frequently seen the base of his column invaded by a noisy rabble, who even clambered on to the backs of the four noble beasts who protected him. ("*Shame!*") It is true they had been dislodged ultimately by the Police, but only after an unseemly scuffle, that he considered degrading to him as a public monument. ("*Hear! hear!*") He had on one memorable occasion reminded his fellow-countrymen how England expected every man to do his duty, and he would just throw the hint across to the Authorities at Scotland Yard opposite, by expressing a hope that, when the time should arrive, they would be found equal to the task of doing theirs. (*Cheers.*)

GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER said he entirely concurred in every word that had dropped from the illustrious naval hero who occupied the chair. ("*Hear!*") Speaking from his own experience, and in his forward position, he was able conveniently to note the passage of the vehicular traffic; he could only say that on the last occasion, about a year ago, when the Square was invaded, it came to a dead stand-still. This was a disgrace. Besides, in the turmoil, the public did not even notice him, and he considered he had been placed on the "finest site in Europe" to be stared at. (*Laughter.*) Instead of that, he only had a mob of angry ruffians turning their backs on him. (*Renewed laughter.*) Honourable Statues might laugh, but he could tell them that to be placed on a pedestal by a grateful country, and then treated no better than a lamp-post, was not a pleasant experience. He protested against this. He certainly should vote that the Square be restricted to its proper uses, and not turned into a bear garden. (*Cheers.*) And he felt he could say this not only for himself, but also on behalf of his gallant brother-in-arms, facing the omnibuses on the other side.

General HAVELOCK (*with warmth*). I believe you! (*Roars of laughter.*)

GEORGE THE FOURTH said, that situated as he was, he might by some be regarded as the "corner man" in any assemblage that might take place in that locality. Still, he believed, he was still known as the First Gentleman in Europe—("*Oh! oh!*")—and, under these circumstances, he considered it very derogatory to his dignity to have a crew of ragamuffins climbing about his horse's legs, and waving a red flag under his very nose. He would be bound his illustrious predecessor, the Royal Martyr, would agree with him.

CHARLES THE FIRST, who, on rising, was enthusiastically greeted, said, that having lost his head in one popular movement, he was likely to know what he was saying when dealing with another. ("*Hear! hear!*") He could only say, to suffer the traffic of a great centre to be interrupted for hours by a set of brawlers under any pretext whatever, that it would be an interference with the right of public meeting to stop it, was to sanction a scandal to which the mere levying of ship-money was a comparative trifle. (*Cheers.*) He had been once brought to the block, but if this was allowed, he should have the block perpetually being brought to him. (*Laughter.*) If people wanted to talk, let them do it on Clapham Common or at Wormwood Scrubs. He trusted Sir CHARLES WARREN would set his foot down firmly in the matter, and protect the peace and well-being of the neighbourhood. ("*Hear!*")

The discussion was then continued with much animation by several Statues from the Embankment, who spoke to the same effect, some merriment being caused by the arrival of GEORGE THE THIRD from Cockspur Street, who rode round to give his general support to the meeting, the four Lions eventually rising and expressing their approval of the proceedings by a sympathetic roar. The approach of dawn having been announced by the whistle of an early train entering the neighbouring station, the assemblage gradually withdrew, and the local Statues re-seeking their respective places, the Square once more assumed its wonted aspect.

HAD it proved true that, as the *P.M.G.* informed the public, Sir CHARLES DILKE on coming into a legacy would have had to change his name to SNOOKE, then those persons who did not wish to speak to the ex-Member for Chelsea when encountering him in the street would have had the pleasure of "Cutting a Snooke" without any rude action.

THERE was scarcely room enough for the vast assemblage of Brethren who met to assist at the installation of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. Whereupon the New Worshipful Master might have exclaimed, with a sigh, "O for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!" By the way, at the ceremony there was an Anglican Bishop present. Will this Episcopal Mason, in his apron, lay the foundations of the Church House?

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES' DISPUTE.—What the Canadians say to the Americans,—"*Pas* sea Bait." Directly the bait is not used to catch votes, an amicable settlement will be arrived at—and the sooner the better.

IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Poor Crystal Palace. "BEG PARDON, KIND GEN'L'M, COULDN'T YOU SPARE A TRIFLE FOR ME, THIS JUBILEE YEAR? I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS!"

PLEASE to remember the Crystal Palace! Only once in fifty years! Am I alone to be out in the cold, gentle Sirs, as Her Majesty's Jubilee nears?

Everyone now is a-touting for everything, Church Houses, Institutes, Hospitals, Towers.

Has no one a good word for me and my gardens, my fun and my fireworks, my fountains and flowers?

Am I to become as Extinct as my Animals? Pass, like my Mammoth and Ichthyosaurus?

Go, like the ghosts in my Courts and my Temples, vanish like RAMESES, *hook it like* HORUS?

ALBERT the Good and the year 'Fifty-One, the great Cosmopolitan era of Progress, [edacious old Ogress?

Have they no spell, Sirs, to rescue me yet from Oblivion's maw, the Truly the Spirit of PAXTON might plead for me, say that the thought of my death is a scandal.

Would not Her MAJESTY—bless her!—object, for the sake of her Consort? And how about HANDEL?

Oh! by the back hair of MANNS, do be merciful! Oh! by the memory of TITIENS, take pity!

All country cousins should plead in my favour, the guests of your great but grim-visaged old City

SNOB-SNUBBING.

Snookson (who has got "Gent'leman" on the Brain, and thinks himself one). "A—YAAS—JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW—A—I DON'T KNOW THAT I QUITE CALL HIM A *GENTLEMAN*, YOU KNOW."

Miss Sharp (who has a liking for Jones). "DON'T YOU REALLY? OH—BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT A VERY GOOD JUDGE!"

Ought to support me, and Bobbies, and Foresters, Maters with children, and Paters with pockets.
Ah, take the tips of the Nursery, too, Sirs, concerning my pantomimes, plum-cakes, and rockets.
Sure of *their* suffrages, as of their shillings! Did ever a "bob" in the whole world's long history
Give so much music, and mirth, and amusement, as in my glass halls. Oh, it's really a mystery
How they've allowed me to get impecunious. Think of my Rose-Shows! And what are you going
To do with your Shahs and your Emperors in future? For when *I* am gone there 'll be *nothing* worth showing.
Say, must I pass like old KUBLAI-KHAN'S Pleasure-Dome—fade like the Looking-Glass World of sweet *Alice?*
Nay, I am sure, from the Court to the Cot, all will aid a "whip-round" for the poor Crystal Palace!

NEWS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—"We are thinking of visiting Cannes," writes Mrs. RAM, "and, remembering her lamented Grandmother's tour, as recorded by THEODORE HOOK, she adds: "If we go so far, we shall go farther, and on to Rome. The Rome of the Roman Scissors does not interest me so much as the Rome of the Pops. I shall always regret not having been there in the time of the Economical Council. I should like to have seen the rejoicings when Pop PIO NONO (so called because he always replied *Non posthumous* to everyone) pronounced himself Invaluable. I shall wait until the weather is quite settled, as I am very nervous, and I fear nothing so much as collusions in the Channel."

BEWARE!—A Morning Contemporary announces a novel variety of sweet things in tea-gowns. One is a dress of "cream brocade" opened from throat to feet over a "cream lace petticoat," secured above with "gold and cream white satin ribbon loops," and comprising "striped cream and gold gauze sleeves." Another elegant article of apparel is "a creamy white plush jacket." We've seen some very sweet things in tea-and-cream gowns. But, take care! Marry one of these, and you'll be cream-mated alive!

BATTLE-CRY OF THE UNION.—"St. George for Merry GOSCHEN!"

"NO ORDER!"

A Soliloquy in the Seat of Justice.

[Mr. School-Board Inspector has just been making application for an order for the committal of sundry poor women, for the crime of not assuring the regular attendance of their little ones at the Board School.]

PRISON or fine? Poor souls! A Mother's weakness
Brings a new Nemesis in our Christian day.
But Law is Law; let Nature bow in meekness
To an enlightened State's paternal sway.

And yet the still small voice of human kindness
Hide-bound legality cannot hush or quench;
Yet the heart tells cold Law that callous blindness
Is blind and callous—even on the Bench.

Here, where in flesh and blood, want-pinched and pallid,
Their smugly-settled problems take a guise,
That makes the reasonings pedants find so valid
Hollow as dream-world's spectral phantasies.

Poor flesh and blood! How apt they are to shatter
The neatest formula of prig or prude,
The dogmatist's phrase-fortresses to batter,
And prove the bigot's schemings harsh and crude.

Educate! Educate! The cry rings round us;
There 's reason in the late-raised plea for light.
But shouters shirk the problems that confound us,
Hustling the uglier questions out of sight.

They 'll not be hustled, they will not stay hidden;
Harsh facts, complacent to no soft appeal,
Jut forth in naked horror unforbidden,
And the raw follies of rash haste reveal.

Educate! Educate! A popular chorus,
Swelled both by voice of Sage and shriek of fool.
But still unsolved the problem stands before us,—
How justly to put Poverty to school.

* * * * *

Justly! Wills the wise world that Education
Shall to pinched women and pale children come
The happy herald of emancipation,
Light to the blind, and language to the dumb?

Or that to sordid slum and crowded hovel
As tyrant and tormentor it shall go;
Taskmaster at whose threatenings they must grovel,
Armed with a goad to aggravate their woe?

No querulous questionings these of dull reaction—
No peevish promptings of sectarian spite!
Harsh facts inspire them, not the heat of faction;
Shall justice not make answer in their light?

* * * * *

One six-year-old pale shoeless poor defaulter
Shrinks from a chilling six-mile daily trudge,
Daring with rigid School-Board law to palter,
From fear of frozen feet and soaking sludge!

Bad case of course! Prompt prison for the mother
Of so mature a truant seems *so* fit!
Impatient at the Inspector's pompous pother?
Nay, halting Rhadamanthus, wait a bit.

* * * * *

Deserted by her husband, left to labour,
For three small children, helpless and alone,
Toil for sole friend, famine for nearest neighbour,
Another erring mother makes her moan.

SALLY, age twelve, the eldest child, and skilful
At baby-tending, kept from school to keep
The tinier bairns from mischief. Wrong so wilful
Will surely make the School-Board Draco weep.

Mothers must toil, leave home intent on forage,
Like parent-birds from an untended nest.
But check compassion's promptings; these encourage
All sorts of ills, home-love amongst the rest.

Committal asked for! Mothers thus neglectful
Of the Three R.'s for the mere sake of food
Must learn, from fine or cell, to be respectful
To Law which loves—and starves—their hungry brood.

* * * * *

Another? Ah, these Mothers! They embarrass
Cut-and-dried schemes confoundedly. And yet
These poor maternal hearts to hunt and harass
Is work at which the Public's prone to fret.

Her boy played truant whilst at tub or treadle
She worked to feed, clothe, school him; 'twas her task.
Here's a sweet moral maze wherewith to meddle.
Mr. Inspector, *what* is it you ask?

Committal for the woman, or consignment
Of truant Jack to an Industrial School?
Faugh! Cruel kindness in its last refinement!
At least, she feels it so, poor tender fool.

Pleads that such places prove too oft a training
For thieves and convicts,—which one can't deny;
Dares to declare, her eyes with hot tears raining,
She'd rather sell up her poor home, and fly.

* * * * *

Committal? Nay, my smug, well-fed official.
To make the pedagogic staff a flail
For Poverty's pinched limbs may seem judicial
To souls cold-set to legal line and scale.

But widow-harrying and child-hunting sicken
The hearts of men, on whatsoever plea;
The Law must find some gentler way to quicken
The brain-life of these thralls of penury.

Make Education one more scourge to chasten,
And one more petty tyrant to oppress?
One more sharp goad among the rest to hasten
Poverty's graveward creep through labour's stress?

Nay, Sir. "No Order!" Law must shape and fashion
Some way to teach, and *not* torment. Till then
The rule of right, the promptings of compassion,
Dispute her empire o'er the hearts of men.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XVII.—The Professor of Elocution.

It is more than arguable whether Demosthenes might not have made himself an even finer orator than he undoubtedly became, if, instead of wasting time in declaiming to the ocean with his mouth full of shingle, or running up-hill repeating select passages of poetry, he had laid out a few minæ in private tuition with some practical rhetorician of the period.

Indeed, Plutarch implies that he did actually adopt so obviously prudent a course, and he would scarcely have acquired his reputation by unassisted effort; but, without pronouncing any opinion upon a point of some obscurity, we should feel sincerely thankful that we live in an age when every man may be endowed with as much eloquence as he requires in a series of professional lessons on moderate terms.

The philanthropist who accomplishes this, and alters his client into an orator in a miraculously brief space of time, does not style himself a necromancer, but, with a modesty which is almost excessive, is content to be known as an "Elocution Professor." He is big and bland, with a booming voice, which he has under admirable control. Long intercourse with Curates has imparted an ecclesiastical tone to his conversation, though he will undertake, with equal readiness, to prepare candidates for the Church, the Bar, Parliament, or the Stage.

Of course a pupil should be explicit concerning the particular career he intends to adopt, otherwise there might be a danger of his importing into his pulpit the blandishments of the Common Law Bar, addressing a British Jury as his "dear Brethren," or intoning the parts of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*.

Let us suppose, reader, that you require preparation for some more temporary purpose than a profession.

You have to go before the Radical Three Hundred of the Mid-Hecklingham District, and you want to learn to speak up; or you are asked to a public function, in which you have reason to believe that some appropriate remarks will be expected from you, while you are too conscious that, even if you could contrive to manufacture a few coherent commonplaces, you cannot undertake to deliver them *beyond a certain* radius without breakage.

So you naturally rush to that convenient vehicle for all modern incompetents, the "coach." The Professor's mode of reception will remind you equally of consultations with your solicitor and your physician: he listens gravely to your needs, and makes a rapid diagnosis of your case.

Perhaps, after hearing you read a passage from the police-reports, he informs you that your accent is affected by a provincial burr, which he has no doubt of being able to extract eventually; or it may be that early privation has led you to adopt a rigid economy, which still causes you to deny yourself indulgence in an occasional aspirate, and he has an infallible system for curing any deficiencies of this kind. So he invites you to follow him to his Class-Room, a room with blank walls, and furnished with a black-board on an easel, and a long table laid out with volumes of exercises for elocutionists.

Here his first act is to test the compass of your voice, which he does by retiring to some station near the top of the house, and requesting you to remain where you are, and shout your sentiments on things in general. A leaflet which some benevolent person in the street has lately bestowed on you, will provide you with the requisite ideas. You declaim your tract till you are hoarse, and in ten minutes your instructor returns with the information that he did not catch your observations distinctly until he had actually turned the door-handle. A little practice, however, reveals that you are the possessor of a latent bellow which, with a moderate amount of effort, can be successfully produced.

But to shine in oratory, more than this is needed. You must work hard at acquiring the *nuances*, the inflections proper to all the varying moods, so, under your instructor's superintendence, you invoke ruin on a ruthless King with the fire of inspiration; lament, with only the suspicion of a sneer, that you are "no orator as Brutus is," and throw a note of infinite tenderness into your recollections of the last occasion on which you saw the Queen of France.

You may not feel immediately at home with these new acquirements, especially in the ordinary affairs of life. The Mark Antony sneer may cost you a couple of dear friends, and the note of infinite tenderness will assert itself unbidden when you are asking your fishmonger the price of a pair of soles, or requesting to be furnished with a second-class return-ticket to Gower Street.

Still, you are really advancing, and you go on until you only need the finishing touches of a speaker—the readiness and fluency, which can be gained by practice alone.

This practice your Professor supplies. He outlines speeches on the black-board, and you fill them up from your own internal resources; he attacks your policy in bitter invective, and you make as withering a reply as you can command at short notice; he proposes your health in flattering terms, and you rise to acknowledge the compliment; he presents you with one of the pewter inkstands on the table, and you express the emotion and gratitude that fill your breast; then you present the inkstand to *him*, with an eloquent panegyric, and he "finds it impossible to convey to you any adequate idea of the degree to which he is affected by a testimonial so splendid, so unexpected, and by eulogies so out of proportion to his meagre merits." After a few exercises of this kind, you feel impatient for an opportunity of exhibiting your new accomplishment, and rehearse, with enthusiasm, the little impromptu speech which you foresee will shortly be required of you, but which no longer fills your breast with terror.

Your Elocution Professor teaches you a useful exordium, which probably begins: "My Lord Soanso, Gentlemen,—No one here could have entered the Hall this evening with less expectation of being called upon for a speech than the humble individual who now addresses you. But, at the risk of seeming tedious, I venture, however unworthily, to crave your kind indulgence for the few crude and ill-digested reflections which have been suggested to me by the very able and eloquent address of the practised speaker who has just resumed his seat, and whom I regret, for some reasons, that I shall have to follow."

With this opening committed to memory, and glycerine jujubes in a pocket where you can get at them, you go to your meeting or your public dinner with a calm conviction that you are not unlikely to distinguish yourself.

You will deliver your exordium with a few inevitable excisions and alterations due to circumstances and quite natural agitation, but upon the whole the passages which are variations of the original text are positive improvements upon it, as will appear from the following shorthand note:—

"Gentlemen, and my Lord Soanso,—No one could have entered this Hall with less expectations than I did. I must, however, crave your crude and ill-digested indulgence for the very able and eloquent address which I have practised for this evening, though I have to follow the humble individual who, at the risk of seeming tedious, and however unworthily, has, I regret for some reasons, just resumed his remarks." And when you sit down at the close of your oration, flushed with triumph and deafened by applause, do not forget that you are indebted for some little portion of your success to the untiring devotion of your Professor of Elocution.

VAN DYCK'S VISITORS.

SCENE—*The Grosvenor Gallery. Any Time.*

Elderly Methodical Person (*who, on entering by the glass-doors, naturally concludes that the first room in which he finds himself must be No.* 1,—*to his companion a lady of contented disposition*). Now our best way is to begin at the beginning, and go right through to the end.

[*Looks round smilingly on some other people, as if triumphantly challenging them to suggest a better plan than this, and, if they can't, tacitly permitting them to adopt it themselves.*

Contented Lady. Yes, that will be quite the best way. (*Looks at a picture, which, from its position, she imagines is No.* 1 *in the Catalogue.*) Now, what's this?

Methodical Person. "No. 1. Portrait of Sir ANTHONY VAN DYCK."

Contented Lady. Really! But there are so many figures in it——

Methodical Person (*annoyed*). My dear, why don't you tell me the number? this is 125. Scriptural subject. (*Justly irritated.*) Now where on earth's Number One?

[*Sees that his whole plan of campaign is upset by the Grosvenor Gallery arrangement.*

Contented Lady. We had better go round till we find it.

Methodical Person (*thoroughly roused*). What! And *then* begin after we've seen everything? Ridiculous waste of time.

[*Exeunt into fourth room discussing the best way of finding No.* 1.

Rather deaf Old Gentleman (*who has given his wife the Catalogue, and is standing before No.* 124). I should like to know who *this* is?

Old Lady with Catalogue (*reads the one line exactly opposite the number, and then says*). It's a portrait of Sir PETER.

Rather deaf Old Gentleman (*slightly astonished*). St. Peter! (*Then testily, as the improbability breaks upon him.*) But he's wearing the order of the Golden Fleece,—(*feeling still more convinced that it can't be St. Peter*),—and he's in a sort of Charles the First dress.

Rather deaf Old Lady (*without referring again to Catalogue, but examining portrait*). Well, it says so!

Rather deaf Old Gentleman (*thinking how silly she is becoming—with decision*). Give me the Catalogue! (*Snatches it from her, reads—then, in a tone of withering contempt,—as much as to say, "You stupid old idiot! Why, you read only half of it, and that you can't read correctly."*) It's not St. Peter, it's Sir PETER PAUL RUBENS!

[*Points emphatically to name in Catalogue as he returns it to her.*

Old Lady (*rather more deaf than ever*). Yes. I said so. (*Calmly examines picture.*) Very fine.

[*Exit Old Gentleman huffily to buy a Catalogue for himself.*

Impassioned Young Gentleman (*seated close to Young Lady, who is looking down while he is addressing her most earnestly in a low tone*). I assure you that if, &c., &c., &c. Do try to, &c., &c., &c. Say before they come back.

Demure Young Lady (*looking up*). Don't you think we'd better, &c., &c.

Impassioned Young Gentleman (*briskly*). I'll see where they are. (*Jumps up and hurries to door, returns radiantly*). It's all right. Your Aunt's explaining something to them, and they're not a quarter round the room yet.

[*Takes up his former position, only a little closer, and resumes in low tone——of course all about the pictures.*

Enthusiastic Lady with Eye-glass. Oh! who's that *dear* little child? Do see, No. 74.

Lazy Gentleman (*evidently bored by enthusiasm,—refers negligently to Catalogue*). That——(*sees at a glance, and says in a tone which implies familiarity with the subject*)—oh, that's a young Carnarvon (*as if he were some species of animal*).

Enthusiastic Lady. Is it! (*Suddenly grasping the idea.*) What!—an ancestor of the present Lord CARNARVON?

Lazy Gentleman (*tired of the subject*). S'pose so.

[*Sits down, stretches his legs, yawns, and wishes he hadn't let himself in for this sort of thing by an injudicious offer.*

Fashionable Lady (*leaning back in chair opposite Nos.*, 6, 7, 8, 9, *languidly*). Who's the man? I've seen him before somewhere.

Aristocratic Elderly Gentleman (*most correctly dressed and with a critical air*). Eh? Yes—there's no name to it—lent by MUNDELLA.

Fashionable Lady (*evincing a languid interest*). Ah—I'm sure I've seen him before. I've got such an excellent memory for faces.

Learned and Artistic Amateur (*standing with his head rather on one side, like a raven, and his hands clasped in front of him*). What character! What tone! What finish! See how the colours have lasted! We haven't got such pigments now as the old fellows had two hundred years ago.

Lady Amateur. Two hundred! but that dress is of the time of ELIZABETH. In fact it *is* Queen ELIZABETH, isn't it?

Learned and Artistic One (*glancing at Catalogue*). No—I don't think so——

Lady Amateur. It's quite different to the dress above—a later period.

Learned and Artistic One. Ah—yes—very probably. It's the same lady; only—(*hits on happy thought*)—up above she's in her dinner-dress, and below, No. 6, she's in walking dress.

Another Superior Person (*examining it closely*). Yes; the one above is in VAN DYCK'S later style.

Amateur Lady. Ah, very likely. But (*still unconvinced*) the dress is Elizabethan.

First of Two Young Ladies (*coming up with Two Young Gentlemen*). Oh, yes; that's exactly what we were arguing about. Did VAN DYCK live in ELIZABETH'S time?

Second. We haven't got a Catalogue.

Amateur Lady (*turning to Superior Person, who has pretended to be deeply engaged in scrutinising a picture*). Here's the gentleman to tell us. He's an authority on everything literary and historical.

Young Ladies. Oh, yes; do! We've got a bet on it. (*Young Gentlemen smile and nod fatuously.*) Didn't VAN DYCK live in ELIZABETH'S time?

Superior Person. Well——(*Smiles knowingly, but wishes he had employed the last few seconds in reading about Van Dyck in the Catalogue*)—Well——

First Young Lady (*impulsively*). What was his date?

Superior Person (*skilfully evading the question*). Well—he couldn't exactly have lived in ELIZABETH'S reign—(*feels on safe ground now*)—because he was always painting CHARLES THE FIRST.

All. Oh, of course! [*Bets arranged, and party moves on.*

First Young Lady. Oh, yes. And—(*suddenly*)—here's the Charles Family.

Second Young Lady. Who's the baby?

[*All turn for correct information towards Superior Person.*

Superior Person (*blandly and cautiously*). What is the question?

First Young Lady (*pointing at seated figure of King Charles*). Well, there's CHARLES THE FIRST——

First Young Man (*coming out of his shell, and pointing to Boy in the picture*). And there's CHARLES THE SECOND.

First Young Lady (*rebuking him*). Not at that age. He wasn't CHARLES THE SECOND then. [*Young Man abashed.*

Second Young Lady. And that's the Queen, or the Nurse? Who was the Queen?

First Young Lady (*joyfully*). I know—MARIA THERESA.

[*Turns for corroboration to Superior Person.*

Superior Person (*magisterially*). Let me see—what is the number? (*Pretends to be short-sighted while referring to Catalogue. Pause. Wonders whether it was Maria Theresa or not. Is about to decide in favour of the supposition, when he hits upon the right name in the Catalogue.*) Did you ask me what was the Queen's name? (*They nod.*) Of course CHARLES THE FIRST'S Queen was HENRIETTA MARIA.

All (*in chorus*). Oh, of course! how stupid!

Second Young Lady. But who's the baby?—There's CHARLES THE FIRST, CHARLES THE SECOND——

The other Young Man (*who hasn't yet spoken—with sudden inspiration*). CHARLES THE THIRD!

All (*unanimously*). Why, there was no CHARLES THE THIRD!

First Young Man (*sagely*). P'raps the baby's a girl.

Second Young Lady. Oh, but had CHARLES THE SECOND any sisters?

[*Turns to refer to Superior Person who, however, has quietly retired.*

Artistic Person (*with long hair and very bad hat, throwing himself back as he admires No.* 11, *labelled, "Marquis Cattaneo of Genoa"*). Thoroughly Italian about the jaw. Quite an Italian type!

[*Wishes every picture were labelled.*

Contented Lady (*delighted, to Methodical Person, who, after going into all the other rooms and looking at most of the pictures as they caught his attention, is still grumbling at not having been able to carry out his plan*). Oh! Here's Number One!!

Methodical Person (*still labouring under a sense of cruel personal injury*). Ah! (*grumbling.*) At last! (*Examines the number to see if he isn't being deceived.*) Yes. Number One. Now, we've been here very nearly an hour! (*Appeals to Contented Lady, as if she were not entirely free from all blame in the matter, but addressing visitors and authorities generally.*) Why on earth do they put Number One in the last room, instead of at the entrance?

Jocose Acquaintance (*overhearing as he comes up*). Because they like taking care of Number One. (*Pleasantly.*) How are you?

Methodical Person (*unbending*). Ah, how d'ye do?

[*Recommences all his grievance to Jocose Acquaintance, who begins to wish he had kept his witticism to himself.*

Demure Young Lady (*suddenly, as the Young Gentleman is bending down and whispering earnestly*). Oh—(*sees her party returning, and rises quickly, then, with remarkable sangfroid*)—Oh, Auntie dear! aren't the pictures lovely! Mr. SPOONER has been pointing out all the beauties to me.

Aunt (*frigidly acknowledging Mr. Spooner's presence*). Very kind of him, I'm sure. HENRIETTA, we must go now—it's getting rather late. [*Exit with Henrietta; and, for Spooner, the Scene closes.*

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Major Le Mashant. "HOW CHARMING!—A—SO DELIGHTFULLY PLAYED!—A—SUCH A LOVELY COMPOSITION!—A—I ONLY HEARD THE LAST FEW BARS—A—*BUT IT WAS QUITE ENOUGH!*"

TURNING THE TABLES.

Lord Chancellor loquitur:—

OH, come, my dear PEEL, this is getting too dreadful!
Not yet through that farce which you dub "the Address"?
On twaddle and trash all these nights you have fed full,
And still you are stuck in the midst of the mess.
An awful example your practice affords
To those you are apt to pooh-pooh—us poor Lords!

Dear! dear! Half the bores in your Chamber have blathered,
And still you're "no forrader." Tell me, my friend,
One sparklet of wisdom or wit have you gathered,
Or cast any light on one politic end?
That yawn is an answer. I'm sure you have not.
I should say—if big-wigs might talk slang—it's all rot.

True, RANDOLPH has tipped you his two explanations,
And GRAHAM cut many a music-hall joke;
But, eugh! what Saharas are HOWORTH's orations!
Your CONYBEARES, too, are the feeblest of folk.
In fact the whole thing is a hideous waste,
As empty of sense as deficient in taste.

You call *us* obstructive! Look here! here's a bundle
Of Bills *we* have passed in our few odd half-hours.
'Twould cheer you to see how serenely we trundle
Through clause after clause. There no Irishman lours,
No popinjay proses, no dunderhead "blocks."
And so *your* delay *our* celerity mocks!

Too bad, my dear PEEL! If your House doesn't quicken,
And quash its obstructives and muzzle its bores,
The Public of *you*, I assure you, will sicken.
Ha! ha! 'Tis the Peer at this moment who scores.
When the Public find out that your game 's all my eye,
"Abolish the Commons!" won't be a bad cry.

Hoho! If it goes on like this, who 'll defend them?
We 've found a *tu-quoque* for MORLEY, my boy
"The Commons are shams; we must mend them or end them."
Hehe! That 's a phrase he is bound to enjoy.
One Chamber sufficient? Perhaps that is true;
But, if you don't watch it, that one won't be *you*.

CONSIDERATION FOR A QUANTITY.—It appears that in the Italian version of SHAKSPEARE's *Othello*, the heroine's name, which in England we pronounce *Desdemōna*,—associating it, phonetically with "moaner," on account of her "Willow, Willow" song, so very like a wail—is pronounced "*Desdēmŏnă*." Now that "*Desdemōna*" was innocent we are sure; but "*Desdēmŏnă*" might be found guilty of everything, for the very deuce is in the name.

THE M.P.'S ASPIRATION.

"The idle singer of an M.P. day."

OH, let no sudden "Cry"
Deprive me of my seat,
Before the SPEAKER's eye
Has brought me to my feet!
Then let come what come may,
What matter if he go mad,
I shall have had my say.

Let the long Session endure
Till pair on pair be sorted,
So I can make quite sure
Of being *once* reported.
Then let come what come may,
Home-Ruler, Tory, Rad.
I shall have had my say.

ON hearing of Lord GIFFORD's bequest of £80,000 for endowing the study of Natural Theology, the *P. M. G.* invoked "the Shade of PALEY!" What a pale ghost this would be! the mere ghost of a ghost.

THERE are so many big memorials of small people in Westminster Abbey, that it should be called the Home of the Mitey Dead.

WHERE VERDI'S NEW OPERA OUGHT TO BE PERFORMED IN LONDON.—The Grand 'Otello.

TURNING THE TABLES.

LORD CHANCELLOR. "WHAT, MR. SPEAKER!—NOT GOT THROUGH THE 'ADDRESS' YET!! WHY, TALK OF ABOLISHING *US*,—WE SHALL HAVE TO ABOLISH *YOU!!!*"

DUNRAVEN.

"I resigned on financial and general grounds."—*Lord Dunraven's Letter to Sir Henry Holland.*

Perplexed Premier loquitur:—

ONCE upon a mid-day dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
Over many a Blue Book dull, and tome of diplomatic lore,—
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one sharply rapping, rapping at my office-door.
"'Tis some diplomat," I muttered, "tapping at my office-door."
Only that, and nothing more.

* * * *

Open then I flung the doorway, when, with blast like one from Norway,
In there bustled brisk DUNRAVEN, whom I'd often seen before.
Not the least obeisance made he; for no greeting stopped or stayed he,
But with solemn mien and shady, perched above my office-door.
On a bust of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, just above my office-door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this pompous bird beguiling my tired fancy into smiling,
By the proud pragmatic aspect of the countenance it wore,
"What's your little game, DUNRAVEN? Surely you have not turned craven.
"Back of late to a home-haven fresh from many a foreign shore—
"Say if travelling your small game is, are you off to some far shore?"
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its parrot stock and store
"Caught from Woodcock, its pet master, who so sold me. Sure disaster
"Follows fast and follows faster. Well, it is a beastly bore.
"But I'll tune my harp to Hope, stout HARTINGTON, at least, is sure;
He will leave me—Nevermore."

But DUNRAVEN still sat smiling in a manner rather riling;
So I wheeled my office-chair in front of bird, and bust and door,
And upon its cushion sinking straight I tackled him like winking,
And I cried, "What *are* you thinking, croaking, croaking, as of yore?
What the dickens do you, ghastly gloomy and funereal bore.
Mean by croaking 'Nevermore!'"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil!—this will play the very devil
With the Union of the Unionists—a thing we both adore.
Tell me are you too afraid, in view of an Exchequer laden?
Can't you see Retrenchment's Aidenn, won't be reached till scares are o'er?
Then we'll seek that distant Aidenn, then *together* seek its shore,"—
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I cried, upstarting,
"Hook it with the wanton Woodcock to Algiers, to Afric's shore.
Make no speeches as a token that our party ties are broken.
Twice already Woodcock's spoken,—don't *you* burst into a roar,—
Take your hook, if you must go, but spare us on the House's floor."
Quoth DUNRAVEN, "Nevermore!"

And DUNRAVEN, spite his flitting, still seems sitting, still seems sitting
On that plaster bust of CHURCHILL, just above my office-door;
And his eyes seem ever dreaming, economic juggles scheming,
And the light within me gleaming in the good old days of yore,
Ere young RANDOLPH came or STAFFY went—brave beacon-light of yore,
Shall be lifted—*Nevermore!*

A STOREY OF A HOUSE.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON'S new Novel *The Old House at Sandwich*—but stay—we will present a sample of the introduction, to our customers, which, if not a fac-simile, is the best we can produce from memory.

PART I. CHAPTER I.—"*Inquire Within.*"

I AM giving my tradesmen in London a little holiday, and for this reason I am lounging about a remarkably quiet corner of pastoral Kent, the old-fashioned port of Sandwich. The climate is most appetising and drinkitising, the name being so suggestive of ham, beef, bread, and fine old crusted. Having deposited my bag at the ancient Inn, I am wandering about the old town. I must not wander too much or I shall never get to my story. I am considering where I am likely to find some one in this out-of-the-way spot who will stand me a dinner. As a rule a Sandwich man is always well provided, as no matter where he lodges he carries his board about with him. But there are no Sandwich men about to-day. I see a notice up, "This House to Let." Evidently no dinner there.

In a shaded corner of a garden I see a middle-aged man trimming a grass-plot. Strange that this grass-plot should suggest another plot as I lean over the railings and affably bid him "good day," and then going through the gate, I add, like *Paul Pry*, "I hope I don't intrude."

"Hoe, no!" he says, laying aside this garden implement. He tells me he is not a gardener, whereupon I reply that I am sure he is a man of great cultivation. This is safe, after what I've seen of him among his flowers and vegetables, with his hoe, rake and spade. He has been cutting capers to warm himself, and gathering salad, evidently for dinner. I show considerable interest in Sandwich; I ask questions about places to let. He tells me that he is the Vicar, and having nothing to do, he is in the garden taking his "*otium cum dig.*" It is many years since I heard this joke, and I welcome it with much laughter. The Vicar likes appreciation, and tells me that there is no one now left in Sandwich who will either listen to his sermons or laugh at his jokes.

"I shall not preach to you," he says, "as it is not Sunday;" but like the genial philosopher he is, he asks me to hear some more jokes at dinner. It is an excellent dinner. He goes on telling jokes, but as he pushes the decanter of old Madeira towards me, and contents himself with tapping his snuff-box instead of the wine, I am delighted to listen, drink, and smile. Before leaving, I get him well into an old joke about the House to Let, which he can't quite remember, but on my saying that he may possibly do so by dinner-time to-morrow, he repeats his hospitable invitation, and so the next day I dine with him again. On the strength of being on dining terms with the old Vicar, my landlord is prepared to give me credit to any extent.

"I like old-fashioned ways," says the Vicar, producing hot whiskey and water, and long churchwarden pipes.

"Your tastes are mine," I reply, and then he tells me PORSON'S old Greek joke about *oude toddy oude tallo*, and I enjoy it in this old-world out-of-the-way spot, heartily.

On my road back to the Inn, the wind coming across the garden seems to do me a deal of good. As I hold on to the railings I hum a lullably, while at the same time I feel full of a collection of tender sentiments, and am recalling faint memories of happy days. A bat whizzes by my head. Who threw it? The Vicar? Genial old philosopher! I linger in the doorway of the Inn, and there seems to be neither bell nor knocker. A solitary night-bird going home salutes me with a shrill cry. The night-bird is drunk and disorderly. Where are the police of Sandwich? I shall sleep on the door-step.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day I call on the old Vicar. He is not up to anything, except snuff, to-day. I too have a headache, but I will wait till he is down, to know whether he asked me to dinner to-night or not. He did, the genial old philosopher, and here I am. We dine again. He remarks that my not remembering the dinner invitation, shows I must be a Scotchman, as my motto evidently is "dinna forget." Dear old-world, ancient, and well-known joke! Once more I laugh consumedly, and drink to its long life and prosperity in a bumper of the fine old Madeira—"not Port of Sandwich," says my host, (whereat I have convulsions of risibility and more Madeira) and then we adjourn to whiskey and churchwardens. It will not do to impose on his hospitality too long. I intimate that I want to know all about the "House to Let," and that I wish to change a small cheque with my own signature to it for ten pounds. He produces an old-world leather purse. He is fond of collecting curiosities and rarities of all sorts. Well the rarest gem in all his collection will be—my cheque.

* * * * * *

It is many years since my holiday visit to that corner of Kent.

* * * * * *

[Here the story really begins, and we will not anticipate the reader's pleasure by giving any clue as to MR. JOSEPH HATTON'S well-told story of The Old House at Sandwich. Order it at MUDIE'S, or get it at SAMPSON LOW & Co's., and read it with delight.]

"WHOLESALE."

Scot (to Fellow-Traveller on Northern Railway). "MAY AH AUSK WHAT LINE YE'RE EN?"

Our Artist (who had undergone a wide cross-examination with complaisance). "WELL—I'M—I'M A PAINTER."

Scot. "MAN, THAT'S LUCKY! AH DEAL I' PENTS—AN' AH CAN SALL YE WHITE LEED FAUR CHEAPER THAN YE CAN BUY 'T AT ONY O' THE SHOAPS."

Artist. "OH, BUT I USE VERY LITTLE. A POUND OR SO SERVES ME OVER A YEAR."

Scot. "E——H, MAN! YE MAUN BE IN A VERA SMA' WAY O' BEEZENESS!!"

NO DANGER.

THE recent War-scare having caused some anxiety, it is satisfactory to learn that the Franco-German "preparations" have peaceful explanations, as the following table amply proves:—

Warlike Preparation.	*Peaceful Explanation.*
No Horse allowed to leave frontier of France.	Great scarcity of cat's-meat.
Ditto—Germany.	Horses required for bathing-machines at German watering-places.
Purchase of 10,000,000 rounds of ammunition in France.	Required for firing birthday salutes.
Ditto—Germany.	For preservation in Art Museums.
All Officers refused leave in France.	Wanted at balls as dancing men.
Ditto—Germany.	To prevent cash-squandering in foreign parts.
Acquisition of 20 Iron-clads by France.	Intended for use as penny river steamboats.
Ditto—Germany.	To be floated at Berlin, and used as barracks by the Shoeblack Brigade.
Mobilisation of the entire French Army.	For the sake of the men's health.
Ditto—German Army.	To see that none are missing.
Issue of a Loan for 100 Millions in France.	To be spent in renewing roads in the Bois de Boulogne.
Ditto—Germany.	To pay for new trees for Unter den Linden.
Ultimatum from France to Germany.	To prevent war.
Ditto—Germany to France.	*To insure an honourable and lasting peace.*

RIDDLE'S DICTIONARY.

Dr. Buzzer's, Strikeholm, Finchley.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MADE up these two riddles last April, and I have determined to have them published. The fellows think them awfully good. You may wish to know why I made them up. I was making some mountains with a candle on the big map, when young JONES came bothering, so I didn't notice that I was burning a hole in the middle of Russia. Old BUZZER not only made me pay for a new map, but I had to clean the Steppes of Tartary as well, which certainly were in a beastly mess from the smoke of the candle, so I had to give young JONES a licking, and anyhow I owed him one from last term.

I remain Yours never-having-done-anything-since-erely,

JOSEPH MERCATOR MILLER. (*Mi.*)

P.S.—I have forgotten to send the riddles. Perhaps I had better put in the answers, as the fellows say they are very hard.

(α) What is the difference between a Baronet making butter, and a map on fire?—One is a churning Bart., and the other is a burning chart.

(β) What is the difference between a White Witch and a fire in a map-room?—One charms warts, and the other warms charts.

I will send you some more when I have made them up.—J. M. M.

Replies to Mr. Partington.

"ART Schools in Manchester!" says RUSKIN. "Pooh! Just buy my books, and read 'em. That'll do!"
"Why this complaining?" says Sir EVERETT, Bart.
"Study *Punch* pictures,—they will teach you Art."

COMEDY THEATRE.—First night of Jan was Fourteenth of "Feb."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 47.

HOUSE OF COMMONS DURING THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS. MR. NOBODY WASTING TIME.

Sketch by Our Sleepy Artist.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 7.—"As for cooing you gently," Colonel SAUNDERSON, said just now, as he gazed with softened glance upon PARNELL, "a sucking dove is a perfect screech-owl to him."

Strange indeed, the tone and attitude of the Irish Leader, especially for those who remember his earliest appearances. He and JOSEPH BIGGAR worked together then, now some ten years ago. Sat below the Gangway in close companionship. JOSEPH used to pair out on Blue Books; PARNELL depended on his own store of invective which was illimitable. A sight to make the SPEAKER shudder to see PARNELL with hands clenched, teeth set, hissing forth his hatred of the Saxon, whilst JOSEPH GILLIS, sitting near him, watched the effect with broadening grin. JOEY B. is now a staid Parliamentary man, with a high manner, based upon close observation of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and DAVID PLUNKET. And this is PARNELL—occasionally almost inaudible by reason of excessive gentleness, conspicuous for his deference to the Chair, and remarkable for his courtesy to opponents. In these days of grace, refrains even from startling nervous Members by personal transformation scenes. Once, when obstruction was at its height, and all-night sittings had become monotonous, PARNELL used to shake the Government of the day by suddenly appearing with the crown of his head shaved; sometimes his hair hung low over his coat-collar, the next night it was cropped close. He had, moreover, a suit of muddy yellow hue with which, when the Chief Secretary did not prove amenable, he was wont to sear the eyeballs of the House. All these things put away now, and here we have the smoothest spoken man that ever bearded the SPEAKER, or bullied a Minister.

Only once to-night did PARNELL return to older manner. This was when he observed, "I should like to ask the Government why Mr. JOHN DEVINE'S skull was cracked?"

A solemn pause followed the propounding of this conundrum. HICKS BEACH, who had just arrived from Ireland, silently protested against things being put in this way. W. H. SMITH moved uneasily in place of Leader; HENRY MATTHEWS, pretended to be asleep; and Baron DE WORMS putting on his hat walked out behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, winking at Right Hon. Gentleman, as who should say, "The Board of Trade has nothing to do with *this*."

Pity PARNELL momentarily lost his temper here. House so terrified and cowed that no answer was forthcoming, and darkness and night still broods over the question, "Why was Mr. JOHN DEVINE'S skull cracked?" *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

Tuesday.—Always believed that, before the world was much older, Grand Cross would electrify the House of Lords. Since he took his seat there he has, with characteristic modesty, kept in background.

"No hurry, TOBY," he said, when I ventured to remonstrate with him upon this loss to the nation. "My time will come. Meanwhile I sit here, bite my nails, adjust my spectacles, and look on. That has moral effect not recorded in Parliamentary reports. GRANVILLE knows my eye is upon him, and is careful accordingly. Often seen SHERBROOKE move, with evident intention of rising, and attacking the Government. I fix him with my eye, and he keeps his seat. As for speaking, I'll do that by-and-by."

By-and-by befel to-night. Effect volcanic. Came about this way. In Commons a Member may, and often does, explain a Bill on moving for leave to introduce it, a stage which precedes printing. The Lords invariably wait for speech till second reading stage, when the Bill is printed and circulated. That has been their habit for centuries. But Grand Cross is above centuries. Having prepared a Bill dealing with Glebe Lands, he made a long speech to the amazed Lords. In Commons, in view of similar breach of established rule, the SPEAKER would have interfered, or the House would have shouted down the bold innovator. The Lords simply sat and stared frigidly at Grand CROSS, who accepted this attitude as natural and ordinary testimony to the interest of his speech. When he had finished, GRANVILLE, in his sweetest and most seductive manner, reproved the young Viscount's temerity. The Markiss came to the support of his *protégé*, and there was quite a little storm in the teacup.

"Of course I stood up for him," said the Markiss, talking the matter over afterwards. "I was obliged to, when GRANVILLE attacked him. But he must be looked after. He is too versatile, too emotional, too *spirituel* to be left without a guiding hand." *Business done.*—In Commons, further debate on Address.

Wednesday.—Still doddering along in speech-making on Address. No one pays any particular attention. SPEAKER takes the Chair at usual hour. Members follow each other, and, being Wednesday afternoon, when the clock points to quarter to six, the proceedings shut up like a telescope. More interest in election going on in St. George's, Hanover Square (GOSCHEN calls HAYSMAN, "the Schoolmaster abroad"), and in the news from Ireland. TIM HEALY is coming back again, and W. O'BRIEN, "will never come back no more." He has had enough of the House of Commons. Not sure that the feeling of repletion isn't mutual. However it be, O'BRIEN turns his back on House of Commons, and we must get on as best we can. *Business done.*—None.

"Such Larks!"

Thursday.—"Such larks!" said JOEY B., coming upon me suddenly round Lord ARTHUR HILL like a mischievous urchin darting upon an elderly gentleman round the Monument. "Such larks, TOBY! You stand by, keep your eye on me, and you 'll see something."

It was a quarter-past four. Discussion on Brixton Market Bill drawing to a close. Presently group gathered at the Bar; prominent in the midst was GOSCHEN, supported on one side by CRAIG-SELLAR, and the other by the Member for Mid Surrey.

"Vainly trying to add a Cubitt to his political stature," said a familiar voice close by. It was TIM HEALY, come back to us after brief but painful separation.

"So you 've come back again?" I asked, perhaps unconsciously.

"Yes—bringing my sheaves with me," said TIM, pointing to two other newly-elected Irish Members, round whom JOEY B. was hovering like a maternal eagle.

A merry group this, in strong contrast to GOSCHEN, fresh from his triumph in St. George's, Hanover Square. "He looks quite ghashly—eh, don't he?" said GENT DAVIS, in an awed whisper. "Why, when I was returned for Kennington, I came in quite cock-a-whoop."

GOSCHEN didn't improve during moments of waiting. Wrung his hands piteously, fumbled with his eyeglass, and looked unutterably miserable.

"CÆSAR," said PLUNKET, "looks as if we had come to bury him, instead of to applaud."

At signal from SPEAKER new Member advanced, amid storm of cheers from Conservatives and hurricane of howls from Irish Members. JOSEPH GILLIS, his face illumined with a strange weird light, yelled, "Yah! yah!" Then the scene changed. GOSCHEN took seat on Treasury Bench, and TIM HEALY, personally conducted by JOSEPH GILLIS, advanced to the table amid thunderous cheers from the Irish Camp, and mocking laughter from the Conservatives. The "Sheaves" came after, amid renewed counter-demonstration, after which the House quietly set itself to putting and answering questions, as if nothing particular had happened. *Business done.*—More talk on the Address.

Friday.—The long course of speechmaking on the Address flashed up to-night in momentary flame. At outset Wind-Bag SEXTON nearly put it out altogether. Began soon after five and talked the House empty into the dinner hour. This a little hard on Home Secretary, who followed. Though House otherwise empty, Irish Members remained, and kept up a running commentary through his speech.

Getting on to midnight when HARCOURT rose. Scene changed. Members, having leisurely dined, back again ready to be amused or interested. HARCOURT in good form. Usual effect of irritating gentlemen opposite, who treated him something after fashion Parnellites comport themselves during speech of Irish Secretary. Howled and jeered, and more than once maliciously broke in upon carefully constructed sentence. HARCOURT had with great care prepared impressive impromptu for peroration. Speaking of Conservative Policy in Ireland he was to have said—"You are going the old way. It is a road strewn with the carcases of many defeated administrations, and my belief is that your bones, too, will whiten it." This an echo of BRIGHT's style. BRIGHT might have spoken it, and created a profound impression. House would not have it from HARCOURT. Broke in with shout of ribald laughter, and the carefully written-out impromptu on the notes not recited farther than the word "bones."

Business done.—PARNELL's Amendment to Address rejected by 352 votes against 246.

THE WOMAN AND THE LAW!

(A True Story told before Mr. Justice Hawkins at the recent Liverpool Assizes—vide Daily Telegraph, Feb. 8.)

In the criminal dock stood a woman alone,
To be judged for her crime, her one fault to repair,
And the man who gave evidence sat like a stone,
With a look of contempt for the woman's despair!
For the man was a husband, who 'd ruined a life,
And broken a heart he had found without flaw;
He demanded the punishment due from the wife
Who was only a Woman! whilst his was the Law!

A terrible silence then reigned in the Court,
And the eyes of humanity turned to the dock,
Her head was bent down, and her sobbing came short,
And the gaoler stood ready, with hand on the lock
Of the gate of despair, that would open no more
When this wreckage of beauty was hurried away!
"Let me speak," moan'd the woman, "my Lord, I implore!"
"Yes, speak," said the Judge. "I will hear what you say!"

"I was only a girl when he stole me away
From the home and the mother who loved me too well;
But the shame, and the pain, I have borne since that day,
Not a pitying soul who now listens can tell!
There was never a promise he made but he broke;
The bruises he gave I have covered with shame;
Not a tear, not a pray'r, but he scorn'd as a joke!
He cursed at my children, and sneered at my fame!

"The money I 'd slav'd for and hoarded, he 'd rob;
I have borne his reproaches when maddened with drink:
For a man there is pleasure, for woman a sob;
It is he who may slander, but she who must think!
But at last came the day when the Law gave release,
Just a moment of respite from merciless fate,
For they took him to prison, and purchased me peace,
Till I welcomed him home like a wife—at the gate!

"Was it wrong in repentance of Man to believe?
It is hard to forget, it is right to forgive!
But he struck me again, and he left me to grieve
For the love I had lost, for the life I must live!
So I silently stole from the depths of despair
And slunk from dark destiny's chastening rod,
And I crept to the light, and the life, and the air,
From the town of the man, to the country of God!

"'Twas in solitude then that there came, to my soul,
The halo of comfort that sympathy casts—
He was strong, he was brave, and, though centuries roll,
I shall love that one man whilst eternity lasts!
Oh, my Lord, I was weak, I was wrong, I was poor!
I had suffered so much, through my journey of life.
Hear! the worst of the crime that is laid at my door—
I said I was widow, when really a wife!

"Here I stand to be judg'd, in the sight of the man
Who from purity took a frail woman away.
Let him look in my face, if he dare, if he can!
Let him stand up on oath, to deny what I say!
'Tis a story that many a wife can repeat,
From the day that the old curse of Eden began;
In the dread name of Justice, look down from your seat,
Come! sentence the Woman, and shelter the Man!"

A silence more terrible reigned than before,
For the lip of the coward was cruelly curled;
But the hand of the gaoler slipped down from the door
Made to shut this sad wanderer out from the world!
Said the Judge, "My poor woman, now listen to me!
Not one hour you shall stray from humanity's heart!
When thirty swift minutes have sped, you are free!
In the name of the Law—which is Mercy—depart!"

SINCE Lord RANDOLPH's retirement many of his ex-friends have been "raising the cry of "WOLFF." Up till now the High Commissioner to the SULTAN has stood it like a "like a Lamb." Will he return?

☞ TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed* Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A REAL JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

Impecunious Party (*reading "Times"*). "'ONE HUNDRED DEBTORS WERE ALSO SET AT LIBERTY, THEIR LIABILITIES BEING DISCHARGED BY THE GOVERNMENT.'"

"OLD ROWLEY!"

[Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL and Mr. ROWLEY CATHCART played *Uncle's Will* and *Sweethearts* at Osborne. HER MAJESTY presented Mrs. KENDAL with a diamond brooch in the shape of an imperial crown, gave Mr. KENDAL a cheque for the night's expenses of the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. R. CATHCART a cheque for himself. Subsequently it was announced that, as a memorial of the performance of *David Garrick* at Sandringham, H.R.H. had presented Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM with a gold cup.]

AIR—"*Froggee would a-Wooing go.*"

Off they went to Osborne to play,
("Heigho!" says ROWLEY.)
Off they went to Osborne to play;
There were only Mrs. and Mr. K.,
With their ROWLEY CATHCART.
("Would it were Greenwich.
Heigho!" sighs elderly ROWLEY.)
The first piece played was *Uncle's Will*.
("Ho! Ho!" laughs ROWLEY.)
They all three played in *Uncle's Will*,
And *Sweethearts* to follow completed the bill,
Both with ROWLEY CATHCART.
("Glad to get finidge'd,
Heigho!" growls elderly ROWLEY.)
They greatly delighted HER MAJESTEE,
("Hooray!" cries ROWLEY.)
They highly delighted HER MAJESTEE,
Did Mister and Missus and little ROWLEE,
With their tact in actin'
Little space pack'd in.
("Heigho!" says elderly ROWLEY.)
With a brooch did HER MAJESTY Mrs. K. deck.
("Hooray!" shouts ROWLEY.)
Crown diamonds shining in front of her neck;
A cheque to her Hub; then the QUEEN drew a cheque
For their ROWLEY, slowly,
("Solely and wholly
For me!" cries elderly ROWLEY.)

Postscript.

CHARLES WYNDHAM on hearing it threw his hands up,
("Hallo!" says DAVY.)
CHARLES WYNDHAM on hearing it threw his hands up,
And into them H.R.H. chucked a gold cup,
For command obeying,
Sandringham playing,
"Hooray!" cries WYNDHAM as DAVY!

"THE POETRY OF MOTION."

AIR—"*The Grasshopper Dwells.*" *Duett from "Cox and Box," arranged for Messrs. L-b-ch-re and W. C. B-nt-nck.*

Mr. L. (*solo*). The Steam-engine snorts through the Ambleside hills,
Its smoke is fair to see,
Its shrieks drown the music of lakes and of rills,
Its whistle is melodee!
'Twill come by night, 'twill come by day,
But there 's a slight doubt if 'twould ever pay,
Yet poetry 's all, and for payment who cares?
That only concerns those who purchase the shares.
Mr. C. B. (*contemptuously*). Twaddle, twaddle, twum, &c.
Mr. L. } (*together, con amore*) } They 'll come by night, they 'll come by
Mr B. } day, &c. (*as before.*)
Mr. C. B. (*solo*). Were WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE alive in the land,
They 'd highly approve of the scheme;
They 'd welcome the advent of many a band
Of 'Arries! a true poet's dream.
The paths where they loved to meditate
Will be traversed now at the deuce of a rate.
The cloud-mists are dear to the Poet's eyes,
But now they 'll be thicker and twice the size.
Mr. L. (*ironically*). Twaddle, twaddle, twum, &c.
Mr. C. B. } (*together*). } They 'll come by night, &c.
Mr. L. } } Twaddle, twaddle, twum, &c. (*as before.*)

Bent on Trial.

THE well-known line, telling us how—

"The soldier leant upon his sword, And wiped away a tear,"

should nowadays be rendered thus—

"The soldier leant upon his sword, And it gave way at once."

It will want a good deal of extra "Britannia Mettle" to make up for this weakness in our arms.

SMITH SCORES.

BRAVO, Mr. SMITH! In this big Party mess
You have scored, as a Leader, your first big success;
And, whatever betide, e'en your foes must confess
That you knew how to meet the Address with address.

NEWS FROM THE THEATRES.

THE *Hobby Horse*, having gone lame, will not be hackted again. A comfortable stall will be provided for it at the St. James's until it is turned out for its *coup-de-grass* in the country. It was thought that *A Noble Vagabond* at the Princess's was *Hard Hit;* but, since this report was circulated, there has been, we hear, a considerable improvement in his condition. *Ruddygore* is now spelt *Ruddigore*. It would be always difficult to explain the "why or wherefore" of the piece, so the "y" is better omitted; and, now that it has "got its 'i' in," it ought to make its mark at every performance. Through all the densest fogs *Harbour Lights* shine brightly, attracting crowds of stranded passengers to the Adelphi Haven. The Messrs. GATTI's advertisement might take this form—"First-rate Houses—Inquire Adelphi Terriss, No. 1 A."

THE NEW UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE COLONIES.

ONSLOW appointed! Hum! Did business go
So very fast, that we must get On-slow?

LAST Friday Professor CROOKES in his brilliant lecture at the Royal Institution got as far as "the original pro-tyle." What was this? A night-cap? or a felt wide-awake, which is a pro-chimney-pot?

"HOLIDAY TASKS."

SHORT essays and stories. Again and again
You 'll take up the book, and find pleasure in PAYN.

"TURNING A PHRASE."

Dramatic Author. "WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY PITCHING INTO MY PIECE IN THIS BRUTAL MANNER? IT 'S SHAMEFUL!"

Dramatic Critic. "PITCHING INTO IT? NO, NO, NO, DEAR OLD MAN—YOU 'LL SEE HOW PLEASED I WAS, *IF YOU 'LL ONLY READ BETWEEN THE LINES!*"

THE DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPH.

ACT I.—*A Local Police Office.* Enterprising Detective *discovered concluding an Address of Instructions to Members of the Force.*

Enterprising Detective. Now mind what I've said. We haven't got to watch the Boulong boats, nor Liverpool, nor such-like places, nor bother with the Provinces in this here case. The man we want ain't got no money to get off with, and, from a cue we've received, we know him to be a hiding himself in the district at this very hour; so he 's in your very midst. Now, you've all had a good look at his photograph, and, seeing that all the coffee-shops and restaurongs are put up to him, he ought to be starved out, and you ought to have him in your hands within a couple of months. Now, go on your beats, and keep your eyes open. [*They open their eyes, and exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Spot in the immediate Neighbourhood. Enter two Intelligent Constables, *and the* Wanted One.

The Wanted One. This is the ninth day that I have repeatedly shown myself to them, and yet they will not arrest me. Ha! these two Intelligent Constables! Perhaps they will recognise me. I will try them. [*Approaches.*

Enter a Casual Informer.

Casual Informer (*addressing Intelligent Constables*). I say, mates, I know who you're after, and that 's 'im. [*Points to* Wanted One.

Intelligent Constables. 'Im? (*Leisurely surveying the* Wanted One.) Tell that to your grandmother.

[*Exit* Casual Informer *to tell it to his Grandmother. Exeunt Constables severally.*

The Wanted One (*looking after them reproachfully*). Useless! They decline to seize me. Oh, this is indeed irksome. Ha! I have it, I will walk down to Scotland Yard and give myself up to the Inspector.

[*Does so, but on arriving at his destination, is informed by a bevy of Policemen, on duty, that the Inspector is out. He sadly surveys a photograph of himself displayed at the door of the Office, writes a communication on a fly-leaf, and posts it as act-drop falls.*

ACT II.—*An appointed Spot. Enter an* Enterprising Detective *and a* Skilled Subordinate.

Enterprising Detective (*surveying a communication he has received with jubilant satisfaction*). This is a nice bit of information, this is. Going to give himself up. Well, it shows how well we 've worked the job. (*Anxiously looking at his watch.*) Rather after his time, though. (*Brightens up.*) No. Here 's somebody with a Constable. I wonder if——

Enter the Wanted One *in charge of a* Cautious Constable.

Cautious Constable. I found him walking round the corner. He said he was a coming here, and so I've brought him.

The Wanted One. Yes, so you have, and many thanks. (*To Detective.*) I 'm the Wanted One.

Enterprising Detective (*suspiciously*). Are you quite sure?

The Wanted One. I'll bet you ten to one I am.

Enterprising Detective (*convinced*). Then I take you. [*Takes him.*

Cautious Constable (*aside*). Pity there wasn't a reward hoffered.

[*Assists in the capture, and the three walk off arm-in-arm to the Station House.*

ACT III.—*The Station House.* Inspector *on duty. Enter* Detective, Constable, *and* Prisoner.

Inspector. Who is this?

Detective. Well, *he* says——

Constable. He told me fust, when I met him——

Prisoner. Further disguise is useless,—I am the Wanted One!

All (*with conviction*). He is the Wanted One!

Detective (*to the Audience*). And if our friends in front are only satisfied, we shall have no cause to regret "The Detective's Triumph."

[*Curtain.*

KEATS IMPROVED.

"In his opinion, a railway was in itself a beautiful object."—*Mr. Labouchere in the Debate on the Ambleside Railway Bill.*

A LOCOMOTIVE is a joy for ever:
It 's loveliness enchants us; it shall never
Be blamed for noisiness, but still will keep
The country quiet for us, and our sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and easy breathing.
Therefore in every Railway Bill we 're wreathing,
An iron band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of the sentimental, who to mirth,
More manly natures, spite of foggy days,
Of all the unhealthy and smoke-darkened ways,
Made for our travelling: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty makes the whistle's squall,
Sweet to our spirits. Such the bellman's tune,
Roofs, old and rotten, leaking, a shady boon
For passengers; and such Excursion bills,
With the waste walls they cling to; and loud shrills,
With which the drivers nightly shindy make,
Sharp shunting shocks, the grinding of the brake,
The rich soot-sprinkling that befouls our homes;
And such too is the grandeur of the domes,
Art hath imagined for the Engine shed.
All lovely tales that ever we have read,
Of Attic temples on the river's brink,
Before that roof at Cannon Street must shrink!

THE HARSH-DEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

AT a meeting in support of the Church House, Archdeacon FARRAR said, in his archest-diaconal manner, that "he couldn't understand the animosity which this scheme had provoked." Yet he is not generally wanting in intelligence. But, perhaps, if the arch Archdeacon were one of the poor Clergy with a big parish, a large family, and a small salary, some slight glimmering of the reason why this Church-House scheme has provoked such animosity might possibly enlighten his present benighted state of existence. As it is, he seems to think that an English Vatican is to be a Pan-Anglican panacea, and that when the poor parsons ask for bread to give them a stone is Farrar-naceous food. Would he earn the title of Harsh-Deacon FARRAR? Let the arch Archdeacon consider under what conditions the work of the builders is but lost labour, and he 'll propose justice to the poor Clergy first, and generosity to the Church House afterwards.

Rhyme by a Railway Porter.

STOUT Speaker PEEL with solemn face,
On DILLON put a damper,
Because he strove with his *packing-case*
The Government to *hamper*.

THE CONFUSED CROCODILE.

Nonsense Verses by the Nile. (*With apologies to "Alice."*)

How doth the dancing Crocodile,
With saltatory tail,
Frisk by the waters of the Nile,
Until his muscles fail!

How woefully he seems to grin,
How sadly spreads his claws,
And sighs, "I wonder who will win?"
With grimly gaping jaws.

In works of labour and of skill,
JOHN BULL seems busy too,
But France still strives with evil will,
To put things all askew.

JOHN tootles gently on the fife,
But France with angry scorn,
A shindy makes with peace at strife,
By blasts on the French horn.

"Which tune *am* I to caper to?"
The Crocodile inquires,
"Two steps at once I *cannot* do;
It's puzzling, and it tires."

Says Mr. BULL, "My pipe would play
The Music of the Spheres,
But when I'm well upon my way,
That twangler interferes.

"It's getting more than I can stand;
I shall strike work, that's flat.
If he'd be leader of the band,
Let him pass round the hat.

"No doubt 'twould seem a blessed boon
To yon vindictive viper,
Were he allowed to 'call the tune,'
While I'd to 'pay the piper.'"

This farce has long enough gone on,
Hard by the banks of Nile,
And with the worst effects upon
Our puzzled Crocodile!

HEE! HEE!

(By Walker Weird, Author of "Solomon's Evers."

CHAPTER I.—*The Pot of Pomatum.*

IT was in this very month something over twenty years ago, that I, BIGWIG LORRELL TREE, was sitting one night in my rooms at Cambridge, grinding away at some mathematical work, I forget what. Short, thick-set, and deep-chested almost to deformity, with sinewy arms longer than my legs, heavy features, deep set grey eyes, a low brow, covered to my wide lips with a mop of thick black hair—such was my appearance nearly a quarter of a century ago, and such, with some modifications, is it to this day. I have but one fault, I am too fond of practical jokes. Once I loved a girl very dearly, and we were engaged. She wished me to name the day of our marriage. By way of answer I took her to the glass and stood side by side with her, and looked into it. "Now," I said, "if I am the Beauty, who are you?" That was when I was only twenty, and I am much funnier now. There was a knock at my door. I had but one friend in the world—I am good at guessing conundrums — perhaps it was he. Then there was a howl which shook the College to its very foundations. I knew the howl and hastened to open the door. A tall man of about thirty, with remains of great personal beauty, came staggering in with an immense box. He threw it down, and then stretching himself on the hearth-rug and placing his head in the coal-scuttle, fell into a heavy slumber. I revived him by pouring a bottle of whiskey down his throat.

Fac-simile of the Pot of Pomatum.

One-Half Size.

Greatest length of the original	5½ in.
Greatest breadth	2 in.
Weight	2½ oz.

"Itsh all right," he explained indistinctly, and then he told me a long incoherent story about his family. So far as I could understand, he was descended from an early Egyptian priest of Isis. "Not Cambridge man, but Oxford—hic—Isis," he explained. He was the sixty-sixth or six hundred and sixty-sixth (he did not seem sure as to which) lineal descendant of this gentleman, who it appeared had some quarrel with a lady of theatrical tastes. The name of the Priest was (so I understood) KILLIKRANKIE. The theatrical lady seemed to have made him disappear in some peculiar manner, and his son thereupon took the name of WINDEX, which, as my friend reminded me, was "Latin for 'venger." He then became almost unintelligible about his family in the time of "CHAMPAGNE" ("ole German sportsman," he suggested), and CHARLES THE SECOND, and ended by saying his father made a fortune in beer. They had called themselves WINKLE from time immemorial, because, as he explained, they were descended from "Chap at Isis—hic!—priest, you know, at Gunter's!" He declared that he had the whole blessed thing in the box, which I was to open when his son was five-and-twenty. Then he burst into tears, told me he had made a will leaving me that boy and his entire fortune, and staggered out.

The next morning my gyp informed me that he had found WINKLE dead and incapable on the stairs. I attended the funeral, and twenty years afterwards opened that box. It contained a letter addressed "To my son PONGO, should he live to open this casket," a scroll of paper, and what appeared to be the piece of a pot of pomatum. The letter told his son to go in quest of the theatrical lady, who some thousand years before had made his ancestor disappear, and who was said to live for ever. The scroll of writing was all in Greek and black-letter, and is too long for transcription, but I may say it seemed to be the same incoherent story that poor WINKLE had tried to tell me with his head resting in the coal-scuttle so many years before. I think he must have written it himself. The piece of the pot of pomatum was self-explanatory. I give a sketch of it.

"Well, I suppose we must go," said BOB—he had been a stable-help, and in that character I had engaged him as PONGO'S nurse—"I suppose we must go."

"BOB, you are not worth a shilling," I replied.

That day three months we were on the water of the sea of Batter, bound for Aquariumbar.

CHAPTER II.—*The Halls of M'dme Too Sör.*

How different are the scenes that I now have to tell, from that which has just been told! Gone are the quiet College Rooms with their picturesque et-ceteras, and in their place rise several useful *visions. Were I writing this for a weekly pictorial* newspaper, such as the *Illustrated* or the *Graphic*, I might here describe a number of incidents to give the artist a chance. For instance, I would go in for a squall, and tell how a vast wave came with a wild rush of boiling foam and made me cling for my life to the shroud, ay, and swept me straight out from it like a flag in a gale. Then I could dabble in some hunting sketches, and describe how two lions tried to eat us, and how one was eaten himself for his pains. Would not this be an extraordinary scene? I might tell how one of the lions managed to get well on the bank with a crocodile in pursuit of him, half standing and half swimming, and nipping his hind leg. I might add that the lion roared till the air quivered with the sound, and then, with a savage shrieking snarl, turned round and clawed hold of the crocodile's head. The crocodile with one of his eyes torn out, shifted his grip and the lion roaring with agony, laid his great hind claws in the crocodile's comparatively soft throat and ripped it open as one would rip up a glove. That ought to illustrate pretty well, ought it not? Then, with the same end in view, I might have a great deal to say about the savages belonging to the early Egyptian sorceress—how the girls kissed the men, how the men tortured strangers by putting a red-hot soup tureen on their heads, and many other matters equally picturesque. I admit the soup-tureen incident would have had a peculiar charm for me, had I used it, as I could then have described the victims as "going to pot."

But, as this story will not be illustrated save by the sketch to which I have already alluded, I need not go into all this, but may as well come to my first interview with HEE-HEE-THE-DONKEY-THAT-WILL-HAVE-HER-WAY. For short she was always called HEE. Another name she had was AYESHAISH, pronounced ASS-ISH. She lived in the land of M'dme Tor-Sör, amongst the Umbuggums (the people who deceive). I was introduced by an old man called BILLE STICKINGS (PONGO'S nurse, BOB,—a gentleman scarcely worth a couple of sixpences—always amusingly spoke of him as BILLY) to her presence.

HEE was seated, robed in a sort of *peignoir*. She was attended by deaf mutes.

"There," said HEE, as BILLY left us, "he has gone, the white-headed old fool! Ah! how little does a man acquire in life. He gathereth it up like water, but like water it runneth through his fingers; and yet, if his hands be but wet as though with dew, behold a generation of fools call out, 'See, is he not a wise man!'"

From this I saw at once that the lady was a constant reader of the works of MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER; and, on further investigation, discovered she had for several years kept a commonplace-book. Under these circumstances, I will not repeat my conversations with her on various occasions, as they might become tedious. However, it is only right to say that, having heard her repeat, with a somewhat foreign accent, "*Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*," and "Τυπτω, τυπτεις, τυπτει," I became convinced that she was also a proficient in the dead languages, and quite qualified to be the Head of Girton or Lady Margaret's. Evidently to impress me, she showed me some reflections on a table in a darkened corner of the room. I saw, as distinctly as ever I saw anything in my life, PONGO lying on a bench in another apartment. A young lady was watching over him with a look of infinite tenderness, and with her chesnut locks falling on to her right shoulder.

"This is called the Kam-Orrers-Kurrer!" HEE cried, with a bell-like laugh. "Hast thou aught to ask of me, O YEW TREE?"

"Aye, one thing, O ASS-ISH!" I said, boldly. "I would gaze upon thy form."

"Thou shalt, my PLANE TREE."

She lifted her white and rounded arms—never had I seen such arms before—and slowly, very slowly, withdrew some fastener beneath her hair. Then all of a sudden the long bath-like wrapping fell to the ground. I gazed at her and I do not exaggerate—shrank back blinded and amazed. I had heard of the beauty of circus, acrobatic beings, and now I saw it. She was a mass of splendid spangles, with a deep broad coat of gold which fitted tightly to the figure from the neck to the knees. Though the face before me was that of a young woman of certainly not more than thirty years, in perfect health and with the improving flush of rouge upon her cheeks, yet it had stamped upon it a look of intense experience. I felt instinctively that, given a *trapèze*, she would jump for several miles.

"Now," said HEE, after she had resumed her covering, "wouldst thou see some of the wonders of this place, O, SHERRY and PORT TREE?"

I bowed, and in a moment followed her to some side passages where were some figures covered with sheets.

"Uplift the cloths, O my CHRISTMAS TREE," said ASS-ISH, but when I put out my hand to do so I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege, and to speak the truth I was awed by the solemnity of the place and the presences before me. Then, with a little laugh at my fears, she drew them herself, discovering the life-like presentment of the most eminent personages. There were monarchs and heroes of all ages, and in the quaintest costumes. They stood like ghosts in their calm, if somewhat eccentric attitudes. Nearly all the figures—so masterly was the art with which they had been treated—were as perfect as the day on which they had been erected, in some cases, no doubt, years and years before.

"Behold the mysteries of M'dme Too Sör," she exclaimed. "Look not so frighted, O my TREE-GOOSE. I tell thee I deal not in magic—there is no such thing. And now for some more light. Thou wilt presently understand."

In a moment some of the mutes seized the oldest of the figures, and made them flame. *They burned like waxworks!*

"I promised thee a strange sight, my GOOD-AS-BEERBOHM TREE," laughed ASS-ISH, whose nerves did not seem to be affected, and immediately joined in a wild *can-can* with the mutes.

Overwhelmed at the extraordinary spectacle, I fell into a swoon, and saw no more!

CHAPTER III.—*The House made of Glass.*

WHEN I came to myself I found that HEE had made arrangements with PONGO and BOB (rather twelve pence-sive) to visit a new place not many miles from the land of M'dme Too Sör, and that we were even then threading the streets of houses of those long since dead. And here my pen fails me. To give a story of measurements and details of the various courts would only be wearisome. It is enough to say I saw where ancient Romans, and ancient Greeks, and ancient Egyptians, had dwelt, leaving records on the walls thousands of years old. Never had I seen anything more marvellous. There were statues too hewn from marbles so pure and white, that I could not name them without a catalogue. Suddenly she called upon us to ascend, what seemed to be a huge spiral staircase. We followed, clinging for dear life to the steps until we had reached a hideous height.

"Come!" cried HEE, once more discarding her *peignoir*, and seizing a huge pole that BOB (who said he was "as dizzy as a couple of tizzies") had carried for her, trod lightly and firmly across the frail bridge, and in another second was standing safe upon a heaving rope!

Oh, the horror of the sight! I have always hated a great height, but never before did I fully realise the dread horrors of which such a position is capable. Oh, the sickening sensation of that yielding rope—I grew dizzy, and thought I must fall. My spirit *crept*, but I passed over in safety. Then came PONGO'S turn, and though he looked rather queer, he came across like a rope-dancer, and I heard her say, "Bravely done, my love,—bravely done! The old Greek spirit lives in thee yet!"

And now only poor BOB (better than a clown, as he was worth three "Joeys") remained, but he was so quaintly comic in his hideous terror that the fun of the thing proved a welcome relief to the varying humours of the unconventional entertainment.

Shortly afterwards we descended in safety on the other side, and found ourselves in some park-like grounds. It had now grown quite dark.

"Where are we now?" asked PONGO.

"This place, with its grounds, my KILLIKRANKIE, people name the House of Glass. Listen!"

We heard a grinding or crushing noise—a noise so awe-inspiring, that we all trembled, and BOB (with a Robert-like jerk) sank to his knees—and then there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many-coloured, and like the lightning bright.

"*O-oh!*" we exclaimed, astounded at the wonderful sight. This magnificent display was several times repeated. Now we saw green, now blue, now red coloured light.

"The works of fire are over," said HEE, at length, "and the time has come for my last feat."

She sank upon a seat, and covered herself from head to foot in the *peignoir*.

"Oh, *look!—look!—look!*" shrieked BOB (white as silver), in a shrill falsetto of terror, his eyes nearly dropping out of his head, and foam upon his lips. "*Look!—look!—look!* She's disappearing!"

"The Wheelbarrow Man."

I never saw anything like it! When we removed the *peignoir*, only the seat remained. HEE had completely disappeared.

"The Vanishing Lady!" shouted PONGO.

And overcome with the extremity of horror, we too fell on the sandy floor of that dread place and swooned away.

* * * * *

We got back safely to Cambridge, and that is the end of this history, so far as it concerns science and the outside world. But I feel that the other end is not reached yet. A story that began more than two thousand years ago, may stretch a long way (in newer volumes) into the dim and distant future.

To EQUESTRIANS.—The bit most useful for holding a horse, specially in Town, is—the Threepenny Bit.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—PUZZLING AND OTHER.

EASY COMPETITION.—Prizes of 5*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* respectively are offered for the two best Poems, in Twelve Cantos, on the subject of "The Athletic Drawing Room Proclivities of the Early Chinese Emperors," arriving first immediately after the appearance of the above advertisement. Enclose one shilling in stamps.—Rev. J. K., Catchem Priory, Grit-on-the-Slyde.

JABBERLOVIDWILLYONSTROCKAKOWSKY. — Give ten Biblical Names, using all these letters in each. Enclose 2*s.* 6*d.* entrance fee, and Solicitor's name in case of dissatisfaction. Prize optional.—The Brixton High Art Genuine Puzzle Company.

EQUIVALENT TO £500 IN MONEY is offered, in the shape of a Fire-escape in fair condition, together with 96 feet of Hose only slightly leaky, and the boiler of a Pumping-Engine, by a Clergyman anxious to dispose of them for a Charity, for the best synopsis of the lives of the Archbishops of York and Canterbury who have been noted for their dancing of the national Hornpipe. P.O. for 1*s.* and P.C. for result.—Rural Dean, Vicarage, Grabover.

GENEALOGICAL PRIZES.—Prizes, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, and 1*s.* "My grandfather's great grandmother's sister, married my maternal aunt's great uncle. What relation would their second cousin by marriage be to my brother's solicitor's posthumous step-son?" The above prizes will be awarded for the three most successful answers to the above. Enclose 3*s.* fee and directed post-card to K., 119, Bunglers' Road, Muddlesborough.

QUITE GENUINE.—EASY COMPETITION. A THOUSAND GUINEAS.—Second line of the popular ballad of "Who killed Cock Robin?" The sender of the first envelope, enclosing a correct answer to the above and one shilling in stamps, opened by the advertiser after the appearance of this advertisement will receive a cheque for the aforenamed sum by return of post. No disqualifications. No references.—Clipper, Post-office, Smokeleigh.

"MY KITCHEN BOILER IS OUT OF ORDER."—Most English words will be found in this, and any competitor who encloses a P.O. for one shilling and makes as many as he can of it, will have a chance of sharing whatever remains of the receipts, after paying the £15 17*s.* 6*d.* which is required for its repair. This is a *bonâ fide* advertisement. Beware of frauds.—HONESTY, Blurtem Cottages, Strateway.

GREAT PRIZE COMPETITION.—£150 to be gained in the shape of (1), A second-hand Steam-roller (slightly damaged); (2), A Highly trained and Performing Hippopotamus, with red hot pinching irons and double spring hook whip (for training) complete; and (3), Odd Volumes of a valuable Cyclopædia, embracing the portion from M—T to X—N inclusive, lately the property of a literary Duke. The above will be awarded to the three best poems in blank verse of sixty lines in length, descriptive of an ascent in the lift at the Army and Navy Stores.—Enclose 5*s.* to FILCHER & Co., Blinders' Buildings, Pocketham.

JAM.—Prizes of 20*s.*, 15*s.*, 10*s.*, and 5*s.*, offered to four first correct answers, giving greatest number of words out of above, received by return of post. NUTTALL'S heavy black type folio as Reference Dictionary. Forward 1*s.* in stamps; 6*d.* more for full particulars of failure.—BLINKS, 192, High Street, Dodgington.

GREAT NOVELTY.—CIRCUS COMPETITION.—A Prize of £1000 and £500 respectively will be given for the two best Performances on a bare-backed steed. Entrance Fee, 1*s.* Subscribers will be expected to bring their own Cab-horse with them. Particulars as to site of trial, which will be in a suburban Square, will be furnished in full on the receipt of Fee, as above.—JORUM, Junker's Post Office, Barking Flats.

A BROKEN DOWN POKER PLAYER who has been turned out of most of the third-rate Gambling Hells of Europe, is anxious to meet with a party well up in the ins and outs of Competition Advertising, with a view to doing a little mutual business in that line with him. One or two new dodges to offer. No references required or given. As the Advertiser presumes the main business consists in collaring the entire receipts without giving a *quid pro quo*, he fancies he could throw out some valuable hints to a thoroughly enterprising collaborateur.—Address HOCUS, Post Office, Filchington.

MATHEMATICAL COMPETITION.—£1, 10*s.*, 5*s.*, and 2*s.* 6*d.* offered to the first four successful arrivals with the answer to the problem, of "What does two and two make?" Note.—That to accommodate the rush of correspondents, the dust-bin has been fitted up as a letter-box. Milkman comes round at six, but the house may be invaded at any hour. The earlier the better. Be sure to enclose 1*s.* in stamps.—Z. Y., 194, Trickham Road, Holloway, N.E.

THE INFANT CONSOLATION PRIZE.—The Gentleman who had charge of this competition, having unfortunately suddenly disappeared with the entire proceeds, the Advertiser is reluctantly compelled to announce to inquiring competitors that the matter must now be regarded as definitely closed.

A GLIMPSE OF THE IDEAL.

(*A Sketch at Brighton.*)

Bill (*with enthusiasm*). "MY *HEYES!* SHE *MUST* 'A BEEN A CLIPPER!!"

"RATIONAL DRESS."

[A long correspondence has been going on in the *Standard*, regarding "Rational Dress"—Lady HARBERTON'S proposed Divided Skirt, and kindred subjects.]

RATIONAL Dress, to our surprise,
Seems to be trousers in disguise;
What they call a "divided skirt,"
Ladies say would attract the dirt;
Women in general give their votes
Strongly in favour of petticoats.

Rational Dress, the Ladies say,
Means to dress in a manly way;
Thus they view with a grave alarm,
Possible loss of feminine charm.
Strange that a woman it was began
Making a Lady like a Man.

Rational Dress has been, it seems,
Oft in Lady HARBERTON'S dreams;
Sharp her argument, swift her pen,
Urging women to dress like men;
While the Ladies have made reply,
Rational Dress is unwomanly.

Rational Dress—it makes men smile.
Why should the Ladies change their style?
Fashion at reformation mocks,
Milliners make them dainty frocks;
Rational Dress, our sex declares,
Is—whatever a Lady wears!

ADAGE FOR ROYAL ARSENALS.—Put your trust in the chapter of accidents, and keep your powder moist.

THE PLAYGROUND OF ENGLAND.

(*What it may come to.*)

THE Colliery on Scawfell is now in full working order. Mr. RUSKIN has decided to leave Coniston, and settle in Timbuctoo.

This new Railway to the top of Helvellyn would be much improved if a few Pullman Sleeping Cars were added to the rolling-stock.

Of course the conversion of the River Rotha into a Canal from the flourishing Guano Works at Grasmere to the Railway at Ambleside is an advantage to the neighbourhood; but could not the enterprising Manager be prevailed upon not to disturb WORDSWORTH'S grave by running his towing-path through Grasmere Churchyard?

Why, the water of this cataract at Dungeon Ghyll is actually bright scarlet! Oh! I forgot. Of course, it is due to the Chemical Works which have been established on one of the Langdale Pykes.

The coach-drive from Keswick to Windermere is much more enjoyable since Thirlmere was turned into a Manchester reservoir, and Dunmail Raise into a granite quarry.

The Patterdale Pauper Colony, from the East End, is in a very flourishing condition.

It is satisfactory that the water-power at Lodore is now properly utilised by the conversion of the Lodore Hotel into a Calico Factory.

No; that "hideous tower," as you call it, on the top of Skiddaw, is not a memorial to the Poet SOUTHEY. It contains the machinery for pumping Derwentwater dry whenever the bed of that lake becomes particularly foul from the refuse of the adjoining mines, brick-fields, and cotton-mills being poured into it.

It was really quite a happy thought to cut up Borrowdale into agricultural allotments for the benefit of the most turbulent of the Social Democrats.

Did you say that the Company which has bought Rydal Mount intend to convert the place into Artisans' Dwellings, or into a bacon-curing establishment?

Now that the Rag-and-Bone Industry is successfully planted on the shores of Ullswater, the lake is likely to become quite a fashionable resort for the aristocracy.

NELSON'S SONG.

(*Sung by his Statue.*)

OH, let Trafalgar Square
Remain a thoroughfare
Unblocked by rowdy men.
Make Socialists and roughs
Go in for fisticuffs
Elsewhere, Sir CHARLES WARREN!
Their grievances they could discuss
Outside the four-mile radius.
I wish them at "Auld Clootie."
I wish them at "Auld Clootie."
What says each peaceful citizen?
"London expects Sir CHARLES WARREN
Will sternly do his duty,—
Will sternly do his duty!"

"LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES."—The Railway in the Lake District.

"HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE"!!!

First Appearance of the Eminent Comedian this Season.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XVIII.—AN AMATEUR LADY COMPOSER.

THE Lady Composer is usually born in affluent circumstances. Displaying early a taste for music, she quickly outshines the young ladies of her acquaintance in the dexterous manipulation of the pianoforte. *Rondos*, brilliant *morceaux*, almost anything in the shape of a *moto perpetuo*, are easily caught up by her when yet quite a child, and executed to the undisguised admiration of her friends. Her addiction to the keyboard is a matter of surprise to her parents. Whereas most girls dread their music lessons, and scamper through their hours of practice, the *embryo* Lady Composer will, on the contrary, take a delight in reading difficult *sonatas*, and is never so happy as when rooted to the music-stool. Musicians will, however, remark that she rarely masters a single piece thoroughly, while attempting half a dozen, and when asked their opinion of her playing, refrain only out of politeness from embodying in so many words the irresistible conviction that a liberal use of the loud pedal covers a multitude of short-comings.

As she grows up her ear begins to be tickled by what seem to her to be unusual harmonies in the music of modern composers. Having been accustomed to play the works of the Great Masters mechanically, it does not occur to her that what happens to captivate her fancy in a German "Album," or a new-fangled English ballad, has been presented over and over again—and generally in a better form—by classical writers. She will fix upon some passage that has enchanted her in the accompaniment—for instance—of a song, and dwell lovingly upon it. Probably she need not scruple to reiterate it to her heart's content, as the parents of the Lady Composer, even if listening, will often be incapable of discriminating between one musical sound and another. By degrees her little circle begins to regard her as a *connoisseur* in musical matters, for she can tell you by ear what key you are playing in, and passes judgment on the "originality" or the reverse of contemporary music. So transcendant is the scientific aspect of her genius (in the opinion of her friends) that not uncommonly she will be asked to play harmonies, as contradistinguished from melodies.

"Give us some of those *lovely chords!*" her admirers cry: and then the gifted one will either imply that she does not feel equal to so much exertion, or (if in a good humour) will simper and say that what she proposes to play is merely a little scrap from SCHUMANN, BRAHMS, or WAGNER, that had struck her as *rathr vaint!*

Gradually she learns to introduce and round off these precious harmonies—plucked ruthlessly from their context—with little improvisations of her own, and, as the last are always of the simplest, they are invariably the most applauded. So that it is not surprising that she conceives at last the idea of "composing" something on her own account. To the evolution of a waltz she first directs her attention. She does indeed produce something on the lines of that approved form of dance-music, insomuch as it consists of several numbers in 3-4 time and a *coda*.

Her friends are delighted. But, to do her justice, she is not satisfied. She cannot help feeling that her principal *motif* is perilously like one of WALDTEUFEL'S best known melodies. She therefore tries again: and this time her heart tells her she is successful. In her second effort, she has merely poached upon one of WALDTEUFEL'S least-known melodies. When her father and mother drive down in their carriage and pair to the publishers', the Lady Composer and her MS. occupy the back seat. On emerging from the shop, for, after all, it is a shop and not a Temple of Art, where an arrangement for the publication of her waltz has been made with the courteous music-seller, who may have pleasantly condescended to accept an invitation to dinner to meet a titled amateur musician, she feels that neither she, nor her "works," ought ever to take a back seat again.

* * * * * *

Even Lady Composers marry; do they not indeed bring extra attraction to fortify the spell of mere beauty, worth, and position? She weds in due course a "substantial" man, not brilliant it may be; but one "clever person" is generally supposed to be a respectable allowance in any family. A wedding eventually takes place, and it is somehow impressed on the bridegroom that he is a very fortunate fellow. By this time his wife's music commands a large sale; for side by side with the indulgence of her artistic propensities, she has learnt to develope useful business capabilities. Although ignorant of thorough-bass, she has nevertheless an acute ear which seldom allows her to be betrayed into very glaring faults. The programme of a ball, given in the fashionable world, is not complete without contributions from her pen, and humbler writers are invited by the publishers to adapt the refrains of her ballads for dancing purposes. The "*'Kiss me To-night!' Polka*" being, as the title-page announces, "transcribed by HANS WURST" from her successful song, is, strange to say, even more popular than the original. If the modest Herr WURST does not make a fortune by it he does not complain; and indeed this humble musician is content to take a trifling *honorarium* for his share in the work, the glory of which he leaves to original genius.

In order to be beyond the reach of malicious tongues, and impervious to sneers which envy embittered by failure might level at her, she even dares to challenge criticism in the higher walks of her beloved Art. "If I can produce, and cause to be performed an orchestral piece, who is there but will recognise that, while generally content to tread the more flowery paths of light composition, I am nevertheless as capable of serious and concentrated effort as my more pretentious rivals?" Such may be the substance of her reflections as she reads one morning a somewhat slighting notice of her latest effusion.

Fired by ambition, and galled by an unpleasant criticism that is in itself nevertheless more flattering than the cursorily polite reviews that she has hitherto been favoured with—*e.g.*, "This is a very pretty song," "A dainty melody," and the like, under the heading "New Music"—the Lady Composer now begins in earnest to compile an orchestral work. It is produced at a large concert, and the talented authoress is "At home" afterwards. It is discussed in quite a friendly way by the experts, and who among the professional critics present at this festivity can have the heart to say anything of a mere amateur but what is encouraging and complimentary? She is a lady too, whom they all like so much, and about whom the good-natured fellows agree there is really no necessity to express any *un*favourable opinion. Next morning the piece is described as embodying "considerable inventive ability." The leading theme is "gracious," though the mode of its treatment "betrays technical inexperience." On the whole the notices are decidedly laudatory, and yet, oddly enough, the publishers allege "depression in trade," "bad season," "no sale for this kind of work," as sufficient reasons for their being compelled, greatly to their regret, to decline undertaking the publication of a work which the Lady-Composer feels sure would make the fortune of any Musical Firm. However, she is not without tact, and in a short time the great work is forgotten by all except herself and her musical friends, who are frequently expressing their sorrow at her not having brought it out, words and score complete, in one volume.

Her husband is a remarkably sensible man. He does not shine dazzlingly, but he gives a very clear and steady light, which ultimately guides the genius to whom he has linked himself for life along the right road. It is owing to him, at least so some of us fancy, that, as time goes on, her rare compositions become still rarer, their publication less frequent, and the musical parties more and more select and limited in number. In the course of a few months the Musical Secretary finds there is no occupation for him, and resigns his office. He occasionally calls at the house, but there is nothing for him to do, and the Lady Composer is either "not at home" or so deeply engaged that she cannot be disturbed. It is whispered that she is at work on something really great. But when it will be completed nobody knows. Whether it will be "great" when it *is* finished, the result alone can determine. Sometimes in answer to inquiries, she replies, mysteriously nodding her head, "You will see." Perhaps, the world will yet be startled by the Amateur Lady Composer.

Peck v. Davis.

"Sir JAMES INGHAM said he was not of opinion that a Jury would acquit the Defendant," *i.e.*, the proprietor of the *Bat* newspaper, "and he should therefore commit him to take his trial."—*Report of Proceedings at Bow Street, Standard, Feb.* 18.

THERE were birds, small and big, wishing honestly that
A Beak, with one Peck, could have settled the *Bat*.

THE Duke of WESTMINSTER (said last week's *Truth*) bought MILLAIS'S portrait of MR. GLADSTONE, for £1,200, and sold it to Sir CHARLES TENNANT for 3,000 guineas. Not the first Tennant by many out of whom the Ducal Landed Proprietor has made a good profit.

PREDESTINED!

Northern Matron (before the School-Board). "I'M NOT AGAINST EDDICATION, LADIES AND GEN'L'MEN. I AL'AYS MAKE HIM TAKE HIS BOOK O' NIGHTS. BUT REELLY I CALLS IT A FLYIN' IN THE FACE O' PROVIDENCE TO BE KEEPIN' A BOY OUT O' THE STABLES WITH SUCH A PAIR O' LEGS AS HIS'N!!"

HONOURS EASY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I NOTICE that Mr. DIXON, a Senior Wrangler, has written a letter to the *Jurist* giving hints on "the Art of being Examined." Now I've never wrangled myself, but I flatter myself I have been through double as many examinations in the course of my career as Mr. DIXON has, and I can add a lot of particulars which will be found tremendously useful by candidates for scholarships or honours at the Universities, for the Army, Civil Service, and so on.

The very first thing to do, when you are going to be examined, is to eat a particularly hearty breakfast. This gives you confidence. On arriving at the examination hall, try and secure a place between two clever-looking (and if possible short-sighted) candidates, from whom you will be able to copy freely. Also remember, if you see the Examiner himself anywhere about, to smile at him in a genial way, and, if you get near enough, make yourself agreeable by asking him what he thinks of the question of Home Rule, or the condition of Europe, or something brilliant of that sort. He is sure to be gratified, and as Examiners are "always human," sometimes even painfully so, it is not a bad thing to gratify them. Recollect that every Examiner has a "personal equation," which it is your business to find out. There are some who warmly relish being slapped on the back unexpectedly, and asked "how they were the day after to-morrow?" On the only occasion when I have personally adopted this system, it did not succeed; in fact, it ended in my being expelled from the room forcibly, and summoned at the Police Court for an unprovoked assault. This, however, is a mere detail. The plan is an admirable one, *if you get hold of the sort of man who likes it.*

From various incidents in my own experience I should not be inclined to recommend the plan of scribbling lists of the Jewish Kings or the "Furies and Fates," on one's shirt-cuffs, or taking in a LIDDELL and SCOTT'S Greek Lexicon, wrapped up in a brown-paper parcel, on the pretext that it contains your lunch. It is a much better plan to plead illness at the beginning of the examination, then take the paper out with you, and go home and write out the correct *answers from your books,* and slip in at the last moment and deposit your answers among all the others. It no doubt requires some adroitness and "*sang froid*" to execute this manœuvre properly. Shortly after trying it myself in an important examination at Oxford I was politely requested to quit the University, and migrated to Durham, but I consider that this was entirely due to the Oxford authorities envying my superior abilities. They are, you know, very Conservative there, and dislike genius and originality of all kinds.

"*Vivâ Voce*" is an ordeal which is always very embarrassing. There is, I am afraid, absolutely no way of getting through it satisfactorily except the clumsy old plan of really acquiring the knowledge which enables one to answer the questions asked. I have sometimes thought it would be a good idea, when one sits down at the table opposite the Examiner, to take a ten-pound note out of one's pocket (in mistake for a handkerchief), and wave it gently to and fro, as a hint to the Examiner of the reward which he may expect if he tempers the questions to the shorn candidate. I have never tried it myself, chiefly because I have never had a ten-pound note to wave. But I can cordially recommend it to anybody who likes experimenting, and is in search of novel sensations.

At the examination "*In Sanctis Theologiis*" at Cambridge (at which University I entered under an assumed name, after a somewhat hurried departure from Durham), I was "*vivâ voced*" by a spectacled and particularly innocent-looking Examiner, so that I thought it would be quite safe to pin a paper containing the chief events in Ecclesiastical History on my hat, and place it in front of me on the table. My answers were admirable. The innocent-looking Examiner, at the end seemed quite pleased, and said, "You have answered so well, Mr. ——, that you almost seem to have learned the subject by heart." I gave a modest, yet winning smile in reply. "Are you quite sure you have not *learned it by art* instead?" he went on, and made a sudden grab across the table at my hat, with results which it is needless to go into. Suffice it to say that I shortly afterwards entered as a student at Göttingen, where I now am, and that I am sure these few hints, if received in a proper spirit, will be of much service to those about to submit themselves to the ordeal of examination—the curse of the present century.

Yours, knowingly, —A. DODGKINS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE SPEAKER SLAYING THE JABBER-TALK. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 14.—Came upon the Markiss just now in a retired corner of the robing-room mopping his eyes with cambric handkerchief, whilst his stalwart form was shaken with sobs. A piteous thing to see a grown man in tears.

"What's the matter, Markiss?" I asked softly. "Has ASHMEAD-BARTLETT resigned, or is RANDOLPH coming back?"

"Neither," he answered, gulping down his emotion. "You are on the wrong tack altogether. These are tears of proud satisfaction. You weren't in the House just now, or you would have heard BRABOURNE's noble words. 'I confess,' he said, 'my confidence in Her Majesty's Government is not yet exhausted.' There's a high-souled feeling," sniffed the Markiss, having recourse to his handkerchief, and glancing askance at DERBY, who passed by determinedly not seeing his noble friend. "As long as BRABOURNE stands by us we are safe and strong. RANDOLPH may go, DUNRAVEN may follow him; but secure in the unexhausted confidence of BRABOURNE, we will withstand GLADSTONE and all his works."

The Markiss, straightening his bowed shoulders, thrust the handkerchief in his pocket, shook his coal-black crest, and strode back to the House of Lords another man.

In the Commons a miscellaneous sort of a night, with Scotch Home Rule on by way of change. At question time HARCOURT interposing with lofty sarcasm in veiled criticism of SPEAKER's management of business, Right Hon. Gentleman suddenly turned, and snapped at him to the uncontrollable delight of Conservatives. Later, HALDANE, a new Member, introduced thin edge of the wedge of new system of closure. ESSLEMONT, *à propos* of boots and the Address, proposed to raise discussion on question of Scotch leases. One or two Scotch Members having joined in the entertainment, HALDANE rose, protested against waste of time, declared he would be no party to it, and walked out of the House. This demonstration did not affect course of affairs. Members having prepared their speeches, determined to deliver them, though the House nearly empty. BARCLAY, finding his opportunity, also found himself provided with an audience numbering eleven, all told. That evidently inadequate to importance of speech. Accordingly prefaced his address by calling attention of SPEAKER to numbers present. A Count called. Members dropped in, and, finding that it was "only BARCLAY," swarmed out again. And this is how we do business in the House of Commons!

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Towards eight o'clock the monotony of a sitting exceptionally dull even in these times, broken by hue and cry. The Lord Advocate was wanted. Where was the Lord Advocate? Till he appeared on the scene the business of the nation must stand still, "like JOSHUA's Sun at Jerusalem," as GENT-DAVIS quoted. Through the sitting things had gone badly for business. Fifty questions on the paper, and before they were reached, two discussions and one division on private bills. Then CAMERON resumed debate on Address, endeavouring to give matters a turn aside from Ireland by introducing case of Scotch Crofters. Effort, though well sustained proved a lamentable failure. One or two Scotch Members having delivered prodigious speeches, the Irish rushed in and took possession of the field. MAHONEY led the assault with JOSEPH GILLIS immediately behind. Nearly eight o'clock and House almost empty. MAHONEY

on rising had been met by an attempt to Count Out. Members came in to make House, and straightway went off to finish their dinner. Amongst absentees was the Lord Advocate, and MAHONEY, fixing fiery eye on vacant seat demanded his head on a charger. "The article," as JOEY B. would call it, not being forthcoming, he moved the adjournment of the debate, J. G. B. seconding the motion. What the Irish Members had to do with the Scotch business not quite clear; but here they were, and where was the Lord Advocate?

Ministerial emissaries flying all over the House found him at last sitting in the dining-room, eating soup, whilst the House of Commons was ablaze with excitement. Pale as death and trembling in every limb, the Lord Advocate was haled along the passages into the House. Leaning for support upon the table, he explained how it was "all the fault of the waiter." He had, in the interests of Scotland, ordered a modest refection. The waiter had gone away and forgotten him. He, meanwhile unconscious of the storm-clouds gathering in the House, had sat drumming his fingers on the dinner-table, wishing that night or the waiter would come. Upon him burst the panting emissaries, and just when the waiter had remembered him, and was bringing in the soup, he was summoned to the bar of angry House of Commons.

A pitiful sight! a dinnerless and apologetic Lord Advocate snatching at the straw of a forgetful waiter in order to save a drowning reputation. House would not accept the waiter theory. Divided on motion for adjournment, and only thereafter the Lord Advocate, still dinnerless and increasingly apologetic, stated his case.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—When I saw CAVENDISH BENTINCK speaking from corner seat below Gangway at hour of private business, was certain that something would happen. BENTINCK usually reserves himself till after dinner. Towards midnight, when he has had the opportunity of rumpling his hair and crumpling his shirt-front, then's his time for addressing the House. This afternoon, as early as half-past four, introduced himself to House as "an old Cumberland Member," and talked about Ambleside Railway Bill. This looked ominous. But when, half-an hour later, whilst daylight still fell softly on Palace Yard, ADDISON, Q.C., with a seraphic smile on his face and a flower in his button-hole, leisurely walked up the floor arrayed in full evening dress, the portents were complete. House cheered uproariously, startling the smile from ADDISON'S face, and almost shaking the flower out of his button-hole. Could not make out in the least what it was all about. Was going out to dinner at eight o'clock; thought it would save time and candles if he dressed in the cool of the afternoon. Why should House think it funny?

Can't say. Perhaps it was the wondrous width and whiteness of the shirt-front; possibly it was the sense of incongruity between the blameless flower and the learned Q.C.; probably it was the smile of deep content which illumined his countenance. However it be, cheers and laughter filled the House till ADDISON, Q.C., blushing like a peony, with hastened steps made for a back Bench.

After this, DILLWYN rose to move the Adjournment, meaning to raise debate on Jury Packing in Dublin. JOHN DILLON, mysteriously escaped from the Dock, appeared with speech. SPEAKER spoiled fun by ruling DILLWYN out of order. W. H. SMITH, who had been sitting on edge of Bench, ready for emergencies, jumped up, and moved to take all time of the House for Procedure Rules. HENRY RICHARD pleaded for exception of Tuesday, so that DILLWYN might disestablish Church in Wales. SMITH tenderly refused. Long debate. House divided. Ministerial Motion carried. PARNELL next moved to except Wednesday. Another division. Original Resolution agreed to.

"Davis sum non Œdipus."

Then excitement broke out in fresh place. JOHN DILLON proposed to make his speech prepared for DILLWYN'S motion on resuming debate on the Address. SPEAKER ruled him out of order. More squabbling. Another division, after which COX blandly proposed to discuss the general distress among working-men. Three speeches, then SPEAKER put on extinguisher. The Closure at last! the Parnellites fought it tooth and nail; Divisions taken at every turn. But Closure carried and Address agreed to.

Business done.—Deliverance by Closure.

Friday.—Been noticed through the week with painful apprehension that familiar figure absent from corner seat below the Gangway on Ministerial side. It was thence that "old Cumberland Member" CAVENDISH BENTINCK spoke yesterday. From day to day an eager succession of Members have struggled for the place.

"Who knows," said GENT-DAVIS, coming down early to get the seat, "that there mayn't be some virtue in it. Read in SHAKSPEARE or somewhere, of a fellow taking in his wine by the pores. Suppose by sitting here I could take in some of CHAPLIN'S gifts by the pores? Kennington would be prouder than ever of me."

Where has Our Chief been? Has physical sickness drooped his manly form? or has mental weariness touched his mighty brain? Neither; fact is, CHAPLIN has been sitting at home with wet towel round his head preparing impromptus and practising reminiscences of DIZZY for a great speech on Agricultural Depression. Was to have been delivered on Report stage of Address. When everyone else had talked himself out, Our Chief would stride in and smite the listening senate with admiring wonder.

Finished the oration yesterday. Was to have delivered it to-night; when lo, an important Radical playing tit for tat with the SPEAKER'S prohibition of DILLWYN'S motion of Thursday, places on paper notice of motion dealing with subject. According to SPEAKER'S ruling, Our Chief's opportunity is snatched from him, and his speech worthless. He comes down to-night to learn the worst from the SPEAKER'S lips, and having heard it, now sits with arms folded, head bent, a monument of Agricultural Depression.

Business done.—Report of Address agreed to.

THE QUEEN'S JUBLEE.

THERE is jest one subjek as is a being torked about at all the great Liwery Bankwets as I attends—and, thank goodness, they gits more and more ewery year as if to spite the pore hungry Raddicals as never gits a single taste on em, and is therefore allers a denouncing on 'em, and that is, wot shall they do to show their loyalty to our grate and good QUEEN wen she cums of Royal Age next June.

I wood then wenture to suggest, werry humbly, the establishing of a Grand Skool of English Cookery, and when I says English Cookery, I don't of course mean none of your cheap rubbish, such as I have had to look at with hutter contemp at the warious South Kensinton Exhibishuns, but English Cookery of the werry ighest order of hartistic perfection. Why shood Frenchmen and Etalliens be considered to be the ony Cooks fit for an high-class establishment, and why shood our *Maynews* be shrowded in all the mistery of a forrin tung? It's sumtimes werry hard on us pore Waiters. Wen sum new novelty of the Cook's genius has bin introdooced with which we are all quite unaquainted, never praps having wunce tasted it, and a gent natrally says, "What is this, ROBERT?" and I am obliged to anser, "I reely don't know, Sir, I haven't studded the *Maynew*," I feels as I must natrally fall in his hestimation, and, to a man of my akute feelings, that is a fall indeed! Besides too, it wood put a check upon that werry free use of the French Langwidge at Dinner, to which all us head Waiters has such grate objekshun. Why shood us true born Brittons be supposed to know French? Ony becoz it's the langwidge of the *Maynew*. Put that in what is so absurdly called the Wulger Tung, and we shood take to it natrally.

Of course a Hed Waiter of my long experiens and posishun must have picked up a werry considerabel nolledge of the French langwidge, so when the other day at the Manshun House, a gentleman, who wanted another glass of champagne, asked me if it was *ad lib.*, I replied quite indignantly, "Suttenly not, Sir, you can have as much as you like." What he meant by larfing and saying as I was a rum 'un, I have of coarse not the least idea, but I've no doubt he meant it as a complement.

Supposing as my brillyant idear was carried out, as it is, I think, ewerybody's duty to do all as he can to make his own grand ideas great sucksesses, and as I begins to feel as my harduous perfession is a beginnin for to tell rather sewerely on my poor feet, I don't mind hoffering myself for the position of Hed Taster in the new establishment, for which office my werry lengthened egsperience should render me amost inwaluable. I shoodn't want no extravagent sallery. A nice little sweet of rooms for myself and family, and jest one *sanktum sanktorium*, or sacred chamber, for carrying out my misterious and honerous dooties, and a moderate nincome of about 5 pound a week, wood satisfy me, and I shood willingly deddecate the rest of my checkered egsistence to one of the noblest haims of life, wiz., the ministering to the refined wants of them favoured mortels as is blessed not only with plenty of good taste, in this, its werry ighest dewelopment, but also with plenty of reddy money to dewote to its nobel gratificashun.

ROBERT.

LORD WOLSELEY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG OFFICERS.

IF you have brains, cram 'em full! Right about!
March off to a battle, and get 'em blown out.

AMERICAN-CANADIAN DIFFICULTY.—Mr. PHELPS proposes a Joint Commission. It should be called the Fish-and-Joint Commission. Let us hope that the fish difficulty will disappear, and that they 'll make both ends meet.

THE recent Adulterators of Beer were real specimens of "Publicans and Sinners" without a single pint in their favour.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

NOTHING, as is well known, renders a young man (or for the matter of that, a young woman) so deservedly beloved as the practice of repeating in public, a poem of respectable proportions. Unfortunately the dearth of really effective pieces for recitation obliges many Reciters to repeat themselves as often as their poems, and it is with a desire to remedy this inconvenience, that *Mr. Punch* has commissioned one of his stud of poets (who has been eating his head off for months) to knock him off a few sweet little things, which would be likely to "tell" in a drawing-room.

One of these productions is given here, with a few simple directions by the author, for which there will be no additional charge.

It is a fine example in the Infantine Pathos vein, and is calculated to moisten the temperature of almost any room, provided that the instructions are religiously followed. It is particularly recommended to unmarried ladies under forty with tears in their voices, and to small children with any genius for sentiment.

The Reciter is supposed, then, to be on the hearth-rug, facing the audience. You wait for the buzz to subside with your eyes modestly cast down, and then, as if it had just occurred to you, you raise them suddenly and say, distinctly but somewhat apologetically, "Filial little Frank!" That is the title, of course, and now, after a short pause, you're off, remembering to counterfeit the accents of a very young child in the first line:—

"Mummy, where's Pupsy gone to? I want him so!" said the child,
With his angel-face, and his clustering curls, and his eyes so blue and so mild.
(*This is the description of the child—not of "Pupsy," and should be spoken in your natural tone.*)
"For many a day, has he been away, and the very last time he was seen,
Was by MARY ANN, when he left in the van, that was sent for him by the QUEEN!"
(*Raise your voice at "Queen" with a touch of innocent delight at the condescension. For the next Stanza you should adopt a passionate tremolo.*)
Can the Mother inform her darling, that the parent he thus deplores,
Has been charged with pocketing pickles at the Army and Navy Stores?
He was somewhat inclined to absence of mind—which might have accounted for that, (*Change again here to a grieved solemnity.*)
But *not* for the jar of preserved caviare, and the collared brawn in his hat!
(*Now you are to personate the Mother and her suppressed emotion—you can do this either by rolling your eyes, or twisting your handkerchief.*)
"Oh, hush, my own little FRANKIE! Pupsy's Her Majesty's Guest,
And, while she desires his attendance, he's *bound* to obey her behest."
(*Now the child again; with a slow smile of dawning intelligence—you may find this difficult—practise it.*)
"Then, if *I* do as *he*, will the QUEEN invite *me*, to go to Papa and her Palace see?" (*Bend your head here in choked resignation.*)
And the Mother sighs "*Yes*,"—for she dare not confess the assumption is based on a fallacy!
(*Slight pause; continue in brisker vein as narrator.*)
But mystified FRANKIE pondered—*What* had his father done
To deserve such an invitation? he questioned many a one;
And from all he heard, the child inferred—if he stoned a suburban train,
Or did *any*thing naughty, then, if he was caught, he would soon see his Pupsy again! (*Brisker still for next Stanza.*)
So he wandered down to the railway, and there, on the platform, he came
To a curious kind of contrivance—I can't remember its name.
(*This with a fine carelessness—fine carelessness is attained by jerking the left hand.*)
But there is a slit in the middle of it, and when you've inserted your coin,
Some toffee you get, or a mild cigarette—whiche'er you experience joy in.
(*Work up the next Stanza to climax of excitement.*)
Here was the means before him of rejoining his parent at last!
And the thought made his eyes shine brighter, and his breath come thick and fast:
'Twas a desperate feat such an engine to cheat,—but the prize! he had centred his soul in it.
He'd a long piece of string, and—most fortunate thing—a penny possessing a hole in it! (*Here you go back to your quieter style.*)
Well; he fastened the string to his penny, and again and again it dropped,
Till the toffee was all exhausted—and then the machinery stopped.
And the fraud was perceived—but the child was relieved, having never intended to cadge his treat.
But B. 32, said, "I'd recommend *you* to reserve your remarks for the Magistrit!"
(*Now comes your great chance; raise your right fore-finger and lower your voice. Speak rather in sorrow than in anger.*)
Alas, for his childish fancies! the Bench was cruel and cold,
It did not believe little FRANKIE and the artless tale that he told!
His highminded deed was put down to the greed of a little unprincipled urchin,
And a certain official, directed to swish all, was ordered to bring a new birch in!
(*You finish with a rapt expression—as of one who sees a vision in the chandelier.*)
So FRANKIE failed, for they sent him home—but will it be *always* thus?
Ah, no! he, too, will be fetched one day in the royal omnibus:
And a cry of joy from the radiant boy will echo in Holloway yard,
(*Child's voice again, with a tender exaltation.*)
"Oh, Pupsy *see* . . . it is really me! I am in for a fortnight's 'hard!'"

If a young lady of even moderate talent does not sit down in a sea of congratulation after this, *Mr. Punch's* poet is not the great pathetic writer he fondly imagines himself—which is absurd.

WHAT with the hideous public-house left standing at an adjacent corner, the steps at St. Martin's Church unremoved, and the unsightly blank displayed at the rear of the National Gallery, the Authorities seem inclined to make a pretty piece of patchwork of Hemming's Row; but it is to be hoped Mr. WHITMORE will not let go the thread of the discussion he introduced on Thursday last. Dealing with such a central and suggestive locality as Hemming's Row, the First Commissioner should be reminded of the proverbial "stitch in time," and take it without further delay.

BACCHUS IN IOWA.

A true lay of to-day, full of comfort for Sir Wilfrid and his merry men.

"HILLO!" says SILENUS to BACCHUS one day,
"I vote we skedaddle out Iowa way.
A teetotal place? Ah, my boy, what of that?
They'll dodge *any* law who're in love with your vat.
The artists all paint us two gods of the bottle
Each squeezing a cluster of grapes down his throttle.
Of course we were ne'er such a couple of noddies.
The juice of the grape never entered our bodies,
Until by fermenting, for tippling made good,
And a life of long years in the goatskin or wood;
But these Iowa topers have hit on a plan
Which I think you will own is a topper, old man.
To dodge the harsh law that prohibits strong drink,
They make grapes—indiarubber—and what do you think?
Why they fill them, oh, not with crude juice of the vine,
But with genuine full-bodied, odorous *Wine!*
They sell these in bunches and boxes, you see,
And a bibulous soul, on the strictest Q. T.,
Can take them about like his weed or his grub,
And so be independent of wine-shop or pub.*
That's something like grape-sucking. So I propose——"
But already the god of the rubicund nose
Was off to the West, followed close by SILENUS,
They've not dropped a line, but I fancy, between us,
That in Iowa, where though the Law makes a crime of it,
Men tope, they are having a capital time of it.

* *Vide St. James's Gazette*, February 25.

ORIGIN OF TITLES.

According to D. Crambo, Junior.

DUKES.

Beau fought. 'Ead in burrow.

'Ab'er corn! Well linked 'um.

THE JOLLY COMMISSIONERS.

(As it might have been. To be sung to a well-known Chaunt.)

THERE were some Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses (*bis*),
Who took a boat and went to sea,
Who took a boat to see what they could see.

There was Gorging JACK and Guzzling JIMMY (*bis*),
With others, who ran up a little bill-ee
At the Waterloo, Grieve's Hostelree.

They went to inspect Lighthouses and Lightships (*bis*),
All round the Scottish coast, N.B.
A very pleasant trip it was, N.B.

Says Gorging JACK to Guzzling JIMMY (*bis*),
"What shall we do if we're hunge-*ree*?
Which will happen very probab*lee*."

"Oh, ain't we going to drink and eat too (*bis*).
When Lighthouses we come to see?
Oh, this air gives such an appe-ti-*tee*."

Says Guzzling JIM to Gorging JACKY (*bis*),
"O Gorging JACK, what a fool you be.
Let 's store the boats provisional*lee*."

With dinners and dessert and Amontillado (*bis*),
And Chambertin they loaded she,
With Sixty-four Lafitte they loaded she.

Likewise with Seventy-four Pommery and Greno,
To which not one of us here would say no—
With GEISLER'S Superior, and Ma-de-ree,
With Port three bottles, and Liqueur Brand*ee*.

They'd Steinberg Cabinet of Sixty-Eight too,
And other wines which were all first-rate too.

Says Guzzling JIM unto JACKEE,
"Oh, what a lot of Lighthouse*s* I see!

"But they all appear mos' dre'fully shaky,
The Lighthouses appear mos' horr'bly shaky!
It's very fortch-nate that we came to see.
Thesh Lighthousesh are not stead*ee*.

"I think the Lighthouses have been drinking (*bis*), [*kee!* (*bis*).
They have been taking too much whis-

"Look at the lightsh how they're revolving (*bis*),
I don't think they're working proper*lee*,
The Board of Trade must hear of this from We."

Before they finished their Waterloo Banquet (*bis*),
They drank the health of her Majestee,
And they drank the Royal Jubilee.

And as for their little Bill (who paid it?) (*bis*),
It's being examined by a Com-mit-*tee* (*bis*).

When next they want Lighthouse Commissioners (*bis*),
To examine the Scottish Coast, N.B.
Of candidates what crowds there'll be!!

TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN ENGLAND.—Farmers have to sign a statutory declaration before they can commence this new industry.—Fancy an English agriculturist compelled to obtain the permission of Government in order to let weeds grow in his garden!

PUNCH TO JOHN BRIGHT.

"I will speak daggers, but will use none."

FRIEND JOHN, so hot against the soldier's steel,
E'en when 'tis wielded fairly, can'st not feel
That words *are* sometimes daggers, that their thrust,
Foully delivered, in a cause unjust,
Is mere assassin's work, not the brave stroke
Of men in open contest? When you spoke
Words lightly measured, yet of lethal power,
Against the men you're all too prone to dower
With devil attributes, did you not know
Hundreds of gallant hearts would feel the blow [thrust?
Worse than the tameless Arab's treacherous
Shame, JOHN! Word-blows, like sword-strokes, should be *just*.
Else they befit the platform bravo, not
The old man eloquent. Falsely to blot
War's panoply, bespatter the poor rag, [flag,
Steel-shorn, shot-riddled, that was once a
In whose defence dead heroes gladly died,
Is not a task to move a man to pride,
Nor can it help the noble cause of Peace.
The white flag, JOHN, *may* bid all battle cease,
Not the white feather! In defence of right,
Despite your dogmas, men perforce must fight, [care,
With swords as well as words; be it their
With either, to heed honour, and fight fair.
You would "speak daggers" only; be it so;
But a word-stab may be a felon blow.

HAPPY THOUGHT!

A LONG SHOT AT THE FUTURE.

"THE Duke of CAMBRIDGE at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, called attention to the danger to tenants of property adjoining the Wimbledon Butts, in consequence of the long range of modern rifle-bullets."—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*The Interior of a Villa Residence in a secluded part of the Isle of Wight. Domestic circle discovered assembled at lunch.*

Paterfamilias. I have brought down the *Times* to read——(*the paper is suddenly torn from his hand and carried through the window with a crash.*) Hallo! What's this!

Superstitious Spinster. Brother, I have always told you that this place is haunted! The incident has unnerved me. Nephew, I think I *will* take another glass of sherry.

Youngster. All right, Auntie!

[*Raises decanter to pour out wine, when both bottle and glass are knocked to pieces.*

Materfamilias. How careless of you, CHARLEY! Have I not told you a hundred times that—— [*The chandelier comes down with a run.*

Schoolgirl. Oh, Mamma, what can be the matter? The poor canary is lying on its side, with a hole through the wire of its cage!

Paterfamilias. Dear me! Well, this is very strange! (*Suddenly looking at heading of paper.*) Why, to be sure! How thoughtless I am! I did not notice the date. Why, of course this is the first day of the Volunteers at Wimbledon. We had better take our plates as usual downstairs, my dears, and eat our luncheon in the cellars!

[*The family act upon the suggestion.*

"CHICKEN AND CHAMPAGNE."—We have received a card from a certain firm of Restaurateurs, whose name we shall not mention, in this form:—

"OPUS OPIFICEM PROBAT."

"Messrs. —— present their compliments to the Editor of *Punch*, and request his company at the Restaurant, on —— day next, the —— inst., at two P.M., when they propose to take his opinion on the alterations, decorations, and improvements which they have introduced into their establishment."

We will give them our opinion of one improvement and alteration they can make in their future arrangements, and that is,—*not* to send out these press-ing invitations.

AN ARTISTIC FAMILY IN STRUGGLING CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Laocoön Group.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February, 21.—GLADSTONE back again to-day after strategic absence during inconvenient debate on Address. Full of life and health and spirits. Met HENEAGE cruising about the Lobby, looking more indefinite than ever as to his age. Found HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN on the Front Bench. Came up so briskly a moment's apprehension that he meant to chevy them off. On the contrary, shook hands with them cordially. In fact beaming with benevolence all round. So affected GOSCHEN that, making his first speech from Tory Treasury Bench, he was full of tender allusions to "my Right Hon. friend the Member for Midlothian." Not since poor NORTHCOTE was here has the House heard this style of address bandied across the table. GLADSTONE himself didn't use it with reference to GOSCHEN; but GOSCHEN made up the average of frequency.

"Any Age you like."

In the seraphic humour which enveloped his spirit, GLADSTONE would not say a hard thing of the Ministry. At the same time (certainly *en parenthèse*) he brought out curious position of affairs. Last time Closure before the House, Conservatives opposed it tooth and nail. It was the end of freedom of speech. It was the gagging of Parliament; and RANDOLPH and the rest of them, for once in unison with SMITH, GRAND CROSS, and NORTHCOTE, would die on the floor of the House rather than agree to it. Now the Conservatives as a Government were bringing it forward.

"After to-day's meeting at the Foreign Office," HARCOURT said, "I believe they have convinced themselves they were the authors of the proposal."

Should GLADSTONE, as Leader of the Opposition, dwell upon this embarrassing fact? Should he adopt the tactics of the Conservative Opposition in 1882? Perish the thought! "He would do everything he could to help the Government to make the New Rules of Procedure effective."

W. H. SMITH deeply affected. A sob passed along the Treasury Bench, and died away in a remote corner below Gangway, where CAVENDISH-BENTINCK sat. A beautiful and a touching scene! a little marred later when HARCOURT bustled to the front, belaboured the guileless GOSCHEN, and brought up the retaliatory RAIKES. Finishing touch given to proceedings when RAIKES commended for general adoption by the House the calm and fair spirit manifested by PARNELL. Can't say that business much advanced; but delightful and soothing to be present on such a night.

Business done.—Closure Resolution moved.

Lord D-rby.

Tuesday.—DERBY entered precincts of House of Lords to-night, with hat firmly pressed on brow, lips pursed, and general air of determination to do some grave thing. Followed him, to see what was up. House nearly empty. Peers still nothing to do. Some half-dozen look in casually, sit five or ten minutes, and so home. To those assembled, DERBY opened his Budget. Appears that India, thrice blessed with stars, and gun-firing, and banquets, on account of Jubilee, is to have 25,000 criminals let loose upon it, in further recognition of the joyful event. DERBY thinks honest people won't like this. Grand CROSS assures him nothing would please them better. So says LYTTON. Ditto says RIPON, and DERBY goes home, musing on these things. Fancy matter will not rest here.

"Why should England wait?" DERBY asks. "We have our Jubilee; why not have our Criminals?"

DERBY tells me he was led to take up matter by the receipt of petition signed "Missis SIKES." Son BILL in trouble again, with many other family connections and acquaintances. Missis SIKES wants to know why Oriental custom shouldn't be extended in their favour? Petition to that end now being extensively signed. Influential Committee meets daily at Skeleton Key, Seven Dials, where petition lies for mark. DERBY tells me this as we stroll together across to House of Commons.

"That 's the Diet for Worms."

"What is Jubilee for the Goose, should be Jubilee for the Gander," he says, in his sententious way. "We don't have Jubilee every year. No reason why its attendant privileges should be confined to India." Interesting moment in Commons. CLARK has just asked question with respect to dinner provided for Northern Lights Commissioners and Bill sent in to Treasury. Such a bill! Forty-seven guests; meats at the rate of 30*s.* a-head. Illimitable Steinberg Cabinet at 30*s.* per bottle, innumerable Pommery £1 per bottle, 1834 port, 1864 Château Lafitte, and so on. Ninety-six bottles choicest, most excellent wine amongst forty-seven of us! Hardly hear the question put for smacking of lips on Benches to right and left of SPEAKER. Secretary to Board of Trade, to whom question addressed, heard to exclaim in languishing tones, "That 's the Diet for WORMS."

After this everything flat. Members free from the Whips went off to dine on such poor fare as London affords. Ministers and others condemned to dine in the House dallied with their cut from the joint, sipped their one-and-sixpenny claret, and thought dreamily of the Northern Lights, the twelve bottles Steinberg Cabinet 1868, the twenty-four bottles Pommeroy and Greno 1874, and the three bottles of port 1834, round which they genially twinkled. *Business done.*—More debate on Closure.

Thursday.—House to-night dull, and respectable. Attendance small, and no fireworks. Got into discussion on a batch of Amendments to Closure Rule. Talk goes forward as quietly and monotonously as if we were discussing hypothec. PARNELL takes leading part in criticising measure proposed, and stamps discussion with his most placid manner. JOSEPH GILLIS always makes a point of doing honour to his Chief by being present whilst he speaks. But cannot withstand somnolent influence of the hour. Softly sleeps, waking up occasionally to cry "Hear, hear!" or "No, no!" according as he recognises, by the voice of the speaker, whether he is in favour of PARNELL'S Amendment, or against it.

A Bard.

"This is all very well, TOBY," the benevolent old gentleman says, with a yawn. "I don't mind a turn of sleeping about this hour, being accustomed to get to bed early when Imperial politics isn't to the fore. But do you mind the times we had in the Autumn Session when me noble friend RANDOLPH sat below me, where ye 're sitting now, so as to be convainient for talking things over with me and TIM HEALY? D'ye mind the long speeches, the divisions on every line, the motions for adjournment, the blayguarding of GLADSTONE, and the sureness of us all the Constitution would be ripped up when Closure passed? And now there's me noble friend run away to

Algyiers to get out of the way, and here 's SMITH and HICKS-BEACH and the rest of 'em turned round forcing the Closure down our throats, so to speak. It 's a haythen world, TOBY, and if we couldn't get a turn of sleep occasionally where should we be?"

Business done.—Debate on Closure.

Friday.—No one thinking of SCLATER-BOOTH when he rose just now from a back Bench behind Ministers. "Here, high and dry, he has been cast, like a piece of seaweed after a storm." (That 's OSBORNE MORGAN'S way of putting it. OSBORNE MORGAN is, I believe, a Bard in his own country, and sometimes drops into poetry in ours.) SCLATER-BOOTH not at all like a piece of seaweed. High in manner of the magisterial order, he has truly been, and always dry. True, also, that he is stranded as far as the tide setting in for office is concerned. Not the sort of man of which even Conservatives make Ministers to-day, though highly popular at one time. RANDOLPH has changed all that. With RANDOLPH'S rising sun, the SCLATER-BOOTH orb has gradually sunk, and is finally set. (The Bard again.) Has accepted his fate without public complaint; only to-night, seeing his opportunity, snapped at it. Not prepared, he said, for such betrayal of voracious appetite for the Closure on part of Ministers. Five of them sat with him on Committee last year, and they then displayed no such voracity. Talking of appetite reminded SCLATER-BOOTH that it was dinner-time. So, having fired this shot, he marched out of House, leaving his former colleagues voracious, but not ashamed. *Business done.*—Debate on Closure.

THE BALLAD OF THE BROKEN BARONET.

FITZ-JOGYNS at his breakfast sat, late-risen from his bed,
FITZ-JOGYNS of the ample purse, large heart, and empty head;
And by him was the Baronet, whose friendship was the crown
Of all the simple triumphs of his short career in town.

But wan and wrinkled was his cheek, unkempt his hair to-day,
Where watchful time had cleft the dye with a great gash of grey,
And open-mouthed FITZ-JOGYNS sat, like one who doth not know,
While thus the Baronet spake on, with husky voice and low:—

"Last night you saw me *point de vice*, in fashion's nicest mould;
A shrivelled husk of self-respect this morning you behold,
Who 'd gladly take his leave of life, and, if you have it handy,
A dash of seltzer-water in a claret-glass of brandy.

"I told you that the wine we drank—and fast your praises ran—
Was a sort of Indian sherry from the Isles of Andaman;
I don't believe the vine would grow precisely in that zone.
The wine was made in Bermondsey—a vintage quite my own.

"Now for awhile the moral scales have fallen from my eyes,
The hot remorse of 'coppers' melts the adamant of lies;
And hear, FITZ-JOGYNS, while I sketch, succinctly as I can,
The *facilis descensus* of a shifty gentleman.

"Well-born, well-bred, I launched in life with dreams of a career
That need not owe to favour what it ne'er should lose by fear;
But weighted with the poet-pow'r that sways imagined scenes,
And high desires that could not brook the limit of my means.

"'Above Suspicion' I had made the motto of my life;
With mutual credit I'd have run away with CÆSAR'S wife;
And shady things, as done by me, a Cato might disarm,
Their very shadiness acquired a cool and mystic charm.

"And with the best I ruffled it in Town and Camp and Court,
Till here a horse and there a card those halcyon days cut short;
But, calm in all contingencies, 'twere false to say I fell.
I rather changed with frequency my Social Parallel.

"Barr'd by involuntary schisms from mixing with my peers,
I found kind hearts and simple faith in friends of humbler spheres;
And oh, be sure you 're downward bound when you begin to prize
The moral virtues of the friends whose manners you despise.

"There is a charm that lingers still about this social wreck,
Fair flow'rs of speech and courtly blooms the corpse of honour deck,
And so permissive are my ways, that, on the lowest ramp,
I half persuade myself that I am really not a scamp.

"I've dish'd, a high-horse Cavalier, the writter's soaring hope;
With Indian craft I've shot the moon on the pacific slope;
By force or fraud to one and all the destin'd moment came
To curse my charming manners and revile my ancient name.

"As waltz-worn spinsters closer cling to waning hopes of marriage,
As baby-laden ladies steer straight for a smoking-carriage,
As authors haunt the friend in need who reads their first romance,
So round the titled carcase flock the vultures of finance.

"'What 's in a name?' the poet asks. Well, I have found in mine
A standing tasting-order for all sorts of curious wine,
A round of brief Directorships on Companies, where need
Makes Baronets acquainted with strange boardfellows indeed;

"A passport to the vaguest Clubs of brotherhood complete,
Where booted Lords on common ground with Belted artists meet,
Where Lion cubs of comic strain accost the shady City,
And nothing much is known against a few of the Committee.

"But chiefly in exploiting wines I've shown my practis'd skill,
The Mithridates of the docks, impervious to ill,—
Yet deem not that the gentle tout can duly earn his bread
Unless above the face of brass he wear the flinty head.

"And mine, methought, were proof indeed. I've quaffed the live-long day,
Huge flasks of Cipanesti in the small *trattorie*,
I've drunk Sauer Staut without a wink beside the Castled Rhine,
And whelmed the storied scene in floods of Bauelnotterwein.

"I've sampled every deadly brand the chemic art can blend,
I've sampled them myself before I've tried them on a friend,
And weird Antipodean draughts, where all the headaches flee,
From bucketsful of happier growth, have wrought no ill to me.

"I've lived on Antowitz, which drives the rude Carinthian boor
To play tattoos with Alpenstocks upon his tutor's door;
One glass makes strong men swear eternal friendship to a stranger,
At two their dearest friend incurs considerable danger.

"And after these I did not dream that any draught could do
Such mischief as the Indian *brut* I tried to palm on you;
But that is past, and I have made what slight *amende* I can,
And told in brief the story of a shifty gentleman.

"That brandy's excellent of yours. It soon will set me right;
The potent spirit quite o'ercrows the poison of last night;
And looking on the world again with a much clearer head,
I'd ask you to forget, dear boy, whatever I have said.

"But this remember, if you wish a shady thing to do,
Choose faults of which your world is prone to take a gentle view;
And don't revoke your Honour card, or you will come, like me,
To drift like a Social Phantom-ship on a Rank Outsider Sea!"

Important.

MR. GLADSTONE is going to reside for the season at Dollis-hill, near Willesden. In honour of the advent of so great a lion, they are going to alter the name to Willy's den.

"Music and Manners."

(*In two Vols. by W. Beatty Kingston.*)

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S KINGSTON! Tu terque quaterque BEATTY!
Qui book scripsisti in two vols. and both of 'em chatty.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following question, which we think must have been intended for the *Guardian*. "How ought the Church Militant to be represented in a picture?" We answer that the simplest form of expression would be a portrait of the Vicar-General in full regimentals.

MANNERS.—In the dining-room of respectable society it is not considered correct to put your fingers into the plate before you. But at church, into the plate that is set before you, all are expected to put their alms.

FROM the report of the "High Rip Gang" case, it appears that at Liverpool when you want a Policeman you must——whistle for him. Is the rule very different in London?

THE DEAD SEASON.

(*Showing how to be "In it" is to be "Out of it."*)

Snobbington. "TOWN SEEMS MORE DESERTED THAN EVER, *DON'T* IT, MISS MASHAM?"
Miss Masham. "QUITE. I'VE BEEN UP TO THE TOP AND BACK AGAIN FIVE TIMES—THERE'S POSITIVELY *NOT A SOUL IN THE ROW!*"

EARLY CLOSING.

FROM THE IDEAL POINT OF VIEW.

Over-worked Shopmen and Shopwomen. Oh! when will this misery end? We have been toiling since seven this morning, and now, after thirteen weary hours of never-ceasing labour, we are called upon for more! Ah! who will rescue us?

Bloated Aristocrat (*entering*). You cry for help in vain! Now, slaves, let me see a sample of any article that I don't want.

The Over-worked Ones. Gentle Sir, have pity on us! See, Sir, we faint.

Bloated Aristocrat. Know, that no one can dispute my right to keep you working behind the counter until the chimes of midnight.

Over-worked Ones. Oh, mercy, mercy! Who will save us!

Sir John Lubbock (*flourishing Shop Hours Bill*). I will! Close the Establishment at once!

Over-worked Ones. Saved! Saved! Saved! [*Scene closes.*

FROM THE REAL POINT OF VIEW.

First Coster. Now then, buy, buy, buy! 'Ere you are. Now's your time for making a bargain. Come, who will buy?

First Artisan. Well, I will. Couldn't get 'ere before, 'cos my work wasn't done. The Missus said as how I was to buy——

[*Enters into particulars.*

Artisan's Wife. Well, I must say this is the time for shopping. After I've put the children to bed, I find my mind easy for doing my bargains.

Shopman. Now then, look out! Here they all are, very fine and large! Make haste about buying 'em, as I haven't sold one all day. And now's the time for getting a little profit to pay the rent.

Artisan's Wife. Ah! I know you are open early and late, but you see it's such a convenience to come at the end of the day, after one's done one's bit of work. Well, they do say that the shops and costers will be closed soon at eight o'clock.

All. Eight o'clock! Why, who'd do that?
Sir John Lubbock. I would! See here my warranty! (*Produces Shop Hours Bill.*) I order you, in the QUEEN'S name, to close this establishment.

All (*indignantly*). Shut up *yourself!* You be blowed!

[*Scene closes in upon the discomfiture of well-meaning but too fussy philanthropist.*

THE MODERN SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANION.

A Fragment freely adapted from De la Motte Fouqué.

* * * * * *

BUT ever in the rear, now seeming somewhat shrunken, but anon swelling to terrible size, lurked, marked or unmarked, persistent as a sleuth-hound on the trail, that boding figure of the diverse names, in whom was concentred the Ruler's latest fear.

"Give thyself up to me!" screamed his fearsome follower. "What can Blood and Iron in one stout heart, on one stalwart frame, finally effect against Legion?"

But the voice, though strange and threatening, as the voice of many and troublous waters, shook not the purpose of the stern and strong-willed Knight. It seemed to him as if Peace, secure in mailèd majesty, were rising before him, and a world of confusion dragging him back with a deadly grasp.

"I command thee, wild form that followest me," he cried, "to cease from thy people-seducing words, and to call thyself by that name by which thou art recorded in the red pages of History,—the name of the arch-fiend Anarchy!"

A cry, more fearful than a thunderclap, burst half-despairingly, half-threateningly from the lips of the Tempter, and he fell yet further to the rear.

The Knight braced himself firmly in his saddle, shouldered his lance confidently, and lifted an undaunted brow, as one now secure of triumph. He urged on his noble steed, which now obeyed his master willingly and gladly, and the faithful dog also ran beside him fearlessly. The valley was passed, and in front of SINTRAM there floated the bright morning cloud, herald of Light and of Victory.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS COMPANION.

(Suggested by Albert Dürer's famous picture.)

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

In the following narratives, which differ considerably from the usually accepted versions, it is hoped that the extraordinary force of the *Moral* will make up for any lack of incident and adventure. By constantly acting on the example offered by the characters of "Mr. Punch's Moral Fairy Tales," the young may hope to attain a peaceful and prosperous old age, after an uneventful, if undistinguished career. For this reason, *Mr. Punch* has every confidence in recommending his stories to be used in all nurseries and schoolrooms, and in the lower forms in our public schools.

I.—Blue-Beard.

There once lived a gentleman of great wealth, but remarkable alike for the strangeness of his appearance and the unmerited misfortune of his domestic circumstances. He had fine houses both in town and country, and a deal of silver and gold plate, and embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But he had also a Blue Beard, and he had buried, in the most lavish style, no less than thirty-seven wives.

Such a man, you may think, did not easily find a wife, as his beard proved unattractive, and it was considered that his town and country houses must be inadequately provided with sanitary appliances.

In spite of these drawbacks, Blue-Beard (as the gentleman was called) was led, for the thirty-eighth time, to the altar, by a young lady of great beauty and prudence, but of scanty dower.

About a month after the marriage, Blue-Beard said to his wife, "My dear, business affairs call me abroad. Make good cheer in my absence. Here are the keys of all my great wardrobes, my plate-chests, and my safe-rooms! But, for this little key here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open all except that little closet, in which I forbid you to look." He then embraced her, and went on his journey.

Blue-Beard in the Nursery.

His wife now very carefully locked up the little key of the secret closet in her jewel-case, and passed the time of her husband's absence in longing for his return and reading good books. When Blue-Beard came back, before he was expected, he asked for his keys.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"Indeed," she said, "I thought it much safer in my jewel-box." And, immediately bringing it, he closely examined it, and found it had not been used.

"Best of wives!" said Blue-Beard, "with *you* I may hope to live long and happily, secure in the affections of a woman who despises curiosity. My System is at last successful!"

Nor were Blue-Beard's hopes disappointed. They lived, envied and admired, till the extreme limit of human existence, and it was not till the house was being repaired, after their death in each other's arms, that the mortal remains of thirty-seven previous wives were discovered in the closet at the end of the gallery on the ground floor.

Moral.—Do as you are bid, and don't ask questions.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE PALACE.

To the Editor of the T-m-s.

Sir,—There can be but one cause of the failure of the Crystal Palace to attract visitors. Have you ever noticed the quality of buns supplied at some of the refreshment-bars? Stale buns, and a shocking paucity of currants, are the real raisins for paucity of visitors. Yours, Bunthorne.

Sir,—The charges brought against the Crystal Palace buns are most *unmanly*. How, I ask, can "Bunthorne" expect us to keep a daily supply of fresh buns when there are no visitors to eat them? As to paucity of currants, this is due to the little boys picking them off when the custodian's back is turned, a thing which it is impossible wholly to guard against. In this way a bun *will* lose most of its currants in the course of a few weeks; but it is most unfair to blame Yours indignantly,

The Fourth-Class Refreshment-Stall Keeper.

Sir,—I am delighted to see this correspondence about the Sydenham Palace. It will never do to let the glorious grounds be swallowed up by the brick-and-mortar demon. What is wanted is to have *no end of military tournaments* and displays of that kind. Why not act *Ivanhoe* and the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche in front of the fountains? That's *joust* the way to please visitors. In order to assist, I would propose that one or two regiments should be quartered in Penge; and you may depenge upon it that the inhabitants would not object to having their quarter's rent paid in this way. At the same time let the Directors keep up the Concerts and Oratorios! Handel at one end of the building—cutting off the Turk's head at the other; there's my ideal! By introducing tent-pegging, and pegging away at the music, the public is safe to be attracted.

Yours enthusiastically, Hippodromio.

Sir,—There is no doubt that the Palace is a National Institution, and as such should be supported by the nation. The plan that I would venture to suggest for adoption is that *no public entertainment of any kind* should for the future take place either within the building or in the grounds, but that a series of State-aided *fêtes* be at once organised, to which only the original financial patrons of the place, and their families and friends, should be admitted. Then, if the Government were to guarantee a dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent., I think that the arrangement would satisfy the claims of justice. It would also satisfy Yours truly,

Debenture-Holder.

Sir,—What's all this humbug about keeping the Palace Grounds as an "open space"? Aren't the streets open enough, I should like to know? Let those who like green fields go into the country—there are plenty of fields beyond Croydon, ten miles away. To hear the constant attacks on "bricks and mortar" is really most mortifying to Yours trowelly, Jeremiah B'Illda.

BOATING AFTER CHURCH-TIME.

Mr. Punch praises "George" Ranger, the First Commissioner, and the Secretary, who rejoices in being the namesake of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, for their act and deed, but not for the language in which

their kind permission for boating in the Parks on Sunday was conveyed to the Public. What Pharisaical trash to be so mighty particular as to whether the boaters have been to "a place of worship" before coming on to the Serpentine and other ornamental water or not. And what on earth, or water, can it matter to "George" Ranger, Mr. David Plunket, and the primmest of Primroses, whether 'Arry boats, or goes to a place of wash-up (which would improve some of them a bit) in the afternoon! However, we rejoice in the permission, and consider it as wet-nursing the Public in the proper spirit.

THE PENNY TOYS.

Street Vendor (to Nervous Old Gentlewoman, who has a horror of Reptiles) "THEY ALL ON 'EM JUMPS, M'UM! ONLY A——" [*So did the Old Lady.*

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 1.

Police Court, City, 2 P.M.—Mr. Alderman BUNCOMBE, *presiding. Present, the British Public generally, Police Constables, and Reporters.*

The Alderman (*to the Chief Clerk*). Anything more to-day?

Clerk. Only the Education Summonses, Sir.

Alderman. How many?

Clerk. Only fifty, Sir.

Alderman. The number does not seem to fall off.

Clerk. Oh no, Sir, quite the reverse. You see, Sir, they have got a number of new standards, and new rules.

Alderman. Rules of Procedure—the School Board don't spend so much time over there, as they do in another place.

Clerk. Indeed, they do not, Sir. (*To the Officer.*) Call JOHN THOMAS. [*A poor Woman comes forward leading a little Girl.*

Severe School-Board Officer (*to Alderman*). May it please your Worship, this is a bad case. The defendant's daughter, JANE, has not been to school for two months, and only passed the Fifth Standard.

Alderman. How old is the girl?

Severe Officer. Twelve, Sir, last birthday.

Alderman. Well, Mrs. THOMAS, what do you say? Why doesn't your girl go to school?

Mrs. Thomas. Ax the School Board Man, your Honor. He knows as well as I do, that the child hasn't a pair of boots to her feet, and if that ain't a good reason in this 'ere foggy weather, with a East wind blowing, I'm blessed if I know what is. (*Looks round the Court for sympathy, and gets it.*)

Alderman. No boots. 'Um! (*Hopes that this will give him a chance of not enforcing the penalties. To Chief Clerk.*) Is that an excuse under the Act?

Clerk. Nothing about boots, Sir, in the Act.

Alderman (*sighing sotto voce, then trying to appear as magisterial as possible*). My good woman, you hear what the law is. You must either send the girl to school or be fined.

Mrs. Thomas. I won't send her to school, and I won't pay no fine. (*Murmurs of applause, in which the worthy Alderman inwardly joins, but which are immediately suppressed.*) Look you 'ere, your Worship, my old man has been out of work since afore Chrismas. And there 's GWENDALENE JEMIMAR just cum out of fever 'ospital, and little MABEL 'as the mumps so bad—her cheeks, saving your Honor's Worship, amost as swollen as yourn——

Alderman (*trying to make things as agreeable as possible*). Take care, Mrs. THOMAS, if you say I am full of cheek, it might be contempt of Court. (*Much laughter, in which the Police-constables, the Reporters, and the British Public generally, with the exception of Mrs. Thomas and the Severe Officer, join.*)

Severe S.-B. O. (*more severely than ever*). The last time this girl attended school, she did not bring the fee, and of course was not admitted.

Alderman (*hopelessly to Chief Clerk*). I suppose the school fee must be brought. Isn't that one of the new "Rules of Procedure?"

Clerk. That is so, I believe.

Alderman (*nettled*). But there is nothing in the new rules about boots. The child may come without boots, but not without the fee.

Severe School-Board Officer (*implacably*). That is so, your Worship.

Alderman (*politely, to Prisoner*). Well, Mrs. THOMAS, you hear what the law is; the fee must be paid, boots or no boots.

Mrs. Thomas (*savagely*). And so we did pay the fee quite reglar so long as my old man was in work. But if you tell us how to pay twopence a week out of nothing at all a week, I 'd just like to know. They learn many things at School Board, but will they learn us that? (*Looks round defiantly. Murmurs of applause, in which the Alderman again joins inwardly, but which are immediately suppressed.*)

Severe School-Board Officer (*in his hardest practical manner, to Prisoner*). You might apply to have the school-fee remitted.

Mrs. Thomas (*indignantly*). And didn't I just go to School Board a purpose? And didn't I stand outside, i' the snow, waiting my turn till School-Board man comes out and says no more would be heard that day? (*Severe School-Board Officer, still implacable. Alderman eyes him askance. Mrs. Thomas concludes, loudly and bitterly.*) And so I loses my day's wage, and goes home dripping wet, an', you may lay your life, blessing School Board at every step. [*Applause as before.*

Alderman (*warmly*). I don't doubt it. (*Remembers that he is compelled to administer the law as he finds it. Magisterially.*) But I am obliged to tell you that the child must go to school, or your husband must go to prison. However (*delighted to think that there is still an alternative left him*), I will allow you a fortnight to make up your mind what you will do. (*Mrs. Thomrs, about to speak, is handed out.*) Call on next case.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 48.

"WITHIN THE ABBEY WALLS."

"WITHIN the Abbey Walls!" This certainly, as the Poet puts it, to English ears at least, is:—

"The pregnant phrase
That tells of Fame who holds her golden bayr,
And here, at length life's battle bravely won,
Enshrines the name of each heroic son!"

The Fame, however, who has in past times given her cachet of admission to the Abbey has to judge, from the crowd of celebrated nobodies, whose memorial tablets crowd its ancient walls, not proved herself a very discriminating goddess in her day. On the contrary, she seems to have let in "the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker," in the shape of a heap of ephemeral notorieties, who strutted for a little space across life's scene in their own immediate times, a performance for which their injudicious relatives and friends have apparently deemed them fitting objects for the admiration of their remotest posterity. Perhaps not latterly have things been as bad, but certainly the last century has a great deal to answer for, and the rush made in it by second and third-rate notabilities for immortality seems to have been quite unique. It has been boldly proposed to make a clean sweep of these last, and turn them bodily out, and both on artistic and historic grounds, it would seem desirable, for not only was the taste of the period in monumental architecture execrable, but the monuments themselves have been, in nine cases out of ten, raised to the memory of individuals whose names in any connection with their country's annals whatever, have never even been heard of by educated Englishmen of the present day. It is difficult, however, to say what can be done with them. They can hardly be relegated to the Embankment. Room might be found for them in the neighbouring Aquarium.

Anyhow, if space already occupied cannot be easily cleared, what is still left can at least be jealously preserved, and the claims of all future candidates for the national honour of mingling their dust with that of the mighty dead, who rest "within the Abbey walls," be rigorously scrutinised. Otherwise we shall soon have our really great men, as soon as they are departed, left out in the cold, and literally "going around" begging to find a fitting place of sepulture. Let the Dean then keep his weather eye open.

ONE OF ALLSOPP'S FABLES.

(Illustrated.)

New Design for Trade Mark, which ought to have been sent with the "Letters of Regret."

THE best introduction to the study of the Metric System is to read NEWMAN'S Grammar of A Cent.

"Our Own Celestial."

NEWS from China in the *Times* of Friday last, told us that "Lo, the head of a wealthy Christian family at Sze-Chuen, has been executed in spite of the remonstrance of the French Minister,"—andapparently without a word from BOB LO, our distinguished Mandarin SHER-BROOKE.

THE AMBLESIDE QUESTION IN A NUTSHELL.—Everybody admits that the Ambleside district is at present an Arcadia. Mr. LOWTHER thinks that a railway and its customary concomitants will improve it. The question the public has to decide, then, is, "Arcadia, or Lowther Arcadia?" *Mr. Punch* votes for the former.

"THE Turning Point," in a Revolutionary Street Riot, is—The Bayonet's.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XIX.—JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C., H.M.L.

THE office of Common Councilman of the City of London, is one of considerable importance, and ought to obtain for its possessor a far larger amount of respect than is generally the case, and the reason is not far to seek. It necessitates, if properly carried out, a large sacrifice of time, more or less valuable, as the case may be, and for that sacrifice of time the only reward is the partaking of certain sumptuous banquets, accounts of which are duly chronicled in the Press, and read by the hungry constituents with a considerable amount of envy. They are not too, as a body, highly distinguished in Art, Science, or Literature, but are an useful, harmless, and amusing race.

Mr. PODLER was an old inhabitant of the Ward he represented, and highly respected by the Ward Beadle, who almost trembled before him. He was a man of great energy and decision, and never troubled with any feelings of what he called ridiculous sentiment.

The Town Clerk himself had him in his mind when deciding upon some knotty point of order. The Solicitor, wise man, never solicited him. The Remembrancer never thought of reminding him of anything. The Comptroller no more thought of controlling him than a mouse would think of controlling a cat, and even the Recorder, recorded his decisions with fear and trembling when Mr. PODLER had his eye upon him.

Most punctual of Common Councilmen, his attendance upon Courts and Committees, and Dinners, was an example to all. Always the first to come, and the last to go, he was looked up to with respect as a model of what a representative should be. Even at the monthly meetings of the Court of Lieutenancy, of which he was a Member, he was a regular attendant, and had even been known on more than one occasion to actually ask the meaning of some mysterious matter connected with the great City mystery known as the Trophy Tax.

The possession of the much-coveted honour of a Lieutenant of the City of London—a distinction which he owed to the favour of a remarkably timid Lord Mayor—conferred upon him the title of "Esquire," he having been addressed by Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, when she issued her Royal Commission, as "Our trusty and well-beloved JOSEPH PODLER, Esq." It also entitled him to the remarkable privilege of adding to his name the letters "H.M.L.," which privilege was the more appreciated as probably not one in a thousand of Her Majesty's loyal subjects knew what they meant. But, far above all, it obtained for him a place in that book which, although termed by some envious and disappointed persons the "Snobs' Bible," is the volume, above all others, in which members of what may very properly be termed the middling classes long to appear. Need we say we allude to the *Handbook to the Upper Ten Thousand!*

Upon his appointment a copy of the forthcoming edition was immediately ordered, and, on its arrival, placed on the drawing-room table, and a book-marker showed to the curious reader the page upon which was inscribed, among Dukes, Marquises, Bishops, and the *élite* of the land, "PODLER, JOSEPH, one of H.M.'s Lieutenants for the City of London." To hear Mr. PODLER in the Court of Common Council on a regular field-day, not merely advising this or suggesting that, but telling his hearers in plain and unmistakable language what they must do, and overwhelming with his biting sarcasm any rash member who ventured to differ from him, who would have suspected that the reason for his punctual and lengthened attendances, upon all and every occasion, was the thought of what awaited him in his cheerless home. And why? Ah! there is generally a bit of mystery in most men's lives that they would not like to have unravelled, even in the apparently monotonous life of a Common Councilman. And so it was with that of JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C. and H.M.L. His wife was a small, spare woman, with a fearfully shrill voice, and ever since a certain discovery of a certain document, the history of which had never been satisfactorily explained, she had been devoured by gnawing jealousy. It might have been said of her that from the day of the discovery,

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Ah, poor fellow! it was often said of him that he deserved no pity from others, as he never showed pity to man, woman or child when in the performance of his public duties. But what a life was his! Plenty of honour, plenty of that fierce public contest in which his somewhat small soul delighted, and plenty of luxury during the day, but always with the feeling, growing hourly stronger as the night approached, of the sort of welcome he might expect in his childless home. See him seated, always well placed, at one of those magnificent Banquets, of which the old and still popular City Corporation has so well preserved the tradition, with every luxury that wealth and good taste can furnish for the enjoyment of the assembled guests, with beautiful women and famous men to give an additional interest to the gay scene, and with, occasionally, the sound of music with its voluptuous swell, to make the enjoyment refined as well as perfect, which, of the hundreds present, appears to be more thoroughly at home and happy than JOSEPH PODLER, and he holds his own in the well relished jests and brilliant repartees that flash around him. But watch him when the festival approaches its termination, and when the depressing thought will force itself upon him that it is nearly time to quit this brilliant scene, and go home! Such a home! That sleepless woman, nursing her sense of wrong, awaits him at his threshold. There is no honest watch-dog's bark to welcome him home; no bright eye to greet his coming and look brighter when he comes, but the same cold unalterable look of weary waiting, that he has known almost nightly for so many years. Let us change the scene.

He is the Chairman of an important Committee appointed to conduct the proceedings on a very great occasion. He has worked as a public man must work who voluntarily accepts such a responsible position, and has scarcely seen his home for the last fortnight. At length the important day arrives. The manifold arrangements have all been eminently successful. The scene in the noble old Guildhall has been brilliant as upon any previous example. The leaders of fashion at the West End have agreed to patronise the affair, and the assembled company has been as distinguished as numerous. Congratulations without end have been showered upon the successful Chairman, who, for once in his long life, looks perfectly radiant with his success.

To crown all, he is introduced to the hero of the evening by the LORD MAYOR, and is received with such marked cordiality as makes him the observed of all observers, and he leaves the scene of his triumph at a very late hour and proceeds home. His old feeling comes over him as he opens his door, and his first look at the ghastly face of his old domestic tells him but too surely that the cold grey eyes that have so often awaited his return, are closed for ever. He enters the silent chamber, locks the door, and remains there for hours.

* * * * * *

Some months have flown by, during which Mr. PODLER has been unusually quiet. But on one of those quarterly occasions that the Court of Common Council dedicates to the consideration of petitions from all sorts and conditions of people, for the relief of all the many ills that flesh is heir to, including among them that of poverty, especially if caused by misfortune rather than fault, a poor widow appeared at the Bar of the Court, petitioning for some small annuity to enable her to bring up her four children, left dependent upon her by the sudden death of her husband, who had been for many years in the service of the Corporation, when a member of the Court who had on many occasions warmly supported Mr. PODLER in his denunciations of these applications, as creating bad precedents, and inducing men to forget the duty of providing for their offspring, moved that the application be not granted; upon which Mr. PODLER started up, and in a speech full of generous Christian charity, and delivered with an amount of enthusiasm that electrified his audience, begged and entreated the Court to remember the noble character for wisely-directed benevolence they had so long enjoyed, and to treat this poor widow and her orphan children as they would wish that theirs should be treated under similar sad circumstances. The utter astonishment of the members may be easily imagined; and the poor widow went away calling down blessings on the head of her kind unknown friend.

From that memorable day the whole character of Mr. PODLER became changed; and while still devoting himself heartily to his public work, his hard heart seemed to have become softened, and his manner friendly and even genial. He adopted two of the orphan children of a distant relative, and now nothing but duty keeps him long from his happy home; and among the whole two hundred and thirty members of the City Corporation there is probably scarcely one who leads a happier or more thoroughly useful life than JOSEPH PODLER, Esq., C.C. and H.M.L.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.*

BOATING AT OXFORD.

By Dumb Crambo, Junior.

A Torpid Race.

Fresh-man getting Bumped.

Overlapping.

The "Sandwich" Boat.

Practice on the Isis.

Taken out Tubbing.

UNVEILED REBELLION.

(*A Hint from Corsica.*)

Is it really the case that Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Richard, and several other prominent Welsh Members of Parliament, feeling emulous of the Bonapartist Barrister in Corsica, who has raised the standard of revolt and "taken to the mountains," have entrenched themselves on the top of Snowdon, and refuse to come down until Lord Salisbury consents to disestablish the Welsh Church?

Sixteen briefless and very junior members of the Common Law Bar, in disgust at the want of employment now prevailing in legal circles, are reported to have stolen one of the antique guns on the Horse-Guards Parade, and to be giving the police a lively time of it in St. James's Park.

It is certainly rather strange to find that the Lord Chief Justice has taken a couple of Gatlings and an old torpedo to the top of Primrose Hill, and defies the Regent's Park Volunteers to dislodge him, unless the Government at once increases his retiring pension by five thousand pounds a year.

No, it is not Helvellyn, but Helm Crag, which Mr. Ruskin is at present attempting to fortify in order to be able to shell the engineers when they turn the first sod of the Windermere and Ambleside Railway.

Is it expected that Mr. W. H. Smith will shortly "take to the mountains," in the neighbourhood of Henley, in order to escape from the plague of Irish obstruction in the House of Commons?

Fancy Mr. Gladstone having taken up a strong natural position on Arthur's Seat, and with a powerful body of followers, including Canon MacColl, Mr. Labouchere, and the ex-Lord Chancellor, declaring that he will bombard Holyrood Palace unless Irish Home Rule is speedily granted!

Mr. Chamberlain is perhaps hardly well advised in running off with an ironclad, and, in company with a large force of Liberal Unionists, cruising about the Channel as a Bold Buccaneer, because he is not quite satisfied with the Government's Home Policy.

Is it the Duke of Argyll's recent article which has induced Professor Huxley to establish himself, with ammunition and provisions for a whole month, on the top of Ben Lomond, with the object of harrying the Duke's deer-forests, and so convincing him that his scientific views are inaccurate?

The Real "Spring Materials."—Sap, sunshine, and showers.

LUNATIC LAW.

My Dear Toby,

Now that such care is being taken to secure the personal liberty of those of our hated Masters who believe that they are "copyholders" in the moon with liberty to commit "waste" by cutting off the head of any one they meet in the dark when he is not looking, and other pleasant little idiosyncrasies (or shall I say idiot-syncrasies) of the same sort,—of course I allude to the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill, — surely something ought to be done for those of our race who have assisted to make M. Pasteur famous? Why should we not have a Hydrophobia Preventive Amendment Act? I suggest a few regulations that I think would be accepted at once by a majority in both Houses of Parliament:—

A Spirited Policy gone to the Dogs.

1. No Collie alleged to be suffering from rabies shall be restrained by a muzzle, or detained by a string, prior to undergoing medical treatment, unless under an order made by a Judge of County Courts, Stipendiary Magistrate, or Justice of the Peace, having jurisdiction in the place where the alleged afflicted Collie is. No owner of the said Collie so alleged to be afflicted shall be capable of making such an order or anyone else, except under such provisions as hereafter appear.

2. The order for imposing the muzzle or applying the string shall be obtained upon a private application by petition, accompanied by a statement of particulars disclosing how many persons the alleged afflicted Collie has already bitten, and by two medical certificates on separate sheets of paper, under the hands of two duly qualified medical practitioners, who have made a declaration that they are prepared to submit to penal servitude for life, or to any heavier sentence that, in recognition of their signature, may be awarded them.

3. The petition shall be presented if possible by the person who has received the largest number of bites, unless he shall be the owner of such alleged afflicted Collie, or shall have seen the alleged afflicted Collie within three days. If it is not so presented, it shall contain a statement of the reasons why the petition is not so presented, and under what circumstances anyone else presents the petition. And anyone else presenting such petition shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

4. No person shall present a petition unless he has been bitten by the alleged afflicted Collie, within at least fourteen days of presenting the petition. A person presenting a petition within fourteen days, or without fourteen days, or neither verbally nor in writing, or both verbally and in writing, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

5. The Judge, Magistrate, or Justice to whom a petition has been presented shall give to the alleged afflicted Collie notice thereof either personally, or in the case where the Judge, Magistrate, or Justice, has already been bitten, he may direct the notice to be dispensed with for reasons to be stated by him.

6. The Judge, Magistrate, or Justice, at any time before the order is made for applying the muzzle or string, if he thinks it necessary or desirable, and shall, if seemingly required so to do (by the alleged afflicted Collie savagely barking or showing his teeth), have a personal interview with the alleged afflicted Collie.

7. If any Justice thus called upon to have a personal interview with the alleged afflicted Collie shall deem it necessary to have the assistance of the Clerk of the Petty Sessional Division within which he may be acting for the time being, he shall be entitled to call for such assistance; and if any such Clerk refuse to come, then such Clerk shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

8. When a Collie alleged to be so afflicted has been muzzled, or led by a string, then any or every owner of such alleged afflicted Collie, and any or every petitioner who has presented a petition, and any and every Judge, Magistrate, or Justice of the Peace, and every duly qualified medical practitioner who has signed two medical certificates on two separate sheets of paper, and all the Commissioners in Lunacy, and the Lord Chancellor for the time being, and every Member of the House of Peers who has ever been a Lord Chancellor, and the Chancery Visitors, and the Secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy for the time being, and every other person or persons whatsoever connected or not connected with the transaction, inclusive of the Collie alleged to be so afflicted himself, shall be guilty, collectively and severally, of a misdemeanor.

Now if these regulations are embodied in an Act, we all ought to be as comfortable as the gryphon on the knife-board of the omnibus that goes by electricity from the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius up by Shaftesbury Avenue and the Great Desert of Sahara to the Regent's Park Kennel in the Dog's Star! But I am becoming excited!

Yours, thirsting for the blood of Pasteur,

The First Cousin to the Eccentric March Hare.

AT THE SESSIONS.

Counsel. "DO YOU KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH, MY GOOD WOMAN?"

Witness (with a black eye). "I DID OUGHT TO, SIR! WHICH MY 'USBAN' 'S A COVIN' GARDEN PORTER, SIR!"

"HARS EST CELARE HARTEM"—

That is, it is real bookseller's art to provide the public with a pocketable volume of BRET HARTE'S short stories, so that one can "*celare Hartem*" without the slightest inconvenience. Not to be pocketed unless paid for, of course. Messrs. ROUTLEDGE & SONS have achieved this, and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, with other stories, can be easily stowed away in the Tale-coat pocket. Let those who have not yet read *The Luck*, if any such there be, take this opportunity of reading it as they train out of the dismal nauseating fogs of London, to seek breathing space awhile at Jerusalem-super-Mare, reinvigorating Ramsgate, merry Margate, or wirtuous Westgate. If any one is down on his luck, let him be down on Mr. BRET HARTE'S *Luck of Roaring Camp*. For true humour, for manly pathos, for picturesque, dramatic, and perfectly untheatrical effect, what story of its size and weight can beat it? Nay, does even BRET HARTE himself come up to it again, or even rival it, excellent as are *Poker Flat*, *Miggles*, and *Brown of Calaveras*? No, *The Luck* is a gem of the first water, and it is all we have said, because there is so much Harte in it.

PROCEDURE AMENDMENT. — "To insert 'A Member rising in his place may move.'" How can he rise without moving? Of course he can move without rising. But they'll never get on at this pace.

ROBERT TO THE RESCUE!

WHAT a wonderful Mayor's Nest, the wary Truthful gentleman as represents Northampton, that not werry harrystocratic Burrow, has discovered, to be sure! And how werry kind it was of his frend, who represents Bethnal Green, to retale it all to the grinning House of Commons at second-hand. To be sure he quite forgot to tell 'em that several of the peeple menshuned in his statement had contradicted it all point blank; but even supposing as it was all true as Truth itself, what does it all come to? Why, just this; that the old loyal Copperashun of the City of London that has for about seven hundred years borne the battle and the breeze, being fiercely attacked with all the strength of a powerful Government, acshally spent a lot of their own money—left to 'em sentries ago, as I heard a werry wenerable Deputy say the other night, for that werry purpus, among others—in defending theirselves, and in showing that the large majority of senseble Londoners much prefer things as they is raythe than things as they might be.

It seems that the Northamton Gent has got hold of some privet papers, that was in a Burglar's Safe, and with that fine sense of honner that so distingwishes some of the honnerable gents of the House of Commons, has bin and gone and publeeshed 'em without asking the consent of the owner, and to make the dellycat matter quite purfect, the principal charge in conneckshun with 'em is brort against a eminent Officer of the Copperashun who has been dead some two or three years! How clever it was of the Burglar to keep 'em in his Safe until after the emmenent Officer's death! His explanation might ha' spiled all the fun.

Well, how was the ridicklous, not to say burglaryous charges met? Why, up stood Sir ROBERT FOWLER, the City Representative, and with a degree of skorn worthy of the cristian name he bears so prowdly, denownced 'em as mere idle gossip! and so left 'em.

And ewen sposing as all the charges was as true as Truth itself, which praps they is, what does they amount to? Why, that the libberal Copperashun having to do sumthink as was necessary to be done, did it ansomely, as they does everythink. They had to xplain matters to about four million peeple, and they spent a few thowsand pounds in a doing of it. BROWN, who is a grate calkulater, having wun a prize at his Parish Skool for siphering, says as he makes it about a penny a head! What a mighty fuss about nothink! He says too, that the hole sum said to be spent in holding meetings, and hadwertising 'em, and in printin and stationary, and setterer, woodn't more than pay a year's sallery for Wicount CROSS, and the LORD CHANCESELLER, and he's rude enuff to add, "and neether on 'em ain't such werry great geniusses."

It's no doubt a great pity, but it's, nevertheless, quite true that it takes a lot of time and a lot of money to get people to understand publick matters except at Election time. They won't attend publick meetings, and lissen to long, dry speeches, and speshally on pouring wet nights, unless you has two or three good performers to emuse as well as conwince 'em; and so it's abserlutely necessary to make use of the Press for adwertising on 'em, for it's found by experience that most sensible peeple prefer reading a speech quite cumferal at home, at breakfast, to going out at night to lissen to one in a ot and crouded room. And adwertising, I'm told, is werry expensive work, sumtimes as much as £20 a page! So it soon runs into money.

But the werry best xcuse as the Copperashun could possorbly make for spending their money so freely, if they condescends to do anythink so beneath their high position, is the fact that they succeeded in what they tried to accomplish, and utterly defeated the ennemy as wanted to utterly abolish 'em, root and branch, and, at the same time, saved the hole of London from the most owdacious, and the most stupidest, and the most extrawagentest skeme for their future government as ewen a Metrypolitan sollem Reform Leeger ewer emagined.

ROBERT.

A Publishing Paradox.

INTO Publishers' ways BESANT gives us a glance.
Though the Writers of England are famous for loyalty,
It seems strange—and hard—that Republican France
Should get more of the blessings of "Royalty."

TAKING STOCK.—In the *Investor's Annual*, Mr. G. H. PHILLIPS gives an interesting list of Capel Court expressions, which includes "Berthas" and "Dinahs," accompanied by "Cats" and "Apes." But perhaps the most suggestive idea in the catalogue is "Boars," especially to those unfortunate amateur flutterers who have lost in a fishy transaction in "Haddocks," or have been rooked while chasing the too-nimble "Snipes."

FOWLERIUS TO THE FRONT OUR CLASSICAL EX-LORD MAYOR'S DREAM OF THE CIVIC SITUATION.

The Cook Brought to Book.

"The remedy for London fog is cooking by gas."—Dr. Carpenter.

Dr. Carpenter points a clear way to the goal,
For which every Londoner sighs in despair.
Says he, "Cook your pea-soup with gas, and not coal,
And no more you 'll be plagued with "pea-soup" in the air.
So that what we 've to break is the kitchen's fell yoke,
For the smoke causes fog, and the cook causes smoke.

The Artistic Jubilee Jocademy in Bond Street. — The fire insurances on the building will be uncommonly heavy because there is to be a show of Furniss's constantly going on inside. Why not call it "Furniss Abbey-Thoughts"?

The Cheltenham *Looker-On*, for February 19, published a list of the ladies and gentlemen who appeared at the Bachelors' Ball, with a brief—very brief—description of the costume worn by each one. Thus "Miss ——'s" costume is described as "*Only an Ivy Leaf*," and a "Mr. ——" came simply in "Facings." In these hard times what could have been more economical than these two costumes? The Cheltenham *Looker-On*, however, does not seem to have expressed any astonishment, so perhaps he has seen "*Only an Ivy Leaf*" and "*Facings*" before, and has become accustomed to them.

Another "Sell"!—Anyone who wishes to obtain something uncommonly like a sovereign for a shilling, should apply to the agency whose tremendous practical-jokelike telegraphic address is "Sell London."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XX. "OUR SECRETARY."

WITHOUT the exercise of the useful but occult art known, or rather perhaps vaguely indicated, by the term "Wire-pulling," it is commonly understood that Political Organisation would be impossible. And without Political Organisation, where *should* we all be Ask the Member of All Work, whose mission in life it is to preach it from a hundred platforms and promote it in ten thousand unmarked ways.

And yet, strange to say, there is scarcely one man in a million who will own that *he* is a Wire-puller.

"Our Secretary,"—as all his political associates delight to call him—is however not altogether as other men are. He admits frankly, to those with whom he considers it safe to be frank—that he is "a Professional Politician." There is no sham-dignity, no Ajax-like assumption of the heroic about "Our Secretary." It is pleasant to hear him in one of his candid moods, when unbosoming himself to some ardent and honest, but not entirely verdant local politician. His manner is so modest, his tolerance so extreme, he admits so much, he pretends to so little, his candour is so insidious, his appreciation is so soothing.

"Our Secretary," is a strict party-man, without being in the least a zealot. What his own fundamental convictions really are, if he has anything so uncompromising as a fundamental conviction, it would perhaps be difficult for anyone, himself included, to say. But he is always ready to utter his party's shibboleths when they are once fairly recognised as such. He has no idea of taking up "cries" before the main bulk of the political pack have given tongue. That is where young party-hounds are such a nuisance, and "Our Secretary" is by no means a young party-hound. He is on the contrary a very wary "old dog" indeed, and is often told off to soothe and silence impetuous political puppies. He knows so well how to deal with them. Long practice has made him an expert in the art of political muzzling in its many branches. What droll stories he could tell of the various canine types:—

"Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree,"

upon whose indiscreet or hungry jaws he has had to experiment.

No one knows better than "Our Secretary" that the game called Politics is not generally played with all the cards on the table. As "Truthful JAMES," he could, if he would, expose the hand of many a Parliamentary "Heathen Chinee." But he is discretion incarnate. It is instructive to watch the play of his bland, but at times expressive countenance, when he is confidentially chatting over a good dinner with his particular friend the Secretary of the C. C. C.—or Central Conglomerate Caucus. It would probably be even more instructive to overhear the mutual confidences which give rise to so many nods and becks and wreathèd smiles. But that is an instruction vouchsafed only to a very select few, and those themselves members of the noble army of Wire-pullers. It would not do for the Wire-pullers to tell *everything* to the puppets. The puppets might perchance rebel, and determine henceforth to dance only at their own good pleasure and to their own favourite tunes. Which would never do.

There are few things in "practical politics" of which "Our Secretary" is not a master. He knows how to deal with political Bigwigs and to bring the influence of the great Panjandrums of Parliament to bear locally at need. He can give political platform rovers the straight tip as to the most judicious manner of manipulating meetings, and dealing with individuals, when they come to orate, to dine, or socially disport themselves in our midst. Without his guidance a Great Panjandrum in Little Pedlington would often feel like a fish out of water, or at least like a whale in a tank. Yet there are few more simply charming spectacles than a Panjandrum dealing out personal compliments or political spoon-meat to the Pedlingtonians under the sagacious direction of "Our Secretary."

He is also great on Committees. A Committee is very commonly an assemblage of manageable ciphers whose main function it is to give an appearance of what is humorously called "truly representative character," to the foregone conclusions of a few leading spirits. "Our Secretary" is sufficiently astute and apparently self-effacing to be a real power upon a Committee, Sub-Committee, or Council. The orators spout, the criticasters carp, the grumblers snarl, and the muddle-heads vaguely meander. "Our Secretary" listens *patiently*, sympathises *warmly*, deprecates *humbly*, understands *completely*, and then—brings the business before the meeting to its real bearings and pre-arranged conclusion. Ah! where would England's local liberties be without "influential representative Committees?" Ask "Our Secretary."

But where "Our Secretary" chiefly shines is in adroitly dealing with local recalcitrants. These are of many sorts. It is impossible even for an affable and open-handed Member of Parliament like Mr. TRUMPINGTON SNIPE, backed by a genial and judicious agent like "Our Secretary," to please *everybody*. But if there is anything which "Our Secretary" does—quietly and discreetly—pride himself upon, it is his ability to gauge every opponent's character and ascertain every grumbler's price. "Price" is not altogether a pleasant word, perhaps, to the ears of patriots and men of principle, and therefore "Our Secretary" never makes use of it—to men of principle or patriots. Why should he when people so readily understand its less startling and unsavoury synonyms? But "price" does not always signify hard cash. It may also mean political promotion, social patronage, personal flattery, almost anything, from a situation of profit to a dinner at Mr. TRUMPINGTON SNIPE'S Club or Town Mansion. Where "Our Secretary" is so useful is in discovering exactly what it *does* mean in any given case. Who so quickly as he can measure the money value of an incorruptible Scotch antagonist's silence, or take the length of an infuriated Irish obstructionist's foot? Who can deal so deftly as he with the enthusiasts who have to be soothed into acquiescence, the crotcheteers who have to be conciliated into conformity, the burly Brutuses who have to be bought over?

It is possible that "Our Secretary's" long and varied experience of such delicate little diplomacies may in some measure have affected his estimate of patriots and men of principle, for he has been charged by many with being a cold-blooded GALLIO, and by some with being, in confidential moments, a cynical political PILATE. But it must be owned that when he does come across a local politician who is both sensible *and* incorruptible, "Our Secretary" is disposed to meet him in a very fair and friendly spirit. He would probably admit, however, that *this* is a difficulty which he has seldom to deal with.

On the whole, "Our Secretary" is rather a favourable specimen of the sort of men who, in these highly "organised" days, are constantly and quietly engaged in the art and mystery of political wire-pulling. He often has to do suit and service to men who are more self-seeking than himself, whilst less ingenuous and above-board. This does not seem greatly to disturb him; he smiles, and manages while he smiles; he dines with much enjoyment, and does not let even the maxim *in vino veritas* lead him beyond the delicate line which divides post-prandial frankness from political indiscretion. He never thrusts himself forward to speak, being always ready to give place to the many whom he knows to be afflicted with the *cacoëthes loquendi*, but when "on his legs" he is fluent, judicious, conciliatory, occasionally even mildly facetious, but seldom aiming at smartness. He knows that a clever stroke of satire may wound friends as well as enemies, and that an epigram or a repartee sometimes excites as much envy as admiration. In short, if judicious self-effacement be as virtuous as heroic self-denial, "Our Secretary" is among the most virtuous of mankind.

Those who object to Wire-pullers, and all their works, will perhaps find little to admire in "Our Secretary." And, indeed, the division of political mankind into puppets and those who pull them, can only be looked upon with modified satisfaction as being, like Party Government itself, a very provisional form of political machinery. It may be feared, however, that, for some time yet to come, "the Machine" will run, the wires will work; and among Wire-pullers and Machine-men there are indeed many worse fellows than that astute but faithful, if salaried, party Abdiel whom we call "Our Secretary."

A New Nuisance.

ALL our Newspaper wranglers are now quoting BURKE,
The parrot-like pests! One 's unable to shirk them.
Like footpads in everyone's pathway they lurk,
Till one feels like a Thug, and could *burke* them.

LAVINIA was reading the *Times* Parliamentary Report to her Aunt, and read out:—"'In the division on Mr. PARNELL'S first amendment, Mr. JOHN ROBERTS voted by mistake with the Noes, instead of the Ayes.'" "How very absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM. "But I thought voting was always done with the hands."

AWAKE WITH THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

To judge from the highly satisfied attitude of the large audience that attended NOVELLO'S Oratorio Concert, given at St. James's Hall the other evening, there was on their parts evidently no disposition to quarrel with the quality of the musical fare provided for their delectation, by that enterprising firm, for as a distinguished German musical critic, sitting beside *Mr. Punch*, observed to him, "Ven he likes, no vellow can do it better." It is true that BEETHOVEN'S Choral Symphony can scarcely be regarded as a new work, and the audience seemed a little overcome by the "*Adagio molto et cantabile*," that fell somewhat flat, much apparently to the surprise of Dr. MACKENZIE, who commenting on the fact to his first violin, was evidently making some such remark as "H'm,—well, I wonder why on earth they haven't taken *that!*"

The Sleeping Beauty.

The rather uncomplimentary opening words of the recitative that follows the orchestral prelude, "Oh, friends! no more such sounds of discord," could scarcely explain matters, but the suggestion to the Chorus, "to sing a strain more cheerful, more flowing; a strain of gladness," judiciously thrown out and vigorously acted upon very fortunately, soon brought the Symphony to a happier conclusion.

But, to turn to the *pièce de résistance* of the evening, Mr. COWEN'S charming and graceful *Cantata, The Sleeping Beauty*. The "book" which deals simply but effectively with the familiar legend, has been brought out by the composer, in a series of the most tuneful numbers, among which the chorus "*At Dawn of Day*," the incantation song of the "*Wicked Fay*," capitally rendered by Madame PATEY, and the piece assigned to the Prince, Mr. LLOYD, commencing "Where am I?" at the opening of the Fourth Scene, may be specially noted as full of striking and characteristic melody skilfully treated. Mr. LLOYD, by the way, was quite to the fore throughout, and all that fell to his share may be said to have been well up on LLOYD'S list. Mrs. HUTCHINSON made a graceful Princess, and Mr. WATKIN MILLS as the King, got through as much of the musical grist as was brought to him in an efficient style.

Mr. Punch, on referring to the book, notes several "stage" directions which he fancies were not carried out the other evening. He does not recall "A gay throng of Ladies, Lords, and Knights; *some dancing*," or recollect the Princess, "wandering dreamily from the Banqueting Hall and entering a large Gallery at the further end of which is a flight of narrow steps." Possibly the limited space available at St. James's Hall did not admit of the introduction of these undeniably attractive features; or it may have been that *Mr. Punch* occupied, as his artist has represented him, *bercé'd* by the delightful music into the enjoyment of a delicious repose, found himself, though listening with his ears wide open to all the beauties of the charming entertainment prepared for him, yet with his eyes shut to all possible shortcomings.

Mr. Punch heartily congratulates his young friend, Mr. COWEN, on the enthusiastic and well-merited call that greeted him on the conclusion of his excellent work. It was quite clear that however soundly Mr. COWEN'S "*Beauty*" was sleeping, the public at any rate were quite wideawake to her fascinations, and it gives *Mr. Punch* much pleasure to be able to record the fact.

Mem. by a Married Man.

"Himalayan cashmere promises to be in considerable request as the season advances."—*Fashionable Announcement.*

AH, yes! In the "new stuff"—no doubt 'tis dear—
My wife and girls will wish to cut a dash;
And when it is a question of Cashmere,
What care *they* for a question of *mere cash?*

"MY dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM to her niece, who has been very much annoyed by Mr. WAGSTAFF making some jest at her expense, "you mustn't mind *him*. He's what they call in Society 'a shattered Liberal,' and was only indulging, as usual, in a little bandage."

NEW NAME FOR "FISTIANA."—"The Record of the Hittites."

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

II.—HOP O' MY THUMB.

THERE once lived in a forest a poor Woodman who had a large family, and much ado to feed them. At length there came a famine, and the youngest of the children, a boy so small that he was named HOP O' MY THUMB,—overheard a conversation between his father and mother.

"We must give each child a piece of bread, and lose them to-morrow in the forest," said the woman, and the man agreed.

When HOP O' MY THUMB had imparted this project to his elder brothers, they observed that they did not care. "For," said they, "what is simpler than to fill our pockets with white stones, drop them on our way out, and, by their aid, discover our way home to the paternal roof."

HOP O' MY THUMB said nothing, but next day, when his brothers, relying on this stratagem, had fallen asleep in the wood, he possessed himself of all their pieces of bread, and, stepping briskly out, reached another country where provisions were cheap, and labour dear. In this country he hired himself to a farmer, whose daughter he married, and inherited the farm, where he lived much respected in the parish. His brothers, after a deplorable series of adventures, which I shall not weary you by relating, were devoured by an Ogre.

Moral.—Emigration is the best remedy for an overcrowded Labour Market.

FINE FELLOWS.

[MR. HERKOMER, A.R.A., has just been made an Honorary Fellow of All Souls. The only other Honorary Fellow is Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE.]

First Distinguished Master of Arts. You're a Fellow!
Second Distinguished Master of Arts. You 're another!

Both sing.

Fill up bowls, I
We 're jolly auld souls,
And jolly auld souls we be.
Bene vestiti,
Bene nati,
Et Docti Moderaté!

[*Exeunt dancing as quite the Lifes and All Souls of the party.*

THE Public is watching with interest, and without prejudice, the modern "RAIKES' Progress" — at the Post Office. At present it "wishes he would explain his explanation."

PROBLEM FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS.—Given two Lunatic Bills in the House of Lords, find how many demented Williams there are in the House of Commons.

THE 21st of June is to be the Official Jubilee Day. It will be "Queen's Weather," of course. If showery—then *Vive la Reine!* and let us be happy.

HAPPY THOUGHT!

MAMMON THE MENDICANT.

THE Gold-god sits in the market-place,
With a broad-cloth suit and a brazen face,
Like a Civic Monopolist, one of the race
Whence his favourite clients are furnished;
('Tis, therefore, no doubt, he assumes their disguise)
There's a flush on his cheeks, there's a gleam in his eyes,
And the brow he uplifteth to Babylon's skies
Seems to glitter as though it were burnished.
The least erected of Spirits that fell,
As MILTON declared him, seems wondrously well;
He looks very much like a Stock Exchange Swell,
His pathway to opulence pegging.
And what is he doing, the great god Mammon?
Sound sense may cry out such a pitiful sham on,
But verily, Sense, 'tis not nonsense or gammon,
The great god, Mammon, is—*begging!*

The employment, perchance, at first glance may seem odd,
And hardly the thing for a gentleman-god,
As Mammon of course must be reckoned;
But Mammon, no doubt, well knows what he's about.
And what is this motley, scarce jubilant rout,
For whose close attention the god seems to tout,
Most of them so meagre, few rosy and stout,
Some with cheeks falling in, some with elbows much out,
Who gather, reluctantly, drawn by his shout,
And by his bold finger-tip beckoned?
Oh! these are the victims of "very hard times,"
Men guilty of poverty—coarsest of crimes—
Poor women who labour whilst midnight's dull chimes
Waft soft over Wealth as it slumbers;
Scantly fed curates and doctors ill-paid,
Soldiers, and sufferers from slackening trade,
All these round the aureate god are arrayed
In mournful but well-marshalled numbers.
"For lo!" cries the god, "'tis a Jubilee Year,
And since times are so hard, and provisions so dear,
And the poor in our land fill our Statesmen with fear,
The hour seems appropriate, very,
To take tithe and toll of the fruits of your toil.
A Jubilee once, on old Palestine's soil,
Meant rest, restitution; but, myriads who moil
In this land which runs not with milk honey and oil,
Such a Season as this you will surely not spoil,
The schemes of the Church and of Capital foil,
Or the plans which make sycophants merry,
By hanging back now in a manner unhandsome?
No, no! Show anarchical ravers of "Ransom"
The toilers in thousands are ready
To give of their little to those who have much,
To yield their scant coin to the clerical clutch,
To help the self-glorification of such
As to gild temples high would sack poverty's hutch.
Self-sacrifice, willing and steady,
Is plainly a Jubilee-duty; at least
To those who sit low at the world's solemn feast;
And that's why the West will now beg from the East.
You see this array of big boxes?
Eh? Are they for Charities? Well, of a kind,
But not for the halt, or the maimed, or the blind;
No, friends, Mammon's plan is—I *hope* you won't mind—
That the geese shall subscribe for the foxes;
For geese are so many and foxes so few!
So I pass round the hat and I put on the screw
For bishops and big-wigs; poor clerics must do—
Well, the best that they can for the present. Hurroo!
For Church-Houses, Institutes, Galleries,
For Statues and Steeples; old funds that hang fire,
The fashion-loved church that's still *minus* spire!
Pour in, my good friends, and of giving don't tire,
Or listen to satirists' railleries.
The chance is a rare one; occasions like these,
For giving your pockets a good all-round squeeze,
Don't happen exceedingly often.
Think of poor Mother Church, with her Bishops so proud,
Her glittering temples so richly endowed,
And yet with no Church-House! Think, scant-penny'd crowd,
And I'm sure that your hearts must all soften.
Oh, Curate, half-starved on a hundred-and-fifty,
The fancy must fire you. Be rather more thrifty,
And *you* may help Princes and Primates!
Stint wife of a frock, little BOB of a hat,
Yourself of a new winter-coat,—what of that,
In this most delicious of climates?—
You'll help Mother Church to more power and pelf,
And save the old lady from helping herself!"

SENDING ROUND THE HAT.

MR. BULL. "MONEY INTO THAT?—H'M!—I 'D RATHER PUT IT INTO *YOUR OWN!!*"

So Mammon the Mendicant. *Punch* passing by
Surveyed the strange scene with a critical eye.
Quoth he, "Here's a curious disparity
Between means and end. In this Jubilee Year,
All hearts will with loyalty beat far and near;
Our Throne is respected, our Country is dear;
But Poverty 's rife, Labour suffers I fear;
Many middle-class homes are despondent and drear;
I am bound to admit it *does* seem rather queer,
To see Dives, the fat,
First to pass round the hat;
And Mammon soliciting Charity!"

JACOBITES AT ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, your opinion on *Clancarty* at the St. James's?

Mr. Punch. I was disappointed.

Mr. Nibbs. I cannot say I am surprised to hear it, as I gathered from our last conversation that you expected a great deal from the performance. In what way were you disappointed?

Mr. Punch. Every way. I was disappointed at finding the piece not so good as I had thought it, and with the acting for not being better than the piece.

Mr. Nibbs. At all events the scenery and costumes were admirable.

Mr. Punch. Yes, Mr. HARFORD and our recently full-fledged Academician, Mr. MARCUS STONE, did their best, no doubt; but accuracy in architecture and upholstery, in wigs and shoebuckles, is not a substitute for dramatic interest, or for histrionic art.

Mr. Nibbs. Was not Mrs. KENDAL all your fancy painted her as *Lady Clancarty?*

Mr. Punch. No, nor half of it. But—contrary to my custom, and quite accidentally,—I was present on the first night, and I believe that it would not be fair to pass a final judgment on the performance of any one of them in *Clancarty*, or anything else, on such an occasion, when they were all excessively nervous, and unable to do themselves justice. But, taking it for what it was, a first night or a last rehearsal *coram populo*, I can only say that with what I saw, and heard, I was disappointed.

Mr. Nibbs. My remembrance of the piece, as originally played, is vague, but what I distinctly recollect is Mr. ANSON as *Scum Goodman*, and Mr. SUGDEN as *William of Orange*. Mr. HENRY NEVILLE as the gay Cavalier I can call to mind in a general way; but, as he was always more or less the gay Cavalier on the stage, this doesn't assist me.

Mr. Punch. Comparison, neither fair nor necessary. Mr. KENDAL began as a light comedian, but he hasn't become lighter. He is not TOM TAYLOR'S ideal *Clancarty*, nor, I should say, was Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, but he is a very real and concrete *Clancarty*. On the first night he wanted oiling. But then he has not been playing for some time, and absence does make the joints go rusty.

Mr. Nibbs. Mr. MACKINTOSH'S *William* was good.

Mr. Punch. Decidedly. It was the hit of the *première*. But when I saw the costume I fully appreciated Mr. HARE'S wisdom in not playing the part. His neat head and dapper little figure would have been smothered by the huge wig and coat, and his legs wouldn't have had a chance. The results would have been all wig and no HARE.

Mr. Nibbs. True: and for the same reason this actor must always be a Tory, as of course one Hare can never be a Whig. But, seriously, there is no geniality in the part.

Mr. Punch. But there are pathetic touches, too, with which Mr. HARE, speaking Dutch-English, would have had a difficulty. It strikes me that TOM TAYLOR wrote this play not for the sake of the CLANCARTIES, but because their story supplied him with a frame for the dramatic portrait of his hero, *William of Orange*. After the King, in the author's mind, came "*Scum Goodman*," and when all the *dramatis personæ* of this piece have faded from the memory, these two will remain. At the St. James's the acting of *Scum Goodman* was of the feeblest description, as indeed was all the purely melodramatic business of the play.

Mr. Nibbs. Were you disappointed in the dialogue?

Mr. Punch. A little, perhaps. In the serious portions it is just the sort of straightforward, plain-spoken dialogue such a Drama requires. But in what is intended for the light-comedy relief, the dialogue seems thin and weak, and, I am bound to say, it was not helped by the acting. I dare say poor Mrs. BEERBOHM-TREE was frightfully nervous, and quivered—as Mr. RIDER HAGGARD would say, had he such a name to deal with—like an Aspen-Tree.

Mr. Nibbs. A young friend of mine, who saw the play the other night for the first time, observed that he thought the hero and heroine "uninteresting;" and the play itself he considered "stodgy."

Mr. Punch. Well—of course the weight of that opinion depends upon the character of your young friend. For myself, I should like to hear that something had been cut out of the Third Act—which dragged on the first night—that *Scum Goodman* had improved—(why make him a pale, scowling, black-habited, palpable villain, on melodramatic mischief, to music, bent?)—and that fire and energy had been infused into the piece all round, and then I own I should very much like to see it again.

Mr. Nibbs. I am with you, Sir. *Au revoir!*

"THE STANDARD."

First Country Boy. "'A' YOU LEFT THE SCHOOL? WHA' FOR?"
Second Ditto. "SH' SAHY SHE CAN'T LEARN ME NO MORE!"

THE REVOLT OF THE REVIEW-READERS.

SMITH writes an article in a Review
On — HOMER, Home-Rule — anything will do.
Some points therein are promptly pounced upon,
In twenty pages, say, by ROBINSON.
ROBINSON'S reasonings rouse the wrath of BROWN,
Who on them, in another score, comes down;
BROWN'S paper is opposed in fiery tones,
And ten or fifteen pages more, by JONES.
Oh, pity a poor reader, on whose eyes
Polemics dull in Alps on Alps arise!
SMITH is no genius, yet we 'll yield *him* place; [trace
But patience falters when condemned to
The long prolusions, void of power or pith,
Of JONES on BROWN on ROBINSON on SMITH!

MR. GLADSTONE says he objects to "abstract resolutions." Some people think he is apt to extend that objection to what may be called concrete "resolutions," which may perhaps account for his so often having taken them a little "too late."

RULE OF PROCEDURE.—Order of the Night: Never too late to adjourn.

VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

"SHOCKING UNPRINCIPLED LOT, THOSE 'BUS CONDUCTORS! ONE OF THEM PASSED A BAD *SIXPENCE* ON ME A FORTNIGHT AGO, CONFOUND HIM! *I'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO GET RID OF IT YET!!*"

PEARLS OF PRICE.

MR. RUSKIN has in a recent letter described Railroads as "the loathsomest form of devilry now extant; animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise social habit or possible natural beauty, carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves." Here are a few more elegant extracts taken by anticipation from his own Particular Common Place Book:—

Five o' Clock Tea.—"A festering consensus of male and female foul-mouthed fiends met together to jabber their hell gibberish one to another with a white-livered disregard of their own inevitable damnation."

A Penny Steamboat Company.—"A shrieking, mud-crushing and spluttering concern, designed by its bedevilments to churn up the filthy ink of a metropolitan Tartarus, and carry its infernal human cargo into utter outer darkness economically."

The British Muffin.—"Cursed and riddled paste of Cerberus fitted to choke the deliberate and gluttonous voluptuaries who feed on it."

The Three per Cents.—"A diabolical device of financial jugglery involved in which Government and Investors clutching at each other's throats, go down to the bottomless pit howling together."

Army and Navy Co-operative Stores.—"A Mammoth Tophet, where blasted and blighted Shareholders haggle in hysterics over the cheapening of their own coffins, in sight of the infernal fires that await them when the bargain is over."

Saturday Pops.—"The yelling of midnight cats, and the baying of barking hell-hounds, mingled for the satisfaction of the godless and fatuous fools who can be cozened into listening to them."

Riding in an Omnibus.—"An altogether damnable method of locomotion, destructive of all wise, social habit, or possible natural beauty, in the pauperised moods of those who, as a fitting preparation for a ride in their own hearses, have recourse to it."

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.—"The loathsomest form of diabolical athleticism extant, wherein sixteen devils, like animated and deliberate volcanos, disport themselves in the presence of a roaring and infernal mob, who would not care a single brazen farthing were they to see them slip off their sliding-seats into the ridges of their own graves."

A Recent Letter on Railroads.—"The silliest bit of idiocy that has lately *found its way into print*; a rhodomontade of violence and balderdash stuffed *with phrases of 'devilry' and 'damnation,' that ought* quickly to relegate it to *its own particular grave,—and the sooner the better.*"

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 2.

In the City, before Alderman GOODENOUGH.

Chief Clerk. Call JOHN JONES. (*A woman, apparently meek and married, comes forward.*) Are you wife of JOHN JONES?

Mrs. Jones. Yes, Sir.

School-Board Officer (*book in hand*). Your Worship, this is a very bad case. The boy JONES, the son of the Defendant, is a regular truant; he has only made five hundred attendances out of one thousand.

Alderman. You call him a regular truant. I should call him a regular "half-timer." How old is he?

School-Board Officer (*severely*). Just ten, Sir, and (*indignantly*) only passed Fourth Standard.

Alderman. Not so bad for a boy of ten. Well, Mrs. JONES, what have you to say about him, and why doesn't your husband come himself?

Mrs. Jones (*sadly*). Has been out of work since afore Christmas, and to-day is gone to look for a job as has been promised.

Alderman. But your boy, what have you to say about him?

Mrs. Jones. Only, Sir, that his father and me sends him to school reglar, and stints ourselves to pay the fee, but at times he plays truant just like other boys.

[*Casting an appealing glance towards* School-Board Officer, *who is deaf to "extenuating circumstances."*

Alderman (*also with an eye on the* School-Board Officer, *and in a pleasant tone*). You may say that, Mrs. JONES. I have played truant many a time myself, and got whacked for my pains. But you see, we are much wiser now; instead of whacking the youngster, we send his governor to prison.

Mrs. Jones (*trembling*). I am very sorry, Sir, but I hopes you will send me to prison, instead of my good man, for he has been promised work to-day.

Alderman. Don't be alarmed. I don't mean to send you to prison, or your good man either. Not for the present any how.

Mrs. Jones. Thank you, Sir.

Alderman. She seems very tired. (*To Police Constable.*) Let her sit down. (Mrs. JONES *sits down, and appears very thankful. Disgust of* School-Board Officer *at such an exhibition of Magisterial weakness.*) You seem tired, Mrs. JONES. How far did you come to attend the Court?

Mrs. Jones. From Diddlecombe, Sir.

Alderman. From Diddlecombe! That is four or five miles off.

The Clerk. About four, Sir.

School-Board Officer (*impatiently*). Oh no, Sir. Here is the Ordnance Map. You will see, Sir, that the distance is just three miles and three-quarters; and there are trams and 'busses running every quarter of an hour.

Alderman. Did you come by 'bus or tram, Mrs. JONES?

Mrs. Jones (*wearily*). Nay, Sir, I came a-foot.

Alderman. No money to pay for the tram?

Mrs. Jones. Not a penny, your Worship.

Alderman. And you are going to walk back?

Mrs. Jones (*sighing*). Yes, Sir. Leastways, I so intends, unless you locks me up.

Alderman. Don't be alarmed, my good woman. I shan't lock you up. (*To School-Board Officer.*) The school-fees for this boy have been paid.

School-Board Officer. That is so.

Alderman. And she is left without a penny to pay for tram or bus, and to trudge along some seven or eight miles in this dismal day of wind and rain.

School-Board Officer. Will you make an order, Sir?

Alderman. Yes, I will make an order that this poor woman shall have something to eat, and that she shall have a shilling out of the Poor-box to pay her fare home.

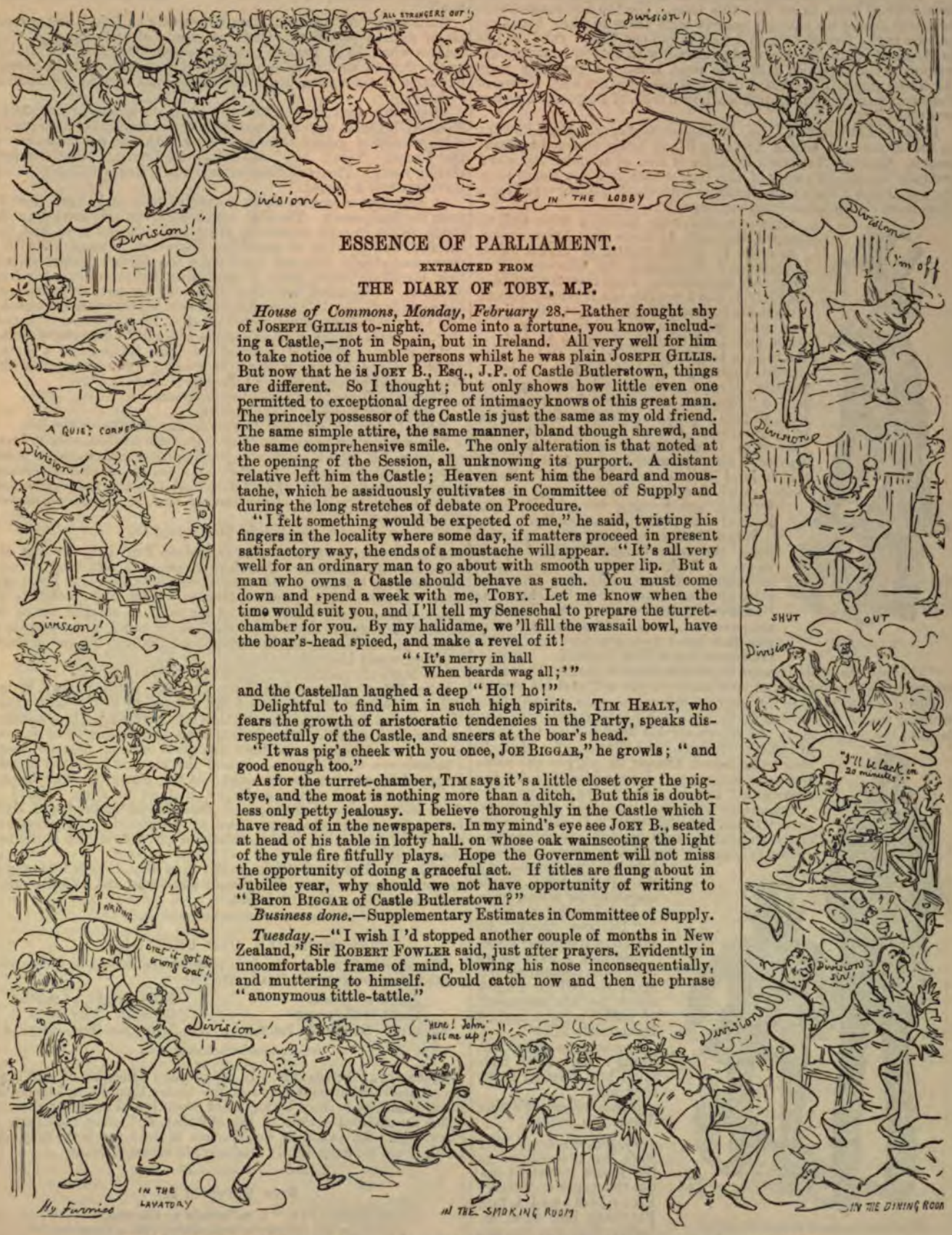
School-Board Officer (*with offended dignity*). Then, Sir, you dismiss the summons?

Alderman. Of course I do; and I have a great mind to give costs against you into the bargain. This woman has already been punished enough, and more than enough.

School-Board Officer (*with the air of one who is not going to be snubbed with impunity*). Then, Sir, I shall have to ask you for a case.

Alderman (*cheerfully*). As many cases as you like. The summons is dismissed.

[Mrs. JONES *retires, making a low curtesy to the* Bench; *slight attempt at applause in Court, at once suppressed.*



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 28.—Rather fought shy of JOSEPH GILLIS to-night. Come into a fortune, you know, including a Castle,—not in Spain, but in Ireland. All very well for him to take notice of humble persons whilst he was plain JOSEPH GILLIS. But now that he is JOEY B., Esq., J.P. of Castle Butlerstown, things are different. So I thought; but only shows how little even one permitted to exceptional degree of intimacy knows of this great man. The princely possessor of the Castle is just the same as my old friend. The same simple attire, the same manner, bland though shrewd, and the same comprehensive smile. The only alteration is that noted at the opening of the Session, all unknowing its purport. A distant relative left him the Castle; Heaven sent him the beard and moustache, which he assiduously cultivates in Committee of Supply and during the long stretches of debate on Procedure.

"I felt something would be expected of me," he said, twisting his fingers in the locality where some day, if matters proceed in present satisfactory way, the ends of a moustache will appear. "It's all very well for an ordinary man to go about with smooth upper lip. But a man who owns a Castle should behave as such. You must come down and spend a week with me, TOBY. Let me know when the time would suit you, and I'll tell my Seneschal to prepare the turret-chamber for you. By my halidame, we'll fill the wassail bowl, have the boar's-head spiced, and make a revel of it!

"'It's merry in hall
When beards wag all;'"

and the Castellan laughed a deep "Ho! ho!"

Delightful to find him in such high spirits. TIM HEALY, who fears the growth of aristocratic tendencies in the Party, speaks disrespectfully of the Castle, and sneers at the boar's head.

"It was pig's cheek with you once, JOE BIGGAR," he growls; "and good enough too."

As for the turret-chamber, TIM says it's a little closet over the pig-stye, and the moat is nothing more than a ditch. But this is doubtless only petty jealousy. I believe thoroughly in the Castle which I have read of in the newspapers. In my mind's eye see JOEY B., seated at head of his table in lofty hall, on whose oak wainscoting the light of the yule fire fitfully plays. Hope the Government will not miss the opportunity of doing a graceful act. If titles are flung about in Jubilee year, why should we not have opportunity of writing to "Baron BIGGAR of Castle Butlerstown?"

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—"I wish I'd stopped another couple of months in New Zealand," Sir ROBERT FOWLER said, just after prayers. Evidently in uncomfortable frame of mind, blowing his nose inconsequentially, and muttering to himself. Could catch now and then the phrase "anonymous tittle-tattle."

THE "DIVISION" BELL. ELECTRIC SHOCK ROUND THE HOUSE.

"Yes, TOBY, I was happy enough in New Zealand, and needn't have hurried home to get into this mess. Used to find much entertainment among the natives; sat out with them in their boundless pasture land; formed a ring; I used to call out 'Yah! yah!' as I do in House of Commons, they used to answer with unearthly shrieking; umpire declared which made the most noise. I generally won. All these simple pleasures faded, and here we are with House of Commons meanly wanting to know how a trifle of Corporation money was spent."

House full at Question Time. Evident state of expectation; FOWLER in the corner seat behind Treasury Bench lately annexed by RANDOLPH. GEORGE HAMILTON in centre of line of troubled Ministers, fretfully tearing up a copy of the Orders into scraps a finger long. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, beaming with chaste joy, surveyed scene from front Bench below Gangway opposite.

G. H-w-ll.

Questions over, Sage pulled a wire, and up jumped HOWELL, to move the Adjournment, "in order to discuss matter of urgent public importance." Opposition rose like one man in support of application. Then HOWELL unfolded his Budget, and a terrible one it proved, though "the noble Baronet," as ROWLANDS called FOWLER, made spasmodic effort to smile a smile of scorn, and Lord GEORGE, fancying he had got the Sage in his grasp, tore up the Orders with increased ferocity. Hire of speakers to address meeting, hire of audience to listen to speaker, hire of "Chuckers-out" to watch over proceedings, all paid for out of public funds in charge of Corporation of City of London, under direction of a Committee, of which "the noble Baronet" was a member, and an Association of which Lord GEORGE was Chairman! House roared with laughter. GLADSTONE, leaning forward, and turning towards HOWELL, listened with portentous solemnity.

When HOWELL sat down all eyes turned upon "the noble Baronet." What would he say? Well, not much. With one hand in trouser pocket, with the other he attempted to brush away the charge as "anonymous tittle-tattle." House would not have that. Roared at noble Baronet in way that must have reminded him of his afternoons out in New Zealand.

"Let us," the noble Baronet shouted in teeth of storm, "have the statements on the responsibility of some one who will give his name."

Then the Sage came to the front, in blandest manner and with most winning tones. House had all the time seen his legs under the curtains of the puppet show, and recognised his hand pulling the wires to which HOWELL and BRADLAUGH danced. Now he presented himself in reply to the noble Baronet's challenge. "*I* am responsible for the statements," he said, "and I give my name."

Members who have Passed the Chair.

Uproarious cheering; increased excitement. Lord GEORGE wrestled with it in vain. In the end Government caved in, and unconditionally agreed to inquiry. Found noble Baronet an hour later abstractedly looking through the A.B.C. Guide searching for return train to New Zealand.

"Do you think," he said, in a tremulous voice, "that they 'll have me up before the Committee and make me tell all I know about the late movement of public opinion against HARCOURT'S Bill?"

Evaded question, not liking to harrow his feelings; but I rather fancy they will.

Business done.—Further debate on Closure.

Friday, 3 A.M.—"Why were the proceedings in the House last night unlike the month of March," RAIKES asked LYON PLAYFAIR just now, as, feeling their way through the fog, they passed the Chair on their way out.

"Never guess riddles under a £5 prize," said PLAYFAIR.

"Well, because they came in like a lamb and went out like a lion."

Quite true. At Question Time House only half full, and general air of dulness prevalent. Ominous shouts of welcome from Parnellites when JOHN DILLON entered, triumphant from the Dublin trial. DILLON took early opportunity of making impatient speech, but after that for some hours debate jogged along in old familiar style.

At eleven o'clock the Fog took the Chair, in absence of SPEAKER. Members began to appear in curiously large numbers on Conservative side; a smell of grilled bones contended with fog for possession of the House. "Ha! ha!" said SCLATER-BOOTH, "that's supper getting ready. Plenty of time to enjoy it. House to sit till Constabulary vote is passed."

At midnight a sudden shout, a roar of pain and anger, went up from the Irish camp. The Fog, which had regularly settled in the Chair, folded its legs, crossed its arms, and bent its head just like the SPEAKER in view of prolonged discussion, jumped up with a start, and slowly dispersed itself over the House. Returned, and took the Chair again, when it discovered that it was only the Irish Members. Complaint had been made of the use of policemen's *bâtons* in Ireland. "If something worse than *bâtons* are next used," said Chief Secretary, angrily glaring upon Irish Members, "I warn Hon. Members that they are the people who will be held responsible."

"A threat, a threat!" shouted the Irish Members in a chorus, which rose and fell like a storm of wind. Above the uproar TIM HEALY could be heard roaring "Murder! Murder!"

"Order! Order!" shouted the Chairman.

"Murder! Murder!" TIM replied.

"Fire! Fire!" shrieked JOSEPH GILLIS, original to the last.

This went on for several minutes. Hubbub hushed, only to break out again. Members constantly popping up on either side on points of order, which completed the state of disorder. Immense business in broiled bones down in the kitchen. At two this morning Supply began to give out; then storm lessened, and, at a quarter-past two, division taken.

Business done.—Constabulary Vote agreed to.

Friday.—Extraordinary scene in Palace Yard between four and half-past this afternoon. Members streamed down, nearly every man carrying his bed, or the equivalent thereof. Some had rugs; some blankets; some spring mattresses. Admirable to observe the ease and grace with which Lord ARTHUR HILL stepped across the yard, with mattress under one arm, bolster under other, portion of feather pillow sticking out of coat-tail pocket, and a pair of sheets wrapped round his neck.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Been to a sale?"

"No, TOBY, old man," his lofty Lordship shouted down to me. "But I've been in a fog, and don't mean to get caught again. Weren't you here at breaking-up time this morning? Three hundred men groping about for cabs, finding none, and feeling their way out of the yard, hoping to find their way home on foot. Some of them, I believe, are walking now. Passed the night in the street myself. Prepared for emergencies to-night. If fog comes on, shall lay my bed in corner of Division Lobby, and go to sleep. Heard of G. O. M.'s adventures, I suppose? Stranded at midnight, in Hyde Park. Nothing to what some others of us suffered. If fog comes on again, and you can't do better, come and curl yourself up at the foot of my bed."

"Thanks—but know trick worth two of that. Very little fog at present; comes on later. Go straight home now, and be quite safe."

Business done.—Haven't heard.

GOOD-BYE, OLD FRIEND!

[The papers of Tuesday, March 1, recorded the decease of a once very popular character, JOHNNIE DEAN, aged 71.]

JOHNNIE DEAN
Has left the scene
For ever. Blithe and bonnie,
Kind, bright, of mirth
Brimful. May earth
Lie light upon thee, JOHNNIE!

ALIMENTARY EDUCATION.—In the primary education of children a device has been introduced to rear the tender thought and teach the young idea how to shoot by means of biscuits and goody-goodies, on which are stamped letters of the alphabet, and other rudiments of knowledge. An excellent combination of food for both body and mind, if not too dangerously conducive to excess of cram.

Two Views of It.

CRIES Yankee PAT, "I'm 'toirely in the van,
For shure me counthree's marching like a risen one!"
Says JOHN, "My friend, you 'll find that with your *plan*,
The only van you 'll join will be the prison one!"

☞ **TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied *by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.* Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.**

UNCONVICTED.

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"
Not the brute convict; he, not void of cheer,
May face the well-earned penalty of sin.
Health rules the house which he must enter in;
But this foul den, this dark and narrow cell,
This is the dungeon where the wretch must dwell
By Law suspect, indeed, yet whom the hand
Of Justice is not yet upraised to brand;
A torture-room and lazar-house in one,
Free to the sewer, secluded from the sun;
Dismal as Chillon's dungeon, cold, unsweet,
Through which no breath of health or ease may fleet.
Here the cramped limbs in narrow bounds must ache,
Here in chill night the palsied flesh must quake,
Here frost and foulness, with insidious stealth,
Must shake the spirit, and must sap the health.
In this Black Hole, whose breath is pestilence,
Let the poor victim ponder his defence.
The man, says Law—on justice proudly built,—
Is innocent, till trial proves his guilt.
How strange a comment on that ancient boast!
How strange a spectacle for Howard's ghost!
Our last philanthropist, Hygeia, stands,
Pity at heart, but in her helpless hands
Nothing—for him the unconvicted one,
Whom—*till his guilt be proved*—e'en she must shun.
Then, then indeed the wretch may hope to share
A chamber clean, fair space, untainted air.
How just, how generous! Let the Law arise,
And sweep this shameful folly from our eyes!

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

III.—Cinderella; or, the Origin of Wall-Flowers.

There was a Gentleman married for his second wife the pleasantest and prettiest woman ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own, in all ways worthy of her. He had, likewise, by a former wife, a young daughter, but of a pertinacious, pushing temper, and sixteen years of age.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the marriage over than Cinderella began to show herself in her true colours. She was determined not to be "put upon," as she said, by a Step-mother, and, so unchecked was Cinderella, that her new mother and her new sisters have been found in three separate rooms, in three distinct floods of tears, owing to the behaviour of this *chit*.

Though backward in her lessons, Cinderella was so forward in her desires, that nothing would serve her but to attend a ball, the King's son having invited all persons of fashion. To this, however, as Cinderella had never been presented at Court, but was still under Governesses, her Mother would not consent. She had, therefore, to endure, with what temper she might, to hear her sisters thus discoursing:—"For my part," said the eldest, "I shall wear my red velvet suit, with French trimmings."

"And I," said the youngest, "shall only have my usual petticoat; but, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered mantua, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

The good girls *never* talked thus when they knew Cinderella was present, but I am sorry to say that she listened to conversations which were not intended for her.

The great day came, and the ladies drove off to Court, and Cinderella fell a-crying, though they had ordered for her supper all the dainties to which she was partial.

Now I must tell you that Cinderella's God-mother, an old Fairy, was not the wisest of Fairies, as, indeed, we often see that the old are by no means judicious in their treatment of the young.

"Thou wishest to go to the ball—is it not so?" said the Fairy. "Then run into the garden, and bring me a pompion."

Her Godmother then turned the pompion into a gilt coach, with six mice for horses, and a rat for coachman, but *she forgot to turn an old stick into a chaperon!*

This neglect was fatal, as it should be at all well-conducted entertainments, and, though Cinderella was dressed in the height of Fairy fashion, no one knew her, and consequently, she danced with no one. The King's son observed, to one of Cinderella's sisters, "Who is that little girl out of the Grosvenor Gallery?" whereat his partner smiled so divinely that he instantly lost his heart, and could eat none of the fine collation for gazing on her.

To be brief, he offered his heart to the eldest of Cinderella's sisters, who, blushing, accepted it. But Cinderella, who perceived this bye-play, got up very angrily, and looked for her carriage, which as nobody knew her name, she could not find. She lost both her glass shoes on the way. Being got home, the Fairy met her, and said, very eagerly, (as old ladies will)—

"Well, my dear, how often did you dance with His Royal Highness?"

"Never," said Cinderella in a pet, bursting into tears, "and I wish I may never dance again!"

Now the Fairy Godmother had promised that all Cinderella's wishes should be fulfilled.

So she gently touched this bad girl with her wand, and changed her into a *Wall-flower!*

You have all heard of the Talking Rose, in *Beauty and the Beast*, but *you* never heard, and *nobody* ever heard, of a Wall-flower that danced!

Next day the good elder sister married the Prince, and nobody much missed Cinderella.

Moral.—Younger sisters really must not expect to go out before their elder sisters have had their chance.

["Cleverly Won," by Hawley Smart, written Cleverly Too.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Guest (*who is a bon-vivant, to Host, who isn't*). "YOU MUST COME AND DINE WITH *ME*, JONES!"

Host. "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR FRIEND! WHEN?" *Guest.* "*Now!*"

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THIS Manual began, it may be recollected, with a contribution to the *répertoire* of the Amateur Reciter which was of a studiously simple and domestic nature. This week, however, the Poet has risen to a higher altitude, with the inevitable result of producing a piece that will only be suitable to the more advanced, and (in the Author's opinion) cannot be rendered with full justice unless the Reciter can accompany himself softly upon the piano. Even a few scales here and there are better than nothing. The vital point is to produce a certain expression of *atmosphere*. The Reciter, then, should seat himself upon the music-stool, and improvise a few modulations. He will obtain some useful hints for these by studying the preludes (many of which are of singular beauty) of the gentleman who comes to tune his piano.

Having thus obtained a concerned silence, you should throw your head back, and announce the name of your subject, which happens to be—"The Star and the Moth." Then play all the chords you know best, and begin:—

O'er the purpled pale of Heaven leaned a lonely little Star,

(*Leit-motif here for the Star: "Twinkle, twinkle," is recommended, or "Star of the Evening," or anything else you can pick out with one finger and consider appropriate.*)

Gazing down upon the great world, rolling in the distance far;
Wistfully she watched the movements of a milky-pinioned Moth,
Fluttering about a garden, purposeless as ocean-froth.

(*Short scumble in treble, to express froth.*)

Till she found a vent for her sentiment in a languishing little lay.
(For a star *can* sing, like anything, whatever astronomers say.)

(*You should speak these last two lines through a waltz refrain. If you don't know any waltzes, learn "Lilla's a Lady," out of Hamilton's Exercise Book. Now you come to the Star Song, which should be recited with a mixture of intense passion and childlike naïveté. Scales* will *suit the metre here, but, although they have the advantage of being instantly recognised, the Author would advise you to attempt something rather more spiritual.*)

Moth, with the wings so white!
So much attached to light,
Can you be short of sight?
Diffident? Dreamy?
I smile at you down there;
You don't appear to care!
If you've the time to spare,
Look up and see me!

Thus the Star; and, flushing crimson, scintillated so with hope,
That each scientific person turned on her his telescope.

(*The music here should express the cold-blooded curiosity of Science, but you must work this out for yourself the best way you can.*)

She did not resent the rudeness, feeling far too much distressed,
For the inadvertent insect still continued unimpressed!

(*Waltz refrain again.*)

Though for him she shone, he went frivolling on, and he sang, but it wasn't to *her*.
(For no moth is dumb, you can hear 'em hum,' as the naturalists aver.)

(*Now you want a leit-motif for your Moth: the only air the Author can think of at the moment is, "Beautiful as a Butterfly," which doesn't strike quite the right note for the invocation which follows.*)

Lamp, with the globe of ground-
Glass which I flutter round
List while thy praise I sound,
Paraffined Peri!
Blue-bottles seek thy flame;
Cockchafers do the same;
Daddy-long-lègs go lame,
Crippled—but cheery.

But the Lamp no answering lustre shed upon the table-cloth; [the Moth.
"Call again when I am lighted. Not at home!" she told
"Lamp," exclaimed the Star, "I thank thee for the mercy thou hast shown.
No designing Duplex art thou, mildest Moderator known!"

(*Here you should keep up a faint tremolo with two fingers.*)

But alas! for the Moth was a volatile Goth, and an entomological Vandal,
And his pique only pricked him to perish a victim at the shrine of a tall tallow candle!

Altar, the casual gnat
Gets holocausted at!

(*This is, perhaps, rather fine language for a common Moth, but allowance must be made for the excitement under which it is supposed to be labouring.*)

Column composed of fat,
Slender, if sallow!
What if it's reckoned rash,
Into thy flame to dash?
Soon shall I be but ash,
Tombed within tallow!

(*Chords here, and a few bars from Chopin's "Funeral March"—if you can manage them.*)

Long the Star in pallid anguish kept her eye upon the scene,
Saw the Moth expiring sputter 'mid the candle-rays serene.
Then she leaped headlong, despairing, nought below her course to bar. [shooting-star!"
Some said, "Isn't that a rocket?" Others, "Oh, no,—

(*Deliver these comments in such a manner as to convey your sense of their tragic disproportion to such an occasion.*)

But as she was stooping, prepared for her swooping through space to its uttermost verge,
Her unprecedented mishap she lamented, and chanted her own little dirge:—

For a mere Moth I pined;
I'll not be left behind,
Now that, forlorn, I find
He's suicided!

No, for I, too, can die—
Into star-dust I'll fly!
Asteroids all, good-bye!
Don't do as *I* did!

(*Let your voice die away into a whisper at the last line, run your fingers rapidly down the keys, concluding with a crash, to express the fate of the Star. Then rise, and receive the compliments that will follow with all the modesty at your disposal.*)

IF triumphant, the Jubilee Motto over the Post-Office door will not be "*Vivat Regina!*" but "*Vivat Raikes!*"

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

(New Version.)

"Will you walk into our parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly;
"'Tis the cosiest little parlour, friend, that ever you did spy.
The way into this parlour is quite wide, as you're aware,
And, oh! we'll do such wondrous things when once we get *you* there!
Then, won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you,
Pretty little fly?"

Now, as I've heard, this little fly was young, but wary, too,
And so he thought, I'll mind my eye—the thing may be a do!
So "No, no!" said that little fly; "kind Sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your parlour, and I do not wish to see."
"Then, won't you," &c.

That Spider he was portly, and that Spider he was bland,
And he played the part of siren for an even Older Hand.
Says he, "Oh, Fly, you must be tired of being on the shelf,
Why don't you just step in awhile, if but to rest yourself?,
Then, won't you," &c.

"Our parlour's snugly furnished, for expense we never spare,
We've such a nice Round Table; *you shall* have an easy chair.
It seems incomplete without you as a sort of settled guest;
Turn up solitary buzzing now; step in and take a rest.
Now, won't you," &c.

That little Fly looked longingly. Thinks he, "I *do* feel tired,
I'm fond of cosy parties, and I like to be admired.
Yet I have a slight suspicion that the thing may be a trap,—
I twig something in yon corner—I distrust that fat old chap,
With his won't you," &c.

So "I'll wait a little longer," to the Spider said the Fly,
As he spread his wings (with friend Col-lings), and fluttered towards the Skye.
But whether he'll come back again, and try that parlour yet,
Is a thing on which a cautious man would hardly like to bet.
"Then won't you, won't you," &c.

Motto for Mr. Rider Haggard to put to *She* (i.e., according to the P. M. G., which finds rather more than the germs of the romances in the *Epicurean*):—"There's Moore where this came from."

PILFERING PETER THE PATRIOT:

OR, THE LAST OF THE NAVAL DRAGOONS.

(A Tale of the Terry-ble.)

IT was late in the afternoon when Admiral PUNCH knocked at the door of an office at Whitehall, which had a branch establishment in Somerset House. He carried with him a report. He asked for the First Lord. A Messenger, who was putting on an overcoat leisurely, informed him that the head of the department could not possibly be seen until the following morning.

"There is no one here, Sir—unless you would like to see the gent we call the Naval Dragoon?"

"Certainly," replied the Admiral. "But why Naval Dragoon?" The answer came promptly—"Because, Sir, he's quite the old soldier whenever he touches anything connected with the sea!"

A few minutes later the Naval Dragoon was introduced. He held in his hand an enormous packet.

"A design for a new gun, Sir?" queried the sea-going horse-soldier. "I shall be glad to receive it. There is some demand for the article in the proper quarter."

"No, Sir," replied the Admiral, sternly; "this report contains an indictment. Herein are set down the graver faults of our Administration; herein you will find why WRIGHT, the Engineer-in-Chief, is wrong—why——"

"Pardon me," returned the Naval Dragoon, "I have not time to attend to that sort of thing. Really, the graver faults of our Administration, and what is written about WRIGHT, are of secondary importance to the duties I perform as Universal Provider."

Then he bowed, smiled, and disappeared, but not before the Admiral had had time to notice that the large envelope was addressed to the representative of a Foreign Government.

* * * * * *

The ball was at its gayest. Thousands of brightly-costumed dancers indulged in the eccentricities of the recently revived polka, or the more staid measures of the *chaperon*-patronised quadrille. Pilfering PETER, the Patriot (as he was called by his intimates) was alone dull. He still carried the packet, half-hidden beneath the long cloak that partly concealed his uniform.

"Wal," at length observed a masked figure standing beside him, "have you fixed up that there little parcel slick?"

"I have," replied PETER. "Two ships, four torpedo boats, and seven new guns."

"Good," returned the strange Masker, receiving the packet. "I calculate it was about all we were waiting for."

Ten days later, England was engaged in war.

* * * * * *

The sea was covered with vessels. Surrounded by an almost countless host, the only British Ironclad (the *Ethelred the Unready*) in Commission, proudly crested the waves.

"Why, what is this!" exclaimed the English Commander, gazing at the enemy through his telescope. "Those ships! Why every one of them is constructed on a plan supplied from Whitehall! And those guns! They, too, have been treacherously transferred to the exultant foe!"

At this moment there was a loud explosion. Then the sea was deluged with smoke. When it cleared away, only H.M.S. *Ethelred the Unready* was left—the foreign fleet had entirely vanished.

"Dear me!" observed the English Commander, "this is very strange! The guns burst at the first discharge. The Ironclads, constructed on plans treacherously transferred, foundered before they could get into action! I cannot understand it! What does it mean?"

The question was answered by a badly wounded man who, blown up an incalculable height by the explosion, had at length descended from the clouds on to the British deck.

"It means," cried this poor wretch, with difficulty, "that Pilfering PETER, appropriately called 'the Patriot,' has saved his country. I foresaw this result. It was for this I supplied——"

He tried to speak, raised his eyes to the Union Jack, attempted to comprehend the construction of a new torpedo, and sank back. The last of the Naval Dragoons was past serving his native land any further!

THE BLACK ASSIZES;

Or, what it is coming to,—a brief Judicial Tragi-comedy apparently in active rehearsal in some of our Country Towns in this Year of Grace 1887.

The Scene is laid in the immediate neighbourhood of a provincial Assize Court, on the morning of the Judges' appearance on the Bench. Prisoners awaiting trial, innocent and guilty alike, stuffed away anyhow, in any of the various holes, nooks, corners, and recesses, of the building that will contain them. Some three-and-twenty of them occupy a low ill-ventilated room, fourteen feet by ten, from the effects of the close and reeking atmosphere of which some are suffocated while all are joining in a gasping clamour for more air. In one corner 'ORRIBLE JIMMY, *a prisoner who is about to take his trial, after several previous convictions, for burglary coupled with murderous assault, is regaling a mixed crowd of professed thieves and first offenders, with an account of his most infamous exploits in unrepeatable language. Oaths, imprecations and blasphemies fill the air. At an opposite corner of the room an aged father and his daughter, brought here on a false charge of embezzlement, cower and try to hide their eyes from the loathsome sight, and shut out the hideous sound from their ears. In other parts of the building six other prisoners, two of them being mere children, are locked up in dark cupboards in which they can scarcely breathe. Four or five more are stowed away in a damp underground cellar, lighted by a feeble jet of gas, to which the Authorities would think twice before they consigned a dog.*

Enter First and Second Steeled Officials *in passage.*

First Steeled Official (*after listening complacently to groans, imprecations and cries*). Well, I calls them a lively lot this morning. 'Ark at their growls. I'll growl 'em, if they won't stop. Why they'll be 'eared inside o' the Court next.

[*A shriek is heard from the room the size of which is fourteen feet by ten.*

Second Steeled Official. They're a doing murder. P'raps it's 'ORRIBLE JIMMY up to some of his games, or p'raps they can't breathe or somethink. (*Shriek is repeated.*) Well, what a row they makes about it.

First Steeled Official (*opening the door, at which a frantic rush is made. Getting his body inside the room*). No—you don't. Phew! Well, you have got up a nice stench betwixt you, anyhow. But what's all this hollering about?

Aged Father (*indignantly*). Holloaing, indeed! Why, this poor girl, maddened for want of air, has gone off into hysterics; and now she's in a dead faint. [*Points to a female prisoner lying on the floor.*

Prisoners (*generally*). We ain't got no air. We can't breathe. We're a stifling.

Aged Father. Ay, stifling; but not only with the physical atmosphere, but—what is worse—with the moral. It's outrageous to herd the basest of criminals and respectable people together like this.

First Steeled Official. Precious respectable you are, ain't you! Why, what are you doing 'ere, I should like to know. Get along with you!

Aged Father. You ought to be in here yourself, to preserve decency and order.

First Steeled Official. What, me in here a breathing this pestilence! Wouldn't you just like to see me! Hookey! Here (*addressing* Second Steeled Official). Give us a hand with this.

[*They lug out the fainting girl between them, and close the door on the groaning, swearing, suffocating, struggling, and reeking crowd within. Bringing her to with a bucket of cold water, they relegate her, for want of any better place, to the coal-cellar.*

First Steeled Official (*listening, as he passes up corridor, to smothered cries coming from several cupboard doors. Hammering at them*). 'Old your row, won't yer? If you give me much more of that, you sha'n't come out for a month. (*Playfully.*) Pretty full this time, ain't we?

Second Steeled Official. Yes; but nice and proud and 'aughty they're a gettin'; as if what's done for this hundred years and more ain't good enough for the likes of them.

First Steeled Official. More air, indeed! Why, they'll be asking for welwet chairs next. [*They move off.*

The Scene changes, an hour later, to the interior of the Assize Court. Learned Judge discovered on Bench. Leading Counsel, Jury, Witnesses, and public in their respective places. A rather long pause.

The Learned Judge (*after fidgeting a little, looking over the Calendar several times, and whispering to Court Officials in his*

vicinity). Ah, yes! Well, I'll ask. Do you know, Brother BUNKUM, what is delaying us?

Mr. Serjeant Bunkum, Q.C. No, my Lud. We are quite ready to begin. But I'll inquire. (*Seeing Divisional Surgeon entering Court, pale, and breathless.*) Ha! perhaps this gentleman can tell us. Well, Mr. Surgeon?

Divisional Surgeon. You 'll have, my Lord, to put off the Assizes.

In the Court of Common Sense.

The Learned Judge. To put off the Assizes!

All. To put off the Assizes! Why?

Divisional Surgeon. Because there are no prisoners.

The Learned Judge. No prisoners! What, have they escaped!

Divisional Surgeon. No. They are all asphyxiated. But you must excuse me. We 've got them all laid in the Court below, and three of the hospital Doctors are doing their best to save some of them. But this Officer will give you all information. [*Exit.*

Enter First Steeled Official.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! All asphyxiated? That some should be is, of course, I know, not uncommon. But how—all?

First Steeled Official. Want of air, my Lord. They said they found it a bit close; but my orders was to keep 'em under lock and key. And so I did.

The Learned Judge. Just so. (*Referring to Calendar.*) But shall we be able to take no cases? We have rather a full calendar, I see. This case of fraudulent trusteeship, for instance?

First Steeled Official. He 's dead, my Lord. We found he 'd gone off in the cellars in the night, of consumption.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! how awkward. (*Referring again to Calendar.*) But this case of bigamy that follows?

First Steeled Official. Found him smothered, my Lord, in the cupboard under the stairs. He ain't no use.

The Learned Judge. Dear me! Dear me! But this next case?

First Steeled Official. Gone clean off his 'ead, becos he was shut in a closet as was too small for him. You can hear him a ravin' now.

The Learned Judge. Ah, most annoying! And this ——?

First Steeled Official. Gone and 'ung hisself with his bracers, 'cos he couldn't stand no more of it. They 're all down, your Lordship—ain't none of 'em fit to come before you.

The Learned Judge. Well, Gentlemen of the Jury, I scarcely like to dismiss you in this fashion, but you see how we are circumstanced. (*Commotion in Prisoners' Dock.*) But ha! what 's this?

[*Aged Father and Daughter, in a very feeble state, are led in by warders, and, supplied with restoratives, are tried for fraud and conspiracy; an* alibi *is proved by five witnesses, the prosecution collapses utterly, and the Jury, refusing to hear further evidence, acquit them unanimously, without leaving the box.*

Aged Father (*staggering to the front of the Dock*). My Lord, before I leave this place, to which I have struggled with my daughter, I wish to point out, and while pointing out, to protest with all the energy I can command, to your Lordship against the infamous treatment to which we have for the last three weeks been subjected, while waiting the issue of to-day's trial. We have been forced to share the society of devils in human shape, thrust into crowded kennels into which it would be under such conditions sheer brutality to force a dumb animal, and all this not as branded criminals, but as people whose character is as free from stain or reproach, as your Lordship's own. Surely, my Lord, it is a theory of English Justice, that every Englishman is to be considered innocent in the eye of the law, until pronounced Guilty by a Jury of his fellow-countrymen. Yet, we have been treated worse than felons consigned to penal servitude.

The Learned Judge (*with warmth*). And rightly too; not according to theories of English justice, with which we in this place have nothing to do, but in conformity with its practice, with which we are more immediately concerned. You have, Sir, in common with your class, got hold of that pestilent legal heresy, that the law regards every prisoner as innocent until he is proved guilty, when the very reverse is the case. How often shall I have to point out from my place on this Bench, that the law, on the contrary, holds every man charged with an offence as guilty, and punishes him as such, until he has been acquitted by a Jury of his fellow-countrymen. Hence the, I dare say, not uncommon catastrophe, that the Court has witnessed this morning. But, you at least, are now out of it, and have nothing to complain of. Stand down, Sir, I am ashamed of your ignorance.

[*The Prisoners are assisted from the Dock, and as the Judge is being presented with with a pair of black kid gloves in honour of the occasion, the Curtain slowly falls.*

A THEATRICAL CHAT.

Mr. Nibbs. What, Sir, did you think of *Modern Wives* at the Royalty?

Mr. Punch. The First Act, in idea, in acting, in every way, capital. Mr. EDOUIN is perfect as the retired *'atter*, and poor Mr. LYTTON SOTHERN was exceptionally good in the last part he ever played. His career was full of the brightest promise, poor fellow, and he would evidently have been Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM'S successor in that peculiar bustling light-comedy line.

Mr. Nibbs. He is a distinct loss to the stage.

Mr. Punch. As to the Ladies in this piece, the three sisters are well contrasted. Miss ATHERTON is rather too American perhaps for an English tradesman's daughter; but in the Second Act, when his part becomes weak, Mr. EDOUIN justifies his daughter's accent by his own. Miss EVA WILSON is a charming *ingénue*, not too ingenuous, and Miss OLGA BRANDON looks uncommonly handsome as the second married sister, whose husband, *Mr. Honeysett*, is most naturally played by Mr. SELTON.

Mr. Nibbs. I thought Miss BENNETT, the waiting-maid, very good; didn't you, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Yes. The haspirates were judiciously misplaced, and the character was not in the least overdone.

Mr. Nibbs. It struck me the Second Act hung fire.

Mr. Punch. Undoubtedly it does; it is weak and too long. The actors seemed to be endeavouring to infuse some extra life into this Act by boisterous fun. Bustle and swagger are not always satisfactory substitutes for humour and dramatic interest.

Mr. Nibbs. Quite true, Sir; but it has reached its fiftieth night. By the way, I am told that the performance of *Clancarty* at the St. James's has much improved.

Mr. Punch. I was sure it would be so. A first night is *a* test, but not the fairest, nor the best. I must see it again.

Mr. Nibbs. The Pantomime of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is having a fine time of it—in spite of the fogs.

Mr. Punch. Yes—and *sub Rosâ* there is to be an Opera season after Easter, and, later on, when the CARL and MARIE ROSE Show is over, he is going in for Italian Opera.

If "not in mortals to command success,"
AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS will "deserve it."

He is a marvellous Manager! quite, as I have observed before, *Harris in Wonderland*.

Mr. Nibbs. Which reminds me that there is another enterprising Manager who has deserved well of parents, guardians, and children of all ages.

Mr. Punch. Meaning The BRUCE, EDGAR of that ilk, with Mr. SAVILE CLARKE'S *Alice in Wonderland*. I am quite of your opinion. If the Manager and his CLARKE are not above listening to a humble suggestion, I should say, Renovate, without removing it; and, with a few changes, you may run it, with *matinées*, right through the year. I venture to think it would be more crowded in spring and summer, when the children can walk to the theatre and back, than in winter.

Mr. Nibbs. I hear that a Mrs. BROWN POTTER, an American beauty and theatrical amateur, is to make her *début* as a professional actress at the Haymarket, in the play of *Man and Wife*.

Mr. Punch. It sounds a happy selection. But I have almost forgotten the piece. Perhaps during this lady's engagement the Haymarket will be known as "The Potteries." Let us to luncheon.

CURIOSITIES OF 'JOURNALISTIC LITERATURE.—This cutting from the *Times*, March 10, is well worth translation and preserving:—

TO KIND-HEARTED RICH PERSONS, fond of Animals.—Will one such, with noble generosity, spare a lady pain of parting with pair of ponies, to which she is devotedly attached, but no longer means to maintain? Immediate NEED.—Address, &c.

The translation is simply, that a Lady wants to keep her carriage. We sincerely wish she may get it.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY IT?—In these days of prizes for word-puzzle competitions, it would be pretty safe to offer a very handsome reward for the discovery of the point, wit, humour or fun, in LEWIS CARROLL'S *Game of Logic*, published,—perhaps as part of the joke, whatever it may be,—with a set of counters and a plan, by Messrs. MACMILLAN. *The Hunting of the Snark*, we always thought, ought to have been called "No. 1, of the Colwell-Hatchney Series," but this, the latest work by the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, leaves it far behind. It may yet have its use, however, as pages of it, or fifty lines at a time, might be set as a punishment to naughty boys and girls to write out or learn.

LEWIS CARROLL has been "chopping logic," and has given the young 'uns some uncommonly dry chips.

A CAUTION TO LADIES.

(BEWARE OF THOSE TREACHEROUS GAUZE FANS.)

Sir Pompey Bedell. "WELL—A—NOW THAT I HAVE THOROUGHLY EXPLAINED TO YOU WHAT *MY* CONVICTIONS ARE WITH REGARD TO THE IRISH QUESTION, I WILL PROCEED TO——BUT—A—I AM REALLY ALMOST AFRAID I BEGIN TO PERCEIVE—A—THAT MY VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT FAIL TO *AROUSE YOUR INTEREST*, MISS MASHAM!"

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.

A Surgeon of the Medical Staff Corps was introduced.

The Commissioner. May I ask what I can do for you, Sir?

Applicant. I have to complain, Sir, that by a recent War Office Warrant the relative rank of Medical Officers in the Army has been abolished, and can scarcely do better than give a quotation from a much respected organ of our profession, the *British Medical Journal*, which is as follows:—

"The medical officers regard the anomalous position they are now placed in as a matter of the gravest importance. They look upon the fact of their being deprived of rank in the Army as a degradation, for while, only recently, real rank has been conferred on the officers of the Commissariat and Transport and Pay Departments of the Army, the only rank the medical officers have ever had—relative rank—has been taken away from them."

The Commissioner. Please explain the distinction between the officers of the Commissariat and Transport and Pay Departments of the Army and the Medical Officers.

Applicant. Both are non-combatants—the first have to supply the food and transport and pay of the Army; the last the medical assistance.

The Commissioner. Are the duties of the first—supposing an Army to be in the field—of a more dangerous character than those of the last?

Applicant. Certainly not. On the contrary, as an Army Surgeon has frequently to be close up to the fighting line, he shares all the risks of combatants. It is true that hospitals are supposed to be protected by the Geneva Cross in civilised warfare, but not unfrequently the flag has been utterly ignored; and in cases of a campaign against savages it absolutely becomes a target for the sharpest fire. I need scarcely remind you of the defence of Rorke's Drift, where the Zulus made the hospital their chief point of attack.

The Commissioner. I believe that the Victoria Cross has been frequently conferred on Medical Officers.

Applicant. Frequently. I question whether they will be able to gain it in the future, as they will virtually sink into the position of civil *employés* hired for a particular service.

The Commissioner. Certainly there seems to be food for consideration in your suggestion. Has the position hitherto, of an Army Surgeon in a regiment, been an enviable one?

Applicant. It has depended to a great extent upon the individual himself; but, as a matter of fact, in cases of discipline the Army Surgeon has always been junior to the most recently joined subaltern. The relative rank has given him certain advantages as to the choice of quarters, receiving salutes, &c., which now will be presumably abolished. The military idea is, that a man capable of keeping his head clear, and giving orders to his assistants in the most delicate surgical operations, is yet unable to command a file of men, as well as a youngster fresh from two months' of militia-training, or a schoolboy course at Woolwich or Sandhurst. Of course such a suggestion is not calculated to gain for an Army Surgeon the entire respect of combatant officers in their teens. The new order goes a step—a very long step—further, and deprives him of even the shadow of rank. You may imagine how painful his position will become in a society where military rank is of the first importance. Some time ago Army Surgeons were removed (except in a few favoured battalions) from the regiments with which they had been closely associated for years, to be put upon the Staff. This was done, so it was said, on the score of economy; but it is difficult to find a reason for this more recent departure—a departure which, I fear, may lead to departures of another kind, and departures that will rid the Army of every self-respecting member of our profession. For you must remember, Sir, that we are not only Officers, but Gentlemen.

The Commissioner. It is well to remind the Authorities of that fact. I consider your grievance a very serious one, and shall take all necessary steps to see that it is redressed.

[*The Applicant thanked the Commissioner on behalf of himself and some seven hundred colleagues, and withdrew.*

"THE STICKING PLACE!"

Macbeth . . . L-RD S-L-SB-RY. *Lady Macbeth* . . . "A M-RN-NG P-P-R."

LADY MACBETH. "'INFIRM OF PURPOSE! GIVE *ME* THE DAGGERS!'—*I'LL* SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT!!"

Shakspeare, adapted to The Times.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXI.—THE BASHFUL GHOST.

"CAN'T you speak when you are spoken to," I asked, but she only wrung her hands (noiselessly of course) and looked down.

She was a White Lady, but the most gentle and retiring of her species. Obviously she would never have haunted the room of a bachelor if she could possibly have helped it; it was the fault of the housekeeper at Schloss Schreckenstein for putting me into the chamber where she generally appears.

"If you don't speak," I said, in a resolute tone, (for I had got over my first fright) "if you don't speak, I'll tell you what I'll do. *I'll get up and dress!*"

Of course this was a brutal kind of thing to say to a ghost of her nervously bashful type, and, in calmer moments, I have often regretted it. But what was a man to do? I felt for the ghost as much as anyone can, but she wouldn't go away, she wouldn't speak, and she was not even useful for scientific purposes of Psychical Research. Who would have believed me, if I said I had seen her?

"I'll get up," I said, "and bring all the other men. They are still in the smoking-room, I daresay. *My* saying I have seen you, is no evidence, as you must know; but if they *all* see you, then there will be evidence to go to a Jury—to GURNEY and MYERS, I mean,"—and I began to move as if I would throw off the heavy German eider-down quilt. The Ghost fell on her knees. "For my sake, don't do *that*," she said. "Oh, is it not punishment enough to have to haunt rooms where all sorts of strange people come, without your uttering such unmanly threats? Oh, I never was spoken to so, since my life!"

"Then, why do you haunt them?" I asked. "This is *my* room, not yours. It is not at all like the case of *Mr. Pickwick*, and the lady in curl-papers."

"It was most wrong, and inconsiderate of the Seneschal," said the Ghost, "to put you in here. If he had the feelings of a gentleman, he would only put ladies in this wing of the Castle."

"But the ladies refuse to be put here," I replied. "You know you have frightened them all away, and I don't wonder at it."

"I do not know what the world is coming to," said the Ghost, "in *my* time it was very different."

"When was your time?"

"Oh, about the Reformation," she replied, evasively.

"The very early Hussite movement, then, judging from your dress," I remarked, on which she flushed up, and muttered something about "personal remarks."

"When *I* was a girl," she said, "we would have been *ashamed* to be afraid of our White Lady, BERTHA VON SCHRECKENSTEIN, to whose place I succeeded. We always got on capitally with *her*, and she with us. Never a complaint on either side. No Knights were ever put in *her* rooms, I warrant you. Are you a Knight?"

"My dear Madam," I replied, "I am not in trade, nor am I a medical man, nor a Mayor, nor a painter. I am a literary character, *I* am. They don't make us Knights."

"I see, you are a Minstrel?" she answered.

"A lazy one," I replied, and she quite brightened up, and said she had read my little things (she was mistaken about *that*), in the drawing-room, after the family had gone to bed.

However, she began to become shy and self-conscious again.

"In this Schloss," she said, "gentlemen seldom go to bed before two in the morning, and I get the haunting over early, and have a few hours to myself. But *you've* come up too soon! Oh, dear!" she exclaimed in an agony, "I hear them bouncing along from the smoking-room, and they are just as likely as not to come in here to 'draw' you, and then, oh dear, oh dear," said the Ghost, "what *will* the next world say of me? They are *so* censorious."

Could there be a more painful position for me, and for this retiring spectre? "Can't I get up, and make a bolt for it?" I said, but she would not hear of it.

It was only too probable that young GRIGSBY, of the Guards, and that young wretch VON SPICHEREN, would "draw" me—and their own conclusions!

"Can't you disappear?" I said.

"Impossible," she answered, peevishly. "I can't disappear before cock-crow."

It was awfully awkward. At this moment young GRIGSBY, in the passage outside, gave, at the top of his voice, his celebrated imitation of a cock crowing. In a second, before you could so much as wink, the White Lady had vanished, and not a moment too early, for the door burst open, and GRIGSBY rode in on VON SPICHEREN'S back, the latter going on all fours.

"Hi, here's the Family Ghost," shouted GRIGSBY,—but I did not think it necessary to inform him that the Family Ghost had just gone. I simply hit him over the head with the bolster, bringing him down from his charger with a crash. Next day I left the Schloss, the position was so dreadfully awkward, and I have often thought since, with sympathy and regret, of the Unlucky Shy White Lady of Schreckenstein. Doubtless many spectres, perhaps most, are in her very compromising position, a thing we reflect on too little when we hear of haunted houses. The ghost of a retiring gentleman, for instance,—but the subject is too painful.

SIR PERCY AND THE FEARFUL FOGGE.

(*A new "Percy Relique."*)

FULL seven hundred Members mayde aloude thys one remark—
"Scarce can we breathe, or speke, or thynke. Wee all are in the darke."

Like unto pygmyes arm'd against great Basan's Monarque OG,
So gasping, gallant gentlemen doe battell with the Fogge.

Stout PERCY to the Commons went, all in Westministeere.
Quoth he, "Ye have good neede of help, the Fogge doth enter heere.

"I ventylate and drayne the House, and keep it sweet and cool."
Cryed every man, "Who 'll stay the Fogge?" Quoth bold PERCY, "I wool!"

"Now bless thee, Doctor PERCY!" cry the Commons, with a cheer,
"If thou the Fogge shalt set at naught all in Westministeere;

"And if with cotton-wool thou pluggest cranny, hole, and crack,
The Lords we 'll dysestablyshe, and to thee give the Wool-sàck."

Stout PERCY sniff'd a pynche of snuff, all of the olden schoole.
Quoth he, "And if I fayle I 'll get the Sack without the Wool.

"Natheless the cotton-wool I 'll try; my very best I 'll do."
"No more can we expect," sayde each to each. "*Que woolley-woo?*"

Stout PERCY hies him to the work, nor lists to knave nor fool.
"Plenty of 'cry' there be," quoth he. "My ears hold cotton-wool.

"As walls have ears, I trow," quoth he, "those at Westministeere
Will thank me soe for saving them from much that else they 'd heare."

* * * * * *

Then Heav'n send Doctor PERCY may bring them light and peace!
May Fogge clear from Westministeere, and all obstruction cease!

FITS OF THE BLUES.

By Dumb Crambo, Junior.

Starting with a Swinging Stroke.

Clearing the Lock with a Head Wind.

A Slight Foul.

A Rather Uneven Crew.

PRECAUTION.

Constable (*to Citizen in degraded condition in the gutter*). "NOW THEN, GE' UP! 'MUS'N'T LIE THERE——" *Citizen.* "ARE YOU 'PLEESHM'L?"
Constable "GET UP, SIR! YOU'LL BE RUN OVER!"
Citizen. "EH?"—(*solemnly*)—"'EN SH-H-HTOP TH' TRAFF'C!!"

A SUGGESTION FOR IRELAND.—To be quite fair, why not divide the duties of Irish Secretary between Colonel SAUNDERSON and Mr. DILLON? The former to be in office Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and the latter, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Sundays, being *dies non*, they could dine together, and talk matters over amicably, or arrange a meeting in the Phœnix with their Under-Secretaries as seconds.

JUBILEE INTERCHANGES.—The QUEEN gives the POPE a splendidly bound Vulgate, and the POPE gives the QUEEN a magnificent Mosaic. Her MAJESTY'S gift, however, has the advantage of including the finest specimen of Mosaic work.

WE see that a certain firm of manufacturers advertise a "Jubilee Soap." Scarcely necessary, as there is such a quantity of the article about everywhere. Still to some Provincial Mayors and Common Councilmen a supply may yet be useful, and we could mention one or two who would be likely to "take the cake."

A SHIP IN CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTIES.—The Irish Secretary-Ship.

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No 3.

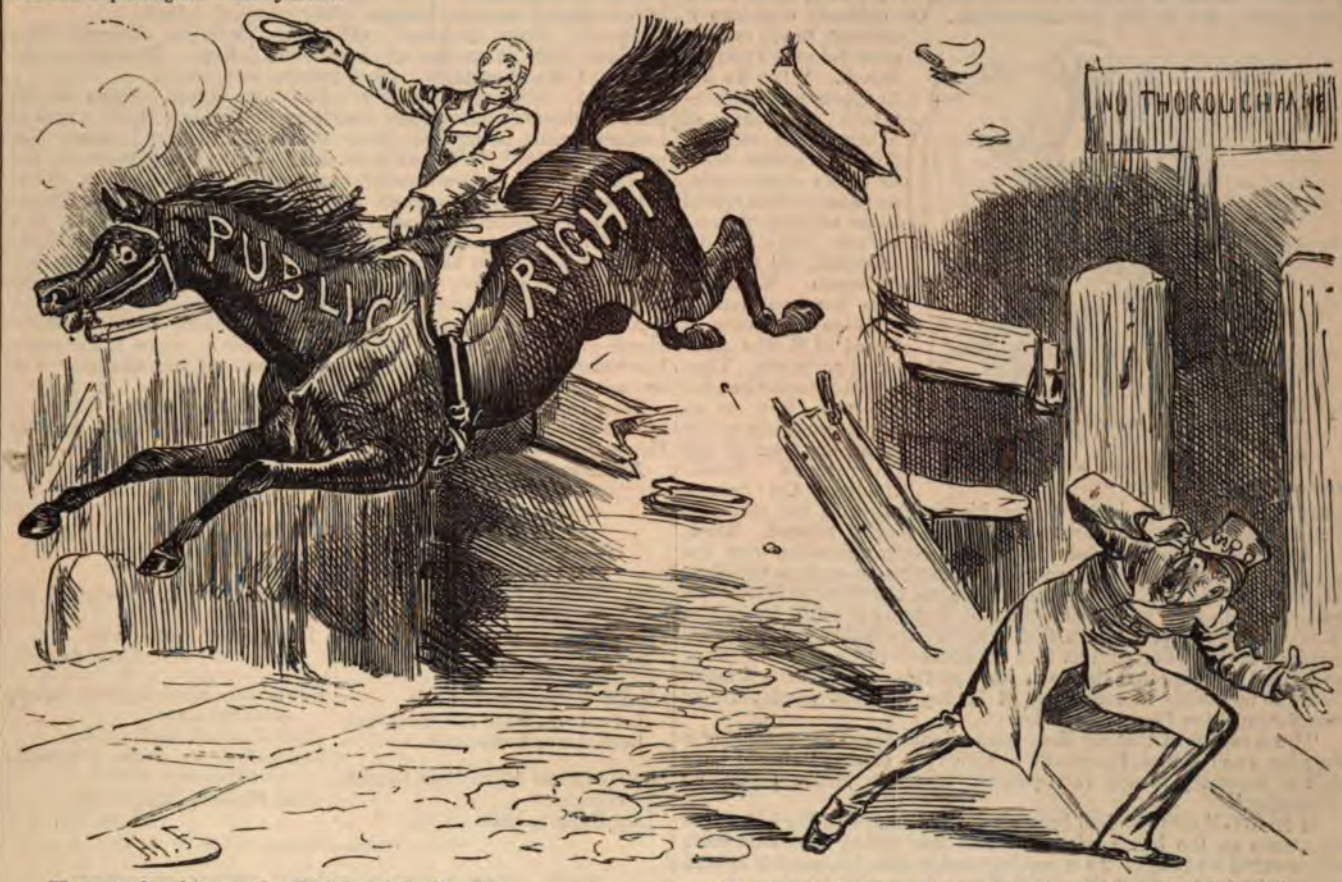
In the City, before Alderman KUMITSTRONG.
A Small Boy is placed in the Dock.

Alderman. What is the charge?
Clerk. Stealing boots, Your Worship.
Alderman. What do you say, boy?
Boy. Nothink, Sir.
Alderman. Why did you steal the boots?
Boy. Nothink else to do, Sir.
Alderman. What does he mean? Is there anyone in Court who knows this boy?
A Working Man (*stepping forward*). I am the father of the boy, Sir.
Alderman. How old is he?
Father. Thirteen, Sir.
Alderman. Well, you hear what he has been doing,—stealing boots. What do you say about it?
Father (*with grumpy resignation*). It is all fault of School Board.
Alderman. What do you mean, Man? What on earth has the School Board to do with it?
Father (*as if he were delighted to have it out with somebody*). Well, I'll just tell you, Sir. You see this 'ere boy is a werry good boy, and he can read and write, and do his 'rithmetic with the best on 'em. So JEM SNOOKS, the greengrocer, 'ires him at six bob a week, which he did his work reg'lar, and every Saturday night came 'ome with his six bob, and give it to his mother.
Alderman. Well, what then? What has all this to do with stealing the boots?
Father. Well, as I was a sayin', he came home reg'lar on Saturday night, but one night he came 'ome a crying and said he'd got the sack, but he brought his six bob all the same.
Alderman. And why, as you call it, had he got the sack?
Father. 'Cause he said School Board man wouldn't let him stop. So on the Monday mornin' I goes to JEM SNOOKS, and says I to JEM, says I, "Why did you give TOMMY the sack? Ain't he a good boy, and don't he do his work reg'lar?" And, says JEM to me, "TOMMY is a werry good boy, and does his work reg'lar, but School-Board man came and looked beastly glum, and says he, 'If you don't pack off that 'ere boy this very day, I'll have you up before the Beaks, and you'll be fined and imprisoned, and have your goods sold up, 'taties and inguns and all, and no mistake.' So what could I do?" said JEM, "but send away TOMMY?"
Alderman (*a bit puzzled*). They must now go to school up to fourteen?
The Clerk. That is so, Sir.
Alderman (*to Father of the Boy*). Well, I have listened to your story, but what it has to do with stealing the boots I don't understand.
Father. Just this, your Worship. This 'ere boy you have 'eard, is a good boy, and though swells, such as you, mayn't think much of six bob a week, it is a mighty 'elp to poor fathers like us, in sich times as these. And TOMMY having been used to hearn a 'onest penny and 'elps, tho' I say it, to keep the younger kids, would not go back to school again. And so, having nothin' to do, he falls in with some idle chaps, and they persuade him to steal the boots.
Alderman. And you would really have me believe that the School Board has made him a thief. Ha! ha! ha! that is a joke indeed. But there must be some inquiry made about this boy. I will remand him for a week.

THE EARLIEST BEVERAGE RECORDED IN THE CLASSICS.—The Sack of Troy.

A REAL 'HIGHWAY"-MAN.

"Mr. Howard Vincent is trying to clear the streets of London from the gates, bars, rails, posts, walls, and other obstructions to free circulation for vehicles or passengers."—*Daily News.*



Hurrah for this genuine Knight of the Road!
No Dashing Duval would be in it,
And Dick who Black Bess so sublimely bestrode,
Would not hold it with *him* for a minute.
Dick cleared turnpike gates to be sure, at a pinch,
But here is a rider of mettle,
Who'd clear them *away*. Ah, my Howard, don't flinch
Till our Babylon-blockers you settle.
Too long have our ducal obstructives, too long
Have our loblolly Landlords perplexed us,
With bars, posts and rails. Now you challenge the wrong
With which Vested Interests have vexed us.

Here's pluck to your horse, and here's power to his heels!
May he bear you with stout unwrung withers;
Till the last ducal dodderer hopelessly feels,
His last barrier is kicked all to smithers.
Rebecca's rough Daughters achieved a good task
In clearing the Toll-gates; but you, Sir,
Our latter-day Highway-Man, minus the mask,
A far finer work have to do, Sir.
The ermined obstructives will doubtless object,
The Landlords will rail and raise ructions;
But the Public will praise and your *Punch* will protect.
The Clearer of City Obstructions!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 7.—Dr. Tanner bustling about the House to-night, advocating his scheme for preventing the fog taking the Chair again in the absence of Speaker. As far as I can make out, he proposes a supply of head-gear made of antiseptic cotton-wool; to be kept in Cloak-Room, and, whenever a fog comes on, to be served out to Members. Plunket objects on æsthetic grounds. Doesn't think it would look well from the Ladies' Gallery to see Members muffled up in masks of cotton-wool. Besides, doubts efficacy of suggestion. "In short," he says, "Tanner's scheme not worth sixpence."

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate proposes amendment. If the cotton-wool, antiseptic or otherwise, were stuffed into the ears of Members, on foggy nights or fine, he should support proposal. Tanner says that won't do; and there matter stands for the present.

Cry of "Wolff! Wolff!" through House to-night. In Committee of Supply, Vote on further payment on account of Drummond Wolff's Mission to Egypt comes up. Seems it costs £15,000 a year, and no one knows what it's about, much less when it will be brought to conclusion. Fergusson seems to know less than anyone, but assumes oracular air, hints at important negotiations carried on, winks and nods confidentially at Members opposite, and whispers, "Wait a bit, and you'll see." Members won't wait, but go to Division, and very nearly succeed in cutting off Wolff's salary.

"How strange are the ways of life!" Chaplin murmured, gazing through half-closed eyes at bench opposite, where Fourth Party once sat. "Who, three years ago, could have forecast their history? There's Randolph stranded on the shores of Africa; here's Gorst subsided into an Under-Secretary. There's Balfour with Dublin standing wide-eyed round him as he's sworn-in Chief-Secretary; and here's Wolffy pic-nicing in Egypt at a cost to the nation of £15,000 a year; whilst I——not done so well as any of them. But my time will come."

After Wolff episode, Committee pounded away at Votes. One o'Clock in morning having long since sounded, Robertson moved to Report Progress. Clear across the House came from the bench where Chaplin sat the thrilling inquiry, "Who is the animal?" J. O'Connor asked the Chairman what he thought of *that* as a point of order. Chairman apparently thought nothing, for he said nothing, and business went forward again. Courtney, in not noticing the inquiry, probably had in mind well-known precedent when, years ago, Joseph Gillis first presented himself to notice of the House. Dizzy, then Premier, fumbled his eyeglass into position, and staring across the floor, said to Lord Barrington, "What's that?"

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Few things House likes more than to hear M'Garel Hogg answer a question in his capacity of Chairman of Board of

Works. Matter too important to be trusted to the chances of extemporaneous speech. Some time in course of the day M'Garel possesses himself of largest available sheet of foolscap, takes a new pen (quill), and writes out his answer. On ordinary occasions is content to sit on any seat behind Treasury Bench. When he has to appear as Representative of Board of Works, feels occasion demands corner seat; so comes down early, and secures that sacred to the memory of Randolph. Here he sits, watchful, till the unfortunate Member, who has ventured to question any action of Board of Works finds his opportunity. Then The M'Garel rises, his one war-lock set in battle-array across the white expanse of his impressive head. Holding the manuscript in his left hand, and fixing his eyeglass with the other, he first turns upon his interlocutor a scorching look of reproof. Then, in loud voice, rapidly reads his little homily, glancing over his eyeglass at the end of each successive sentence to see how the Hon. Member likes it. If, as sometimes happens, the offender is not literally shrivelled up by the time the last sentence is rolled forth, The M'Garel turns upon him a final regard, indefinable and indescribable; yet the looker-on feels that the glance is eloquently expressive of pained surprise that there can exist on this fair earth a human being so insensible to conviction of having incurred displeasure of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

"Mr. Gent-Davis was ruled out of order."
Thursday's Report.

[We hope he had medical advice, and is quite recovered by this time.]

"I am surprised that my Hon. friend," said The M'Garel just now turning upon Dixon-Hartland a withering glance, "should have felt it necessary to ask this question, after the pledge I gave on Thursday."

If Dixon-Hartland had been a sensitive man, nothing but a spot of grease on the bench where he had sat, would thereafter have represented Uxbridge. As it was he tried to hide his emotion behind an uneasy smile, whilst the ribald House shook with laughter.

Business done.—Further debate on Closure.

Thursday.—"And so now you're a B.B.K.," I said to Charles Lewis, as he stood at the Bar. "How did it come about?"

"In simplest possible way, Toby. By observing a modest demeanour, never thrusting myself upon the notice of the House, and keeping generally in the background. Reflect on these things; follow my example, and peradventure the Jubilee Year will not come to a close without recognition of your personal worth. Why not Sir Toby M.P.?"

Nice fellow Lewis, a good judge of character, and generally appreciative. House used to be prejudiced against him, because he wore a white waistcoat out of season. But he's an intelligent man, and I think there is always something in what he says.

A long night in Committee of Supply. Discussion on Egyptian affairs brought up an old quarrel. Blaine blandly suggested that Goschen had a personal interest in the vote for the increased expenses of the Army in Egypt; based assertion on fact that nearly quarter of century ago Goschen's firm had floated loans for Egypt. Goschen came in just in time to hear Blaine blundering along on this course. Suddenly flared up with righteous wrath.

"I wish," he cried, striking the table, "the Hon. Member to state distinctly and specifically what he means by what he says."

Rather exacting this. If every man had to say exactly what he means by what he says, House of Commons not be so popular resort. Blaine fumbled and fenced. Was brought up by the Chairman, and pinned to the ground by Goschen. Getting flabbergasted, Windbag Sexton came to his assistance, but didn't succeed in making diversion. Goschen, still blazing, kept Blaine to the point. As soon as possible Blaine retired from the contest, a little amazed at the uproar he had created.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Friday.—Last sitting of week wearisomely given up to Procedure and Estimates, agreeably varied by little domestic piece. No translation from the French, this. Quite new and original. Title, *The Perfidy of Plowden. Dramatis Personæ:* Sir William Plowden, the Confiding Caller; Mr. Forwood, the Designing Host. Secretary, Clerks, Office Boy, Porters, &c. Scene, the Admiralty. Time, last Saturday. Enter, Plowden, encountered by Secretary. Asks to see Report of Contracts Committee. Secretary hesitates. "Private affair, don't you know. Awful row if it got into those newspapers." Plowden nothing to do with newspapers. Secretary relents. Shows Report in confidence. Plowden walks out. As he goes, drops a letter—doesn't perceive his loss. (Slow music.) *Exit.*

Scene 2. Room darkened. Office Boy steals in; observes letter on floor; puts it on top of Forwood's letters. Thunder in the wings. Office Boy starts. *Exit*, making cart-wheel.

Scene 3. Still at Admiralty. Forwood enters. Finds on his desk the morning newspapers, and heap of letters. Being a man of business, reads newspapers first. Starts. Treachery! Secret Report has got out! Who has done this? Leans head on hands, and thinks intently. (Slow music.) Approaches heap of letters. First one is that which Plowden dropped. (Reverberation of distant thunder in wings draws nearer.) Letter written to Plowden by a Confederate! Proposes rendezvous, where he "will explain how the Secret Report could be easiest got at." Betrayed! Forwood falls senseless on the floor, where he is later found by the irresponsible Office Boy, and put away in the waste-paper basket.

Act II. Scene 1. House of Commons. Forwood tells his story. House groans in horror at Plowden's perfidy. Scene 2, the same. Plowden explains matters. Forwood accepts explanation. Fall on each other's necks, and so *exeunt.*

Voice from Strangers' Gallery—"My high!"

This is the Office Boy, who is immediately thrust forth, and the House gets to business.

Business done.—Closure Debate.

THE NEW "LILLI BURLERO."

(*To be sung by Nationalists to the old air.*)

Ho! Broder League, dost hear the decree?
Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la.
"Saunderson ought to be sub-Secretree,".
Bully Bullero, Buller a-la.
Lero, Lero, Redvers Bullero,
Lero, Lero, Buller o-la

Oranges come to us from foreign climes,
Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la,
Is the blood-orange a sign of the Times?
Lilli Bullero Buller a-la.
Lero, &c.

Down with Moon-lighters and up with the Laws!
Lillo Bullero, Buller a-la,
And save us from Fire-and-Sworderson's claws!
Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la!
Lero, &c.

THE MICRO-TELEPHONE PUSH-BUTTON.

Householder. "Hulloa! What is it?"
Visitor. "I've called for the Third Time for the Ta——!"
Householder (promptly). "Not at Home!"

"At front doors, in the interior rooms of houses, everywhere, in short, where the ordinary electric buttons are used, the telephonic button may be introduced. It will by this means be possible to give or receive instructions, to know who is knocking at the door, to communicate in short, by speaking, as well as by ringing. On the advantage of this in everyday life it is unnecessary to dwell."—*Globe, March* 9.

The Authors' Meeting.

Wednesday, March 9.

They listened to a good harangue.
From a man of scents, y-Lang y-Lang.
When on his legs got Brett, R.A.,
Some people wished they were away.
Most came to hear E. W. Gosse.
Who stayed away sustained no loss.

Latest from Our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.—He always smiled when he looked at his watch, because, he said, the hands directed him to *grin each time.*

"The River Wear."—Flannels.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.*—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied *by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.* Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A FOREIGNER AT THE TOOLERIES.

ON Saturday last a parody of a burlesque was produced at Mr. TOOLE'S theatre, with a cast, that if it could not command success, at least might have hoped (in some other piece) to have deserved it. Unfortunately, *Ruddygore*, or *Ruddigore*, or whatever may now be the name of the *opéra bouffe* at the Savoy, is rather a ghostly joke, and a joke upon a ghostly joke, becomes a trifle ghastly. However, Mr. WARD was certainly amusing as our own *Gee-gee*, and Miss MARIE LINDEN could not do better than be her own bright graceful self as *Rosy*. Mr. TOOLE apologised for not appearing in the piece himself, but under all the circumstances, it is scarcely a matter of regret, that he reserved his unlimited powers of drollery for the opening sketch, *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*, and the concluding item *Ici on Parle Français*, which together went better than ever, and kept the audience, while they lasted, in roars of laughter. By the way, according to the programme, Mr. TOOLE has appeared no less than 4,079 times in the character of *Mr. Spriggins*. It is never safe to prophesy, unless you know, still a run of this very considerable length can hardly be predicted with confidence for such stuff as *Ruddy George*.

"Oh, what a Frost!"

JOTTINGS FOR JOURNALISTS.

A "SCHOOL for Journalists," is announced, with offices in the Strand. A gentleman of experience, Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, to wit, of the Outer Temple, who heads his advertisement "What to do with our Boys," (what, all of them?) is going to "employ a staff of expert assistant-masters," and will instruct his pupils in writing leading articles, paragraphs, reviews of books, dramatic criticism, sub-editing, war correspondence, and so on. It sounds a trifle sanguine to undertake in twelve months "to make any fairly well educated young man a thoroughly trained and expert journalist, capable of earning from six to twenty pounds a week," but no doubt Mr. ANDERSON can do it if anybody can. *Mr. Punch* wishes success to the heroic venture, and adds a sample of the sort of instruction which may prove useful to budding editors, sub-editors, &c.

How to Write Leaders.—Beginners in this branch of Journalism are apt to fall into the vulgar error of supposing that what the public wants is a really good English style. Carefully avoid this mistake. Never write good English, and don't write English at all if possible, but try for a style consisting of long-winded Latinisms and slangy idioms and expressions borrowed from every language under the sun. Avoid modesty. Never assert that a policy *seems* bad, but say straight out that it *is* bad. Never do what the Proprietor or Editor of your paper suggests, but take your own "line," and never mind if you subsequently have to "take your hook" in consequence. This gives an impression of manly independence, and leads to your services being much appreciated. Say to the Editor, when he tries to dictate sentiments to you, "Sir, either give me *carte blanche*, or the sack!"—and he will most probably give you the latter. Make it a habit to treat all Statesmen, on the side opposed to that which you have (temporarily) adopted, as utter humbugs, and transparent knaves. You must not say so, of course, in so many words; but you can let your opinion be clearly seen. A good start for an article is like this,—"Regarded as a serious contribution to the study of the Church Disestablishment question (or whatever the actual question may be), the Prime Minister's latest speech is simply beneath criticism. The Right Honourable Gentleman"—probably a man universally respected for his integrity and matchless services to his country, but never mind that—"is thereby convicted either of the most amazing ignorance of the first principles of that political science on which he presumes to dogmatise, or else of the most arrant hypocrisy." Then you go on easily and gracefully to prove your points, in the full assurance that the Statesman in question will probably never see your article, and that even if he does he is perfectly certain not to take the trouble to contradict any misstatements you may have made. This knowledge gives you a pleasing sense of security as you write. If you are not much acquainted with the subject you are asked to write on, write all the more decidedly about it. Never feel bound over to hold your peace about any topic owing to the trifling circumstance that you happen to be absolutely ignorant of it.

War Correspondence.—This is a very good line for a sickly lad to adopt. It does not require much literary skill, but tact in getting out of the way of bullets and cannon-balls is essential. By way of practice, your instructor should hire a large hall, and fit it up with models of savage warriors in wax (also in *a* wax), rushing rivers, impenetrable forests, camps, and so on. If the savages could be made to howl, by clock-work, occasionally, so much the better. Every student should bring his own mechanical horse, and be able to mount it without falling over the other side, which might spoil the "*ensemble*" of the engagement. Practise ambushes. Also practise being caught in one by the aforesaid savages, who might perhaps be constructed so as to throw a blunt spear at you at the right moment. An organ accompaniment to a battle would increase the effect. If there isn't an organ handy, try fog-signals. When they explode, hold the mane firmly with one hand; with the other you can get out pen, ink, and paper, and begin a graphic description of anything you see, or don't see. Correspondents always do this in a battle. Revolvers, constructed on the pop-gun principle, would be useful; only don't aim at the General, unless he is supposed to have ridiculously refused you all information as to his plan of campaign.

Reviewing Books, &c.—About the only accomplishment necessary for this branch of the journalistic profession is knowing how to write. It is as well also to know how to read, but this is not essential. It is astonishing what a good idea can be attained, after some practice, of a book by merely glancing at its cover and title-page. In three-volume novels begin at the last chapter and work back a page or two. Speak airily of the plot, and bring in the names of THACKERAY, SWIFT, GEORGE ELIOT, or some other well-known writer, to show that you have a general acquaintance with English literature. You might call round at the publisher's about luncheon time, just to intimate that you were thinking of reviewing their book. *Verb. sap.*

A CRY FROM AMBLESIDE.

(By the Very Last of the Lake Poets.)

AT Windermere a party of Excursionists alighted,
Exulting in their enterprise with pardonable pride;
The latent poetry within their bosoms was excited, [Ambleside!"
Said they, "We're near our yearned-for beer—we've got to

"Excuse me, but you ain't there *yet!*" observed the Station-Master
(An excellent official, if a trifle cut and dried);
"You can reach it in an hour—though you'll have to step out faster.
Four mile we make it by the lake from here to Ambleside."

"We've come out to enjoy ourselves. You don't ketch *us* a walkin'.
We ain't seeh fools as that, no fear, when we've a chance to ride!
So put us in the train, old chap, and don't stand there a talkin'.
The terminus for all of us, d'ye see, is Ambleside!

"There'll be some tables there set out, as we can take our teas on,
And p'raps a public-'ouse or two where liquor ain't denied."
"You *can't* be booked no further—for the very simple reason
That there ain't no sign of any line 'twixt this and Ambleside!"

At such a blow his auditors were dismally dejected;
They sank upon the platform faint, a number of them cried,
"If this is what you calls 'The Lakes,' it ain't what we expected.
This precious hole is not our goal. We're bound for Ambleside!"

"Cheer up!" the Station-Master said, "and don't give way to lowness,
For here are lakes and mountain peaks—a panorama wide;
From Waterloo to Biscay How, from Newby Bridge to Bowness,
I think you'll find it ain't behind the view from Ambleside.

"Our scenery is 'picturesque, if not precisely *eerie*,'
As you may see it stated in the *Illustrated Guide*." [dreary!
Said they, "Them mountains blocks the view, and everythink is
There must be more to see, for sure, out there, in Ambleside."

"Well, if this end of Windermere don't happen to content you,
Along the lake you may perceive incessant steamers glide;
Or you could hire a trap and drive—there's nothing to prevent you—
And thus your feet may tread the street they've christened Ambleside."

But no, these poor Excursionists would hear no consolation:
There was the risk of being drowned, if they the steamer tried;
They scorned to patronise a place which had no railway station,
Nor could they drive (and safe arrive) at distant Ambleside.

A kind Director saw their plight; it set his heart a-bleeding;
He knew no rest till Parliament some remedy applied.
And, should his philanthropic Bill survive a final reading,
The least select may book direct his seat to Ambleside!

Let sentimental Ruskinites the theory disparage,
Most scenery afoot you miss—it cannot be denied;
The Nature-lover's point of view 's a third-class smoking carriage.
'Twould be a blot if there were not a line to Ambleside!

ANOTHER ALLOTMENT.—What those who didn't get any said a few days ago, "Hotch-kissing goes by favour."

ROUND THE CAULDRON.

A Scene some way after Shakspeare.

First Witch . . S-L-SB-RY.

Third Witch . . H-RT-NGT-N.

Second Witch . . G-SCH-N.

SCENE—*A Dark Cabinet. In the middle a Cauldron simmering. Shindy. Enter Three Witches.*

First Witch. Thrice the Party wind hath slew'd.
Second Witch. Thrice; and long we 've hedged and trimmed.
Third Witch. HARTY cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time!"
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the ingredients quickly throw.

Like a toad beneath a stone,
Days and nights, now many a one,
We have skulked, and caught it hot.
Now 'tis time to fill the pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble!
We *must* make the cauldron bubble!
Second Witch. Come! no longer quail and [quake.
Strong Coercion boldly take;
Eye of law foul wrong to dog,
Hand of steel to smite and flog.
In the cauldron stoutly fling
Justice's unflagging wing.

That will charm away your trouble,
And soon make the cauldron bubble!
All. With whatever toil and trouble,
We *must* make our cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Yet Law must be no mere w
That will never bridge the gulf.
Let Concession and Redress
Mollify the bitter mess;
Lion claw and tooth of shark
Help to make the outlook dark.
Briars and nettles will not do,
Better blend the olive too.

Ruthless hands and chiding lips
Will but darken the eclipse.
Sweeten it with honey-paste,
If you'd hit a Liberal taste.
Quick! the Party are in haste.
Quick! or in impatient pet
They our cauldron may upset.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble!
We *must* make our cauldron bubble!
First Witch (*aside*). Ah! we are of various mood.
Hope our mixture may prove good.

Most Extraordinary.—There were at least four theatrical cases in Court last week, in not one of which was Mr. J. L. Toole called as a Witness. Mr. Arthur Roberts had to appear in a new character, and it cost him £50. Ahem! "When Arthur first in Court began"—as the old song says—but he won't care to go on in the same line.

THE EVERYWHERE JUBILEE YEAR.

(*Sung by a sanguine Provincial Mayor to a well-known Nursery Tune.*)

At Town-hall Meetings, from the chair,
I've put it to them flat,
How this Imperial affair
Was sending round the hat,
With a "Jubilee" here and a "Jubilee" there;
Here a "Ju," there a "bi,"
Everywhere a "lee,"
Until the fact I've made quite clear
That this is the Everywhere Jubilee Year!

Some are for thrift, some for expense,
Each to his hobby clings,
And those who give their pounds or pence
All want all sorts of things.
Some want a park here, some want a park there,
Here a park, there a park,
Everywhere a park.
Some 'll have a pump here, some 'll have a pump there,
Here a pump, there a pump,
Everywhere a pump.
And they 'll vote for it here, and they 'll vote for it there,
Here a vote, there a vote,
Everywhere a vote:
Till it's "Jubilee" here, and it's "Jubilee" there,
Here a "Ju," there a "bi,"
Everywhere a "lee,"
And brings the fact home doubly clear,
That this is the Everywhere Jubilee Year!

And so I move the whole machine;
Turn on the public tap;
Though some, who say they're "Not so green,"
Won't give a single rap.
But I put a screw on here, and I put a screw on there,
Here a screw, there a screw,
Everywhere a screw;
And I try a dodge here, and I try a dodge there,
Here a dodge, there a dodge,
Everywhere a dodge.
For the Queen she 'll be here, and the Queen she 'll be there,
Here the Queen, there the Queen,
Everywhere the Queen;
And she 'll make a Knight here, she 'll make a Knight there,
Here a Knight, there a Knight,
Everywhere a Knight.
So it's "Jubilee" here, and it's "Jubilee" there,
Here a "Ju," there a "bi,"
Everywhere a "lee,"
And I fancy I see my way quite clear
How to work this Everywhere Jubilee Year!

"Fee Simple."—Dr. Doyle Glanville lecturing on New Guinea, said it was a bad climate and unworthy of enterprise. The Doctor prefers the certainty of the old Guinea Coast in London.

A Surprise.—An allottee said that his application for Allsopp's was answered in Guinness.

NEO-FRENCH FOR "DRINKING TEA"!

"Venez donc *Five-o'clocquer* chez moi demain soir, cher Vicomte!"
"Avec plaisir, Baronne! *À quelle heure?*"

THE PLAINT OF THE MINOR POET.

So that's what you call a good notice? You give me a grasp of the hand,
And, carried away by emotion, a drink you invite me to stand;
And, because I am moody and sober, you say what a fellow I am.
I wish I'd a quire of the papers, down the throat of the writer to cram!

See, I rend the review into ribbons! That doesn't express how I hate
These carping appraisers of Poets, these slingers of butter and slate.
But better their finicking bitters, than their infinite insult of sweets,
When men, who I know never read me, compare me with Shelley and Keats.

It may be they glance at the pages, such dutiful readers they are,
As Custom-house officers, careless, pass Tauchnitz and scent and cigar. [see?
But, you say, they compare me with Masters. Why, there is the sting, don't you
For the Poet's unborn, nay, unbearable, who's meet to be measured with me!

I envy not Spenser his splendour, nor Shakspeare his wit-racking range;
For none of their gifts or achievements my talent untold would I change.
'Tis Time, not a rival, that wrecks me; and daily I curse the decree
That by brute force of years has enabled these Bards to anticipate me.

I edit the sunrise and sunset, I carry the keys of the Spring,
Investing with merit artistic the songs that the nightingales sing;
Such splendours on life I have lavished as start into light from the mist,
When the eye in fine frenzy goes rolling full tilt on a Philistine fist.

I'd instaur a Utopian era, but nought could persuade me to lose
One glorious orgie of vengeance—to extirpate all the Reviews.'
Enlightened at last, and repentant, while Nemesis after them treads, [heads.
They should praise me, and quote me, and read me—and then I would cut off their

The world has been waiting and waiting, till sick with a hope that's deferr'd,
When I sing it the song of its patience, no ripple of interest is stirr'd;
And the passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice,
When the girl he would render immortal can brand his effusions as "nice."

The circle gets smaller and smaller, my singing is fitted to bless,
Though the quaint and elaborate volumes roll year after year from the press.
You think that may prove they are worthless, as critics have said. Be it so.
As Browning's musician would put it, "You're welcome to argue. I know."

Drink for the Times.—Orange-aid, hot.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXII.—THE BANK CLERK.

THE Bank Clerks of London are a numerous and important body, which, if properly organised, as it should be, might be of immense service in these times of rowdyism, and possibly worse, that seem rapidly approaching, thanks, in great measure, to the impunity accorded to the first futile attempts of this nature by those whom we ironically call the Authorities.

They are a trustworthy, painstaking class, surrounded by temptations to which they seldom or never succumb, thanks, in great measure, to that *esprit de corps* that animates them so thoroughly; but they have their little peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, that are perfectly harmless, but sometimes a little amusing. To see the Bank Clerk in all his glory, he should be seen lounging with a *confrère* through the corridors of the Bank of England, hands in pockets, like a grown-up Etonian, affecting a *dégagé* style of look and manner, as if he felt that, as the confidence of the country was reposed in him, he must bear it all with the equanimity becoming his high position. His laugh is gentle, and almost timid, for fear, apparently, that it might echo through those sacred walls dedicated for so many years to the worship of Mammon, and bring forth crowds of astonished votaries, utterly unused to such sounds of frivolity within that remarkably "sober dwelling." His equanimity and nerve are best shown by the supreme indifference with which he declines to notice the many applicants for cash who seek his assistance while engaged in the solemn duty of "casting," and the calm self-possession with which he subsequently shovels out the shoals of shining sovereigns from his apparently exhaustless store.

He is, as a rule, well dressed, and of quiet, gentlemanly manners. He resides in a suburb within a cheap ride of the City, travels with his own set to Town, and discusses, on the way, the current topics of the day with freedom, humour, and intelligence. He sometimes cultivates a little garden, and appears in the late spring with a button-hole of surpassing splendour. The expensive luxury of an Orchid is reserved for Cashiers. They have their little jokes across the counter with the Collecting-clerks, but quickly relapse into their ordinary look of calm, placid indifference. They retain their almost youthful look for more years than any other class of the community, the result, probably, of a clear conscience, and continuous advance of "screw," as they occasionally condescend to term their pleasant personal financial arrangement.

The Banks are fairly liberal to their *employés*, as they prefer to be called, and by always treating them as Gentlemen and implicitly relying on their statements, beget that same honourable feeling that Dr. ARNOLD inspired among his pupils. A story is told of a Cashier, who, during his first week's experience in that exalted capacity, was once considerably deficient in his day's balance. After nearly half an hour of mental agony, he boldly went to the Manager, and told him of his misfortune, promising to pay the amount by instalments, when, to his astonishment, the Manager said to him, "as I have the most perfect confidence in the whole of my staff, I shall recommend that the Bank pay the loss." To his great delight, the amount was returned on the following day as having been received in error. It is said to be one of their little harmless peculiarities, to like to astonish their country cousins with accounts of the perfectly fabulous sums that have passed through their hands and shovels on certain special occasions, but it is a rather dangerous game, as one of the London and Westminsters discovered when his Aunt's will was read, which omitted him from her list of legatees, on the ground, that, by his own account, he had always more money than he well knew what to do with.

They patronise Theatres to a considerable extent, and are especially known as diligent first-nighters, and are always bitingly sarcastic upon any slight error in the description of financial arrangements that the poor unfortunate author may have fallen into, talking pityingly upon his necessary ignorance upon such subjects from his own personal want of experience, in the same way that the Lawyer's Clerks have always a contemptuous laugh ready for any legal error that a poor dramatist may occasionally be guilty of.

The Clerks of the leading Private Banks are somewhat inclined to assume a certain degree of superiority, in tone, or style, or form, over the Joint Stock Bankians, but it is not generally acknowledged by the latter. They like to tell anecdotes of the olden times, that have descended to them from those days when Joint Stock Banks were not, and when Bankers' profits must have been fabulous indeed. Such as the story of the old gentleman who called one day in Lombard Street, in the greatest possible trepidation, and trusted that his Bankers would kindly excuse his inadvertence in having, quite unintentionally, drawn his account below £10,000, a circumstance for which he humbly apologised, and which he promised faithfully should never occur again! And of the thoughtful Sailor, who, going into GLYN'S with a cheque for £25, kindly offered to take it by instalments, as he did not wish to run them too hard!

A Bank Clerk is quite the oracle of his own little circle; and the model set up by the neighbouring Mammas, by which they fondly hope their own rising offspring will some day profit. One prolific Matron has been heard to say that she trusted that all her many sons, who were equal in number to the lost tribes of Israel, and whose names they bore, would, in process of time, all be Bank Clerks, for they would then be models of regularity, and be always surrounded with heaps of ready money. Their punctuality is so proverbial, that in some places, where there are no public clocks, the people set their watches by them. They are great patrons of all kinds of manly sports, which are, in some degree, necessary to their health, as a counterpoise to their sedentary occupation. But there is one kind of sport, if sport it can indeed now be called, having degenerated into the very lowest and vilest form of gambling, namely, betting on horse-racing, which is so strictly tabooed, that any known indulgence in it would be fatal even to a Manager. There have been some matters connected with this special form of lunacy that are occasionally hinted at in faint whispers, but they are, very properly, shrouded in mystery, except in some very exceptional case, where it is thought that some obscure allusion to them may be of service.

As there are considerably over a hundred Banks in the City, it is not at all surprising that the number of Bank Clerks should amount to very many thousands, the more especially when it is considered what a large number are employed in the Bank of England and the several leading Joint Stock Banks. The Cashiers, who of course hold the more responsible posts in their important establishments, are expected to set a good example to their juniors, and this they do to a most satisfactory extent, but there is not a scintilla of truth in the absurd rumour, most likely originated by some envious outsider, that the Juniors have every morning to render an account of how they spent the previous evening.

The Bank Clerks of the City are a credit to it in every respect, and thoroughly worthy of the important position they hold in the conduct of its enormous financial transactions.

"THE SPIDER AND THE FLY."

(Supplementary Verses to our last week's Poem.)

WHEN off with a loud biz-wiz-wiz that little fly he flew,
There came a wobbling in the web—and there were spiders *two*.
"Hullo!" cries the new-comer, "why, that fly has danced away,
As though my plump, fair-spoken friend were a Ta-ran-tu-la.
He won't then, won't then, won't then, won't then,
Wary little fly."

Cried the Grand Old Arachne, "This game will hardly pay;
No, I must weave a finer web, and try another lay.
Stand back awhile my bulky friend, and let *me* have a try
To see if I can't circumvent that *very* cautious fly.
Oh! won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you,
Cautious little fly?"

JUBILEE GEORGE.—Printed at the Chiswick Press in antique style, and limited strictly to four hundred copies, will be published by Messrs. WHITTAKER & Co, an account of *The Jubilee of George the Third*, compiled by THOMAS PRESTON, F.R.H.S. Among the Jubilee Georgian jottings is "£100,000 granted to Poor Clergy." Encore! in 1887! Better feed the poor Church Mouse, than build a rich Church House. And so say most of us. Even the Archest of the Archdeacons, the Westmonastic FARRAR, is rather, if not quite, of that opinion by this time.

Eh?

OTLEY'S Member of a dinner to the G.O.M. was donor.
Did he think that speech post-prandial a clear case of "BARRAN honour"?

TEN YEARS HENCE;

OR, THE GOOD TIME COMING.

A Brightening Naval Prospect, as Gathered from a Recent Debate.

The Lords of the Admiralty discovered in the midst of a Tour of Official Inspection at a Provincial Dockyard.

First Lord of the Admiralty (*after surveying with satisfaction the hulls of twenty belted cruisers in a forward state of preparation*). And these are really nearly approaching completion?

High Local Official. As you see, my Lord. Of course, since they reached us from the Clyde, we have had as usual, to pull them down to the water-line and reconstruct them upwards. But that is a mere detail.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Just so. And these seven ironclads?

High Local Official. Have merely undergone the usual change from flush-deck ships, as originally constructed, to vessels with poop and forecastle, and deep open waists: and though it has altered their sea-going trim, the extra cost will not average much more than £120,000 a-piece. They'll be all right when they're afloat.

First Lord of the Admiralty. You don't say so. This is indeed a pleasant surprise. Really, the New Intelligence Department has done wonders. I don't think things have been in such a highly satisfactory condition for many years. And how about defective cutlasses and bursting guns?

High Local Official. Only five ships actually in Commission are known to be supplied with them. We are eliminating them steadily from the Service. They'll be all out some day.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Excellent! Nothing could be better. And the coaling stations?

High Local Official. We've got them in our eye. They'll be seen to all in due time.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Capital! Ha! And of course there's the New Naval College, that replaced the *Britannia*. How's that getting on?

High Local Official. First-rate, as you can see. Here's some of them.

[*Introduces several Elderly Midshipmen, averaging from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age, who wear spectacles, and, with the assistance of a black board, and other appropriate apparatus, go through various feats of advanced scientific training for the delectation of the Admiralty Officials present, who take much apparent interest in their proceedings.*

First Lord of the Admiralty (*applauding*). Quite first-rate. And now I will ask you whether you can dance the hornpipe? (*They shake their heads gloomily.*) You can't? Then, by Jove, I'll show you, for with such a satisfactory Budget as this to put before the House—hang it! I must break out into something—so here goes!

[*Bursts into a wild performance of the national dance, in which he is joined by the other Lords, and the High Local Official, while the Elderly Midshipmen take sullen notes of his movements as the Curtain falls.*

The Bookmakers in France.

(*A Lay against Long Odds, by M. Goblet.*)

YOU 'VE heard me speak of the Betting Land.
I've called its children a Welshing Band,
But against my decree they shan't make a Grand Stand.
No, not here! no, not here, my child!

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

WHAT different views we take of a situation when represented on the stage and when occurring in actual life. Englishmen as a rule denounce the conduct of Father KELLER, as subversive of all law and order, yet when Mr. BOUCICAULT'S *Colleen Bawn*, one of the best dramas ever written, was being performed at the Adelphi, *Father Tom*, on being threatened with penal consequences, if he did not give evidence against his parishioners—an analogous case to Father KELLER'S—used to reply solemnly and emphatically, "I should like to see the law that can compel a Priest to reveal the secrets of Heaven," which declaration, made night after night, for the many hundred nights of its successful run at the Adelphi, was cheered vociferously by crowded English audiences, mainly composed of Londoners.

And what did the Lord Mayor of Dublin last Thursday do more than utter similar sentiments to those placed by Mr. BOUCICAULT or GERALD GRIFFIN (the author of *The Collegians*, from which the play was taken) in the mouth of *Father Tom*? "They (the parishioners) had confided to him as a Priest, and he was bound to regard the statements made to him in confidence as perfectly sacred." This was received with "cheers" in Dublin, but in London it had been over and over, and over again received with cheers when it was said ——on the Stage.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

IV.—THE WIDEAWAKE BEAUTY.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and a Queen. Her Majesty had been a Goose-girl in her youth, and in that station had acquired much knowledge of life. When the Prince proposed to her, he happened (being under enchantment) to wear the form of a White Cat. Many girls would have been surprised by a declaration of love

from such a suitor, but the Goose-girl did not lose her presence of mind. "Certainly," she replied, blushing, "just make yourself comfortable on the dresser, while I fetch the chopper," returning with which she cut off the White Cat's head in the usual manner, and turned him into the most beautiful Prince that ever was seen.

But no sooner was this transformation complete, than the Goose-girl began to reflect on her position, and on all that it involved. "You have not, by any accident, a step-mother," said she, "or a laundress, or henwife who has determined to make you marry her daughter, or a mother who happens to be an Ogress?"

The Prince declared that he was free from the usual incumbrances.

"But there is another thing," said the Goose-girl, who was of a far-seeing disposition, "either our children will be born when you are at the wars, in which case a Court party will tell you the poor little things were little animals, or there will be no young Princes at all, which is also attended with inconveniences."

The Prince having persuaded her that she was looking too deeply and anxiously into the future, the marriage took place among general rejoicings, which were renewed on the birth of a Princess.

The christening was the most sumptuous possible, and seven Fairies, being all that could be found in the country, were appointed to be Godmothers, so that each might bestow a gift upon the infant. Now, the night before the ceremony, the Queen, waking very early, said, "My dear, did you remember to invite the Fairy FRUTILLA?"

"No," said the King, half asleep, "she never goes out. She is old, and blind, and deaf, and——"

"You must get up *instantly*," cried the Queen, "and ride yourself to her cave, and *insist* on her coming!"

When the Queen spoke in this tone the Prince knew that he must obey her. He rose, grumbling, saddled his own horse, and returned with the Fairy on his pillion.

At the christening party, after each Fairy had offered her gifts, the old Fairy rose, and there was much anxiety to hear her remarks.

"Had I been neglected," she began, "as commonly happens, it was my intention to have made you all fall asleep for a hundred years. But, as the King has paid me the unusual attention of bringing me himself to his Palace, I add to the infant Princess's other attractions, *this*, that she shall be the most Wideawake Princess in the world. But, as I was invited late, I prophesy that she shall marry a Man with a Hump."

This terrible gift made the whole assembly tremble, and fall to crying violently. At this instant a young Fairy stepped from behind the curtain and said, "Do not, O King, and Queen, thus deeply afflict yourselves; from this alliance you shall win immortal renown."

Whether this Fairy's prophecy was accomplished or not, and if so, *how*, is a narrative which must be reserved for another occasion.

Moral.—Be very attentive to the Old, you never know what may happen.

TIPS.—If on the night before the Race you see Blue Lights, you'll know which to back. Look well into the eyes of the ladies whom you meet during the week. Light or Dark Blue. Observe the record of Wind and Weather. Watch for Light breezes. If a certainty, keep it Dark.

PRIVILEGES OF HIGH RANK.

Railway Gatesman. "IT 'S AGIN THE RULES, MY LADY, OPENIN' O' THE GATE LIKE THIS; BUT IT AIN'T FOR THE LIKES O' ME TO KEEP YER *LADYSHIP* A WAITIN'."

Noble Countess. "WHY IS IT AGAINST THE RULES, MY GOOD MAN?"

Railway Gatesman. "WELL, MY LADY, THE 5·17 DOWN EXPRESS HAS BEEN DOO THESE TEN MINUTES!"

"FATHER WILLIAM."

"Militavi non sine gloria."—HORACE.

"You are old, Father WILLIAM," great PUNCHIUS said.
"I am told you are Ninety to-day;
Yet a gallanter Chief never marched at the head
Of his squadrons in battle-array."

"In the days of my youth," Father WILLIAM replied,
"I beheld many marvellous sights.
Now I hope, sitting here in peace, honour, and pride,
I have witnessed the last of my fights."

"You are old," remarked PUNCH; "but such age is a crown.
Your armour hangs there on the wall,
Never more, Sire, to be—so we trust—taken down
At your Country's imperative call."

"In my youth," said the Chief, "I was prompt to respond
To that call; I should do so to-day.
Yet now, with my thoughts on the Great Dark Beyond,
I love not the battle-trump's bray.",

"You are old," said the Sage, "yet your memories in sooth
Are so splendid, so stirring, so strange,
You must feel like the eagle renewing its youth,
When your thoughts o'er your history range."

"My youth," cried the Kaiser, "midst danger was spent,
My manhood was passed amidst strife;
Thank Heaven that the triumphs of peace and content
Are crowning the close of my life!",

"You are old, Sire," said PUNCH, "and the comrades who stood
At the side of their Chief, true as steel,
They are old; yet at thought of that true Titan brood.
Great Kaiser, how proud you must feel!"

"We *are* old," sighed the Chief, "MOLTKE, BISMARCK, and I,
But our well-beloved Fatherland's young.
May she never lack sons for her honour to die,
Chiefs to shield her with sword or with tongue."

"You are old, Father WILLIAM," said PUNCH, once again,
"Yet the Fatherland thrills at your name,
As you verge to the close of your marvellous reign.
Such love, Sire, is better than fame."

The Kaiser's eye moistened, and trembled his hand,
And he said, as he smiled on the Sage,
"All my days I have loved, and have fought for my Land,
And it hath not forgotten mine age."

"*You* old, Father WILLIAM?" cried PUNCH. "Time has twirled
His glass half in vain, *I* should say.
Let me wish you at least—on behalf of the World—
Many Happy Returns of the Day!"

LEEK-AGE OF LOYALTY.—"Wales," says the *Daily News*, last Thursday, "has, with singular unanimity, declined to take part in the preparation for the spontaneous burst of rejoicing which will spread through other parts of Great Britain upon the occasion of the QUEEN'S Jubilee." What does the Prince of WALES say to this? Will he not visit the Principality, and bring them back to a true sense of loving loyalty? If in this spring-time there are Leeks in the Loyalty of Wales, the sooner they are plugged the better. In the midst of rejoicing, it would be sad to be disturbed by the sound of melancholy wails.

At the Haymarket Theatre.

"HARD HIT!" exclaims B-SHF-RD to R-SS-LL. "We totter!
So *vice* JONES potted. we 'll try a Brown Potter."
Success on the stage is the greatest of lotteries.
"We 'll hope for the best!" cries a Voice from the Potteries.

"FATHER WILLIAM."

"*YOU* OLD, FATHER WILLIAM?" CRIED *PUNCH*. "TIME HAS TWIRLED
HIS GLASS HALF IN VAIN, *I* SHOULD SAY.
LET ME WISH YOU AT LEAST—ON BEHALF OF THE WORLD—
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!"

THE BOAT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.—WINDING-UP THE FIGURES.

EVERYTHING IS NOW AUTOMATIC—WHY NOT THE UNIVERSITIES BOAT-RACE? IT WOULD SAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE TO EVERYBODY.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before* Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.)

A Newspaper Proprietor was introduced.

The Commissioner. I believe you have to complain of the unsatisfactory condition of the Law relating to Libel?

Applicant. That is the case, Sir, and when I complain I represent practically the whole of the Metropolitan and Provincial Press. You may have noticed that, a few days ago, a meeting was held in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, composed of journalistic delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom, who, in spite of their political differences, were unanimous in their condemnation of the existing Statutes.

The Commissioner. I saw a brief report of the proceedings, and understood that the matter was referred to a thoroughly representative Committee.

Applicant. Quite so, and no doubt the outcome of the Committee's deliberations will be ultimately a new and better law.

The Commissioner. In the meanwhile, how can I assist you?

Applicant. By allowing me to say, that it is the last wish of Newspaper Proprietors, to substitute licence for liberty. The British Press is jealous of its reputation, and would in no way weaken the hands of the Executive to prevent or punish real scandal. At present the great majority of Plaintiffs in libel actions, are either men of straw, or persons of extreme, I may say, almost diseased sensibility. The latter, perhaps, deserve pity, but the former are pests to society. Very frequently a speculative solicitor is mixed up in the suit, and then, whatever be the result, neither plaintiff nor defendant derives any benefit from the proceedings. Again, it is not an uncommon matter (especially in the provinces) for some person to commence an action against a Newspaper Proprietor entailing on the defence heavy expenses, and then coolly to drop it before it comes on for trial.

The Commissioner. Has the Newspaper Proprietor in such a matter no redress?

Applicant. Absolutely none. He has to pay his costs, grin and bear it.

The Commissioner. Do you consider Criminal Prosecutions in Libel cases desirable?

Applicant. Certainly not—a criminal action for libel is an anachronism. It was no doubt appropriate when a journalist dated from Grub Street, and was familiar with the wrist-holes of the pillory. Nowadays libel of an individual should be purely a civil matter—the Common Law is sufficient protection to public morals.

The Commissioner. Were I inclined to be frivolous, I might point out that a libel, in one sense, could hardly be considered a civil matter. But, as I am in a decidedly grave mood, and very much in earnest, I can only suggest that the further consideration of this extremely important subject should be deferred until the Committee, to which you have alluded, shall have published their Report.

[*The Applicant thanked the Commissioner, and withdrew.*

AMERICAN SONG-BIRDS.

[All of Mr. MAPLESON's lady vocalists, but one, are Americans; and many famous concert singers come from the United States.]

THESE song-birds from America, they come across the sea,
To carol in our operas and take the upper E.
Time was when dark Italians held all the lyric stage;
Time was when fair-haired Teutons were the operatic rage;
But now *La belle Américaine* has come across the foam,
To take the British dollars back to many a Western home.

NEVADA 's here, and NORDICA, and BROCH, and MINNIE HAUK,
And others who but lately sang in Boston or New York;
HASTREITER, DOTTI, ENGLE, too, and RUSSELL and VAN ZANDT,
And brilliant MARIE DECCA to America we grant;
Miss THURSBY, HENSCHEL, OSGOOD, with our STERLING and HOPE GLENN,
Could fitly claim America's most eulogistic pen.

How is it that Americans have this great gift of song,
That fast they come, and faster still, to join the choral throng?
One fancies that each baby soul in infancy divines
The music of their mighty streams, the wind-harp in the pines:
And then we hear in London town—and who would grudge the fee?—
The message Mississippi brings from mountain unto sea!

A FREE ADVERTISEMENT.—*The Snowball* was brought out on Monday the 14th, at the Globe; and the next day, and for two days afterwards, there was Snow all over London! Everyone was talking of the Snow and *Snowball* coincidence. What luck some people have.

A SUNDAY STORY.

Mistress (severely). "I UNDERSTAND, MARY, THAT, INSTEAD OF GOING TO CHURCH THIS MORNING, YOU WERE SEEN IN HYDE PARK!"
Mary. "OH, PLEASE, 'M, I WENT TO THE SERVICE IN THE OPEN AIR!"

"THE SERVICE IN THE OPEN AIR"!

THOUGHT-READING EXTRAORDINARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OTHER pursuits, notably the completion of my great forensic volume, *A Handbook to Law, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Day*, have prevented me from sending you any copy for a considerable time. When I have finished what I may fairly call my masterpiece—I am making rapid progress, having got as far as Swedish Admiralty practice in the Tenth Century—I may send you a few more papers. In the meanwhile I cannot refrain from recounting a recent experience which has caused me much thought, and which appears to me worthy of the closest investigation by those interested in solving problems connected with the darker and more mysterious side of human nature.

A few days since, I happened to have business of a purely personal character, in one of our Halls of Justice in a south-western suburb. I alighted at the station nearest to my destination on the District Railway, and before I could ask the way, was directed to take the second turning to my right, and then the first to my left, "and there it would be just before me." I followed these instructions, and soon lost myself in a labyrinth of streets. I saw an intelligent costermonger, and proposed asking him to direct me on my way. Before I had time to speak, he in his turn gave me instructions, "Second to the left past the public 'ouse and there it is just afore you." The man was unquestionably right—I took the second to the left and unearthed the County Court I required, or rather the County Court that required me. But the thought-reading did not end here. I entered the building and found my way to the vestibule of the Court itself. I opened a door, and was about to enter, when I was stopped by a policeman. "You are wrong, Sir," said this intelligent officer. "This is the door for the Plaintiffs—yours is yonder, with 'Defendant' written over it." As a matter of fact he had correctly indicated the entrance of which I was actually in search! I was astonished, and felt that this interesting incident was more, much more, than a coincidence!

Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*, Yours most truly,

Pump Handle Court, Temple, E.C. A. BRIEFLESS, JUNR.

RIGHTS AND WRITERS.

LAST Wednesday, The Incorporated Society of Authors, met under the presidency of Mr. F. O. ADAMS, to hear Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD lecture on Dramatic Property. The principal representatives of the Incorporated Society of Authors, were, according to the newspaper report, principally actors and theatrical managers, including Mr. TOOLE, who when called upon to follow Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD with an address to the meeting, for once in his life had nothing to say, except "ditto to the last speaker," who had told everyone in plain language what everyone knew beforehand. Mr. FRANK MARSHALL complained that rabbits and turnips were protected by law—why didn't he say rabbits and onions?—but not the work of men's brains. He could have added that Heads ought to be protected as well as Hares, and no doubt Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL would have applauded this sentiment. The Dramatic Authors seem to have been conspicuous by their absence, perhaps because they prefer their own "society," what there is of it, or more probably because they were better engaged in writing than in talking.

What law can prevent "coincidences?" and what just remedy can there be for a sufferer by a coincidence? Old materials must be used over and over again, and the greater the genius the more utter is his disregard of what ordinarily talented men would consider from a narrow-minded and selfish point of view, their private and personal property. Why should the Dramatic Author who has hit upon what is to all intents and purposes the same plot as the Novelist be debarred from producing his play because the Novel comes out first? Considering the large sums that authors and composers in alliance with theatrical managers, actors, and publishers receive nowadays, far beyond the wildest dreams of Dramatists and Composers less than fifty years ago, we should be inclined to say, "Let well alone, for the truth you may find at the bottom of it, will probably not be a very pleasant one after all."

MRS. RAM says she heard a young gentleman recite a poem the other night. She thought he seemed rather nervous for a professional actor, but she was told afterwards that he was an Immature.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 14.—"Look here, TOBY," said Lord DENMAN, "we can't stand much of this kind of thing."

Met him in corridor coming out of Lords. It was nine o'clock and a foggy night. Lords, who usually sit for five minutes, had been enjoying what is practically, an all-night sitting in discussion of Railway Rates Bill. Quite pitiful to stand and watch them as they emerged from Chamber. Pale, wasted, yawning, hardly able to drag one leg after the other. "Burial Rates Bill seems a topic of more sympathetic interest with us, than Railway Rates," said Lord GRANVILLE, gay to the last, though evidently prostrate with fatigue.

"I admit," said the Markiss, suppressing a yawn, "if we go on for a week this way, sitting without intermission for four hours and a half, we shall abolish ourselves."

"What I was going to say," DENMAN chimed in, "was that I have great responsibility and am bound to look after my health. My Bill dealing with Woman's Suffrage brought in first week of Session; agreed to read it Second Time that day six months. Date will arrive on 6th of August. Shall go into retirement till after Easter and resuscitate, so good-bye for the present."

Toby has many Select Portraits in his Album, but this is A Picton.

In the Commons debate on Army Estimates. The speakers, for the Major part, were Generals, with here and there a Colonel. Curious there are so few Captains in the House, and not a single Corporal. Colonel DUNCAN began it: then General HAMLEY attacked War Office in the flank, Captain COLOMB followed, ("Yes, but he needn't have spoken more than one column," as CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said,) with Colonel TOTTENHAM, General FRASER, and a full company of other Generals and Colonels. TOTTENHAM (who has studied oratory at the feet of a country curate, and has accurately caught the intonation) as angry as he could chant with "highly-paid quill-driving officials."

"Don't know," he said, as if he were remarking, "Here endeth the first lesson," "the difference between a cutlass and a piece of hoop-iron."

"It isn't always discernible," BRODRICK softly murmured from Treasury Bench.

Only PICTON among non-combatants ventured into the tourney, all the Generals, Majors, and Colonels, in the House fixing him with steelly stare. *Business done.*—Army Votes.

Tuesday.—GLADSTONE down to-night, taking his share of the Front Opposition Bench. HARTINGTON here too, and delivered speech on behalf of the Government; voting with them, whilst GLADSTONE and rest of Liberals went into other Lobby. CHAMBERLAIN, like wise man, makes holiday in these troublous times. Not often in place, and does not speak. GLADSTONE, in high spirits and apparently in bounding health, talking to CHILDERS to-night. Pecked away at him with nervous forefinger, as if were literally drilling the portly figure before him, in preparation for sowing crop of ideas. No chance for CHILDERS to get in a word; so he stroked his beard, and nodded his head, keeping time to the pecking forefinger.

ARTHUR BALFOUR in for a lot of questions from Irish Members in haste to try a fall with New Secretary. BALFOUR evidently braced himself up for the expected struggle. Answers admirably, with spirit, yet without aggressiveness. Irish Members fall back and think the matter over. But they will be at it again.

"And how do you like Treasury Bench?" I asked him, when questions were over.

"Not at all," he said; "never know what to do with my legs. LYON PLAYFAIR always puts his on the table; but don't feel equal to that. Often hanker after old quarters below Gangway, where I used to sit upon the small of my back, with my legs half-way across the floor. Can't do that in this cramped space, and sometimes doubt whether it is worth while in such circumstances to be a Minister on a quarterly allowance."

G-nt-D-v-s blocks Scotch Early Closing Bill.

WARING came down to-night, breathless with excitement. Got an idea. Came to him in the course of to-day, when sky hung like a pall over London, and day literally turned into night. WARING marching and counter-marching, in attempt to reach House, ran up against pillar-box. From the contact flashed idea. Why not have an illuminated compass on the top of every pillar letter-box, so that fog-belated pedestrians might see how the land lay? Certainly, if fog were thick, you might lose an hour or two in attempt to find pillar-box. But that mere detail.

WARING groped his way to the House, sat anxiously awaiting conclusion of questions upon paper, then jumped up, and submitted his suggestion to the impassive Postmaster-General. House laughed consumedly. What at, Colonel didn't know. Doesn't often get an idea, and when one is, as it were, knocked into him, doesn't see why people should laugh. *Business done.*—More talk about Closure.

Thursday.—"What's JOSEPH GILLIS going about with a piece of parsley in his button-hole for?" BOBBY SPENCER asked, looking down on the Châtelain over the precipice of his collar.

BOBBY, by the way, has of late added new charm to his personal appearance. Since poor HENRY LENNOX died have had no man in House to go about with his trousers turned up, whatever the state of the streets might be. BOBBY's eagle eye has seen the opportunity and his ready hand has seized it. Turns his trousers up regularly now. Has clever artistic effect, which somehow seems to heighten his collar. BOBBY is, however, not so well up in agricultural matters as befits a County Member. The vegetable in JOSEPH GILLIS' button-hole is not parsley, but Shamrock. All the Irish Members similarly

The O'Times. "Do, any of yez, 'av ye plaze, oblige me by treading on the Tail of my Coat.'

adorned, for this is St. Patrick's Day in the evening. ARTHUR BALFOUR missed fine opportunity. That great statesman JAMES LOWTHER was not a conspicuous success as Irish Secretary; but his official memory is endeared to Irish Members by recollection of the St. Patrick's night when he appeared on the Treasury Bench with a bunch of Shamrocks in his manly bosom. BALFOUR ignored his chance, and the Boys were unusually sharp with him in their questioning.

At question time BARRAN buzzing about House like a bee that had learned a secret. "More like a London sparrow," said LUBBOCK who is an authority on these matters. Looking at him as he hopped about the House, standing still for a moment and setting his head on one side with chirpy motion, he really *was* something like a sparrow.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, as he came and planted himself by me. "Is the floor hot, that you can't stand still, but must be hopping around like a parched pea?"

"Floor hot? Oh dear, no, not that I know of?" he said, looking round as if expecting to see some smoke somewhere. "By the way, did I mention to you I was going to have a few friends at dinner to-night? Several of our fellows from Yorkshire, and—Ah, yes, I forgot, GLADSTONE's coming. Sorry I can't ask you. But we're all Yorkshire. GLADSTONE may make a few observations after dinner."

Charlie hornpiping to them.

So he did, as I heard later on. Got up and spoke what will fill three columns of to-morrow's papers.

"The longest remark in dinner conversation I ever heard," CHAPLIN growled. Our Chief evidently put out that this idea had not first occurred to him. But it will keep, and may spread. Quite a new feature in the London season. You give a dinner-party; ask prominent politician amongst others; provide a screen, engage a reporter to sit behind it. Then, after dinner, up gets politician, and makes speech an hour long. Add quite a new charm to social life.

House engaged to-night on Navy Estimates. CHARLIE BERESFORD came forward in new *rôle* of Minister, and delivered lively speech. Has a pretty, and quite peculiar way of interspersing a few steps of the hornpipe into his arguments.

Friday.—Only yesterday warned BALFOUR what was in store for him as consequence of not wearing Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. Not long to wait for fulfilment of forecast. House met to-night ostensibly to continue debate on Closure Resolution. Ominous gathering of Irish Members. Soon as questions over DILLON rose, and asked permission to move Adjournment, in order to discuss matter of urgent public importance, to wit, the arrest of Father KELLER. "Got Forty Members?" said the SPEAKER. "Yes, and to spare," as was shown. Whereupon JOHN, taking off his coat, and turning up his sleeves, made a dash for BALFOUR. Chief Secretary, resting uncomfortably on ARTHUR's Seat, not yet accustomed to narrow limits of Treasury Bench, frowned portentously, and grew angrily pale.

"He'll make a mull of it, I know," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, watching him from Bench opposite. "When I was in his place, and they got up a row like this, I took it as a matter of course. The more they stormed, the more placid I looked; and, as it's less exhausting to be quiet than to make a row, they generally caved in first. BALFOUR means fighting. Might as well knock his head against stone wall."

BALFOUR, when his turn came, threw himself away. Took everything seriously; trembling with righteous indignation; met insinuation with retort, and flung back defiance at challenge. In short, made a sad muddle of the whole affair, and stamped his newly-begun career as absolutely hopeless. Immediate consequence was, that wrangle went on for six hours. Quarter-past Eleven before Orders of the Day reached.

Business done.—Closure Rule passed.

IMPERIAL INTERESTS IN LEICESTER SQUARE.—Mr. D. NICOLS of the Café Royal, applied last Friday for a wine and spirit licence for the Empire Theatre. Mr. POLAND and Mr. GRAIN opposed, and

The Baron DE WORMS,
Said,—not in these terms,—
"The demand of D. NICOLS,
This Bench thinks is 'pickles.'"

And so the case of the Empire is so far lost, and Mr. D. NICOLS may sing, adapting the verse, quoted by *Mr. Alfred Jingle*, to the occasion, and in view of the ultimate object in view, of making a Music Hall of the Empire,

In hurry post haste for a licence,
With worry, sing-song, I come back.

And why cannot Mr. D. NICOLS be satisfied with the Café Royal as everybody else is, and leave the Empire and other Imperial pints to somebody else's speculation?

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 4.

In the City, before Alderman SLASHER.

Clerk. Call DAN O'CONNOR. [*A poor woman steps forward.*

Alderman. Who are you?

Woman. BIDDY O'CONNOR, yure Honor—was christin'd and born in Cork, yure Honor——

Alderman. Christened first, and born afterwards, eh?

Woman. Jist so, yure Honor—an' was christin'd BIDDY, after me godmother BIDDY DOULAN, the wife of PAT DOULAN, as nate a boy as ever wore shoe-leather——

Alderman. Well, well, but what brings you here?

Woman. School Board, yure Honor. (*Holding up Summons.*) Ye see, yure Honor, DAN had an argument wid TIM DOULAN about the parish priest, an' in the coorse of the argument DAN got a lick on the head. PAT swears by St. Patrick that he hit DAN by accident, intindin' no harm at all at all. But all the same, DAN is in the hospital, and I jist comed in his stead.

Alderman. Well, well—your husband is summoned here because he don't send his daughter to school. How old is the girl?

Biddy. Just thirteen, yure Honor, last month.

School-Board Officer (*stepping forward*). The girl is only twelve, your Worship; that is the age we have in our books.

Biddy. Bother you an' your books, ye spalpeen! Do ye know my darter's age better than her own mother? Were you at Dublin Barracks when she was born? DAN was in the Army thin, yure Honor—a Corporal in the Royal Irish, as shure as my name is BIDDY O'CONNOR; an', there isn't a finer regiment in the worl', yure Honor.

Alderman. I don't doubt it. But why don't the girl go to school?

Biddy. Well, I 'll jist tell ye. She's a good scoller as far as readin' and writin' goes. But she don't know French nor piany, and don't want to know 'em. If yure Honor would like to hear her read?

Alderman. Oh! no, no! But why doesn't the girl go to school?

Biddy. Is it this, yure Honor. I 'm out all day at work. DAN, as I tould yure Honor, is in hospital, and BIDDY stops at home to look arter the young childer.

Alderman. How many children have you?

Biddy. Counting BIDDY, just five, yure Honor. There is KATHLEEN, is nine, and young PAT is six, and DENNIS is four, and little TOMMY, just fifteen months last Friday.

Alderman. And how does she spend the day?

Biddy. Well, yure Honor, she taches PAT and DENNIS their letters—an' that is no aisy matter, yure Honor, for PAT is a broth of a boy—then she has to see that TOMMY don't tumble in the fire—and then she helps to cook the dinner, yure Honor; that is, yure Honor, when we 've got any dinner to cook—and——

Alderman (*sharply to School-Board Officer*). You have heard what this woman says. Is her story true? Is the girl kept at home to look after the young children in the unavoidable absence of both father and mother?

School-Board Officer. I have no reason to disbelieve her. But the child is still liable under the Act, to attend school.

Alderman. Stuff and nonsense! I tell you the girl is getting a better education in looking after her young brothers and sisters than any that the School Board can give her. I dismiss the summons, and instead of fining her, I order you to pay five shillings costs for bringing this poor woman here. *Biddy.* Long life to yure Honor!

Usher. Silence in the Court! [*Exeunt omnes.*

The Times to Mr. Gladstone.

(*Adapted Quotation.*)

"WRETCH! whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, Parnellite, degraded,
Radical outcast!"

His Birthday Presents.

From the Czar.—Pamphlet: *Dynamite, and how to avoid it.*

From the Emperor of Austria.—Extra Volume of the Badminton Library: *A Royal Race; or, Through the Shires with an Empress-Queen.* *From the King of Italy.*—Fancy Picture of the Vatican. *From the President of the French Republic.*—An Allotment of Panama Canal Shares. *From the Sultan.*—An I.O.U. with amount in blank. *From Prince Von Bismarck.*—His duty. *And from Mr. Punch.*—His heartiest and sincerest congratulations.

TRIO FOR GERMANY, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

"IF we three but do agree,
How very happy all the rest will be!"

WE hear a good deal of the ringing of the Chapel bell whenever there is to be a National League Opposition to an Eviction. What does it ring? A PAR-NELL.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case* can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied *by a Stamped and Directed* Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE.

(*Trafalgar Square Co. for the Preservation of Peace and Order* v. *The Rowdy, Ruffian, and Riot Co. Unlimited.*)

MR. PUNCH, sitting as President of the Court of Common Sense, wishes to express his opinion most strongly in favour of steps being taken by the Authorities to prevent those who have no authority whatever from taking certain steps to which they have no exclusive right,—namely, those in and round about Trafalgar Square, and occupying them, and not them only, but the roadway and pavement, in such a manner and for such a time as paralyses traffic, causes danger to life and limb, and, being objectionable from every point of view, is a disgrace to the Noblest Site in Europe in particular, and to London generally.

Five thousand leading traders, professional men, and others, carrying on business, or residing in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, presented their petition in the cause of order to the House of Commons, and *Mr. Punch* can assure the Honourable House that, if this matter were relegated to the Court of Common Sense, it would be settled to the satisfaction of everybody, except the party of disorder, within one quarter of an hour, including time to telephone to Lord SALISBURY, the Not-Quite-Yet-at-Home-Secretary, and Sir CHARLES WARREN; also to get a Special Act cut, dried, polished, signed, sealed, delivered, and put in force, and a special wire up to NELSON on his column, to inform him that the Blue Jackets below were prepared to do their duty. The President of the C. C. C. trusts that his recommendation will meet with immediate attention.

ROMANES AWRY.

[MR. G. J. ROMANES, lecturing at the Royal Institution on the mental differences between the sexes, accuses woman of the defect, among others, of "not knowing her own mind."]

NOT know her own mind? What a scandalous flout!
Why a woman's chief charm is, she 's *never* in doubt.
Believing, rejecting, or loving or hating,
She 's always cocksure without pause for debating.
It was not a woman invented such trash
As Logic or Parliaments; she at a dash
Flies straight to conclusions, despising the plan
Of step by step premises—leaves *them* to Man,
The stupid slow goose who can't rule without laws,
Believe without reason, or hate without cause.
No, Mr. ROMANES, you 're quite off the track,
Lack of certainty is not a feminine lack.
Not know her own mind? Our denial is flat;
She may know nothing else, but she always knows *that!*

DOUBTS

Engendered by a Recent Ethnological Controversy.

WAS Sir WALTER SCOTT really a Dutchman?

Did WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR originally live in Whitechapel, and cross the Channel only owing to pecuniary difficulties, eventually returning to fight the battle of Hastings in defiance of his creditors?

Are the present inhabitants of Danes Inn clearly of Scandinavian origin?

Were both CHARLES THE FIRST and OLIVER CROMWELL undeniably Irishmen?

To what nationality does Mr. GLADSTONE really belong? Is he, as he lately gives out, a genuine Bulgarian, or does he come of a good old Cork stock not long settled in Wales?

Does the Emperor of RUSSIA belong, as is said, to a highly respectable family hailing from Camberwell?

Has Mr. BIGGAR something of the Arab about him?

Are the members of the Radical Opposition in the House of Commons descended from a race of Cannibals?

And, does Prince HENRY of BATTENBERG consider himself a thorough-bred Scotchman?

KATERING FOR THE PUBLIC.

AS Miss KATE VAUGHAN is pre-eminently a dancer, dancing the public will have from her whatever else she may wish to do. They 'll tolerate her acting if she will only gratify them by taking just a few steps to please them. So KATE the Gracious, KATE the Graceful, not being "curst KATE," accommodates her programme to the taste and fancy of her public. If she plays *Lady Teazle* there 's a minuet introduced into *The School for Scandal*, if she plays *Lydia Languish* there 's some dance for her in the Pump Room at Bath.

What range of characters may not the Vaughan-ting ambition attempt, if only a dance can be brought in somehow? In the old days of *The School for Scandal* one line in the bill invariably was "*Sir Harry* (with a song)" by Mr. whoever might be the singer specially engaged for this purpose.

On this plan we venture to suggest the following announcements, which will be gratifying alike to the fair actress and her admiring public:—

OPERA COMIQUE.

THE KATE VAUGHAN COMEDY COMPANY.

In active preparation, SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Macbeth . . . . . MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
LADY MACBETH (*with a Highland Fling*). MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

Also, in the course of the season, will be presented:—

HAMLET.

Hamlet (*Prince of Denmark.*) . . MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
OPHELIA . . . . . MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

In which character she will dance a *pas de deux*, assisted by Mr. FERNANDEZ as *Polonius*, and a *pas de fantaisie* in the mad scene. The music specially composed by Herr MEYER LUTZ.

Also in preparation and to be duly announced, SHAKSPEARE'S

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BEATRICE (*with several dances of the period*) . . . . . } MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

And a Grand Revival of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

When in addition to the old Italian dances at the Capulets' Ball, Miss KATE VAUGHAN, *as* Juliet, *will introduce into the Potion Scene*

AN ENTIRELY NEW DAGGER DANCE.

Perhaps Miss VAUGHAN may try *Mrs. Haller* in *The Stranger*, *Julia* in *The Hunchback*, *Pauline* in *The Lady of Lyons*, each with their own characteristic dance. There is literally no end to a *répertoire* thus refreshed and re-invigorated. "Foot it, KATE!" as the Oxonian, in *Tom and Jerry*, cried out, in one of the "merry moments" of that immortal trio—who are now so *out* of date, and so utterly forgotten—and may you dance to the best of all tunes, and be sure that there will always be an admiring audience ready and willing to pay *your* piper.

Cater, KATE, for the public, by giving them the most solid food, but—spice it with plenty of capers. Cater and caper. "KATE, O, thou reasonest well."

A CHANCE.

WISHING to give the poor dear advertiser every assistance in our power, we reproduce, from *The Manchester Weekly Times* the following touching appeal:—

TO CHRISTIAN WIDOWERS.—A Nobleman's Widow, of good birth, about 40, no family, left with small income, pleasing, sweet-tempered, cultured, domesticated, fond of children. Desires Settled Home and a high-minded Protestant Husband of 50, or older, seeking domestic happiness with a devoted, loving Christian wife.—Address——

No, we won't give the address, or there 'd be such a rush. Besides ——ahem!—but no matter.

A PUFF FOR THE CANVAS.—*Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge the receipt of some "canvas" note-paper and envelopes from Messrs. WALKER & Co. He had heard of and eaten a canvas-backed duck, but had not yet come across a canvas-backed envelope. As the material, being substantial, cannot be easily seen through, the canvas envelopes will be invaluable for electioneering purposes. Seeing that ink dries on it rapidly, and that writing on it is easy—he is "writing on it" now, and finds the task a simple one. *Mr. Punch* considers it the very canvas for a good sale.

FIRST Rose Show of the Season—at Drury Lane, May 2. CARL ROSA in full bloom.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"By the way, your friend O'Leary dined with me last night. What a dull Dog he is!"

"Oh, that depends on what Company he 's in!"

ANOTHER ONE.

Mr. Philips's *The Dean's Daughter* is not equal to his *As in a Looking Glass*. Neither book is intended for the perusal of "the young person." We couldn't even recommend it conscientiously as a study of character for Miss Dorothy Dene—but *The Dean's Daughter*, after one of the chief characters has made his untimely exit never to reappear, will scarcely interest the experienced and *blasé* novel-reader.

The author does not consistently sustain the character he has assumed. His quotations from Dickens and Thackeray are not at all what such a woman as the *Dean's Daughter* would make. Again, he loves to illustrate a situation with well-worn old stories which, however good they may be, he generally contrives to spoil in the telling. One of these—which it is needless to say we have told so admirably ourselves after dinner, handing it down from our father and grandfather—about the man tying his shoe at Crockford's, Mr. Philips ruins. He casts Sheridan for the hero, and takes all the point out of the story by elaboration. We can forgive him for writing a novel without a moral, but for spoiling this dear old story—never! We like Mr. Philips's estimate of Brighton, and his appreciation of eleven o'clock in the morning as an excellent hour for anything.

The Dean himself is a combination of *Pecksniff* and *Eccles* in one ecclesiastical character. On the stage he would be played by Mr. John Clayton, better as a Dean of Comedy than of Farce. The earlier portion reminded us somewhat of *Nancy*; but it is not equal to that very clever work of Miss Broughton's. Its ending is abrupt and artistic according to *Mr. Weller's* Valentine theory. Perhaps she will be continued in his next, and shown as going on the stage, making a hit, and settling down into a dull and respectable middle age, when her divorced husband, a nonagenarian, will be convinced of her innocence. She will give him his gruel, and he will make a will in her favour.

The *blasé* novel-reader especially, will be disappointed, as when reading Mr. Philips's work, he will expect more "fillips" than he will get.

Moonlighter's Free Translation of Virgil's "*Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant*"—Rendered thus:—County Kerry men, the whole lot of 'em, taking precious good care to hide their faces.

ON THE TOWING-PATH.

(*A Cantabrigian Canto.*)

The wind is brisk on the flowing tide;
Like hammer'd silver the water wide
Is blown to knops and ridges;
The battling sunbeams come and go,
And the tugs puff up with their flocks in tow,
And lumbering lighters, heavy and slow,
Drift, broadside on, through the bridges.

The willows have taken a sunny stain,
And the underglow of the Spring again
In amber and brown is peeping;
The clouds, sun-broken, are moving free,
And the rooks caw loud from the leafless tree,
That shows in its waving tracery
Where the wonder of leaves is sleeping.

And here they saunter, or stand at gaze,
Waterside characters, old M.A.'s
And "Men" of the current fashion;
Clerical types of a first-boat crew,
Nursemaids natty, bedecked with blue,
Schoolboy truants, and damsels true
To a vague University passion.

But thought flies back to the "rounding grey,"
To the fenland flat, and the Autumn day,
And the path, where the patient gazer
Sees jogging along at a good round trot
With vehement shouts to you can't see what,
And a band of runners all piping hot,
The Coach in a light-blue blazer.

And then the sullen and sluggish stream
Is woke by the stroke and lit by the gleam
Of broad blades strenuous lashing,
And pæans of hope in our hearts we sing,
Though we soon tail off in a panting string,
And the boat sweeps on with a lifting swing
And a certain amount of splashing.

And away goes pounding the old grey horse
Whose task was more a matter of "course"
Than any Gee's that has hair on;
And back as the tinkling bells recall
To much-cut Chapel, or cheery Hall,
Across the river, while shadows fall,
By the ferry that 's kept by Charon.

Year after year unchanging change
Still finds new talent of equal range
In reading or cutting capers:
Still Dons are developed from Undergrads,
And Lights of Reason from roaring lads,
And the cranky ones are running their fads
In Parliament or the papers.

But the boat is coming; and, dark or light,
A 'Varsity Eight is a gallant sight,
No matter how grave we 're growing;
And dear to the man with an open mind
In the sporting columns next day to find
Such opposite praises and blame combined,
Such various views of rowing.

They write it up, and they write it down,
And it may or may not excite the town
Like a war or a Cabinet crisis;
But whether the people go or stay,
No heart is callous on Boat-race Day,
That ever has seasoned work with play
Beside the Cam or the Isis.

The Happy Mean.—Self-complacent Screws.

AD REGINAM JUBILANTEM.

Oda in modo Horatii quam ego Tommius feci.

Regina ave Vic-toria Maxima!
Præsens hic annus est Jubilum tuum.
Ut gaudeamus nos puelli
Fac holidas habeamus extra.

Dicat magister, Tommius est piger:
Sed illud omnis est oculus meus;
Nam certè contendo quibusdam
Temporibus operor tremendè.

Exempla quæris? Est aliquis piger,
Qui vivit omni ludere pertinax
Occasione, atque est paratus
Ceu ocreæ laborare priscæ?

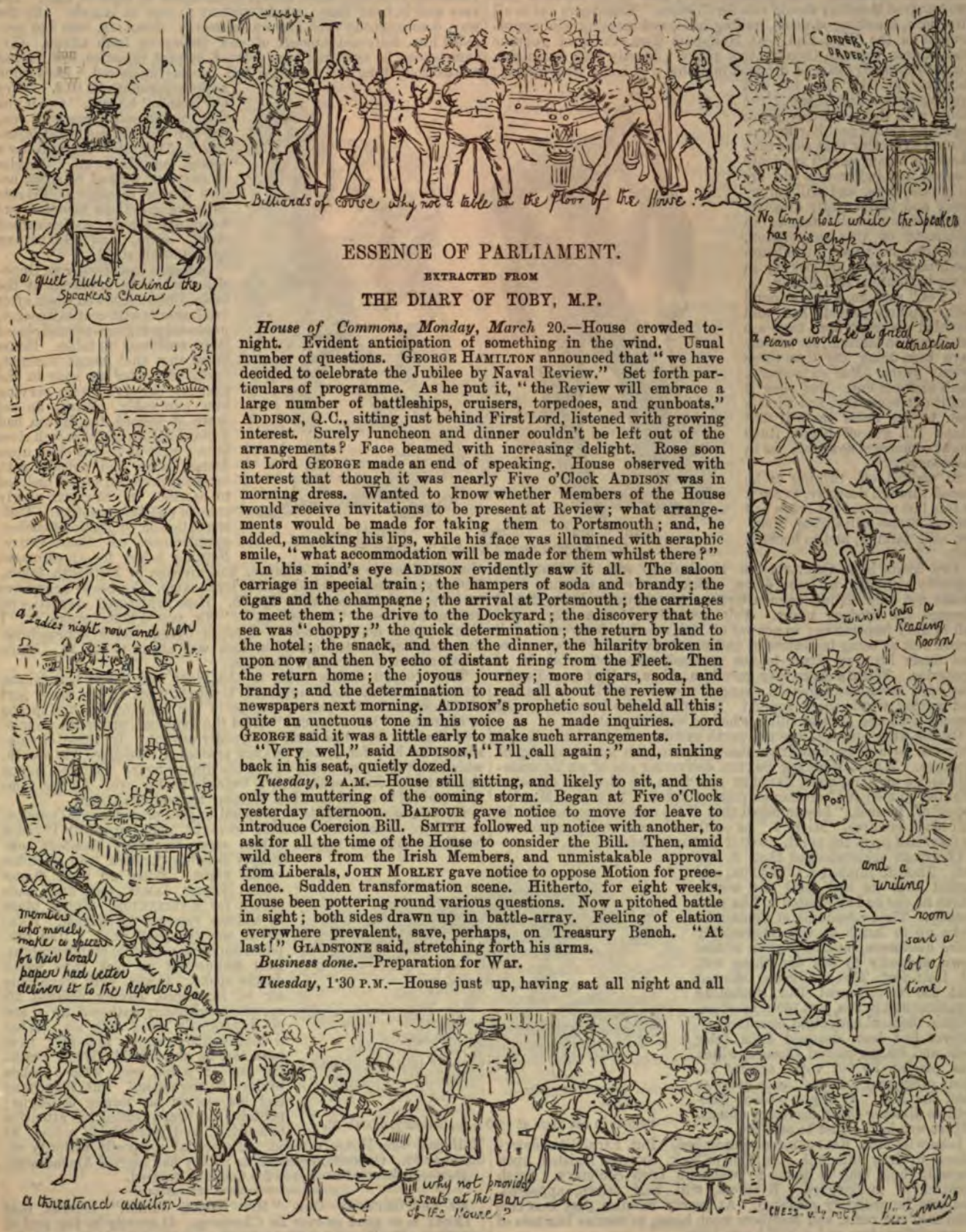
Si calcitranda est pila meo pede,
Sum omnis illic tempore, per Jovem,
In nullo; nec moror vocatus
Ostiolum * duce nostro adire.

Haud rectè pigrum Tommiolum potes
Vocare, versus magnificos videns,
Quos ipse fecit, nec negabis
Huic puero sine fine *kudos*.

Regina vale! Sit Jubilum tuum
Mirandus annus pro pueris, precor:
Et vestra Majestas videbit,
Infinitas habebo alaudas.

* Hoc est verbum pro "wicket" in meo Ainswortho.

A Game the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought of Playing.—"Tip-Cat."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—House crowded to-night. Evident anticipation of something in the wind. Usual number of questions. George Hamilton announced that "we have decided to celebrate the Jubilee by Naval Review." Set forth particulars of programme. As he put it, "the Review will embrace a large number of battleships, cruisers, torpedoes, and gunboats." Addison, Q.C., sitting just behind First Lord, listened with growing interest. Surely luncheon and dinner couldn't be left out of the arrangements? Face beamed with increasing delight. Rose soon as Lord George made an end of speaking. House observed with interest that though it was nearly Five o'Clock Addison was in morning dress. Wanted to know whether Members of the House would receive invitations to be present at Review; what arrangements would be made for taking them to Portsmouth; and, he added, smacking his lips, while his face was illumined with seraphic smile, "what accommodation will be made for them whilst there?"

In his mind's eye Addison evidently saw it all. The saloon carriage in special train; the hampers of soda and brandy; the cigars and the champagne; the arrival at Portsmouth; the carriages to meet them; the drive to the Dockyard; the discovery that the sea was "choppy;" the quick determination; the return by land to the hotel; the snack, and then the dinner, the hilarity broken in upon now and then by echo of distant firing from the Fleet. Then the return home; the joyous journey; more cigars, soda, and brandy; and the determination to read all about the review in the newspapers next morning. Addison's prophetic soul beheld all this; quite an unctuous tone in his voice as he made inquiries. Lord George said it was a little early to make such arrangements.

"Very well," said Addison, "I'll call again;" and, sinking back in his seat, quietly dozed.

Tuesday, 2 A.M.—House still sitting, and likely to sit, and this only the muttering of the coming storm. Began at Five o'Clock yesterday afternoon. Balfour gave notice to move for leave to introduce Coercion Bill. Smith followed up notice with another, to ask for all the time of the House to consider the Bill. Then, amid wild cheers from the Irish Members, and unmistakable approval from Liberals, John Morley gave notice to oppose Motion for precedence. Sudden transformation scene. Hitherto, for eight weeks, House been pottering round various questions. Now a pitched battle in sight; both sides drawn up in battle-array. Feeling of elation everywhere prevalent, save, perhaps, on Treasury Bench. "At last!" Gladstone said, stretching forth his arms.

Business done.—Preparation for War.

Tuesday, 1·30 P.M.—House just up, having sat all night and all

THE BEST CLUB IN THE WORLD—AS IT OUGHT TO BE FOR AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

morning. Government sorely handicapped by inability to put Clôture in operation. The Minority being over forty, requisite that two hundred Members should vote for Clôture. Messengers out in all directions, knocking at doors, pulling bells, and creating wild apprehension in the West-End. At Half-past Two, thrill of genuine emotion ran through Conservative ranks. Shortly after midnight, CHRISTOPHER SYKES had dropped in on his way home from dinner; standing at the Bar in full evening-dress, had scanned the House with that curiously grave inquiring glance peculiar to him. Always expecting that some time House of Commons will suddenly discover how ludicrously odd are its proceedings, and will voluntarily and permanently dissolve. CHRISTOPHER much interested in fulfilment of this expectation. Whenever he passes neighbourhood, makes point of looking in to see if House is still sitting.

"Yes," said he, looking round with slightly-parted lips and troubled glance, "here they are yet, going on talking just as they have been doing any time these twenty years. Mos' extrornery. Can't make it out. But they'll find it out some day, and what a rush to the doors there'll be! Think I'll get off home. Rush might commence now, and me in the doorway."

So walked off, turning as he passed through doorway, to see if at this last moment the crisis had come. House still sitting, Member still talking, and so home to bed.

"Early to Bed" and "Early to Rise!"
Or, "Keeping up the Xtopher."—March 22.

Two hours later CHRISTOPHER knocked up with the rest, and urgently entreated to come down. More than ever amazing this. House not only sitting from afternoon to midnight, but going it through the livelong night. Felt more dazed than ever. But call of duty imperative; so got out of bed, selected for wear a dull brown suit as being indicative of undecided opinions on the situation, and made his way down to the curiously fascinating abode of mysteries. What a cheer they gave him, when at Half-past Two he was once more discovered in changed costume standing at the Bar and gazing wonderingly round! Never since he brought in the famous Crab and Lobster Bill has he had such an ovation.

On the whole, proceedings not worth getting out of bed to witness. Only one flash of genuine Irish humour varied the monotony of proceedings. Whilst Windbag SEXTON delivering one of an interminable series of harangues, BARTLEY rose from the Benches opposite. Wanted opinion of Chairman on point of order. "An Hon. Member opposite," he said, "has promised that if he catches me outside he will black my eyes. Might I," he continued, as if really anxious to be informed upon the point, "ask if that is in order?"

Chairman acknowledged that it was not. Then up jumped J. O'CONNOR, and denied that he had used the words, which no one had attributed to him personally. Tired remainder of Committee woke up to laugh at this charmingly *naïve* disclosure, and thereafter settled down doggedly to see the thing out. At Half-past Three Division showed that the Government had, including CHRISTOPHER SYKES, just 199 supporters. Within the next hour eight more Conservatives had been dragged from their beds, and SMITH moved Closure, which was carried by 207 votes against 54. Hour after hour followed, each drearier than the last. At Eight o'Clock Parnellites discover Chief Secretary absent. Where was he? Must be sent for.

Balfour in his Place at 4·30 A.M., Tuesday, March 22.

Like wise man, BALFOUR reposing in bed. But Parnellites determined to drag him out. At Ten o'Clock, SEXTON insisted upon knowing how long it takes to wake an Irish Secretary. Fresh dispatch of messengers. BALFOUR, still half asleep, appeared, and was immediately attacked. At twenty minutes past One this afternoon end came, and Members went home, to resume business of a new sitting, two-and-a-half hours later.

Business done.—Estimates in Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—LOCKWOOD was to have resumed debate to-night on motion to give precedence to Coercion Bill. Was still speaking yesterday afternoon when debate interrupted by lapse of time. Did very well in brief time; wisely content to rest on laurels. (By the way, does anybody ever rest on laurels?) SINCLAIR, who had preceded him, delivered himself of new theory on Irish affairs. Circumstances, he said, had been created by past injustice, and having existed long time the injustice had become mellowed. LOCKWOOD happily paraphrased this. "Try our justice," he said, "and if you find that doesn't agree with you, try our fine old mellowed injustice." That did very well for a speech as times go. Besides GLADSTONE wanted to speak before dinner to-night. Private Bills and Questions occupied two hours and a half; so LOCKWOOD stood aside, and GLADSTONE speaks in his stead.

Immense reception from Opposition when he appeared at the table. Cheers renewed when, after brief wrestle with coat-tail pocket, produced pomatum-pot and placed it in readiness on table. House knew that that meant business. Spoke for over an hour in the grandest old style, voice serving him admirably. When he sat down it seemed the House had decided debate might as well close here. Fact is it was close upon dinner hour, and nobody with carefully prepared speech inclined to sacrifice it. SPEAKER slowly rose to put the question. Consternation on Opposition Benches, complacency on Conservative. Nothing better for Government than that debate should collapse, and division be forthwith taken. Modesty unusually marked even in Irish camp. No one so aggressive as to present himself with speech. Hear whispered entreaties on various benches. "You get up." "No, *you*'d better speak." "I think you'd do it better." Seconds flying; crisis approaching. SPEAKER had recited question, and was about to put it. Smile broadened on Conservative Benches.

Then JOSEPH GILLIS came to the front and saved the debate. Quite by accident (as it appeared) he stuck a pin in the fleshy part of CHANCE. In the pained surprise of the moment CHANCE sprang to his feet. "MR. CHANCE!" cried the SPEAKER, under the impression that his eye had been designedly caught. In these circumstances no help for it, and CHANCE proceeded to deliver his speech, which kept the thing going during the dinner hour. "Quite a happy chance that," JOEY said, with a twinkle in his eye. At the same time careful to avoid the Hon. Member for rest of sitting.

Business done.—Debate on proposal to give precedence to Coercion.

Friday.—Some good speaking to-night, and important Division pending. But one night's debate seems to satisfy Members now. Empty Benches through long stretches of the night. Filled up after dinner when HENRY JAMES rose, and made speech for HARTINGTON. Finest touch in address reserved to the last. HARCOURT was to speak next. Had prepared imposing collection of impromptus. Left manuscript on desk from which JAMES spoke. JAMES, with unvarying air of innocence, having finished his speech, accidentally gathered up a few of HARCOURT'S notes with his. What a hiatus there would presently have been had he succeeded! What a mixing up of jokes, and what broken bridges in argument! But HARCOURT had his eye on his former colleague; politely, but firmly, called his attention to accident, and rescued his notes. At Half-past One, House divided. Ministerial composite majority reduced to 89. Opposition cheered as if they had carried Amendment.

Business done.—Precedence for Coercion secured.

AT THE OLYMPIC.—Our "Mr. NIBBS, Junior," deposes that "TERRY is as good as ever *In Chancery*. If brevity be the soul of wit, then *My Cousin* ought to be the most *spirituel* piece seen for some time; but it isn't. To put it plainly," says Our Mr. NIBBS, Junior, "*My Cousin* is rather a poor relation."

MR. GOSCHEN'S NURSERY RHYME.

I love little Pussy her coat is so warm,
And if I don't tax her she 'll do me no harm.
I 'll sit by her side and on milk she shall sup,
And then I shall not put poor Pussy's back up.

ROBERT WITH THE LORINERS.

I had the honner of assisting the other night at the Grand Bankwet of the Washupfool Company of Loriners, and tho I haven't the least idear what a Loriner means, or what he's supposed to do to git his living, it's a Company as I has a great respec' for, becoz they allers musters well and is werry fairly libberal, tho Conservatifs to a man.

We had a splendid company! Not only Sir Robert Fowler, M.P., in the Chair, with the Lord Mare and his Dimond Star on his rite, but 2 Aldermen and a Sherryf, and his 2 hunder Sherryfs, and about a duzzen Common Counselmen, and some littery an drammattick gents.

Sir Robert—how he must nitely thank his Godfathers and Godmothers for giving him sitch a name—started 'em well with the Loyal Toastes, and the rest kept the ball rolling capitally. Lord General Paget told us as he come of a fighting race, and was the only Officer left as rode at Her Majesty's Coronation. Mr. Pilstone, M.P., not satisfied with complementing me by repeating my remark that the Copperashun's ennemys had discovered a Mare's nest with not nothink in it, finished up by saying that the elustrious name of the honorable Chairman (Robert) was held in ekal honour both within and outside of Parlyment!

Akorse they drank Mr. Labbyshare and Bradlor's health and Mr. Froth's two with three times three.

The Chairman said he had bin Master of three Cumpanies, sum rich and sum poor, but whether they was rich like the Salters or poor like the Spectaclemakers, poor fellers! they always had, and they always would keep up the grand old horsepitality of the renowned City of London. So that's a great consolation to us poor Waiters in these raddicle and grumbling times.

Then up stood a reelly fine specimen of a nobel minded Hem. Pea, and he proposed, with all his art and all his mind, the good helth of the Copperashun. Ah, his was summut like a speech his was. Ah, if there was a few more members like Mr. Isaacs, what a much more comfortable and a much more enjoyabler world it would be for Munchipaltys and Waiters.

Being up at the West End last week, I wentured jist to have a look in at the Committee-room in the House of Commons, where the inquiry about the Copperashun is a going on, and the first thort as came across me after I had bin a standing there a little time was this rather remarkabul one. I have herd sumwhere that, once upon a time, there was a wundurful Frenchman, who coud tell, by only looking at anybody's face, what their real charackter was, and whether they was relieable or not. I think his name was sumthink in the Lavatery line, so I spose as he relied a good deal on washing. And I wished as he was alive now, and was in that there Committee-room.

What a deal of truble, too, it would save at trials—no Jewries woudn't be wanted, so we shood git rid of all that bother; but the Judge woud fix his eye upon the prisoner while the charge was being red, and then say Gilty, or Not Gilty, and then an end.

THE TWO CHANCELLORS.

(*Vide* Mr. Goschen's *Speech at the Mansion House.*)

I.—As He is Supposed to Be.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer *discovered seated at desk, in Official Residence in Downing Street.* Secretary *at another table, reading extracts from morning correspondence aloud.*

Secretary (*doubtfully*). Here's a suggestion which doesn't seem so bad.

Chancellor (*interrupting*). What for? For remitting old tax, or imposing new one?

Secretary. Well, it's for remission.

Chancellor (*sternly*). How often am I to say that *I won't remit anything?* Do you suppose that I occupy this high position in order to make myself pleasant to the public? My duty, and I may add my pleasure also, is to find out exactly the most generally unpopular and unfair tax that I possibly can, and then to impose it.

Secretary (*soothingly*). Quite so. I quite understand *that.* That's an elementary part of the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, always.

Chancellor. I should rather think it was.

Secretary. But this seems really not a bad proposal. It's a correspondent who signs herself "Distressed Widow."

Chancellor (*with savage scorn*). Distressed widow!

Secretary (*goes on hastily*). And she suggests taking off the seven-and-sixpenny tax on dogs, and transferring it to cats and poultry instead. She says she doesn't keep cats or poultry herself, but she does keep a dog, and as her sleep is a good deal disturbed at night by cats screaming, and cocks crowing——

Chancellor (*fiercely*). Stop! The old idiot has *really* given me a suggestion. Why not raise the tax on dogs to ten shillings, and put one on cats and poultry as well? Is there any way in which I could make myself more financially disagreeable than that?

Secretary. I don't know of any.

Chancellor. Then that's settled. (*Laughing.*) That'll make the public squirm, if anything will. Now to take the taste of the "Distressed Widow's" ridiculous letter out of my mouth, let me have the returns from the Income-Tax collectors—especially complaints of injustice, unfair and oppressive exactions, and all that sort of thing. Thanks. That'll give me a really delightful morning. I don't think I need keep you any longer.

[*Exit* Secretary. *Curtain falls on the* Chancellor *of the* Exchequer *thoroughly enjoying himself.*

II.—As He Really Is.

The Chancellor (*soliloquising*). What, more letters, suggesting remission of taxation! (*Opens one or two, and takes out pocket-handkerchief.*) What a pity I'm so—(*sobbing*)—so susceptible. I know I oughtn't to be—but I can't help it. Here (*breaking down*) is another dear old lady, who—(*is temporarily overcome with emotion*)—whose dog—(*more sobs*)—whose little wee dog——

[*Bursts into torrent of tears, which* Attendants *have some difficulty in stopping with aid of sal volatile, smelling-salts, and sharp blows in the small of the back. After a quarter of an hour's interval, reading of morning correspondence is resumed.*

The Chancellor (*firmly*). But no! I will *not* give way. These tears are womanish. What *is* the old lady's complaint, after all? (*Takes up letter again.*) She objects to the Dog Tax. And why? Because, it appears, her *Fido*—(*Controls himself with some difficulty, and proceeds*)—her *Fido* is old, and lame, and—oh dear me!—half blind, and she has brought him up from a—(*takes out handkerchief again*)—from a puppy! [*Rings bell violently. Enter* Attendant.

Attendant. Yessir? Salts, Sir, or more handkerchiefs, Sir?

Chancellor. Neither, my good fellow. Here, take this letter to my Secretary. Tell him—(*feelingly*)—to inquire into the case—to make all inquiries; and, if he finds there really *is* a dog called *Fido*, and it isn't a nasty savage cur that bites everybody, and that ought to have been shot long ago, then, I say—(*with intense emotion*),—let him assure her, with my compliments,—the Chancellor of the Exchequer's compliments,—that *Fido* shall never, never, never be taxed any more!

[*Flings himself into chair in paroxysm of sympathetic grief. Exit* Attendant. *Curtain.*

News of Sarah.

She is coming in mid-summer,
Is our own dear Sarah B.
Than any other mummer,
Welcomer is she.

But surely in the Spring-time,
She here should be a-playing,
For brought here by a Meyer,
She ought to come a Maying.

Mrs. Ram is very particular as to getting names correctly. She says that, directly after Easter, she shall go and see Gulliver and Silvan's new Opera with that very extraordinary title.

WINDOW STUDIES.—A QUIET PIPE.

(In Remembrance of March, 1887.)

THE OLD HAND.

The old Stonewall Country! How many times more
Shall we plunge o'er its uplands and pound o'er its flats?
Whilst the riders declare the whole business a bore,
And the nags, could they speak, would cry "Plague on the Pats!"
Who, with little regard for their bellows or bones,
Left their country half bogland, and hedged it with stones.

Hark forward? Oh, yes, it is all mighty fine,
But the cheery old cry sounds like mockery here.
The business is one in the Sisyphus line,
And "no forrader" tottles it, year after year;
For no Spectre Hunt, doomed for ever to run,
Has so much hard labour with so little fun.

How many a field has been squandered and stuck!
How many a "flyer" has here come to grief!
The course has no charm and the rider no luck.
He's already half-pounded, this black-bearded Chief,
If looks count for aught; and he now has to face
The nastiest wall in the nastiest place.

Howe'er the field start, 'tis a destiny drear
That this nasty one fronts them ere far they have gone.
All roads lead to Rome, and all races lead *here*.
The man who can clear it, or even stick on,
Is one in a hundred; to live through the shock
Needs a hand like a feather, a seat like a rock.

Has *he* got them, our friend with the black-a-vised face?
That remains to be seen, but one's hopes are not high.
Here so many a crack finds he's out of the race,
With his back in the bog and his face to the sky.
He here came a cropper, Old Hand though he be,
Who stands by looking eager the issue to see.

He is not in this race, he seems "out of the hunt,"
But full many a time he has led a fair field;
Of pace and of peril he bore the full brunt,
Always anxious to start, never willing to yield.
But the Old Hand's last spill was a smasher no end,
And now he looks on, as a dashed candid friend.

Oh! awfully candid, chock-full of good-will.
His heart would, of course, thrill with earnest regret
If the latest New Hand should here meet with a spill.
A real "rough-rider" has not tried it yet;
This one claims to be good at the "resolute" style,
And the Old 'un awaits the result with a smile.

"Nasty place!" mutters he. "Know it only too well.
I hope you may like it. You chaffed me of old;
What d'ye think of it now, my magnificent swell,
Whose talk, when you're not in the pigskin, 's so bold?
Whew! he's fair on the slope, he's slap on to that wall,—
I *trust* he will clear it. I *hope* he won't fall!"

LUBBOCK'S NATIONAL RACE DICTIONARY.

(*Specimen Extracts.*)

Smiths. A Scottish family that originally lived in Ireland, when it was known as England. After settling in Sweden, they came back to the country of their birth, and subsequently took up their quarters in North Britain.

Stuarts. An Irish family of English origin, originally settled in Normandy, from whence they came to Wales. This race is popularly but improperly considered to belong to the land lying to the North of the Tweed. Many of the Kings of England were exclusively Scotch until, in the time of James the First, they became, by the amalgamation of the two crowns, Irish.

Sullivans. An English family living in North Britain before Scotland became Ireland. The members of this ancient race are celebrated for the purity of their Anglo-Saxon accent; and, so strong is their sense of nationality, that even when they are born in Ireland for centuries, they still remain British by birth.

A Scribe on Scribner.—*Scribner's* for April is a right good number. Everyone will thoroughly enjoy the first instalment of *Thackeray's Letters*. They are all addressed to the Rev. W. H. Brookfield and Mrs. Brookfield, and commence even before *Vanity Fair* was brought out, and *Titmarsh* became famous. The curiously neat handwriting is occasionally given in fac-simile, and the letters are illustrated by views and reproductions of the writer's sketches. The Scribnerian venture improves as it progresses; the *Thackeray Letters* alone are well worth the price of the number.

"THE OLD HAND."

"AH! IT'S A NASTY PLACE! I REMEMBER IT WELL! SHOULDN'T I LIKE TO MAKE IT NASTIER FOR HIM! OH NO, NOT AT ALL!"

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

V.—The Man with the Hump.

(Being the Sequel of "The Wideawake Beauty.")

You have heard how the Wideawake Beauty was born, and how the Fairy predicted, to the grief of all, that she would marry a Man with a Hump.

Now, you must also learn that a Scotch Fairy, who was in attendance when the Princess saw the light, had, with the best intentions, presented her with a most fatal gift.

"My child," she said, "you shall never see a joke, and shall be perfectly without any sense of humour."

The father and mother of the Princess thought little enough of this, at the time, because they were occupied with lamenting the destiny which was to unite their daughter to a Man with a Hump.

About this date a neighbouring Queen had a little son, who wore a hunch upon his back, and was besides so far from beautiful, that it was for some time doubted whether he had the form of a human creature. A fairy, however, who was in attendance as usual, assured his parents that notwithstanding his want of beauty, he would make himself agreeable to everybody on account of his great wit and talents. She added that this was not all, for that she had also bestowed on him the power of endowing the person he should love best in the world with the very same qualities.

This was a great consolation to his mother, and no sooner did he begin to talk, than he said the funniest things in such a manner that every one adored him.

Meanwhile, the Wideawake Princess, though in other matters exceedingly acute, was the despair of all who enjoyed a joke. She never saw what there was to laugh at, and in the gravest manner, would discuss, and disprove, any little harmless piece of nonsense or fun that came to her ears. In vain were the best Masters chosen for her, one by one they withdrew in despair. The Princess, as she grew up, attracted all by her loveliness, and her advice was sought on the very gravest matters, *but only then*. The nobles of the Court, afraid of sitting at dinner next a Princess who had never seen a joke, began to travel into distant countries, leaving their estates and domestic concerns. The Princess even argued that there were no jokes, just as she believed that there were no ghosts, because, she said, she had never seen either the one or the other. Meanwhile the Court became so mournful and deserted, that even the Princess (who was extremely sensible, too much so in fact,) felt the gloom.

Often she would wander alone, in haunted places of the forest, wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "Ah, if I could, were it only once, see a joke, even if it were no bigger than my thumb. Ah, I would willingly marry the man who enabled me to see one joke."

While she thus wept at her ease over her hard fate, she perceived a young man of short stature, and with a hump, approaching her, he was at the same time very handsomely dressed. This was no other than the Prince of whom you have heard, but whose name, at this stage in the history, it is forbidden to pronounce. The Prince had fallen violently in love with the Princess, from the portraits he had everywhere seen of her, and he was delighted at so unlooked-for an opportunity of meeting her alone.

Observing, after the first compliments were over, that she appeared very melancholy, he said, "I cannot imagine, Madam, how it is possible for a lady of such beauty as yours to be so unhappy as you appear; for, though I can boast of having seen many handsome ladies, I assure you that none can be compared to you. One who is so lovely should be insensible to every misfortune."

"I had much rather," said the Princess, "be as ugly as you are, and possessed of wit, than be the beauty you praise, and never see a joke."

"Note for 'Things one would rather not have said,'" murmured the Prince, adding, "if that is all, Madam, I can make you perfectly happy."

"By what means?" said the Princess.

"I have the power," said the Prince, "to bestow the gift, not only of seeing, but of making jokes, on the person I am to love best in the world, and as that person, Madam, can only be yourself, it depends on your own will to be the wittiest lady on earth. Will you not buy this gift with the priceless treasure of your hand?"

Said the Princess, who was very wideawake, "I have vowed to marry any man who can make me see a joke. But, before doing aught that can never be recalled, I must ask you to give an example of your power."

"Madam," said the Prince, "your beautiful Christian name is——?"

"Judy," answered the Princess.

"If, therefore, you are enabled not only to appreciate, but to utter a pleasantry, it would be a —— come now, think," said the Prince, putting forth all his magic power.

"A *jeu d'esprit!*" cried the Princess, shrieking with delighted laughter, and clapping her hands. "Oh, I have seen a joke! How *delicious* it is."

"By no means bad for a beginner," said the Prince, and the Princess hurried to rejoice with her friends, and present to them the object of her choice. His nose, which had at first appeared to her somewhat exaggerated, now looked merely aquiline, and gave him a martial and heroic air, his hump was no more than the easy carriage in which men of quality indulge themselves. Her parents were far too happy to be critical, and thus the Princess Judy married Prince Punch, and their offspring was Mirth.

Moral.—Never say die!

GETTING IT PAT.

Dear Mr. Punch,

I have been very much struck by your remark in your last number, that twenty years ago the most anti-British speeches in the Hibernian Dramas of the period were received at the hands of a London audience with the greatest enthusiasm. And they would again, Sir! I have long had by me on my book-shelves a new Irish play annotated with the effects in the auditorium I know would be produced by the situations and sentiments. Asking you to allow me to give you a sample (see below), I remain, Dear *Mr. Punch*,

O'Phalier Shakespulligon.

Scene VI.—*A Court of Law.* Father Tim *in custody.* Enter O'Yardes *the Postawn.*

O'Yardes. Whist now! What are ye afther? Is it meself that sees Father Tim in the claws of the Perlice! Like a beautiful sunset spoilt by two bad haporths of sticking-plasther! [*Laugh.*

Father Tim. Lave it alone, me boy. Ye mane well, but ye cannot help me!

The Colleen Aroon. Oh, Father, it's cruel to say ye in suffering!

The Judge (*sternly to Prisoner*). Once more, Sir! Will you tell me if you ever noticed a haystack at Pat O'Rooney's cottage before his goods were seized in execution? The law forces you to answer.

Father Tim (*very quietly*). I should like to see the law that would make me answer a question that was protected by my cassock!

[*Thunders of applause from all parts of the House.*

The Judge (*awe-stricken but severe*). I do not follow you, but painful as my duty may be, I must do it—you will stay in gaol for a couple of months! [*Sensation amongst the audience.*

Father Tim. Ah, thin, bedad, I shall get my lodging for nothing! (*Roars of Laughter.*) But whist, bhoys, sing me the "*Wearing of the Green.*"

O'Yardes. And if that ould spalpeen of a Judge interferes, why, gag him with his own wig.

[*Renewed laughter in the Stalls and Boxes. The "Wearing of the Green" is then sung, amidst overwhelming enthusiasm, the last verse being encored five times.*

The Judge. This really is very irregular.

Enter Chief Secretary, *suddenly.*

Chief Secretary. Not so. (*To Judge.*) My Lord, you are unfrocked, disbarred (*great applause*), and have no longer a seat on the Bench. (*Renewed cheering from a British audience.*) As for all the rest of you, all you have to do is to marry the girls of your hearts. And now three cheers for *Home Rule; or, Right Mightier than Wrong* (*title of piece—and great cheering*).

[*The Audience join in the shouts, and the Curtain falls amidst a scene of absolutely indescribable enthusiasm.*

P.S. No. 1.—That's the sort of thing! We might make a pot of money out of London, the Provinces, and Colonies, and perhaps do even a stroke of good business in the poor old country itself!

P.S. No. 2.—Think of that now!

There is a blessing on Peacemakers—is there one on Playwrights?

"FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

Principal (*who had made sure of it this time*). "DID 'FYLEM AND WAYTERBIT' SEEM PUT OUT AT MY SENDING IN THE ACCOUNT AGAIN?"

New Clerk. "OH DEAR NO, SIR. MOST PERLITE THEY WERE, SIR. 'SAID THEY 'OPED I 'D CALL AGAIN, SIR!"

ALL IN THE WRONG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with astonishment and indignation several papers in *Punch*, intended, apparently, to cast discredit on that truly noble institution—the London School Board. I can find no language sufficiently strong to condemn the folly and the wickedness of this attempt. Considering all that the School Board has done, is doing, and will do in the future, it almost makes one despair of the cause of progress and humanity. And this is more especially the case as the School Board just at the present time has taken a new and a very startling "departure." Whatever may have been its shortcomings in times past, it is now resolutely prepared to amend them.

On the 17th of the present month (which happened to be Saint Patrick's Day) it was unanimously resolved:—

"That a Special Committee be appointed to consider the present subjects and modes of instruction in the Board Schools, and to report whether such changes can be made as shall secure that children leaving school shall be more fitted than they now are to perform the duties and work of life before them."

The mover of this most wise and just resolution, was of opinion that the children should work with their brains in the morning and with their hands at night, that is to say, English grammar and algebra in the morning, and cabinet-making or cookery at night. Another speaker said:—

"It could not but be felt that the public elementary education had not given the country all that was wanted, for the boys educated in public elementary schools, *scorned all handicraft work*, and wanted to be clerks, while the girls in like manner *scorned all domestic service*."

The motion was agreed to without a dissentient voice.

Are not the members of the School Board, one and all, to be congratulated on the discovery they have now made? Your cantankerous contributors may possibly say they have been a long time about it. But Rome was not built in a *day;* and if, after sixteen years' experience, the School Board are unanimously of opinion that they are on the wrong tack, what can be wiser and nobler than to confess their error? How many years it may take them to get on the right tack is utterly immaterial. What is sixteen years, or twice sixteen years, in the life of a nation? The School Board, at all events, have learned much, although they tell us that hitherto they have taught little to the purpose.

I still notwithstanding have unbounded confidence in, and veneration for the School Board. In the discovery of an unpalatable truth, it is true that they have spent a few millions. But can truth be too dearly bought? I say emphatically, no. The School Board is now about to turn over a new leaf, and I shall wait with patience but with confidence for the result. I remain, Dear *Mr. Punch*, your Constant Reader,

AN INDIGNANT RATEPAYER.

TO SYDENHAM.

(*A Well-wisher's Ode of Advice.*)

O FAIR Sydenham, is then thy glory,
Thy Science, thy popular Art,
Just about, like some mythical story,
To fade on our lips and depart!

Must thou, then, after all thine adventures,
Confess that the struggle is o'er,
Since the holders of unpaid debentures
Will wait for their money no more!

Can it be that they so under-rate thee,
And watch without shedding a tear,
The dread doom that they know must await thee,
When steps in the stern auctioneer.

And yet over the tale I should stammer,
For the thing too cruel would seem,
Should I witness thee brought to the hammer
'Twould be like some horrible dream!

Of thy fortunes a precious reviver,
Were things, ah! to go with thee hard!
Thy big organ bought in for a fiver,
Thy roof sold at so much a yard.

Then imagine thy Courts rent and shattered,
Thy greenery no longer fair;
Thy famed Kings and Queens, too, all scattered,
Knocked down, say, at threepence a pair

See thy quaint Aboriginal races
Subserving a new style of Art,
Now adorning, in clothes, with their graces
Some famed East-End tailoring mart!

All thy triumphs of painter and gilder
Disposed of for what they can fetch;
Thy site in the hands of the builder!
Oh! perish the harrowing sketch!

So, arouse thee! The prospect before thee
Is surely inviting and clear.
Let a spirited programme restore thee
Thy fortunes, this Jubilee Year.

For South Kensington no more competing
Treats thee, her old rival, with scorn.
So do thou, all her tactics repeating,
Set up for thyself thy Cremorne.

Quick, install the required apparatus,
Light up every terrace and glade.
Do thy best. Entertain us and *fête* us,
Thy efforts will soon be repaid.

It mayn't be the precise recreation
That once thou dids't dream to provide,
But *Cremorning* suits this generation,
And borne on the stream thou must glide.

So, wake up! To the wheel put thy shoulder,
And commence but thyself the attack,
Thou 'lt soon tell the debenture stock holder,
Of dividends he'll find no lack.

So, fair Sydenham, see thy lights kindled,
Thy music set up; thou 'lt soon pay,
And thy takings, that once had so dwindled,
Scare all jerry-builders away.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE LINCOLN HANDICAP.—"My! *Oberon!*"

THE BRUMMAGEM OLYMPIANS.

Wonderful Performance of "Joe and Jesse" at Birmingham, in the presence of Her Majesty, who is said to have enjoyed their Entertainment even more than that of "Jock and Jenny" at Olympia. Wednesday, March 23.

Mem. by a Midlander.

Victoria, in the mighty Midland town,
Found nought the tide of loyalty to stem.
One of the brightest gems in England's Crown,
She, after all, may find a Brummagem.

The Days of Chivalry Returning.—There's to be a Jubilee Tournament at Olympia. Already the Men in Armour who figure so bravely on Lord Mayor's Day have sent in their gauntlets as a token of their willingness to do combat for the Queen of Beauty. Who is to be the Queen of Beauty? How will this be decided? By Ballot? *Rowena* is already considering her costume, and *Isaac of York*, now residing within call of the principal London Theatres, is furbishing up his best second-hand King Johns and 'Enries.

A Flat Contradiction.

(Air—"*Merrily Danced.*")

Lord Alcester steps
Up to M. Lesseps,
"Don't mention this £. s. *d.* more.
Retract what you've said.
That cheque wasn't paid,
By Beach-em-and-don't-go-to-Sea-more."

Knighthood at Birmingham.

(Air—"*All my eye and Betty Martin O!*")

We thought perhaps he might
Be made a Barrownight,
But this we couldn't calculate for sartin O!
And now a Knight he be;
So here's, with three times three,
For our gallant Mayor Sir Alderman T. Martineau!

A Conservative Opinion.—"The Round Table Conference" is an illustration of arguing in a circle. No end to it.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIII.—"SNAPPY SOMERS."

HE was called SNAPPY for two reasons, firstly because, whether in the hunting-field or "on the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," he was always so faultlessly neat in his "get up;" and secondly, because his temper was so perfectly imperturbable. Men often acquire these nicknames in sheer irony, and one of the most irascible gentlemen in the West of Ireland, in the days when they "blazed," was well-known by the *sobriquet* of Milky Going. His most malignant enemy could not accuse SNAPPY of being snappish in disposition, indeed it was recorded of him, that upon one occasion at a cricket-match, he chanced to tread upon a dog, and instead of the usual formula of "Get out, you brute!" which is wont to escape our lips at such mischance, SNAPPY simply exclaimed, "I beg your pardon." But for all his quiet manner Mr. SOMERS was pretty good all round. He did in his own vernacular most things *a little*, but then his little happened to be better than most men's a good deal. Mr. SOMERS, for instance, rarely said much about his exploits with the trigger; but if you happened to meet him at a country house cover-shooting, you would find that the head-keeper placed him where "the rocketers" came highest and fastest, and, if you had leisure to observe his performance, would notice that there were few birds sailed over his head that were not satisfactorily accounted for.

About his hunting achievements he was similarly reticent. Some one of his friends when a frost stopped the fun and sent hunting-men up to town. would exclaim:—

"I say, SNAPPY, you'd a real good thing with the Quorn, the other day, hadn't you? Were you out?"

"Yes, nice gallop;" but he would not mention that he had "set the field," and had the hounds to himself for about a quarter of an hour.

A neat, slight, fair-haired little man, with quiet manner and low-toned voice, one would hardly suspect him of being one of the boldest riders that ever crossed a country, and most assuredly you were not likely to gather it from his own lips, and yet he was a steeple-chase jockey of some celebrity. SNAPPY SOMERS perhaps rode more queer-tempered horses in the course of the year than any gentleman rider in the country. His patience and determination were invaluable on animals of this description.

"Glad you won your money," was his reply to an enthusiastic follower, who had supported him successfully at Sandown. "You're rather lucky, for I nearly made a mess of it. I should never have let GEORGE MORRIS get so near me at the finish, if I had known it."

"Pooh! what did that matter?" rejoined the other.

"Matter!" replied SOMERS. "*He can ride my head off!*"

He is to be seen on every race-course in the racing season, but is more given to frequent the paddock than the lawn. He is never seen in the betting-ring, and is not given to air either his opinions or speculations on coming events, and yet he is a man who is constantly in possession of very accurate information. Ask him what is to win, say the Derby, and he will tell you that he is no good at conundrums, but if pressed by his intimates, will admit that he has heard Macaroon, it is thought by those connected with him, will run well, and further cross-examination by the *privileged*, may elicit the fact that he has thrown away a pony upon it himself. One of his chums is wont to say—"I'd rather follow one of SNAPPY'S 'thrown away ponies' than another Johnnie's certainty."

He is usually up in town more or less all the season, though the exigences of racing call him away for a few days pretty frequently; is much given to attending the meets of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs, where every one seems to know him, and he is very often to be seen on the top of one of the drags. His friends are wont to make much of him and he is a pretty constant diner-out, though a most abstemious one, but he eschews crushes and never sets foot in a ball-room. Next to being at the head of the first flight when hounds are flying, his chief delight is "screwing home an outsider" at *Sandown or* Kempton Park; still there is not a trace of horseyness in his ordinary attire, and, judging by his usual conversation, he knows no more about turf matters than a Bishop. His racing get-up is the perfection of dandyism, indeed his friends go so far as to say that "SNAPPY don't care what sort of a brute he rides, but that he can't stand an ugly jacket." "Rather too pretty to be a workman," said the sporting fraternity, when he made his first appearance, "between the Flags;" but they speedily changed their opinion, and whatever Mr. SOMERS' mount may be, it is always regarded with a certain amount of respect.

Still, for all his imperturbable temper, SNAPPY SOMERS could administer a quiet rebuke to pushing people, when they at times took the liberty of asking him whether he "fancied his chance" without any acquaintance to warrant the question.

"The state of the betting," he replied, on one of these occasions, "would best indicate my prospects; as for myself, I have not as yet set up as a prophet."

SOMERS, perhaps, gets as much fun out of life as most men. He is not rich, and he has doubtless one or two extravagant tastes. Neither hunting nor racing are the amusements of a poor man; but, a light weight and a fine horseman, he gets the riding of a good many other men's horses, which helps out his own rather limited stud, and gives him the command of quite double the hunters he actually owns.

Racing the same; by dint of a shrewd head and the assistance of some valuable hints from his numerous turf friends, owners, trainers, &c., he manages to about pay his expenses every year, and so have his fun for nothing, while he always vows that though he does not so much as own a flower-pot, thanks to his friends, he enjoys as good shooting as any man in England. This, though, is due in part to himself. *He can shoot.*

He is a quiet, somewhat taciturn man, and this may be one cause of his popularity. It is astonishing how appreciated a good listener is by those whose tongues are oiled. SNAPPY is not given to those histories which some men dedicate their declining years to retailing. He has only one story, which it seems incumbent on him to tell at stated intervals.

"Some fellows are always in rows," he will observe. "I can't conceive how they manage it. Never get into rows myself, never got into one but once, that though, was a scorcher. How was it? Well, it's a good many years ago now, 'twas down at Derby races, and after dinner I strolled into the suburbs with a pal, to smoke a cigar and get a little fresh air. Suddenly two or three fellows passed us, one of whom jostled against me, and knocked my hat off. In my politest way I requested him to pick it up, he replied by a loud guffaw, I rejoined that if he didn't pick it up, I'd make him. There was an immediate cry from his friends of 'A ring! a ring!' and my opponent, taking off his coat, said he'd like to see me do it."

"Well, I rather fancied myself with my hands at that time. I'd been taking lessons in town, and thought I should rather astonish the yokel. He was much about my own size, and we at once set to in the summer moonlight. I pretty soon discovered I'd caught a tartar, and though I certainly had pasted him a bit, I was getting most terribly knocked about myself. After four rounds I began to think of following out the advice contained in one of WHYTE MELVILLE'S stories, and tell my backer to give my opponent's second a sovereign to take his principal away. All at once a gentleman came out of the crowd, and said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir, but your friend is not worth a cent as a second; if you'll let me act for you, you'll thrash that chap yet.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'I'll go on, if you think so; but my impression is, I've had about enough.'

"'Not a bit of it. He's nearer done than you are. Let me look after you, and you'll beat him yet.'"

"And you licked him!" usually exclaims his auditor at this crisis.

"Not exactly," will rejoin SNAPPY. "*I was licked, but he gave in!*"

It turned out afterwards that he was a professional pugilist come down there to train.

A PROPOSITION AND A RIDER.

COINCIDENCES
One now and *then* sees.
As with that hero
Squire PINERO.
Was *P. M. G.*,
"Going for" *She*,

As plagiarised,
Wrongly advised?
In laying stress
On poem in *Jess*?
Was RIDER HAGGARD
Very much staggered?

Will he reply,
Telling us "why"?
Or deem it best
To let it rest?
P'raps, as no talker,
RIDER says "Walker!"

FRESH LAID EGG-SAMPLES FROM THE CREMERIES.—What's an egg unless you can crack it, and get at its inside? and how to crack it without a cracker? From the Regent Street Cremeries, Easter Eggs and Crackers are supplied together. Eggs and Toys too, "*C est à Toy*," is the motto in fine old Anglo-Norman French; likewise scent-bottles inside sent with the eggs. Great pleasure for children, profit of course for the Cremeries; but also this particular branch of industry affords occupation to many who, without it, would not be now able to look forward to a Happy Easter.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.*

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

VI.—Puss in Boots.

There was a Miller once who had three sons, and when he died, he left his Mill to the eldest, his Ass to the second, and his Cat to the third.

The owner of the Cat was in despair, "for, when I have sold his body to the pastry-cook, and made a cap of his skin, what," said he, "will be left of my patrimony; or rather, indeed, of my catrimony?"

The Puss, who was just inside the cupboard-door, said, "My good Master, do not afflict me by entertaining such pessimistic, I will not say, such pussymistic views. Pussilanimity never brought a man good fortune. Get me a pair of boots made, and you shall soon have excellent mews of me!"

The young man's first idea was to cut off the Cat's head, supposing that he was the Editor of a facetious periodical suffering under enchantment. But as the Cat assured him that this was not the case, he succeeded, not without difficulty, in procuring a pair of boots for the Cat, which Puss put on without the assistance of a friendly jack from the neighbouring stream.

Equipped in his boots, the Cat entrapped several rabbits and hares, which he carried, with the compliments of his Master, the Marquis of Carabas, to the King's Court. His Majesty, who had lately passed a Rabbits and Hares' bill, had consequently suffered from the total extinction of ground game in his dominions. He therefore warmly welcomed Puss, and entreated to be introduced to the Marquis. The Cat promised that this should be done, and, without explaining what he called (we regret to say) his "purrpuss," he induced the Miller's son to bathe in a stream near the road where the King's carriage would pass. He next concealed his master's clothes, and when the carriage appeared with the King and Princess in it, screamed, "Help, my Lord is drowning!" The attendants rushing to the spot, met Puss, who assured them that, as the Marquis was swimming, his clothes had been stolen by robbers. The King's own portmanteau supplied a splendid suit of velvet, silk and lace, and the amazed young man found himself sitting beside the Princess.

As he was a great reader of good books, he at once understood the situation. The King, who was fond of horses, was driving himself, and the Miller's son had an opportunity of speaking to the beautiful but Socialistic Princess.

"Madam," said he, "let me crave your pardon for an unwitting offence. There is some extraordinary blunder. I am no Marquis."

"I detest rank!" said the Princess.

"I am no man of property——"

"Property is robbery, philosophers say," observed the Princess, with her sweetest smile: "ah! how I wish I could lead the people to recover their own."

"But I *am* the son of a Miller, Madam, a man cursed with a clever Cat, my only possession."

"A Miller! One of the People," said the Princess, her heart now completely enthralled, "oh, would that I were a Miller's daughter!—

It is the Miller's daughter
Has grown so dear, so dear.
That I 've forgot the lady
Hight Clara Vere de Vere!"

sang the sweet Princess.

This was what ladies call "giving" the Miller's son "encouragement." Filled with alarm, he was on the point of leaping from the carriage, when he saw his Cat, flying along the road for dear life, with one boot off and one boot on, pursued by an Ogre.

To spring from the seat, to draw his rapier, to deceive the Ogre's parry in *contrecarte* with a *doublez, dégagez, vite!* and to *riposte* in *seconde*, was, to the Miller's active son, the work of a moment!

As the baffled monster lay bleeding on the turf, he asked him, "why were you chevying my Cat?"

"The confounded brute," said the Ogre, "had got me to show off, and change myself into a mouse. He was just swallowing me, when I regained my original shape——"

"It *is* rather original," said the Miller's son; "I have rarely met an Ogre with three heads."

"And I was avenging myself, and would have caught him, in spite of his boots——"

Here the Ogre expired, and the King, knighting the Miller's son on the spot, implored him at once to marry the Princess, with half the kingdom for her dower.

On condition that she might carry out a purely anarchical programme, the Princess bestowed her hand on the Miller's son, whose behaviour, you will have remarked, was very much more honourable than that of Miller's sons in general.

The Cat, descending from a tree in whose branches he had watched these proceedings, observed,——

"*Moral.*—All 's well that ends well."

ALL IN THE WRONG.

Dear Mr. Punch,

Your Correspondent, "An Indignant Ratepayer," is certainly thankful for small mercies. He speaks with enthusiastic admiration of the discovery just made by the School Board, that the plan of education they have adopted for the last sixteen years is not only worthless but absolutely mischievous. It unfits both boys and girls for the serious business of life, by teaching the one to despise all manual labour, and the other all domestic service. At this most significant conclusion the School Board, without a dissentient voice, arrived on Saint Patrick's Day of the present year, and your Correspondent is jubilant over the result.

Is he, then, an enemy of the School Board? Far from it. He speaks of the Board throughout with unqualified admiration, and he assumes, notwithstanding his experience of the past, that, having confessed their error, they will forthwith proceed to amend their ways. His faith is wonderful; but what are we to say of his discretion?

I, too, *Mr. Punch*, am a ratepayer; I have seen my rates trebled since the creation of the School Board; and I am now told that I ought to thank my stars that, after sixteen years' work, they have at length displayed a glimmering of common sense. There seems to be something ominous in this term of sixteen years, for it appears that it is just for this period that we have been supplying the Army with bayonets that won't stab, and the Navy with cutlasses that won't cut. We are always calling ourselves, though nobody else does, a practical people. But what care we for the opinion of our neighbours, so long as we are happy in the calm contempla on of our superiority?

The unexpected always "happens," so said Beaconsfield, and it seems he was right, for who would have ever dreamed that the School Board would have ever made such a confession as they did on Saint Patrick's Day? But although they confessed much, they did not confess all. They said nothing of the numberless half-starved children whose health has been impaired or ruined by the tasks imposed upon them. Nothing of the hundreds of thousands spent in bullying and worrying their poor parents. Nothing of the money spent in endless litigation. On all such subjects the Board are discreetly silent. They draw attention only to the outcome of their labours, namely the boys and girls whose education has been completed—the survival of the fittest in short,—but who are fit for nothing.

"No handicraft work for the boys, no domestic service for the girls." The boys all want to be clerks; what the girls want to be we are not informed, but domestic service is not to be thought of, so the sooner my wife and daughters take to such work the better. And for this have I paid trebled rates. For this have we been passing Code after Code, and fixing Standard after Standard, to find at last that the whole work must be begun afresh. I too am indignant, as well as your Correspondent, not that the School-Board have been telling the truth, but that they have been so long in telling it.

I protest against my money having been spent in injuring the health of half the poor children in London, and of injuring the morals of the other half.

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,
Another Indignant Ratepayer.

More new-laid Easter Eggs.—This time Sparra's eggs—no Sparagnapane's Eggs. Very pretty; but there 's nothing in them,—at least there wasn't when we saw them, as they 're intended to hold sweets, and they were empty. By the way, we saw them on the first of April, so perhaps, as our German friend observed, the "nozing dat vas inzide dose eggs vas dere fun, I mean dere leedle *yoke*."

THE WAY TO STOP IT · OR, "AS IT IS" AND "AS IT OUGHT TO BE."

"No individuals are to blame, we suppose; it is only the system that is in fault. . . . . Matters will never be mended as long as this theory is tolerated. If the system is bad, and produces bad results, some person or other is responsible for the system, and that person ought to be punished."—*Times.*

British Tar (*indignantly*). "Avast there, Guv'nor! Ain't Nobody to be whopped for this here?"

As it is.

Two Responsible Persons *discovered discussing the Report of a recent Parliamentary Committee, in fits of laughter.*

First Responsible Person. Oh! it quite kills me. What a joke! Here they've got it all out, chapter and verse. Thirty-six thousand of 'em no use whatever. And they want to know who's to blame. Ha! ha! "Who's to blame"! Come, I like that! [*Goes into uncontrollable fits of laughter.*

Second Responsible Person. Yes, that certainly is a good 'un! Why, they'll be wanting to be prying behind the scenes next, and knowing the ins and outs of it. Ha! ha! Don't I wish I may see 'em at it! That's all!

[*Is convulsed, as is also* First R. P., *as Act-drop descends.*

PICTURE SUNDAY.

Artist. "You 'll come and see my Pictures before they go?"

Influential Critic. "My dear Fellow, I never go and see Pictures in Fellows' Studios—it 's such a Bore, you know. Everybody saying the Pictures are too Charming, and too Delightful, and all that!"

Artist's Wife (nervously). "Oh, there 's never anything of that sort in our House—a——!" [*Wishes she hadn't spoken.*

THE LAW OF THE LETTER.

Dear Punch,—Have you an enemy? I believe no; but *if* you had, the following idea would be invaluable to you, if (again) you wanted to hurt him very much. All you have to do is to think of a Charity, and then add sixpence to it, and there you are, don't you know? Say you hate Jones, and you want (so to speak) to poison him, or, at any rate, to deprive him of all happiness and peace of mind. You have thought of your Charity, and you ask him for sixpence. Jones is always a little reticent about giving away money, but he thinks the Jubilee year excuses a multitude of extravagances, so he says you may have his sixpence, and imagines he has got rid of you. Not at all. You then tell Jones you want him to take up the alphabet, "to become an A in search of B's." His "B's" are to get four "C's," and each "C" is to have four "D's," and each "D" four "F's," and so on. The end of it is that the person who started the four "B's" finds him responsible for several hundreds of pounds, divided amongst as many thousand subscribers. And yet it all begins with the apparently simple question, "Can you spare a sixpence?" I would emphatically recommend the answer used by yourself, Sir, in giving advice to those about to marry—"Don't!"

But I am wandering from the point. The mere talk of joining an A B C Association has unnerved me. I must wait until I can recover. In the meanwhile believe me,

Yours warningly, A Member of the Public.

Notes and Gold.

Where is the music grander and sweeter
Than Gounod's beautiful "*Mors et Vita*"?
And here 's a magnificent golden edition
Giving it all, the whole "partition,"
Dedicated to Leo the Pope,
Who 's able to play it by sight, let 's hope,
Published by Novello and Ewer.
We 've not seen anything brighter or newer.
Awaiting your next, this book's twin brother,
We say, "Novello and Ewer—Another!"

The Oldest Ale.—A book has just been published entitled *The Beer of the Bible.* The only Biblical beer of which there occurs any direct mention is Beersheba; and here the two last syllables, "she" and "ba," seem to indicate the service of "Bar-maids." For further information, and as to whether the reading should be "From Dan to Beersheba all is barrel," or not, we refer to the authorities of the Anglo-Jewish Exhibition at Albert Hall.

As it ought to be.

A British Court of Justice. First *and* Second Responsible Persons *discovered in Prisoners' Dock. A Jury of their fellow-countrymen have just by their Foreman delivered a verdict of "Guilty" against them, on a charge of having "betrayed a position of public trust, and thereby endangered the safety of the State."*

Judge (addressing Prisoners). And now it only remains to me to pass sentence upon you, and I must tell you that looking at the heinous nature of your crime, I shall deal as severely with you as the law gives me the power. You have been found guilty as the indictment charges you, with betrayal of a public trust, for, placed by your country in a position of grave responsibility, you have, reckless of all consequences, bartered away its interests and jeopardised its safety. For it is due to your culpable negligence, malversation, or worse, that 36,000 of its sons are at this moment armed with useless weapons, weapons that had they to be relied on suddenly in the outbreak of an unexpected war, would bend and break in the hands of those who trusted to them for the defence of their honour, their country and their lives. And were this by any misfortune to happen, the gallows would be too good a fate for you. As it is, your crime is sufficiently despicable and odious. And as a punishment to yourselves, and as a warning to others, who like you, filling responsible positions, unblushingly take the public money, while they grossly betray the public trust, I visit you with the full penalty the law permits me to inflict. You will be kept in penal servitude for five-and-twenty years.

[*The* First *and* Second Responsible Persons, *overwhelmed with their sentence, are removed fainting from the Court as the Curtain falls.*

Proverbial Saying adapted for Liberal Use.—"Smith may quote Gladstone to his purpose."

NEWS OF THE SLEEPING MAN.

He woke up only for a second. "What sent you to sleep at first?" asked the Doctor. He struggled to reply. One eye opened. The doctor repeated the question. The sleeper's lips were seen to move with an effort. By closely imitating these movements as they seemed to form letters, the Doctor spelt out "r-u-d-d." Then came a hesitation, and, after a pause, the lips worked again, and made "g-o-r-e"—pause—"S-e-c-o-n-d——" "Act!" shouted the Doctor in the patient's ear. The sleeper opened one eye, directed a look full of intelligence at his medical friend, closed it, pressed his hand, and once more relapsed. In his pockets were found Lewis Carroll's *Game of Logic* and *The Hunting of the Snark.* His awful state of somnolence is now entirely accounted for.

A Rap for the Ravens.

Here comes Harry Quilter and preaches once more,
On that old old text, the Decline of the Drama.
This business, good Sirs, is becoming a bore,
More shapes it has taken than Vishnu or Brahma.
The grumblers will have it that all things decline,
Old England itself—unless Fair Trade reprieve it—
Our plays and our pictures, our women, our wine,—
And the public, that also declines—to believe it!

Accommodation for the Unsociable Socialists.—Out-of-door meetings, by all means! Let the Government encourage them in the best and purest air, at any convenient distance outside the four-mile radius. Why not Wormwood Scrubs? We passed it the other day, and the open space there, within a cheap ride by road or rail, is the very thing for the Hyndmanites and Burnsites. Then, what an appropriate name! Wormwood Scrubs! This really is a Happy Thought, which we recommend to the Authorities.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIV.—'Arry at 'Ome.

Dear Charlie,—I picks up my pen with a sort of responserble feel,
As ain't often come over my 'art, though I've seen and I've passed through a deal.
Touch-and-go is my style, as you know, and 'tain't often *I* pulls a long kite,
But a krisis in course *is* a krisis, and ought to be viewed in that light.

When a big-wig—as might be Lord Beakey, or Julyus Siezer, or me,—
Sets down to his Orterbiography,—well, there you are, don'tcher see!
Larks is larks, and a barney 's a barney, but *if* you're a reglar Top-row,
You mustn't play tricks with Posterryty, Charlie old chap, ho dear no!

Infry dig, mate, and *nubbles obleeges*, and that sort o' thing comes in then.
I've been Hinterviewed, Charlie!!! Jest fancy: I'm one of the "Hundred Great Men,"
The "Typpical Cent'ry of Toppers," the *Mudrake* 'as lately picked out
To hillusterate Latter-day England. A nobbyish notion, no doubt.

The *Mudrake's* Young Man—sech a smiler!—he drops me a line, and sez he,
"As a true Repprysentative Man, may I 'ope as you'll kindly agree
To be put, where you ought to be, forrards, front-row, tuppence coloured, A 1?"
Well, it staggers yours truly, at fust; but thinks I, I'll see slap through this fun.

So I tips 'im a note, a offhander in course; that's the reglar swell form;
If yer wants to be took for a topper, yer mustn't be 'arty or warm.
Sez I, "Jest drop in at my diggings, and, if so be all is O.K.,
I'll be game for a 'arf-'our's trot-out, if I 'appen to be in the way."

Jest at present I'm up in the stirrups, I've dropped on the snuggest of cribs,
A spec on the Waterloo Cup turned up trumps, and I landed the dibs.
So my Den ain't so dusty, I tell yer; and when 'Arry hushered 'im in, [thin!"
The *Mudrake's* Y. M. cocked 'is heye, and sez he, "Well, *you* don't spread it

I'd my spur-pattroned dressing-gownd round me, a gold spangled smoking-cap on;
And was smoking a long Larrynarger,—in fack, looked no hend of a don. [*lar!*
"Take a cheer, Mister 'Mudrake,'" sez I. "Shift the bull-pup, and *squattez voo*
Johnny Walker and Washing-day? No? Well then, try this 'ere six D cigar."

Oh, I tossed it off airy, I tell yer. Head uppards, and blow the expense,
Is my motter at moments like these, and I saw the effect was emense.
He bossed round the walls of my bunger low, twigged Totty Twinkle in pink,
And sez he, "You've a taste, Sir, for Art?" I sez, "Rayther, Sir. Wot do *you* think?

"You can fork out yer note-book," sez I. "There 's no call to be bashful with *me*.
I ain't one o' yer thin-skinned high-steppers; sech rot is dashed fiddledeedee.
Give your horders, Gents! Wot's the next harticle? Hage? Well, jest turned twenty-two;
Born at Battersea, father a grocer; perlitikle colour True Blue."

"Ah!" sez he, "you're a treat, Sir, to deal with. Some parties, now, puts on the 'ump,
Talks of privacy, pride, and sech twoddle, as soon as we 'andles the pump. [he.
You're a man o' the world, and know better. Wot's life but a shop-front?" sez
"If yer don't shove yer goods in the winder, wy wot a rare mug you must be!"

"Right you are! We are dittos well dotted," I sez; "that 's a moral, old man.
Some chaps like to bushel their rushlights; I tell you that isn't *my* plan.
Public character? Ho! spare my blushes. Well, there, praps I am, praps I am.
Poppylarity waits upon Talent—that is, when the thing 's real jam.

"I'm a Type? To be sure; don't I know it? I'm built on the same sort o' lines
As Lord Randolph hisself—bless his boko! See there how his photygraff shines.
Nature ain't give me sech prime mustarchers—wus luck!—but if liking makes like,
Him and me and yer true West End toff might be stamped at the very same strike.

"If I only could pull in the ochre, and pile on the lingo like him,
I'd give some on 'em change for a monkey. But there, though I ain't in the swim,
I can pull the same stroke. Tory Demmycrat? Yus, that 's my stripe to a T.
It means 'Arry *plus* Arrystockracy. Wot better 'blend' *can* there be?

"Hedjercation? Well, that 's as you take it. I fancy I'm fair 'in the know,'
And wot I ain't learnt ain't wuth learning. For grammar I don't care a blow,
And Histry 's all grandmother's gammon. In fact, Sir, as I always say,
It 's as oller as last Season's 'andicaps. Give me the weights for to-day.

"Oh! it riles me to hear Bright a-bouncing about the Reform Bill. Wot odds?
Who cares for the last centry's toss-ups? Our mark is to-day's Tommy Dodds.
Life is mostly a game of Blind 'Ookey; the snide 'uns may nobble the pack,
But your Juggins who spouts of fair-play, *never* knows what he 's going to back.

"Hay? Married? Not me; wot do *you* think! Oh, cert'ny, I likes 'em all round;
I'm the pet o' the petticoats, trust me, they suits me slap down to the ground.
Chuck yer eye on them picters, and tell me; and, as for *bong fortunes*,—well, there, [loveliest 'air.
I've a dror in that there shifferneer full of locks of the

"But apron-strings, kids, and short commons for 'Arry the Dasher? No fear! [many a year;
Ain't 'ad my full fling, I assure you, nor shan't 'ave this
Leastways, unless somethink *too* yum-yum turns up unexpected, and then
There must be lots of ochre chucked in, to make 'Arry 'the 'appiest of men.'

"Yus, them pipes *is* a pooty collection; my sticks, too, old man, ain't 'arf bad; [to be 'ad.
Bin hoffered two quid for the lot, Sir, but 'Arry wos not
Wy, that twirly one's wuth 'arf the money,—won that in a raffle, yer know,
When poor Bangs, the Swell Comique, went quisby, ah! close upon six year ago.

"Fine assortment o' photygraffs? Rayther! I've got all the Talent, Sir, there.
There's Beakey, and 'ere's Bessie Bellwood; for Langtree I don't so much care,—
Bin a bit overdone, if you arsk me. Yus, that 's Arthur Roberts, in course;
And her,—she 's the crummiest *Mazeppa* as ever wos strapped on a 'orse.

"Who 's him with the Astrykan trimmings? The Pimlico Pet, to be sure.
Blooming shame as they put down the Prize Ring. Wot more will Old England endure?
Bosh the Turf and the Music-Halls next, the prigs will, I persoom, if they can; [really a man?
And then, Sir, wot larks will be left, for a man as is

"All grandmother's gammon, now, ain't it? Mere muffin-shop muck, and no kid.
Wot 's life, if yer carn't spoon the pooty, lap lotion, or stake yer 'arf quid?
Gar'n! Gives me the 'ump, all this kibosh 'bout morals, and taste, and all that.
My tastes, you'll perceive, ain't Philistian; I'm arristo all round my 'at.

"Purfession? Oh, *I* ain't pertikler; I've tried heaps o' things in my time.
Sort of 'good all round man,' don'tcherknow. I 'ate work, which I 'ope is no crime;
Never knew a true gent as did like it. But Talent will come to the front; [the blunt.
Be you 'atter or general agent, it 's snideness as pouches

"And now 'ave a quencher. Oh, do now! You've trotted me out pooty fair.
'Ope the Public will tumble, that 's all. I 'ave arnswered you quité on the square.
If a sketch of my diggings would 'elp you, you're welcome to take it, dear boy;
That 's the O.K. thing now, Sir, I fancy, and somethink my pals would enjoy.

"I 'ave no marble 'alls nor big palm trees, no mustard-silk 'angings and that,
But this 'ere *toot ensemble* is tasty; with me in this gownd and this 'at, [bers, yer know,
A blowing a cloud on that couch, like a gent in 'is cham-
It won't look so dusty. Wot, orf? Well, ta-ta, if you really must go."

There, Charlie, that 's 'ow the thing 'appened. I think dear old pal, you will own
That I did the whole trick quite *de wriggle*. I knowed I wos bound to get known,
But this 'ere *is* Fame, and no error! As fur as the *Mudrake* can carry,
And that 's wheresomever Swells go, all the world will know all about

'Arry.

FIRST ROUND.

Why do I awake with the lark and burst into song? I am in a profuse state of inspiration as donning my *robe de chambre* and whirling my hair-brushes round my head I carol forth:—

Air—"*My Master is punctual.*"—*Cox and Box.*

The years roll along and another Academy
Freshens me up again, makes quite a lad o' me.
Hail to the President, Frith, Alma-Tademy,
Rivière, Orchardson, Gilbert, Millais,
Herkomer, Dicksee, Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

Here inspiration dries up. The Pierian Waterworks Co. will not stand any further supply. It was fresh and pure from the sparkling fountain-head. But—to the Studios! Away!

"*Caramba!* Sir Frederick, what have we here? Aha! just putting the finishing touches? *Très beaux et grands, tous! n'est-ce pas?*" He smiles a smile that means "Rather!" and continues his work, nervously, under my very eye. True genius is ever nervous, and always ready to take a hint. "If I were you, Sir President," I say, "I'd just give the slightest extra—you see—no, that's too much—no—that's it! Admirable! I congratulate you! That one touch is a triumph! We meet at Philippi!"

Out of deference to Briton Rivière's leonine proclivities, I drive up in a Growler. A tiger in top-boots takes my card; but, says the tiger, grinning, "Master's got a model there, if you don't mind." Mind! why should I mind? Not if there were twenty sitters. So, pushing aside the youth, I run up the marble stairs, and, putting my head in, I call out, pleasantly, "Any beastly pictures, Rivi, my boy?" But, before the words are well out of my mouth, there is a roar which shakes the house, and in another moment the Model has sprung towards the door, where only my head has appeared. In less than it takes to tell this, my presence of mind suggests absence of body as nature's sure preservative, and I execute a double flying leap down the stairs backwards. The little foot-page was there to break the fall, and, fortunately, the fall was the only thing broken.

"It's all right," cries the noble Briton, appearing above. "Don't go away. The brute's chained, the keepers are here, and the red-hot poker is in the fire. He doesn't like strangers—at first."

But I remember I have an appointment, and taking his word for it that he has never painted anything equal to what he is going to send to the Academy this year, I leave. Going out, Mr. Long is passing. I take him by the sleeve. "I've only been two minutes at Rivière's," says I. "Then you've not stopped long," he returns, falling into my trap quite innocently. "Yes, I have," says I, digging him in the ribs. He roars; whether at the merry conceit, or because I was just a little too hard on him between the fourth and fifth rib, I am not quite sure, but I beg him not to roar again, as Rivière might take it unkindly. "I don't think," I can't help saying to my excellent friend, Long, "that Rivière quite likes that sort of chaff; and by making that noise, you see, *you touch him on the roar.*" Long's will be A 1 this year. "It's the subject I promised," he whispers to me, "four years ago." "Aha! Long expected," I exclaim,—"Gone at last!" he shouts, as he jumps into the four-wheeler. In another moment he has vanished, for the man is driving like fury. When he reaches his destination he will find that he has more to pay than he bargained for. It is my four-wheeler.

I look in at the studio of Mr. Burgess, A.R.A. "It is a Spanish-Mauresque subject," he explains. "What shall I call it?" Can he hesitate? "Burgess and Moore." Earthquakes of laughter.

I walk up Bond Street. Three Academicians whom I meet there say they feel it uncommonly hot. No wonder. Do they know where they are standing? No. Why, with their backs to the Gallery where The Furniss is being heated seven times to roast the Academicians. The Artistic Joker is piling it up.

"He ought to display some greengrocery in the window," says H-rsl-y, R.A. "Why?" asks F-d, R.A. "Because," returns H-rsl-y, R.A., bursting with it—for wit, like murder, will out—"he ought to exhibit a specimen of his Arti-jokes!" And not waiting to pick up the pieces that result from this explosion, he jumps into a Hansom with B-rl-w, who just now has a hang-picture sort of look about him, and drives off to the G.N.R. for Manchester.

I look in at Hermann Herkomer's. Before me is a life-like representation of his cousin, the A. R. A., as Slade Professor—not at all slay'd, but very much alive—in his cap and gown at Oxford. "I will call round at the Herr Professor's," I say. I do so. Oh, the clang of the iron! Oh, the gurrr of the saw! Oh, the whirring of the something or other as it chisels the silver! Oh, the hammering, and the building, and the planing, and the music, and the singing, and the noise of the speaking likenesses all talking together! Here is the Herr Professor, M.A., Master of most Arts, and Fellow of All Souls. Bless your arts and souls! Adoo!

Quick to Frith, R.A. Classic as usual. Romans at Ramsgate. Cæsar waiting for his train. Olympia, and scene in the Circus. *Regentum Stretum.* I have time for no more to-day. One more painter,—Potts. No, can't stop. Not for Watts or Potts. "Then," I hear an imploring voice, "don't forget Hallé." "I won't. I'm off,—Hallé—Sloper." And I slope. *H'allez donc!*

BARKER, P.C.

Of our heroes in scarlet no longer vaunt only,
In praise of their gallantry all men agree;
But think of that suburb, that night dark and lonely,
And sing of the courage of Barker, P.C.
A theme for a civic Tyrtæus most truly!
If pluck and devotion are worthy reward,
The Public must see it distributed duly
To men like this genuine "National Guard."
Just picture him creeping, while Cits were fast sleeping,
One man against two, only armed with a stick,
On the trail of brute crime. We rest calm in such keeping.
But Barker, P.C.? One is moved to the quick
At the thought of him lying, mauled, crippled, nigh dying,
Alone on the line in the dusk of chill night.
At home, as abroad, England's flag will keep flying
Whilst citizen heroes can wage such a fight.
We too have our duty, 'tis not hard to hit on;
In honour of courage Bull's hand should be free;
To the Royal Free Hospital Fund * each true Briton
Should pack off his mite for brave Barker, P.C.

* Mr. James S. Blyth, Secretary to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, has undertaken to receive subscriptions in aid of a fund to be raised for the benefit of Police Constable Barker, now a patient there, and—*Punch* rejoices to hear—"progressing very favourably."

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

Mr. Nibbs. Were you at the Potteries the other night, Sir?

Mr. Punch. Meaning the Haymarket Theatre for Mrs. Brown Potter's *début?* No, Mr. Nibbs, I was not; but I sent a Re-potter who informed me that the lady is absolutely an amateur, and therefore I shall defer my visit until—if she have in her the stuff of which real actresses are made—she has acquired such proficiency as time, study, and constant practice alone can give.

"Bringing her out for a run."

Mr. Nibbs. Surely, Sir, everybody must have a beginning.

Mr. Punch. Yes, but there is no necessity for everybody else to be there to see it. For myself, I do not judge by appearances, specially by "first appearances." I think the lady's well-meaning friends were peculiarly injudicious, as such good people frequently are.

Mr. Nibbs. That clever and sprightly Journalist, the London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, blew the trumpet for her pretty loudly.

Mr. Punch. Yes, to drop into verse I should say,

How would she have fared if she 'd had to be judged,
By a critic like what-you-Macaulay?
For the praise she received and which *he* would have grudged,
She is Greatly indebted to Smalley.

The lady may be possessed of some wonder-working charm, and, as we are but ordinary clay, what shall we become in the hands of the Brown Potter?

Mr. Nibbs. When you do witness her performance, I am sure, Sir, your opinion will be given candidly, and your advice will be sound and disinterested. When do you intend to hear her appeal and pronounce judgment?

Mr. Punch. I will give you due notice of the proceedings, and will send you a summons to appear at Potter's Bar. *Au revoir!*

When Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted his *Golden Legend* at Berlin—where its first performance was a failure, owing to circumstances over which the Composer ought to have had some control—four crowns were thrown to him. So that's the value the Berliners put on the work! Four crowns! Hang it, you can't expect much for a sovereign. And, by the way, if the Emperor wasn't there, besides these four crowns was there a sovereign in the house? How Sir Arthur must have even longed to be back again, flourishing his electric-lighted wand among the Savoyards of Ruddy Gore House. Later in the week Madame Albani came to the rescue, and the Berliners must now celebrate the Triumph of Arthur.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Fair Hostess (who piques herself on her knowledge of French). "OH—A—VOULEZ *ENCORE* JOUER QUELQUE CHOSE?"

Satirical Pianist (whose first piece was drowned in the deafening conversation that burst forth as soon as he began). "YOU VISH ME TO PLAY *POUR FAIRE CAUSER LE MONDE?*" *Fair Hostess (rapturously).* "OH! OUI—OUI! *POUR FAIRE CAUSER LE MONDE!*"

[*She supposes he is mentioning some favourite little Composition of his own.*

SALISBURY SISYPHUS.

UNENDING task! The felon doomed to cope
With the huge rock and the relentless slope,
Rejoiced, song says,* in everlasting hope.

And hope lives long indeed, but how sustain
This endless failure, this eternal strain,
That tires the stoutest heart, the strongest brain?

Swift roll the years, and still the ceaseless round,
The toilsome press up the precipitous ground,
The sullen slow ascent, the swift rebound.

Tense sinews, straining shoulders, clinging feet,
In vain urge on a task still incomplete.
How long shall rolling hours the tale repeat?

None other way? Nigh four-score times and ten
In years as many! Soon the hearts of men,
Will madden with the weary watch. And then?

He, the astute Corinthian, subtle, strong,
Who jockeyed Dis and cheated Death so long,
Could cheer his age-long task with gleeful song.

* The Thracian sighed, as, looming through the mist,
The stone came whirling back. "Fool," said the ghost,
"Then mine, at worst, is everlasting hope."
Again uprose the stone.
LYTTON'S Lost Tales of Miletus.

Not Hades' self could tame that merry knave
Who joked with Charon, juggled with the grave,
And e'en at penance piped a jovial stave.

Not so our modern Sisyphus; he hurls
His angry strength against the stone, which whirls
Reluctant up, and rapidly recurls.

How long? And is 't inexorable Fate
That whips him to the task, or doth there wait
Hope somewhere on the path, though seen so late?

RATHER "GASHLY."—Some Welsh people have a good idea of what a Jubilee Memorial ought to be. This is from the *Western Mail*:—

"At a public meeting at Llanwenog, in Cardiganshire, presided over by Mr. T. H. HUGHES, J.P., it has been decided to celebrate Her Majesty's Jubilee in that district by providing a public hearse for the parishes of Llanwenog and Llanwnen. The Chairman, who originated the proposal, was congratulated upon his happy idea, and an Executive Committee was formed to carry it out."

Excellent notion! So full of variety, because such a Jubilee Memorial as this is capable of taking more than one form, not at a time, it is true, but it may take a different form, inanimate of course, more than once a fortnight. The Jubilee in this district will be rather an undertaking. Will they get the eminent tenor, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, to sing the Ode?

REAL APRIL FOOLS.

THEY say March comes in like a lion,
And exits in guise of a lamb.
Such fudge why will saw-mongers try on?
The thing is a palpable flam.
Here 's April the First—such a twister!
It flows, and it snows and it blows.
Wild March has bequeathed to his sister
No soft lamb-like ways, goodness knows.

We 're all April fools who have flattered
Ourselves with fond hopes of the vernal.
We 're bitten, and blasted and battered,
In short, it is simply infernal.
If March makes a baa-lamb-like exit,
The mind for that boon cannot care,
When April—to fool it and vex it—
Comes in like a dashed Polar bear!

THE Prince of WALES opened the College of Preceptors last week. H.R.H. remarked on the absence of any sculpture by BIRCH, and thought that Dean EVE would make the place a Paradise for Preceptors. The PRINCE then accepted the golden key, pocketed it, and forthwith declared the building open.

IF the *Pall Mall*, which will scarcely allow that "many a true word is spoken in *Jess*," keeps on attacking the author of *She*, Mr. RIDER will return from his tour in the East looking rather Moore Haggard than ever.

THE "POTTER'S FIELD."—The Haymarket Theatre.

SALISBURY SISYPHUS.

"UNENDING TASK!" . . . . . .

"SWIFT ROLL THE YEARS, AND STILL THE CEASELESS ROUND,
THE TOILSOME PRESS UP THE PRECIPITOUS GROUND,
THE SULLEN SLOW ASCENT, THE SWIFT REBOUND!"

"NOVEL-SUNDAY."

WHY, *Mr. Punch* would like to know, should not Novelists have their Show Sunday as well as Painters, and admit Society to view the works they have prepared for the opening of the Publishing Season? When this has become a general practice (as will no doubt be the case after a suggestion from so influential a quarter) we shall probably see something like the following:—

SCENE—*The luxuriously-appointed Library of* Mr. POLYGON PLASTICK (*a versatile but imitative young genius, who has not finally decided as yet upon the manner he intends to adopt*). *Various newly-finished MSS. displayed conspicuously upon handsome reading-stands.* Author *discovered in attitude of readiness to receive visitors. Enter a* Gushing Lady, *prepared to admire everything, with unenthusiastic* Husband.

The G. L. (*looking at title of MS.*). This looks charming now. "The Courtship of Parmenas Brown." May we hear some of it, dear Mr. PLASTICK? *Please!*

Novelist. Delighted! It's by way of being a little analytical study, and all that. This is the way it ends. (*Reads*):—

"The state of mind with which PARMENAS, after carefully wiping his boots, and placing his umbrella in the cast-iron receptacle in the passage, entered DAFFODIL GREEN'S little parlour, was curiously complex in its converging waves and cross-currents of incongruous desires. He was conscious chiefly of a pervading uncertainty whether he was glad to be there or sorry he had come, and, whilst felicitating himself upon having at last decided to make a call, he found himself wishing almost earnestly that he had remained outside. The parlour, as he gazed round it, presented few points by which it could be differentiated from other interiors of a similar kind. It had the same——"

Well, I'll skip the description. It's rather long.

"——But to PARMENAS it bore the unmistakable imprint of DAFFODIL'S oddly insistent personality. He was still receiving this impression when she entered the room with that air of hers of unconscious actuality which surrounded her like an atmosphere, and seemed almost to diffuse a palpable radiation. As she stood waiting for him to speak, he was trying to read in her face some suggestion of what he had come to say—but it told him nothing. DAFFODIL was a little fluttered by this unexpected realisation of her highest hopes, but she reflected that she could scarcely be expected to take the initiative. Both had a tormenting sense of being up a mental *cul-de-sac;* unhappily it was not even the same *cul-de-sac.* He began to smooth his hat automatically in the reverse direction of the nap, and she was dimly aware, deep down in the recesses of her consciousness, of being faintly repelled by this harmless mannerism. To escape from it, she swept abruptly to the window, and occupied herself in tending the canary. Ten minutes could not have passed thus, before her thoughts were abruptly recalled to her visitor by the sharp closing of the front door, and, glancing up, she was just able to obtain a passing glimpse of PARMENAS BROWN'S ruffled hat as it vanished slowly down the long dull street. She could not have told how, but she knew by some unerring perception that it had vanished out of her life for ever!

"DAFFODIL resumed her occupation with a faint sigh; she had realised that, henceforth, Life for her would be summed up in attending to that canary, but it did not occur to her to rebel against her destiny."

You can see, I daresay, whose influence I was under when I wrote that?

The G. L. Oh, *yes*, DICKENS, of course! only so much more refined! (*Sees she has made a wrong shot.*) How stupid of me, I meant THACKERAY—just his touch. But then they both belong to the same school, don't they?

Novelist (*disgusted*). I'm sorry you think it's like THACKERAY,—it's a study in the American manner.

The G. L. (*unabashed*). And that is the only *true* manner, is it not? But *do* tell me, does the poor canary *die?* I'm *so* interested in it all!

Novelist (*suppressing a groan*). The conclusion leaves the heroine *with* her canary—that is the note of her future life, the whole thing is a subdued tragedy; what might have been, and er—*wasn't*, don't you know. But here's something I hope you'll like better—my latest manner. I own to being rather pleased with it. (*Reads*):—

"Just then I happened to open my eyes, and there, at the entrance to the *zereba*, I beheld a sight the loathsome horror of which curdles my blood to think of even now! For, crunching and smashing through the prickly mimosa as though it were a bed of parsley, was advancing a hideous brute, its massive plated sides gleaming a mottled purple, and edged with a fringe of coarse hair, which shone iridescent in the radiance of the patent night-light by which our camp was illuminated. It was an enormous lobster, about the size, I should say, to make a rough guess, of a Hansom cab-horse, and I had only to look at its projecting and blood-tinged eyes, from which the light of intelligence had long departed, to feel sure that the vast crustacean was in an advanced state of maniacal frenzy! It was a sickening spectacle as it crawled on, its great jointed antennæ dimly visible between me and the stars, its gigantic pincers outstretched with a blind groping action infinitely horrible to look upon! I tried to sing out: 'Mind your eye, you fellows!' but the words refused to leave my parched throat, and before I could ejaculate a syllable, the beast, with one contraction of its formidable claws, had nipped off the foot of poor UNKI DORUM, as a man clips the end off his cigar. As I write, I can see the severed sable foot of my faithful attendant as it went hopping over the sand—for all the world like a freshly landed chub! I had no time to lose, and tearing open the tourist knapsack I had purchased in Piccadilly under happier conditions, I rummaged out a bottle of the salad-dressing, without which I never travel. The unearthly scream of the creature as I flung the contents down its foaming jaws, rings in my ears yet!" . . . .

The G. L. How sweetly pretty! You have the gift of pathos, dear Mr. PLASTICK!

Novelist (*aside*). Hang it all! "*pretty*," and "*pathos!*" And these people are supposed to take an interest in Literature!

Husband. But do the lobsters really grow to such a size out in those parts?

Novelist. I may have exaggerated a little, but they are certainly all very fine and——(*recollecting himself*) I beg your pardon, really. I don't know what I was going to say.

The G. L. (*from a corner*). Oh, here is quite a little *gem*—"A Summer Idyll!" Do read us some of it!

Novelist (*carelessly*). Oh, *that?* That's a little pot-boiler I've done for the *Home Garland*. But I'll give you a specimen of it with pleasure. (*Reads*):—

"Supporting with one muscular arm the slender figure of the unconscious girl, with the other he opened his artist's umbrella, and stood calmly awaiting the onset of the infuriated animal, which was now rapidly careering in his direction with lowering horns."

The G. L. Is it possible that you don't *feel* that it is the greatest thing you have *ever* done, Mr. PLASTICK? Such character-painting, such truth to nature, such originality. Why, that single passage places you amongst the Immortals. Don't contradict me—I'm *sure* of it!

Novelist (*annoyed*). Glad you like it, I'm sure. (*Aside.*) It *is* odd they can't admire the right thing the right way!

OUTSIDE.

The Husband. Well, I must say you did lay it on pretty thick, CECILIA!

The G. L. One has to say *some*thing, you know, and I really didn't think the "Bull" was so *very* bad, it was rather original—for poor Mr. PLASTICK. The others of course were *dreadful!* But we've got eleven more Novelists to do, dear. Hadn't we better take a Hansom?

Surely our Novelists will no longer deny themselves the stimulus of such encouragement and appreciation as this, and *Mr. Punch* feels tolerably certain that the Painters will unselfishly consent to relinquish in their favour the monopoly they have hitherto enjoyed.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Reviewed by D. Crambo, Junior.

Route Marching.

A Review on a Large Scale.

Troops of All Arms.

Relieving Guard.

Feeling "The Enemy."

Presenting Alms.

Bill-letting Accommodation.

Out-post Duty.

"THE NEWS."

Season-Ticket Holder (airily). "'Morning, Station-Master. Anything Fresh?"

Station-Master ("bit of a Wag"). "N-no, Sir, not that I've——Ah!—yes—now I think of it, Sir—that's Fresh Paint you're leaning agai——!"

[*Violent Pas Seul, with language to match!*

NOBODY.

"Nobody to blame."—*Official Shibboleth.*

Nobody? Faugh! The glosing lips
Which shape the custom-honoured lie,—
The stale excuse, which sleekly slips,
With all the false facility
Of maudlin drops from *Mawworm's* eye—
Those lips—will no one rise and smite
The falsehood back, till, chilled with fright,
They take the traitor's tell-tale white?

Will no true man in all the land
Make false official mouths to feel
The buffet of Truth's mailéd hand,
And shrink from the avenging steel?
Lack we the manhood that should heal
The canker clinging like a curse
That saps our strength, that drains our purse,
And works us woe from worse to worse?

"No one to blame!" That cry arose
When England's bravest, undismayed,
Sank gravewards 'midst Crimean snows,
By their own countrymen betrayed;
Before the enemy had laid
One flout upon them, doomed to die
By household traitors,—there descry
The hideous harvest of a lie!

There harpy Trade and fool Routine
Together struck unholy hands.
Still the curst compact holds unseen;
The huckstering ghouls in ravening bands
Hunt darkly, and no power withstands.
Corruption's taint is on the air,
Its trail is hidden everywhere.
What fate is it these pests prepare?

Shame, shattering shock, and final fall!
The oak heart-gnawed by inward rot,
Though greenly spreading, tower-tall,
When the winds wake resists them not.
Rouse, England, rouse! A traitorous plot
Lurks in your midst. These broadclothed knaves
Would sell for gold—the sordid slaves!—
The very flag that o'er them waves.

Be not their dupe! The thieves are smug;
Have you not seen them smiling stand
Straddling on your domestic rug?
Who'd think your guest's soft-sliding hand
Would close on bribes? Yet no wild band
Of black banditti have such skill
At ruthless theft, so surely kill,
Or work a tithe of their deep ill.

Wake! High-perched Judases abound
In well-paid places, unsuspect.
Corruptions which they radiate round
The shaken commonweal infect;
But if their trail you'd fain detect
Trust not the sleek official mind,
To truth conveniently blind,
To *Pangloss* pratings ever kind.

The Trader-Traitor, base of soul,
As false Tarpeia, lies, and lurks,
For gold blood-purchased. Lynx-eyed mole,
In darkness subterrene he works,
Yet *sees*, too well. He steals, yet shirks,
With chuckling ease and heart elate,
The hemp or lead a shrewder State
Would make the crawling traitor's fate.

Him lies protect, false verbal mists,
Which on the House like opiates fall,
From dull routine's apologists.
No one to blame! No hand at all
Wrought what blunt Roman tongues would call,
The Deed of Shame. Is it *not* such,
When British fingers crook to clutch,
Blood-money Judas scarce would touch;

The tainted gold which is the price,
Of poor men robbed, of soldiers slain?
Oh, for some hand which like a vice,
Fraud's throat should grip, and ease the pain,
That racks the patriot heart and brain,
By choking out greed's reptile life,
Deadlier than the assassin's knife,
That battens on a State at strife!

Who cares what Party, Creed, or Class,
Produce the man? A Man we want,
Who straight to honour's goal will pass,
Down-treading falsehood, crushing cant,
Magnanimously militant,
Rending the webs State sophists weave,
The smug evasions fools believe,
The fables fashioned to deceive;

A flail for fools, a scourge for knaves.
England, heart-sick of sinuous ways,
The coming of a champion craves,
True as the steel old singers praise,
The British steel of other days,
Ere bending bayonets smirched its fame,
Or office hacks, to hide the shame,
Shaped the base lie, "No one to blame!"

PENNY AND SOU!

(*Design for Historical Cartoon.*)

JOHN BULL TURNS OUT FRENCH SOU, AND TAKES HIS FAITHFUL PENNY TO HIS HEART.—*Decree, March* 30.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 28.—RANDOLPH back to-night. Took up old position in comforting contiguity with Treasury Bench. Catching sight of him there, toying with his moustache as of yore, seemed as if nothing had happened during the last two months. Believe that much has happened. RANDOLPH unusually reticent. Wears regular diplomatic air. Fancy he is silent only because he thinks the more. CHAPLIN very uneasy, though he tries to face the position with a laugh.

"Don't suppose, TOBY," he said, "after your visit to the DEY, that RANDOLPH did much at Algiers, and I'll answer for the Prince of MONACO."

T. D. S-ll-v-n.

It's all very well to put a bold face on it. But Our Chief, in his heart, believes he's been circumvented, and that his great plot will never ripen.

House crowded again from floor to topmost tier of Gallery. Lord Mayor of Dublin, fresh from Channel passage, rushed in with notes of what proved liveliest speech of debate.

At pretty early hour BALFOUR rose to bring in what is proudly spoken of as the Eighty-Seventh Coercion Bill. Spoke for two hours and half, amidst running fire of sarcastic commentary and bitter laughter from Parnellites. Speech would have been three times more effective if it had been two-thirds shorter. JOHN DILLON very angry at this prolixity. So vexed, indeed, that in denouncing it he spoke for three hours; thus the two first speakers in debate carried House on till half-past ten. (Gave notice to-night to move for an estimate of the probable duration of debate if there should be only fifty Members taking part in it, and all the speeches in length equal to two first.)

At question-time SMITH informed anxious inquirer that there would be no Easter holidays until Second Reading of Bill was passed. TIM HEALY says it's no use mincing matters. If Government mean to stick at it till Second Reading is passed, Members may be prepared to spend Whit-Monday in the House as well as Good Friday. Signs of revolt in Conservative camp. CAVENDISH BENTINCK says he's a good party man, but if anyone tries to prevent his going to church on Good Friday, they must take the consequences. "Always voted for House sitting at Two o'Clock on Ash Wednesday, so that my friends might go to church, and not going to give up the privileges of Good Friday." Earnestness of good man quite affecting. Moreover, it may prove contagious, and the Government may find themselves checked from unexpected quarter.

Business done.—Leave to introduce Coercion Bill moved for.

Nurse Cadogan introducing the little Land Bill.

Tuesday.—House filled up again to hear GLADSTONE resume debate on Coercion Bill. A large proportion waited to hear GOSCHEN, who followed dangerously close on the dinner-hour. But already signs of weariness. House pretty well empty for rest of sitting. AUSTIN, new Member, had curious experience. Made usual little appeal for indulgence of new Member, then looking forlornly round benches, remarked upon their desertion. Up jumped Irish Member and moved that House be counted. AUSTIN'S speech accordingly interrupted till count took place; after which Members fled again. When AUSTIN resumed, pretty to observe his anxious avoidance of allusion to condition of the House. In fact, by some delicate touches managed to convey the impression that on the whole he was a little incommoded by the crush.

Sir E. B-t-s.

GLADSTONE still in good voice. Ablaze with energy. A little embarrassed by necessity of nicely observing personal relations with old colleagues. House observed with curiosity how he alluded to HARTINGTON as "the noble Lord the Member for Rossendale," to HENRY JAMES as "the Right Hon. and learned Gentleman the Member for Bury," whilst of CHAMBERLAIN, who sat near, he spoke as "my Right Hon. friend the Member for West Birmingham." The Conservatives began to smell rats. BATES, indeed, declared he could see them moving in the air, and growled scornfully in recognition of phenomenon.

GOSCHEN, not yet accustomed to officially regard GLADSTONE as political adversary, a little hampered in speech. Interrupted, as usual, by the Parnellites. TIM HEALY kept up consistent fusillade of interruption.

"TIM," said KING-HARMAN, "reminds me of *Miss Miggs*, in the parting scene with the blacksmith's family, with her "Ho! good

gracious!" and her "Ha! would you!" But then KING-HARMAN is a disappointed man. Since debate on Coercion Bill began, has spent most of his time in walking up and down before the Irish Benches, trailing his coat, and, with genuine pathos, inviting some one to tread on it. Has, specifically and individually, in hearing of Members, asked Dr. TANNER to "Come out." TANNER, however, thinks he's safer inside, and declines well-meant invitation. KING-HARMAN a full-blooded man. Consequence of disappointment might be dangerous save for happy thought of CHARLIE BERESFORD. Has rigged up in Cloak-room a dummy "figger," presenting resemblance that is a cross between TIM HEALY and TANNER. As a work of Art not above mediocrity; as a relief to KING-HARMAN'S feelings priceless. After five minutes with the "figger" KING-HARMAN returns to his seat comparatively cool. When paroxysm comes on, off again to Cloak-room, and more play with the "figger." Well enough, he says, But he'd rather have five minutes on the Terrace with TIM or TANNER in the flesh. *Business done.*—More debate on Coercion.

Thursday.—Pretty to see BALFOUR to-night gracefully reclining on Treasury Bench, ostensibly making notes, but really fixing Irish Members with watchful eye. On Tuesday report current that infernal machine had been sent to CHIEF SECRETARY by Parcel Post (stamps omitted). HARCOURT much excited on hearing news. "This will try BALFOUR," he said. "Nothing shows so sharply what mettle a man's made of as to receive an infernal machine with morning letters. Remember when I was Home Secretary had one delivered in my room at House. An interesting-looking box. What did I do? Lose my presence of mind? Not a bit. As soon as I saw box on table, hastily left the room, softly closed the door, sent for Inspector DENNING, and ordered him to carry box away and have it opened in a remote chamber. Turned out to contain a rusty pistol with broken trigger. But that's neither here nor there; presence of mind's the thing. Wonder how BALFOUR behaved."

BALFOUR no chance of distinguishing himself. Infernal machine did not reach his hand. Taken up by police; opened with great precaution, found to contain small bottle used for homœopathic medicines. Now filled with red tooth-powder. BALFOUR suspects Irish Members of the joke. JOSEPH GILLIS too grave a personage to indulge in such pranks; but suspiciously like one of TIM HEALY'S flashes of humour. So BALFOUR, ostentatiously taking notes of Sage of Queen Anne's Gate's speech, keeps his eye on Irish camp, watchful for any chance disclosure of guilt.

"Go it, little 'un!"

Long and not particularly lively sitting in Commons. Sage's speech full of point. Lost some effect by strategic absence of HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN. At One o'Clock in the morning breeze unexpectedly sprung up. PARNELL moved adjournment. "Very well," says SMITH, "but we'll bring matters to conclusion to-night." Up sprang HARCOURT in best earthquake form.

"This is the Closure," he thundered. "You take the SPEAKER'S name in vain, and threaten us with the Closure."

SMITH came forward to explain; HARCOURT wouldn't give way; so two stood glaring at each other across the table. "HEENAN and SAYERS over again," said PITT LEWIS. "Go it, little 'un. I'll back SAYERS."

House on both sides roared and yelled. Scene lasted a full minute, till SPEAKER interposed, and both combatants dragged off by their friends. After this, Members, who were growing wearied, went off home greatly refreshed. *Business done.*—More debate on Coercion.

Saturday, 3 A.M.—All over, even the shouting. Half-past twelve last night, motion made to Adjourn Debate. GLADSTONE seconded it. Uproarious cheers, that greeted him from Liberal side, woke up HARTINGTON, who had gone to sleep balancing his hat on bridge of nose. HARTINGTON opposed motion for Adjournment. HARCOURT went for HARTINGTON. More speaking. House divided, and Adjournment negatived by 107 votes. DILLWYN moved Adjournment of House. SMITH appealed to GLADSTONE to stop further opposition. GLADSTONE declined. Another division. Government majority rose one. AKERS DOUGLAS smiled. Everyone knew what would come next. SMITH'S appearance at Table hailed with howls from Irish camp, and cheers from Conservatives. Moved the Closure. Members rushed hotly down to floor, making for Division Lobbies. GLADSTONE rose, and moved towards "No" Lobby. Instantly dense crowd going in that direction parted right and left, and GLADSTONE walked through the living line amid deafening cheers and waving hats. Closure carried by majority of 108. Main question, that "leave be given to bring in Bill," put from Chair, whereupon Opposition rose as one man, and left the House. So the Coercion Bill was brought in.

VERY HARD LINES.

HOW THEY WERE WRITTEN TO ORDER.

(Leaf from a Laureate's Diary.)

9 A.M.—Bother the Jubilee! What, in the name of fortune, can one do with such a rubbishing subject? But here's MACMILLAN waiting, and I haven't done a single line yet. Must get something put on to paper, if only to quiet him. But how on earth to begin! Get in "fifty" somehow. Want fifty somethings that come but once a year. Christmas? Good. That suggests Clown. I have it.

Fifty times the Clown has grinned and tumbled.

No. That won't do. It's too shoppy, stagey. Has a *soupçon* of the *Promise of May* about it. Wants something wider. Ha! The Row, suggesting the Season, of course.

Fifty times the Row has filled and emptied.

No. Don't like it. Reads as if I was talking of a cistern. Too heavy. Try something lighter. Pastry? Feathers? Flowers? Ha! *that's* it. Flowers, of course. Here, I've got it!

Fifty times the Rose has flowered and faded.

Anyhow, *that'll* do to go off with. Let's see. I want fifty something-elses to follow it up with. What shall it be? Cartloads? Handfuls? Armfuls? Autumns? Harvests? Good again. Not that there's any precise connection between them; but one must stick down something. How'll this do?

Fifty times the golden harvest fallen.

Yes, that reads all right. Is there any other way of putting "fifty"? Yes, "twice twenty-five." But that won't come in. Then there's "four times twelve and a half." No; that won't do. Enough "fifty." *Now* we want some allusion to HER MAJESTY. Must get in a "since." I have it, "Since our QUEEN assumed." Capital. Here you are!

Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

Come; that's a beginning anyhow. Three lines! But they've quite dried me up. Besides I can't go on in blank verse like this. Don't feel up to it. Must try another metre. What metre? And then what on earth am I to say in it? I haven't had such a job as this for a long time. Could weep over it. A precious Ode I shall make of it.

For though I, know not anything,
Yet must I not my lot upbraid;
Since as the Laureate I am paid,
And, being paid, am bound to sing.

But, "a glass of sherry, will make me merry." I'll try one.

* * * * * *

6 P.M.—Confound the Jubilee Ode! Have now been at it all day, and am floundering worse than ever. Have got in something about illuminations, sanitary improvements, subscribing to a Hospital and Penny dinners, and given a kind of back-hander to GEORGE THE THIRD, but who, on earth, I refer to as the "Patriot Architect," and what I mean by asking him to *Shape a stately memorial, Make it regularly—no, "regally"—gorgeous, Some Imperial Institute*, I don't know. But if I arrange it in parallel lines it will look like poetry, and that'll be near enough.

Feel I'm making a horrible hash of it. Might go for a turn on my bicycle. May clear my head. Might try it. Will.

* * * * * *

Have dined, and now, at 9 P.M., have again settled down to it over a pipe and a glass of grog. Am in a more hopeless muddle than ever. Trying to bring in everybody in a kind of wind-up appeal. But look at this,—

You the snubbed, the unfortunate,
You, the Lord-Undertaker,
You, the Lord Omnibus-Conductor.

That doesn't seem to run very well, but it's the kind of idea I want to work in. Don't seem able to manage it.

You, the Lady-Amateur Actor?

No, *that* won't do! Shall never get it done to-night.

* * * * * *

10 P.M.—After awful hammering, managed to knock off two more lines. Head spinning, but must stick to it. Feel I've never turned out such stuff in my life before. Hopeless!

* * * * * *

10·30 P.M.—Two more lines screwed out. But *what* lines! Won't scan, and as to rhyme,—ha! ha!—catch me rhyming to-night!

* * * * * *

11 P.M.—Have come to a dead stand-still. Equal to it. Have had recourse to *the wet towel*. Refreshes me. Ha! I see light. Happy thought! As I can't do it in verse, why not write it all in prose, and then cut it up into poetry afterwards? Sure to get out up when it appears. Why not do it myself first? I will. Anyhow, here goes.

* * * * * *

MIDNIGHT.—Done it! Labelled it *Carmen Sæculare*. Looks all right, but quite the toughest piece of work I've ever had to turn out. Posted it to MACMILLAN. Hope he'll like it.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when* accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

Mr. Punch's Poet has been laid up lately with an acute determination of prose to the pen—a complaint to which bards are rather liable at this season of the year. In proof of his convalescence he presents his pupils with a little Sporting effusion, which will almost recite itself, and is entitled:—

JUNIPER JEM.

Yes—(*rather aggressively, as if somebody had just said it wasn't*)—Steeplechasing is stirring sport, and the most exciting events of all
Are at Purlingham Park, when the field is large, and the ditches deep, and the fences tall.

And I for one shall never forget, till my brain is blurred and my eyes are dim (*pass hand over brow and blink.*)
The day that *Dot and Go One* was steered by an infant hero—(*with burst of candour*)—JUNIPER JEM!
(*In tone of easy explanation.*) ROBERT ROPER was down to ride, and we'd backed his mount—for he knew the course,
And, gad, he'd have managed to romp in first if they'd put him up on a rocking-horse!
But out of the paddock the horses filed—and a murmur ran: "It is ROPER's son!
Why, where the dickens can ROBERT be, that he's not in charge of *Dot and Go One?*"
And the devotees of "the Ring and the Book," said many a swear as they saw the lad. [sidered the outlook bad.
While some declared that the bets were off, and we all con-
For *Dot and Go One* was a grand old gee—but a trifle groggy in wind and limb,
And we feared that he wouldn't run up to his form with a child on his back like JUNIPER JEM.
But, ROPER, it happened, was under a cloud, and the Stewards had given him notice to quit,
For a little artistic arrangement in oils he'd endeavoured to paint on the favourite's bit.
"They might ha' waited," his trainer cried, "and warned him off when the race was run!
For where is the party to take his place, and perform as pilot to *Dot and Go One?*" (*Look round room despairingly.*) [last faint hope had gone,
(*Lower key.*) And the silence answered—for no one spoke, till (*brighten up here*) just as the
Came a chit of seven and said: "*I'll* try—(*pathetically*) I am only a child—but (*with modest confidence*)—I *can* stick on!
See, my father's jacket and cap I've donned, and his cords encircle my legs so slim.
(*With a childish frankness.*) They are undersized; I was nussed on gin, which is why they've called me 'JUNIPER JEM!'
But in spite of my size and my tender years, though I've seldom been on a horse before,
I'll keep in the saddle whatever befalls—and the finest horseman can do no more!
And the simple boon that I crave of you, when the post is passed and my duty done,
Is—My father's pardon!" "A bargain, boy!" (*Quietly.*) So they hoisted him up on *Dot and Go One.*

(*Historic Present for following stanzas. Let your delivery be rapid, brilliant, graphic, illustrated, sporting and dramatic—and you can't miss your effects.*)

He has come into line with the pick of the field; the bay, and the chestnut, the strawberry roan,
(*With air of gradual recollection.*) *The Stiffun*, and *Cats'meat*, *Polonia's Pride*, and *Titupping Tommy*, and *Second Trombone.* [skim,
Now they're off with a jump at the fall of the flag, and the top of the hurdles they cleverly
But the boy? (*Dubiously—then with enthusiasm.*) Like a leech to the pigskin he sticks!
And we shout to him, "Bravo, JUNIPER JEM!" (*Brio here—if you know what it is.*)
See yonder! Ha! *Cats'meat* has made a mistake, she has touched her timber—she'sin to the ditch!
And little BILL LARRUP is getting the lead, and urging *The Stiffun* with spur and switch.
[*Work your arms here like a jockey.*
But—(*trembling accent*)—we haven't the heart to look at the child—it is GUNTER's shop to a penny bun
We shall see him off at the water-jump! for he doesn't seem happy on *Dot and Go One.*
(*Lower your voice; suppressed excitement, vivid facial expression*—you *know the kind of thing.*)
They are close on it now, and his stirrups are gone, and—merciful powers! what *is* he about? [*Agonised look at host here.*
There! what did I tell you? They're both of 'em in! Who knows if we'll ever see both of them out?
But—wonder of wonders—look! *Dot and Go One* has scrambled out—and on top of him,
Damp and draggled, but sticking tight, like a game little limpet, is JUNIPER JEM!
Coughing and wheezing, they canter on; there's an awkward post and rails to be passed!
See, *Stiffun*, ah, yes, has refused it twice, and the second time little BILL LARRUP is grassed!
'Tis the boy's turn now, and we hold our breath, and we watch for the daylight—By Jove! there's *none!* (*hysterically*)—
'Tween the baggy buckskins of JUNIPER JEM and the slippery saddle of *Dot and Go One!*

(*Resume more quietly.*)

And the gallant grey is galumphing on, like the scion true of a rare old stock
(For isn't he brother to *Creepie Stool*, and stable-companion to *Golden Crock?*).
There's a brook in front, but he plunges in and strikes out boldly—he's game to swim!

(*Horses don't strike out exactly, but that's nothing in a recitation.*)

And he's shaking himself on the opposite side—but he can't shake off young JUNIPER JEM!
There are only a couple ahead of him now, as he shambles up with a raking stride!
And the poor old *Trombone's* beginning to blow, as he pants in the rear of *Polonia's Pride.*
She is over the five-foot fence like a frog—but the *Trombone's* down and out of the fun.
(*With a yell.*) Now! *cram* him at it, JUNIPER JEM! (*Relieved.*) Well, he's done it *somehow*, on *Dot and Go One!*
One more—and the finish! Now, neck and neck, they flounder over a furze-topped mound;
Polonia's Pride goes down on her knees—(*joy*)—and our noble grey has his nose to the ground! (*Horror.*)
(*Pause—then triumph.*) But he's up the first! with the boy on his back—though we cannot call his condition trim,
And he certainly has a peculiar seat—but he sticks to the saddle does JUNIPER JEM!
There's a roar from the Ring, and a shout from the Stand, as they bucket by with a final burst;
For the mare is beaten by half a head, and the clever old grey is at home the first!
And the crowd are cheering the pallid child, as he capless sits in the burning sun;
"Hip-hip-hooray! for the infant pluck that has scored a win on *Dot and Go One!*"
But the boy replies with a gentle smile, "I thank you all. I have done my part."
(*Keep this modest.*)
"Now I claim the guerdon—a Father's name is dear indeed to his offspring's heart!"
(*Very tender here.*)
And even the Stewards are softened now, and the unshed tears at their eyelids brim
As they pardon ROPER his little ruse for the sake of their promise to JUNIPER JEM.
Then we all of us rush to embrace the boy, and to lift him down—(*with surprise*)—but we strain our backs!
And the child explains, with a simple glee, that he'd rubbed the saddle with cobbler's wax!
"With such a precaution," the cynic sneers, "no wonder the danger he didn't shun!"
(*Turn up your nose disparagingly, then give the last line with a ringing inflection of good-humoured contempt.*)
Well—the answer to *that* is, "*Try it yourself* at Purlingham Park and on *Dot and Go One!*"

The Latest Medical Advice.

Doctor. Rheumatism! Can't do better than have a rubber regularly.

Patient. Where?

Doctor. At home, of course.

Patient. All right, come yourself and bring two other fellows.

And when the Doctor has explained that by rubber he means an expert who'll do the *massage*, the Patient, putting it politely, wants to know "How much am I to allow for friction?"

HOW DOES IT LOOK THIS WAY?

(*Dedicated to all such Theatres as still keep up the irritating Fee system.*)

"WAITER! BRING ME THE *Mend.*"
"*Maynoo*, Sir! YESSIR—*Maynoos* are Sixpence each, Sir, please!"

[**** We refrain from mentioning names at present.]

CONVERSATIONAL INANITIES.

He. "OF COURSE YOU KNOW THE 'HEIR OF REDCLYFFE'!"
She. "I'M NOT SURE. WOULD YOU MIND JUST HUMMING IT!"

IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

Mr. Conybeare.—Shilling *Handbook of Parliamentary Behaviour* with Apologetic Appendix.

Mr. Gladstone.—The "Donnybrook Fair Suit," as advertised, with shillelagh complete, together with directions for acquiring the whole art of dancing the National jig in one lesson.

The Emperor of Russia.—Bullet-proof overcoat, wig for public disguise, and small volume entitled *One Hundred Ways of Governing without Getting into Hot Water.*

M. Katkoff.—Order for one, filled up with the name of M. DE GIERS, for Siberia.

M. de Giers.—M. KATKOFF's head on a charger.

Mr. Bradlaugh.—Comic song, "*I fancy I've made 'em speak out,*" to be sung in the course of the evening with chorus, at the next City Banquet.

Mr. A. J. Balfour.—Set of original Dissolving Views, illustrative of "A happy and contented Ireland" after the passing of the pending Coercion Act.

Lord Salisbury.—New and appropriate music to accompany the same, arranged for the drum and ophicleide.

The Members of the Colonial Conference.—Photographs of each other, embellished with highly complimentary dedications, and a copy of a grand historical and allegorical oil-painting, representing "*The Spirit of Imperial Federation gradually disappearing at the approach of Sir Henry Holland and his Official Understrappers enveloped in Colonial-Office fog.*"

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Statue of Himself, presented to him at his own suggestion, by a Committee of Dames of the Primrose League.

Mr. Chamberlain.—A Trimming Machine, slightly out of order.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Outline of a humdrum Budget that will, when it appears, neither soothe nor startle anybody.

Mr. Parnell.—Toy Target, representing the Editor of the *Times* with rifle and cartridges, for saloon practice complete.

General Boulanger.—Prize Essay on "Reserved Force" and its responsibilities.

Prince Bismarck.—The "Three-Emperor Trick," with directions for performing the same, forwarded with the compliments of the New European Puzzle Company.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—Programme, with Map of Westminster inclusive, of a really pleasant Easter Holiday.

THE MUCH LOWER CHAMBER.

(As it may be in a Year or two.)

SCENE—*The House of Commons.* The SECRETARY of STATE for the COLONIES *rises in a crowded House to propose one of the chief Ministerial Measures of the Session.*

The Colonial Secretary (*dodging a volume of Hansard thrown at him from one of the Opposite back benches*). In introducing, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government—(*derisive howls*)—a Bill for the Better Protection of Life and Property in the Leeward Isles—(*Shouts of "Where's that?"—"Draw us a map of 'em!"—laughter.*)—I feel that I must ask the kind indulgence of the House. ("*You won't get it,*" *and more howling, continued for several minutes.*) It is certainly not usual—("*Yes, it is!*")—for a Minister of the Crown, speaking on his official responsibility—(*Yah!*)—to be liable to interruption——

Dr. Boxer. Mr. SPEAKER, may I put it to you, whether the charge just made, *without any foundation whatever*, against the Opposition, is not altogether unparliamentary?

Mr. Freely. And may I also put it to you, Sir, whether that section of the Opposition to which I belong is not particularly distinguished for the courtesy and kind toleration which it always exhibits to its political opponents?

[*The* SPEAKER *signs to the* COLONIAL SECRETARY *to proceed.*

The Colonial Secretary. I had no intention of reflecting on any gentleman in this House. (*Cries of "Walker!"—"Yes, you had!"—"There are no gentlemen in it!"—"You're another!"—and uproar.*) Perhaps I may be allowed to give a few details with regard to this measure. (*Gives them, his voice being rendered almost inaudible by constant howls.*) I must acknowledge the extreme, the almost unequalled, patience with which Hon. Gentlemen have kindly listened to me. (*Cheers.*) I am aware that I may have presented my case somewhat imperfectly—(*loud cries of "You have!"—catcalls, and laughter*)—but the paramount importance of the preservation of life and prop——

Mr. Freely (*rising in his place*). Humbug! Who cares about life and property?

The SPEAKER, *here mildly intimates that the Honourable Member's observations are somewhat out of order.*

Mr. Freely (*resuming his seat*). It's the COLONIAL SECRETARY who's out of order—bilious, I imagine. (*Laughter.*) Well, fire away!

The COLONIAL SECRETARY (who by this time has entirely lost the thread of his argument) proceeds to contend that life in the Leeward Islands is at present not safe, owing to the incursions of the savage Aborigines—("*Three cheers for the Aborigines!*")—and he must therefore ask—("*Ask away!*"—"*Who are you?*"—"*Yah!*"—"*Who poisoned his maternal aunt?*" *&c., &c., &c.*)—the House to be good enough to pass the Bill without needless delay.

Mr. O'Scorner (*indignantly*). Mr. SPAKER, Sorr! I persave a threat in that remark. The Right Honourable Gentleman is threatening the House.

Dr. Boxer. His language is simply awful, Mr. SPEAKER!

Mr. O'Shy'un. Unpar'lleled except at a wake.

Mr. Funnybeer. It injures my most delicate susceptibilities.

The Speaker. I have not noticed any threat. ("*You never do!*" *and* "*Order! order!*")

The Colonial Secretary (*sarcastically*). It appears, after all, that the point of order which the Hon. Members wished to raise is very like a vanishing point. (*Laughter, amid which two Hon. Gentlemen, who have been threatening for some time to "punch each other's heads," retire outside, and have several rounds in the Smoking-Room.*) As it is perfectly impossible for me to explain the clauses further, owing to the noise which prevails, I shall adopt the plan of having the Bill printed, with a short exposition of the reasons for it, and go home to bed.

[*Does so. After eight or ten more hours of indescribable shindy, the* Sergeant-at-Arms *turns off the gas at the metre, and the House breaks up in some confusion.*

THE GREAT PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

WHO writes for the *Times*?
"I," says DE BLOWITZ,
"I'm 'in the know' it's
I write for the *Times*."

THE TIPSTER.

(Dedicated to Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P.)

COERCION! COERCION!! COERCION!!!

Randolph right again! Sent the correct Tips to all Friends Months ago! Randolph back again in grand old Form! What did he say about Expenditure? What does he say about Smith and Bal-Four-to-One? Who's always Right? Telegraphic and Telephonic Address,

"GRANDOLPH, London."

Keep your Eye on your Randolph, and your Randolph will pull you through!

A Very Fishy Affair.—The Colonial Office reply (which was "hung up" for nearly a year) to the demands of the Newfoundland Legislature that fresh bait should be protected.

Police Intelligence.—They have none! At least such seems to be the view taken by Mr. Justice Grantham of the efforts to discover the Hoxton murderer.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4.—Quite a disturbance in Strangers' Gallery about Seven to-night. Wanted their money back. Said they'd come to House expecting to see Speaker in Chair in wig and gown, whereas it was filled by a gentleman in plain evening dress. Attendants remonstrated with malcontents; pointed out that at the opening of the performance the Speaker was there in full costume. Besides, money is never returned at the doors of Strangers' Gallery; which is, I believe, strictly a matter of fact.

"All is not Flint that looks stony."

It was Conybeare, who was responsible for his incident. Finding nothing to do on Saturday, House being closed, he had attended a public meeting where he brought gross charges of dishonesty against Peel in his high function as Speaker. Probably thought his obscurity and unimportance would shield him from detection. But he reckoned without Our Chief. Nothing escapes that eagle eye, which regards the swelling Universe through an eye-glass. Chaplin heard of the speech, and when the House met this afternoon brought it under notice of Speaker. Speaker, though broken down by physical pain, rose to height of occasion. Nothing could be finer than his lofty scornful, yet half sad, manner of resenting the charge, nor anything better than the matter of his few remarks. Visibly affected John Roberts of Flint. Pricked even the Cappadocian hide of Conybeare, who haltingly endeavoured to show that when he said the Speaker had betrayed his high trust, he never thought he should live to eat his own words. But he did, and Our Chief, having worthily performed his task, left Conybeare to limp back into seclusion. It was after this that Speaker retired. Had risen from sick bed to meet a charge as baseless as it was base.

"Quite enough," as Geni-Davis says, "to make any man's veins swell in his leg."

After this, House, with average attendance of twenty-five Members, had few hours' desultory talk on matters more or less nearly related to Civil Service Estimates. *Business done.*—None.

Tuesday.—Some sensation at Four o'Clock. Gladstone discovered on Front Opposition Bench. General impression that he'd come to read prayers. The Reverend Byng before commencing service looked inquiringly at him. Made no sign. Things took ordinary course, but House remained puzzled. Such an event must portend something. Believe myself explanation very simple. Harcourt has of late with increased regularity secured seat of Leader of Opposition, elbowing Gladstone down. Attendance at prayers secures seat for remainder of night. By early attendance Gladstone got his place, and probably Harcourt will take the hint. *Noo cerrong*, as Joseph Gillis says, not unforgetful of a gift acquired during famous visit to Paris.

Le Père.

Nothing happening at prayer-time, next rumour to account for Gladstone's unusual appearance was that he intended to make great speech; perhaps move the Adjournment. All eyes turned upon him when order of the day called on. Exclamation of surprise and disappointment when Père Samuelson rose from a back bench and moved Amendment to Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Ambled along for some considerable time. Members generally seizing the opportunity to write their letters. Then came Pease and War. War in the person of Our Chief. What fine form he was in, and how thoroughly he enjoyed himself! House not very full, but Gladstone in his place, and, at a safe distance, Hartington. A good deal of pains evidently bestowed upon oration. Full of antithesis, anti-climax, and here and there a peroration. Sometimes, with corrugated brow, the great orator swung his body, as it were, on a pivot, whilst he enunciated a platitude of exceptional ponderosity. Much of his speech he addressed personally to Gladstone, emphasising its point with threatening forefinger. Some apprehension that Gladstone would fall into trap, and play the game of our wily Chief by interposing a correction. But he didn't even shake his head, and presently went out. Remained just long enough to hear that particular peroration in which Chaplin contrasted what he called the "Demmon" of Anarchy with his Right Hon. friend Providence, and pictured as a result a "smiling Ireland."

"What does he mean by '*Dem*mon?'" W. H. Smith, in awed whisper, asked Plunket.

"Oh," said Plunket, "it's only an illustration of his natural generosity. He has given the Devil more than his due by an 'm'."

Business done.—More debate on the Coercion.

Wednesday.—Our good Speaker still away. Courtney in the Chair doing excellently well. In addition, some fifty or sixty Members present. Large proportion have speeches ready. Some half-dozen worked them off. But might has well been taken as read. Front Opposition Bench nearly empty. Gladstone already commenced his holiday. Hartington torn himself away from his beloved labours. Chamberlain at home packing up for his journey to the Highlands. Harcourt says that Chamberlain has ordered full Highland suit, and that he will wear it as soon as he gets North of Oban. Jesse Collings has followed suit. Don't know whether Harcourt's in earnest or not. But Chamberlain not the man to do things by half. Would not stick at such a trifle as trousers to gain his political ends.

Conversation on Coercion ceased at Twenty minutes to Six in order to give F. S. Powell opportunity of moving Second Reading of Church Sites (Compulsory Powers) Repeal Bill. Just time for it. Powell said few words in explanation of measure and sat down with eyes eagerly fixed on Deputy-Speaker. Courtney about to put question, when up rose Joseph Gillis with his left hand hooked on by thumb to armhole of waistcoat whilst other extended with benignant grace as if he were bestowing his blessing on the listening Senate. "Seems to me," said Joseph, in his most judicial tone, "that objects of the Bill have not been sufficiently explained." This argument he urged till hand of clock touched quarter to six, after which hour Bill could not be further proceeded with. So Joey B. resumed his seat. *Business done.*—None.

Thursday.—Morning sitting, but very few to sit. Members have paired by scores like turtle doves; have fled away, and are now at rest. Talking-machine still goes on at Westminster with less of practical result than ever. Business proposed, further discussion of Coercion Bill. Members threatened to talk at large on formal Motion that House at its rising adjourn till Tuesday. Smith, finding discretion better part of valour, at once hauled down flag just nailed to mast, and did not persist in bringing on Coercion Bill. House adjourned at Three o'Clock.

Now for the Easter holidays! Got all the time between now and Tuesday. Think I shall be able to get as far as Wandsworth Common or Hampstead Heath for change of air. *Business done.*—None.

THE REASON WHY.

The Parisian Press, discussing the alleged failure of the English war-ships to answer the salute of the French squadron the other day, off Cannes, account for the circumstance variously, as follows:—

Because the British Navy has barbaric instincts, and is unacquainted with the polite customs of civilised nations.

Because the Vice-Admiral in command is "one poltroon."

Because it was his design to fix an insult on the Municipality of Cannes.

Because the Mariners on board are animated with the gross sentiments of Sir Gilbert-Sullivan.

Because Le Duc d'Edinbourg wished to manifest his jealousy of the French Flag.

Because he would not sanction the expense of the powder necessary for the salute.

Because Prince Bismarck had telegraphed to him, "I forbid you to fire."

No Demand for Indian Bonds.—The Bishop of Carlisle has espoused the cause of a Hindoo lady of the name of Rukhmabai (which *Mr. Punch* suspects must be pronounced by that Asiatic-Hibernian potentate, the great Padishah, "Rummy Bay"), who seemingly is desirous of becoming unmarried during the lifetime of her titular first husband. It appears that poor Rukhmabai was linked to her other half when she was little more than a Rukhma-baby. She wants the law altered. Need it be said, after *Mr. Punch's* historical advice "to those about to marry," that she has his earnest sympathy?

MOTHER AND ME.

A SCHOOL-BOARD BALLAD.

Billy Backslum loquitur:—

Why yessir, it *do* ache a little, my head do; goes swimmy, you see.
It 's along o' the lessons no doubt, Sir; I tell you that there Rule o' Three
Is a twister, and when a chap 's 'ungry, and cold, and wet through with the rain,
To set working it out all the mornin' is apt for to gally his brain.

Heducation, Sir? Yessir, that 's it, Sir. It 's got to be done, Sir, of course,
For without it a cove isn't wuth any more than a 'og or a 'orse;
Leastways so the Board-teacher tells us. I 'aven't had much of it yet,
But no doubt I should like it all right if it weren't for the 'unger and wet.

For them and for Mother! You see, Sir, we 're poor, awful poor, down our court,
And my father, a sweep, Sir, he died; it was sut on the chest cut 'im short,
That and 'owling so 'ard for a living; and me, Bob, and Betsy—Jim 's dead—
Was left to poor Mother to look after. Thankye, it 's only my head.

Don't cry much, us common sort don't, Sir; it don't do no good, and wastes time.
Well, Mother—ah! she 's a good sort, Sir, *so* kind, and gin cold ain't a crime
When it 's took just for comfort, now *is* it? and two D it doesn't go fur,
And it never would run to no more, so it 's 'ard to be down upon *her*.

She had to look after us all, Sir, and I was the eldest, eleven,
And Betsy, the baby, just two, while young Bob, he was close upon seven,
But crippled along of his 'ip, Sir, and never wuth nothink for pluck.
So 'twas all left to Mother and me, Sir; and I 'opped the Charlie—wus luck!

Played the wag from the Board School, I mean, Sir, it *was* such a beastly wet day,
And "Ginger"—that 's Barney Green's boy, Sir—was down in the smithy at play,
It did look so warm and so cosy, and I was that wringin' and sopped,
I thought of the hours in wet togs in that school-room, and—well, Sir, I 'opped.

Next day little Bob he was ill, Mother had to go charing to Bow,
So she left me at 'ome with the young 'uns; they hadn't no nuss, dontcherknow,
'Cept me, and sometimes Dotty Spriggins, the lame little gal from next door,
When Mother was out on the char or the wash-tub—cos why, we 're so poor.

That day, Sir, we 'adn't no grub, not till Mother come 'ome late at night,
'Cept a apple wot Ginger Green give me, though *I* only arsked for a bite.
Lor' it do give yer innards a doing to go all day long without food,
And when you 're at School it seems worse, though book-learnin' of course *must* be good.

Leastways, Sir, it ought to, and chance it; else why did them coves take and go
And come down so 'ard upon Mother? She 's 'ad to drop charing at Bow,
As loses her three bob a week; but that 's better than quod, dontcher see.
Only fancy 'er took off to prison a-leavin' them young 'uns to me!

Yes, that 's wot they threatened to do, Sir, unless I was kep' at the School.
Poor Mother, she cut up, she did, and the 'Spector he called her a fool,
And if I was a man with big fistes like Barney—well, there, Sir, that 's wrong;
But learnin' comes 'ard on a cove when he 's 'ungry and poor and not strong.

It *do* make my head ache, I tell yer. I spose with good togs and good grub,
A school may be no end of nice, and as cosy and warm as a pub.
Heducation comes easy *that* way, Sir; ah, even that there Rule o' Three
But they don't serve us poor people so, *we* must take it like physic, you see.

Oh, yessir, I goes pretty reglar. *I* shan't 'op the Charlie no more,
If I did I should fancy that black prison van would pull up at our door
To carry off Mother. Poor Mother! she can't keep me mended nohow,
Little Bob ties her up so tremenjus, and Betsy seems sickening now.

Wants nourishment—that 's wot the Doctor says; yes, and he 's right, Sir, you bet,
Lor', don't *I* just want it sometimes, sittin' there werry achy and wet?
I 'aven't got fur, Sir, not yet I ain't, every one says I 'm so slow,
But I 'm told heducation 's a blessin', and praps by-and-by I shall know.

A blessin'! Well, Mother 's gone thin, and she coughs awful too of a night,
And Betsy 's fell into the fender, and done somethink bad to her sight,
Along of not being looked after. It *may* be a blessin', you see,
But it *looks* like a new kind of torment to worry poor Mother and me!

Definition of the Situation at Port-au Prince (*by Our Own Typical Cockney*).—Hayti in the Shade.

Advice to Irish Landlords on Rent Day.—"Temper the Gale to the shorn Lamb."

MAGAZINE EXPLOSIONS.

By D. Crambo, Junior.

Century. (Scent Sherry—ahem!)

Quart early.

Fought Knightly.

Corn-'ill.

Black woo'd.

"Ill us trated!"

Harpers and Phrasers.

"Temple! Bah!"

Ramsbothamiana.—Mrs. Ram, who, when abroad, reads none but French papers, says she thinks that they do put extraordinary things in them, and, in proof of her assertion, points to this paragraph:—

"Dieppe.—La chaudière de la drague No. 3 a éclaté dans le port. Le navire a coulé. Quatre hommes ont été tués. Il y a plusieurs blessés. Un énorme morceau de la chaudière a été lancé à trois cents mètres."

—which she thus translated for the benefit of her audience:—

"*La chaudière*"—The woman who keeps the warm water for your feet after your bath—"*de la drague No.* 3"—who belongs to the Humane Society's drag No. 3 (just the same, my dear, as they have on the Serpentine, if you remember)—"*a éclaté dans le port*"—shouted out loud (which I suppose is against the rules) in the port.—"*Le navire a coulé*"—The Navvy (her husband, I fancy) was cooling himself at the time.—"*Quatre hommes ont été tués*"—it took four men to catch her.—"*Il y a plusieurs blessés*"—Many people blessed themselves—"*Un énorme morceau de la chaudière a été lancé à trois cents mètres*"—An enormous piece of the poor *chaudière* has been lanced for three centimes (they call them *cents* as in America, you know)—"*mètres*"—which were paid down on the spot. Mrs. R. says she shall advise her brother not to get a French governess for her nephews and nieces, as she can teach them herself, and save him the expense.

ADVANTAGES OF A FOREIGN EDUCATION.

Young Müller (from Hamburg) accompanies the Miss Goldmores in some of Rubinstein's lovely Duets—to the envy and disgust of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. (N.B.—Young Müller can also speak Six Languages, live on a Pound a Week, work Eighteen Hours out of the Twenty-Four, and do without a Holiday.)

LITTLE MISS BUDGET!

Fine old Family Butler loquitur:—

Ah! poor little dear, you 're still waiting
Alone on the stairs. It 's too bad;
And to you, Miss, I do not mind stating
The family, *I* think, has gone mad.
You 're the general pet, are you not, Miss?
And always come in with dessert.
This 'ere dawdling is regular rot, Miss,
No wonder you feel a bit hurt.

I don't know what 's come to the house, Miss,
Good form seems a saying good-bye!
Though you 're sitting as still as a mouse, Miss,
I see there 's a tear in your eye.
You feel you 're unkindly neglected,
And sort o' shut out in the cold.
Well, it isn't what *I* had expected,
'Tain't right,—if I may speak so bold.

Praps the likes o' me oughtn't to judge it,
Me being a servant, you see,
But to see you a sitting, Mum Budget,
As some one has writ, worries *me*.
You 're ready and well literated,
But, bless you, they 're not, my dear Miss;
And—well, all the years I have waited
I 've never seen nothink like this.

The dawdling and noisy noration—
They calls it "discussion," my dear—
Is reg'lar right down aggravation,
Like brickies, who row o'er their beer.
I may be a old-fashioned sinner,—
Though I thinks as I knows my own walk—
But I hold people spiles a good dinner
By using their jaws for mere talk.

Dessert, dear? Lor' bless yer, not yet, Miss!
They 're thick at the second course still.
You must wait a bit more, I regret, Miss;
Assure you it ain't with *my* will.
We 'll see if *this* wintage will move 'em
To using their throats the right way;
If reg'lar prime wine can improve 'em,
This crusted old "Closure" should—hay?

There 's one gent is longing to see you,
And that 's Mr. Goschen, my dear.
Be patient; I 'll soon come and free you,
And then you 'll be welcomed, don't fear.
You 're pretty enough to be painted
By that Mr. Millais, *I* say,
And when you and the guests get acquainted,
You 'll soon 'ave it all your own way.

ONE WAY TO CURE A RANK ABUSE.

"And so, Sir, I am to have no redress?"

"If you mean that you ain't to see the Secretary of State for War, why, you ain't."

"Cannot I see the Commander-in-Chief?"

"No, nor yet the Accountant-General, nor yet the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, nor yet the Chief Clerk." The desperate man turned paler than ever, and pulling his ancient hat over his wrinkled brow, left the office and wandered into the street.

"What shall I do?" he murmured, as he stumbled rather than walked along Pall Mall. "How shall I get my grievance redressed? A letter to the papers?—useless. It would find its way to the waste-paper basket. What shall I do?"

He had now entered St. James's Park. Suddenly he stopped, and his face assumed an expression that would have made the very demons shudder. Evidently he had hit upon a plan too terrible for human thought.

"No, no," he cried, in a piteous voice, "it is too horrible!"

But the shadow of crime came back to him, and with it the dreadful determination to do that terrible, that awful deed! In vain he fought against it, in vain he tried to turn a deafened ear to the frantic promptings of the spirit of unforgiven, unforgiving wrong! He was now in Eaton Square. Suddenly all his strength of will gave way, and the beast was uppermost.

"I must do it!" he shrieked. "It is my only chance of obtaining publicity. I must do it!" And in another moment a stone went crashing through the Secretary of State for War's library window.

* * * * *

The next morning the unhappy man got two months' imprisonment in the House of Correction, and—a first-rate advertisement!

Tactics.

"A little reserve on my part will, I believe, help our adversaries . . . to profit more effectively . . . by the teaching of events."—*Mr. Gladstone's Letter to the Chelsea Liberals.*

What! not appear at Chelsea's Town Hall?
Why?
Can Gladstone from the fray desire to fly?
Nay, think that from fight he shrinks or swerves?—
He 's only falling back on his "reserves"!

LITTLE MISS BUDGET.

The Butler. "DESSERT, MISS? OH DEAR, NO! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A BIT YET. WE'VE ONLY JUST GOT TO THE SECOND COURSE!!"

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXV.—The Jubilee Mayor of Puddleton.

"Aldermen, Councillors, Townsmen, Friends," said the newly elected Mayor of Puddleton, in returning thanks for the honour which had been conferred upon him, "thirty years ago, a poor, but honest, lad stood in front of this noble Hall, and made a solemn vow that he would sit in the chair to which you have this very day elected me. (*Cheers.*) Not that the poor but honest lad in question, hoped to gain his end by artifice; for he had faith in the power of industry, and good conduct, and he had already heard of the high and honourable motives of the Puddleton Corporation. (*Loud cheers.*) Gentlemen, that poor lad of thirty years ago, is now thanking you for capping the edifice of his ambition with the highest distinction which this Honourable Corporation can confer upon a burgess of Puddleton. (*Loud cheers.*) My dear Friends and Fellow-workers, in the interests of this ancient borough, I feel sure you will excuse me if, in the fulness of my heart, I venture to refer to the next landmark in my not uneventful career. Fifteen years after that first rash, but earnest vow, I had the good fortune to wait upon a lady, for the first time in my then master's establishment, in regard to whom I made a pledge none the less audacious; for as I handed her into her carriage, I said to myself, 'Charles Harmony Scruple,' I said, 'that lovely woman shall be your wife,' and, Gentlemen, that lady by your votes this day, is at this auspicious moment the Mayoress of Puddleton; and I can honestly declare that she is worthy of your homage." (*Great applause.*)

It is worth while to recall these memorable sentences of a remarkable speech in order that we may impress upon the reader the resolute character of the gentleman who now presides over the destinies of Puddleton; and it is useful also as a record of the text of the leading article which shortly afterwards appeared in *The Puddleton Times*, defining the principles of the English Constitution in relation to civic functions, and bearing upon an ever memorable event in the life of Her Majesty the Queen, namely this gracious year of Jubilee. "It is inherent in the Constitution of this great Empire," wrote the Editor of *The Puddleton Times*, "that merit and a blameless life shall be recognised in the distribution of civic, national, and imperial honours; and it is fortunate for the future of this entity of Puddleton in the great union of English-speaking peoples that the Corporation do not undervalue this fundamental basis of the nation's liberties."

Charles Harmony Scruple was a linen-draper; so also, he was wont to say, was John Gilpin of famous London town; but the Mayor of Puddleton had never been known to do a ridiculous thing in presence of his fellow-townsmen. When he first began to study the art of deportment as it should be exercised in the active duties of a retail draper, he practised before a mirror; when he began to understand the importance of a graceful manner and a persuasive tone of voice to a salesman engaged in a store patronised by the county gentry, he experimented upon those lay-figures whose plastic rotundities exhibited his artful taste in the arrangement of draperies and colour; but in these rehearsals he was alone and unseen. As a young man he was the only assistant in the Puddleton emporium with whom the great ladies of the shire would condescend to exchange a single word that was not of a purely business character; as an elderly gentleman, they frequently consulted him upon the latest fashions both of dress and decorations, and it is believed, while these lines are being penned, that in his capacity of Chief Magistrate of Puddleton he will be permitted to join the county committee for providing funds to establish almshouses for the relief of distressed landowners and impecunious territorial lords.

He was short in stature; but venerable in appearance. His florid complexion was picturesquely heightened by his white hair; he spoke in a soft propitiatory voice, which, however, could rise to the occasion of great events, and his kindly smile never seemed to desert him; though he had once had to compromise a case of assault in which, during a moment of exasperation, he had pinched the ears of the youngest of his shopboys, whom he had caught in the act of making faces at him while he was engaged in giving his best advice to a forlorn townsman, who had solicited him for assistance more useful at the moment than "pearls of honest counsel."

The marriage of Mr. Scruple was not the least interesting example of that "steadfast perseverance" to which the editor of the *Puddleton Times* "fearlessly declared" that his Worship, like all great men owed his success in life." She was a confiding widow. Mr. Charles Harmony Scruple sold her the very weeds in which she afterwards received his addresses. His sympathy, in the trying moments of her first orders, and his gentle smiles of comfort when the time came to discuss the question of half-mourning, were full of a benign consolation. When the conventional hour arrived for laying aside the last coquettish indications of the widow's cap, he was her accepted suitor, and in due course he entered into full possession of "the lamented deceased's" hard-earned savings, together with a most comely and simple-minded little woman, who is devoted to him, listens in private to all his impromptu speeches before he makes them in public, is his best audience at the penny readings, and has "many a time and oft" begged him to remove to London, where his talents would have a wider scope for exercise and development; but he is bound to Puddleton, he says, by ties of gratitude, and he will never desert the town of his adoption, which is not only hallowed to him by commercial and civic success, but is the happy spot where first he met his darling Maria.

You should see the Mayor and Mayoress of the Jubilee Year going to church on Sunday mornings to take their seats in the Corporation pew. There is no person too lowly for them both to recognise, and no person so high with whom his Worship will not pause to shake hands. It is a lesson in humility, and a rebuke to pride that walk to church on Sundays; and prisoners the next morning who are sentenced to various terms of hard labour, for wandering abroad without any visible means of subsistence and other awful crimes known to the law, seem almost anxious to thank the Chief Magistrate for the kindly and eloquent manner in which he confers upon them the heaviest sentences legally allowable in their respective cases; his Worship never forgetting to tell them that the first duty of a Justice is to see that justice is done, in which he is often very warmly supported by a class of Magistrates according to whose professional calling one might expect that mercy would not be considered of secondary importance. Not that we would for a moment suggest any natural shortcomings of benevolence in the *personnel* of the Bench of Puddleton; but we confess to have noticed, more in sorrow than in anger, that, from the Mayor downwards, a sense of duty to the blind lady with the scales, is apt to override the more beneficent exercise of the mercy which tempers justice in the higher teaching of the law, as expounded by that learned Judge in the courts of Venice, who tried to soften the heart of a certain Jew who carried a pair of scales for a very different purpose from that which is supposed to actuate the classic lady whose effigy adorns the stucco *façade* of the Puddleton Police Court.

It was the rich, and at the same time, the loving hand of the tender-hearted widow, to whom reference has been made, that enabled Mr. Scruple to buy the flourishing business he has now for more than a decade conducted on his own account; and it is a graceful tribute that he asks Puddleton to offer to her and to their noble Queen, in the subscription which he is raising, to build a Home for Poor Needlewomen, to be called after the two great ladies of these Puddleton days, "the Maria and Victoria Institute;" and he "is persuaded that in thus, as it were, bringing Her Majesty into their home-life, and allying, as it were, the Chief Magistracy of the Queen's loyal town of Puddleton with the greater and grander Chief Magistracy of the Empire on which the sun never sets, they will be, in a manner, upholding those glorious liberties for which their fathers fought on many a gory field."

We quote these closing sentences of His Worship's speech on the projected "Maria and Victoria Institute," from a lengthy report in *The Puddleton Times*, the Editor of which high-spirited journal confesses (in language which demonstrates the infectious character of civic eloquence) his belief that when the Jubilee honours are Gazetted, the present Mayor of Puddleton, will be amply endorsed "in one of those historic scenes not quite foreign to the experiences of Chief Magistrates of less important boroughs than ours; one of those stirring scenes of constitutional government, wherein a great Queen confers the dignity of Knighthood upon a worthy subject, in distinguishing whose merits before the world she casts a reflected glory upon the Throne itself."

Obvious.

"The Elements are out of order," says
A Newspaper. 'Tis true; in various ways,
Earthquakes, volcanoes, storms, are raising ruction.
But all this shindy upon sea and shore,—
Earth, air, fire, water,—only proves still more
The need of "Elementary Instruction."

A "DRAWBACK."

Idle Friend to Thrifty Bread-winner). "Oh, you stick too close to Work. No wonder you 're Seedy Why don't you run down to the Sea-side for a Week? You want Change and Rest, my dear Fellow——"

Dyspeptic (*snappishly*). "So I did—tried that. But—the Waiters got all my Change!—and—and—the Hotel Bill took the Rest!"

A COUNTY CHORUS.

(*As recently sung by a Deputation of Gentlemen from the Hop and Barley districts, with fair success, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.*)

Sir us, lost in consternation,
Begging you at least will hear
Of the gross adulteration
Now affecting British beer.
Hops have from the compound vanished,
And the Brewer with his wiles
Introduces, barley banished,
Quassia and camomiles!
'Tis not that the public daily
Drinks this poison that we mind,
For they take to it quite gaily,
And the taste enticing find.
'Tis not that the stuff is heady,
And of drinks is quite the worst,
Making brain and legs unsteady,
And tenfold increasing thirst.
No; what moves us in the matter
Is the stake we 've in the hop,
For the Market still grows flatter,
And the prices daily drop.
So let loose the analyser,
Out with penalty and fine,
And he very soon, grown wiser,
Won't at water draw the line;
But will hunt up each ingredient,
Catalogue and make quite clear
What the Brewer finds expedient
To put in his miscalled "beer."
Till, the Law in vain defying,
All the spurious traffic stops,
And we once more are complying
With a brisk demand for hops.
Help us then, as to the Nation
Thus we tell our piteous tale.
Just a little agitation—
In our object we shan't fail.
Help us, and you 'll surely think soon,
While the wrong you deftly cure,
As the British beer you 'll drink soon,
That our motives are as pure!

The Ship and Turtle.—The Lord Mayor should lose no time in convening a meeting at the Mansion House to consider the statement put forward by Colonel Trotter of the ill-treatment received during a voyage from the West Indies by Turtle. The poor creatures are kept, from four to five weeks together, absolutely without food, insomuch that their stomachs are actually concave! Their fins get trodden upon and bruised, their shells crushed and broken, their eyes knocked out or in, they lose weight and condition, they become too weak to move, and are landed in a semi-dying state. If these terrible allegations are exact, the thought of them must be enough to take away the appetite of every sympathetic Alderman. The idea of eating unsound turtle! Until the horrors of the middle passage are abated for those unhappy reptiles, the Corporation had better abjure real turtle, and addict themselves to mock.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

or, Songs of Sense and Sentiment.

(*By Sancho Preston Panza.*)

No. III.—Upon Thyrsis taking a Journey.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore.
This was very wrong of Thyrsis;
Yet, reflecting what 'twas for,
One can half excuse his curses.

For he saw his luggage neat
T'wards a distant platform trundled,
While upon the carriage seat
Alien packages were bundled.

Quickly as the deed was done,
Faster flow'd his speech reproving;
While upon a two-hours' run
Faster still the train was moving.

Thyrsis was, as usual, late;
I had told him he would be so;
(Which was not an adequate
Reason for his blessing *me* so.)

Careless words a friend may stab;
No one's temper could be shorter.
Yet *I* had to pay the cab,
And *I* had to tip the Porter.

He was hustled in, poor soul,
With three babies and two nurses:
I am glad, upon the whole,
I 'm not travelling with Thyrsis.

COLONIAL PRESSURE;

Or, Teaching your Grand-Mother-Country.

Act I.—*The Deck of a Homeward-bound Mail Steamer.* Enthusiastic Colonial Premier *discovered concluding farewell speech on the prospective blessings of a closer union with the Mother Country, to a stimulated and excited throng of intending "Federated" Colonists.*

Colonial Premier (*finishing his peroration, much moved*). So, my Brothers, I bid you adieu, and as I do so, I ask you to respond with three hearty cheers for our union with that glorious Empire, which it is my mission in taking this lengthy voyage to accomplish. (*They respond frantically.*) I go to the great centre from which we are all proud to boast our common life-blood flows, there to meet together with the representatives of our far-scattered colonial brothers in solemn conclave the Ministers of that mighty Empress-Queen whose children we claim to be, and for the mutual defence and consolidation of whose far-spreading Empire we shall consult lovingly and loyally together. Farewell, then, my Brothers. Wish me God speed.

[*They do, and continue shouting themselves hoarse till the Vessel is well out of sight.*

Act II.—*An Ante-room in the Colonial Office, seven weeks later.* Polite Junior Official *discovered holding brief explanatory conversation with* Enthusiastic Colonial Premier.

Polite Junior Official (*quietly concluding reply to several leading questions*). No, I fancy the meeting will be held here in one of our spare rooms; and if you ask me, I do not think Lord Salisbury has any intention of being present.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. What! Not the Prime Minister?

Polite Junior Official. No, I don't think so. But the announcement seems to take you quite by surprise.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. By surprise? I should rather say it did! Why, how can the matter be discussed with any dignity without him!

Polite Junior Official. Ha! but you forget. There will most probably, I might say, certainly, be the Head of our Department present.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. The Head of your Department, indeed! Do you think I've come all this way to see him! I have quite enough of him on paper seven thousand miles off.

Polite Junior Official. Really? Ah! but I've no doubt you'll find it will all be satisfactory enough.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. Satisfactory! Why, Stanhope's Circular said it was to meet to discuss "The general defence of the Empire." Is the Secretary of State for War, I should like to know, going to attend?

Polite Junior Official. Oh, no, I don't think so.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. You "don't think so"! And I'll be bound the First Lord of the Admiralty hasn't been summoned.

Polite Junior Official (*judicially*). No, I should certainly say he had not.

Enthusiastic Colonial Premier. And I dare say the Postmaster-General even hasn't a seat at the table, and we're going to discuss "Imperial Intercommunication." Well, I'll tell you what it is. What with the Prime Minister out of it, too, the whole thing is a farce and a swindle, that's what it is; and what's more, you'll find that men who have come from all parts of the earth as representatives of the Colonial Governments won't stand it. Reorganise your arrangements while there's yet time, Sir. Good morning. [*Exit indignantly.*

Act III.—*Official Transformation Scene.* (*For further particulars see Newspapers.*)

Bearding Conybeare.—The other day an evening London paper complained that Mr. Conybeare was too old to plead extreme youth as an excuse for his unmannerly attack upon the Speaker. "He is no hot-headed boy," said our twilight contemporary. This may be the case, but, for all that, the M.P. for one of the Cornish Divisions is certainly a representative of Miners.

Scarcely a Light Matter.—The retirement of Professor Tyndall.

SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

Jones. "Confound it! here's that frightful old Bore, *Brown!*"

Smith. "Well, he's a Bore, no doubt—the greatest, in fact, I ever met—but he's got his Good Points. For instance, when once he's taken a *Liking* to a Fellow, he sticks to him for *ever!* He's taken a tremendous Liking to *You*——Ta-ta!"

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

VII.—Betty and the Beast.

When the Merchant heard his *youngest* daughter (the clever one, from Girton) express her wish for a singing laurel-leaf (after the two elder girls had mentioned a diamond necklace, and a cachmire cachemisère), he thought it was only her way of showing off.

"A singing laurel-leaf from Apollo's own crown, my girl," said he, and, in his heart, he registered a vow to fetch her Mr. Todhunter's excellent *Euclid*, for he hated ostentation.

His business done, the necklace and the cachmire purchased in the flowery valley of Cachemisère, the Merchant was returning, when his train was delayed by one of the snow-storms so prevalent in April. Stamping about, to keep his feet warm, the Merchant found himself within the splendid grounds attached to a princely palace.

"Egad," said he, "I'll pluck a laurel-leaf for Beauty"—that was his youngest daughter's name. No sooner did he approach the laurel than all its foliage chanted,—

"Oh, what a surprise,
Two lovely black eyes!"

which, indeed, were promptly inflicted on the Merchant by an unseen fist.

When the Merchant came to himself, he found one standing over him, whom he recognised as a perfect Beast.

"The insolence of the modern tourist is excessive," said the Beast. "How *dare* you pluck my singing laurel?"

"Please, Sir," said the Merchant, "I have a daughter at home"——

"The old story," sneered the Beast. "Bring her with you for my Bride, or it shall be the worse for you."

The Merchant, to tell the truth, was not sorry to have a chance of getting Beauty, with her airs and exercises, off his hands. In vain had he hoped that

a Tutor of Trinity would come forward. Beauty was a dialectician so skilled that the cleverest young men shrank in terror from her side. But, when the Merchant had returned home, and dashing away a tear, began his tale, the eldest daughter, Betty, interrupted him, saying,—

"I, and nobody else, will sacrifice myself for my father and my family. Let the Beast devour *me*. Never shall it be said that the youngest of us, a mere child, was deserted by her eldest sister!"

The resolution of Betty was unshaken, and the Merchant returned with her to the remote and rural residence of the Beast.

He received them with unexpected cordiality, and at once introduced Betty to his Aunt, an elderly lady of unimpeachable propriety.

(*Here*, says the Arabian scholiast, *the advantage of Mr. Punch's over all other Fairy Tales is unusually manifest. In no other version, except in that collected by Mr. Punch from the lips of his attached and highly respectable subjects, is the beloved of the Beast provided with a Chaperon.*)

The Merchant now returned to his affairs, and Betty and the Beast were a good deal thrown together by the kindly old Aunt, who, for her part, was exactly like any other lady of her age. One day it occurred to the Beast to show Betty her own family in the Magic Mirror, when, looking over her shoulder, he observed Beauty.

"Why," exclaimed the Beast, "*you* are the plain one of the family! Go home and send me Beauty."

Poor Betty reddened, but she was the best of girls, and made allowance for the frankness of the Beast. Associating for a long time with pigs and tigers in the Garden of Circe, he had partly lost his manners.

Beauty came, and Betty went, but, before she departed, the Beast gave her a diamond ring. "That diamond," he said, "will turn red as a ruby, if I am dying, blue as a sapphire, if I am bored."

At home with her dear father, Betty had almost forgotten the Beast, when one day, glancing at her ring, she found the stone as blue as a sapphire, yet slowly changing into ruby red.

"My poor Beast is bored, my Beast is dying," she said, and hurried off to his palace. In the garden there lay her Beast, a volume of Professor Seeley's Books of History beside him, and surrounded by the later works of several esteemed English poets.

He faintly smiled as Betty drew near, then, raising his head, remarked—

"You come too late! Your clever sister has brought me to this! She never left off improving me. She let me hear about the *Ding an Sich*, and about Kant. She read to me *Parleyings with Certain Peter Parleys*," added the poor Beast, his mind obviously wandering.

Betty threw her arms round his hairy old neck, and laid his heavy old head on her lap.

"Oh, Beast, Beast, don't die, and you shall never, never hear of Education, or the Theory of Rent any more!"

As Betty spoke thus kindly, the Beast changed into a beautiful young Baronet, in a velvet coat of the same colour as the Beast's skin had been.

"Delightful Betty," he cried, "you have disenchanted me, reformed my manners, and restored my interest in existence! I am for ever yours!"

So saying, he led her within the castle, where his old Aunt received him with tears of joy, while Beauty, coming down with inky fingers, too late for luncheon, observed she was delighted that dear Betty was happy at last.

Moral.—A good heart is better in a wife than a pretty face and a *classical education.*

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before* Mr. Commissioner Punch.)

An Officer of the Reserve was introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir?

Applicant. I am a Captain in the Reserve of Officers.

The Commissioner (*after searching*). I find no entry in the monthly Army List of such a body.

Applicant. No, Sir, and that is one of the grievances of which I have to complain. Although Warrant Sergeants and Retired Majors of the Auxiliary Forces appear, yet my brother officers and myself are left out in the cold. Our names are published once a quarter in an unwieldy volume, which practically is never consulted, and there the matter ends.

The Commissioner. I presume, then, that your duties are purely honorary?

Applicant. On the contrary, they are very real indeed. During peace we may never be called upon to serve; but, at the first hint of war, we are liable to be sent anywhere and everywhere at a moment's notice.

The Commissioner. Then I suppose you receive a retaining fee, like the rank and file of the Reserve?

Applicant. Certainly not. On the contrary, those of us who have received our Commissions in Her Majesty's Land Forces after long qualifying service in the Militia, may be called upon to join a Line Regiment for a month's duty, at our own expense and without pay, every year.

The Commissioner. May I ask of what body of men the Reserve of Officers is composed?

Applicant. Officers in the Regular Army on half-pay, Officers of the Regular Army who have retired in the prime of life, and the very pick of the Officers of the Auxiliary Forces. In this latter class, a Major usually serves as a Captain, and a Captain as a Lieutenant.

The Commissioner. In the event of war, of what service would the Reserve of Officers be to the Nation?

Applicant. As a body, they would be of incalculable value. As every one of them holds a Commission in the Regular Army, they could individually be drafted at a moment's notice into any battalion requiring their services, and sent, I repeat anywhere. In times of peace their services are also available, though as a rule they then are only accepted when they have been tendered on their own initiative.

The Commissioner. The Reserve Officers seem to be a useful body.

Applicant. This has been frequently admitted in Parliament, and confirmed by the Horse Guards. In spite of this they are utterly ignored by the War Office—except of course when their services are required. Then they are hunted up pertinaciously.

The Commissioner. What would you propose?

Applicant. That at least their names should be enrolled in that Military Court Guide—the monthly *Army List*.

The Commissioner (*smiling*). That should not be a difficult request to grant.

Applicant. And yet it has been made for the last seven years without success. And secondly, that after a fixed number of years of faithful service, they should obtain the honorary rank on retirement granted to all other branches of the Service.

The Commissioner. And that also seems reasonable. Is there anything else you can suggest, Captain?

Applicant. No, Sir, save that you deserve the thanks of hundreds of Officers in the Reserve for thus espousing their cause.

The Commissioner. Not at all. I will mention the matter to my friend Colonel Hughes Hallett and two or three other Honourable, gallant, and right feeling Members of the House of Commons, and with their assistance I have no doubt you will attain the well-deserved reward of your almost too modest ambition.

[*The Applicant saluted, and withdrew.*

The Promise of Mayflower.—It is to be hoped that the proposed Yacht Race between the American *Mayflower* and the English *Arrow* may come off. Latest advices report that the rules are still *sub judice*. Our Cousins on the other side of the Atlantic should be satisfied with the terms. They have the great advantage of knowing that, even if the Britisher wins, it will be still only an Arrow Victory.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a* Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *will be no exception.*

ORIGIN OF TITLES (DUKES).

According to D. Crambo, Junior.

(Cabbage) Bed-ford.

Leeds.

Knew Cassell?

Rut-land.

Some are set?

Gnaw thumb—bare land!

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

IN graceful consideration for the requirements of students of the softer sex, *Mr. Punch* has ordered his Head-Poet this week to produce a choice example of simple pathos. If its linkèd sweetness somewhat resembles that of a confectioner's port which has tarried unduly in the decanter, possibly they will like it none the worse on that account. We will call it

BURGLAR BILL.

(*You must open in a hushed voice, and with an air of wonder at the world's iniquity.*)

Through a window in the attic, brawny Burglar BILL has crept;
Stealthily he seeks a chamber where the jewellery is kept.
[*Pronounce either "jewelry" or "joolery."*
He is furnished with a jemmy, centre-bit, and carpet-bag—
For the latter "comes in handy," as he says, "to stow the swag."
("*Jemmy*," "*Centre-bit*," and "*Carpet-bag*," *are important words—put good colouring into them.*)
Here, upon the second landing, he secure may work his will;
Down below 's a dinner-party—up above the house is still . . . .
[*Start here, and extend first finger.*
Suddenly—in spell-bound horror—all his satisfaction ends—
For a little white-robed figure by the banister descends!
(*This line requires careful handling, or it may be imagined that the figure was sliding* down *the banisters, which would simply ruin the effect. Observe the bold but classic use of the singular in "banister," which is more pleasing to the ear than the plural.*)
BILL has reached for his revolver—(*business here with fan*)—but he hesitates to fire:
Child is it, or apparition, that provokes him to perspire?
Can it be his guardian angel, sent to stay his hand from crime?
[*In a tone of awe.*
He could wish she had selected some more seasonable time!
"Go away!" he whimpers, hoarsely. "Burglars have their bread to earn!
I don't need no Gordian angel comin' givin' me a turn!"
(*Shudder and hide your eyes, then change your manner to a naïve surprise.*)
But the blue eyes open wider, ruby lips reveal their pearl:—
"I is not a garden angel—I is dust a yickle girl!
[*Be very artless here.*
On the thtairs to thit I'm doin till the tarts and jellies tum;
PARTINTHON, the Butler, *alwayth* thaves for Baby BELLA thome!
Poor man, 'oo is lookin' 'ungry—leave 'oo burgling fings up dere;
Tum along an' have some sweeties, thitting on the bottom thtair!"
"Reely, Miss, you must excoose me," says the Burglar, with a jerk;
"Dooty calls, and time is pressing—I must set about my work!"
[*This gruffly.*
"Is 'oo work to bweak in houses? NANA *told* me so, I'm sure!
Will 'oo try if 'oo can manage to bweak in my doll's-house door?
I tan *never* det it undone, so my dollies tan't det out;
They don't *like* the fwont to open evewy time they 'd walk about!
Twy—and, if 'oo does it nicely, when I 'm thent upthtairs to theep,
I will bwing 'oo up some goodies—which thall be for 'oo to keep!"
[*Pause, then emotional.*
Off the little angel flutters—but the Burglar wipes his brow;
He is wholly unaccustomed to a kindly greeting now!
Never with a smile of welcome has he seen his entrance met!
[*Mournfully.*
Nobody (except the Policeman) ever wanted him as yet! [*Bitterly.*
Many a stately home he 's entered—but, with unobtrusive tact,
He has ne'er, in paying visits, called attention to the fact.
Gain he counts it, on departing, if he has avoided strife.
Ah, my Brothers, but the Burglar's is a sad and lonely life!
[*With deep feeling.*
All forgotten are the jewels, once the purpose of his "job,"
As he sinks upon the doormat with a deep and choking sob!
Then, the infant's plea recalling, seeks the Nursery above,
Looking for the Lilliputian crib he is to crack—for *love!*
[*He generally does it for* money, *you know.*
In the corner stands the dolls'-house, gaily painted green and red;
[*Colouring again here.*
And the door declines to open—even as the child had said!
Out come centre-bit and jemmy, all his implements are plied;
Never has he burgled better, as he feels with honest pride!
Deftly now the task 's accomplished—for the door will open well,
When a childish voice behind him breaks the silence like a bell,—
"Sank 'oo, Missa Burglar, sank 'oo, and, betause 'oo 's been tho nice,
See, I 've bwought 'oo up a tartlet—gweat big gweedies eat the ice!
Pappa says he wants to see 'oo—PARTINTHON is tummin' too,—
Tan't 'oo stay?" . . . "Well, not this evenin', so, my little dear—adoo!"
(*Make a picture of the next couplet: let the audience see the haunted victim of social prejudice beguiling his flight by tender memories as he escapes his pursuers.*)
Fast he speeds across the housetops—but his bosom throbs with bliss,
For upon his rough lips linger traces of a baby's kiss!
[*This line, tear-laden as it is, needs very delicate treatment to prevent the audience from understanding it in a painfully literal sense.*

* * * * * *

(*Now we come to the finale with a highly effective contrast—don't be afraid of it.*)
Dreamily on downy pillow Baby BELLA murmurs sweet:
[*Smile here with a sleepy tenderness.*
"Burglar, tum adain an' thee me—I will dive 'oo cakes to eat!"
[*That 's one side; now for the other.*
In his garret, worn and weary, Burglar BILL has sunk to rest,
Clasping tenderly a damson tartlet to his burly breast!
[*Linger lovingly on the word "tartlet," remembering to cross your hands upon your bosom as you conclude, and, if you do not find that several susceptible bachelors have been knocked completely out of time by this little recitation, there must have been something seriously amiss with your rendering of it.*

"BELGRAVIA BOB'S" SHOW.

(*From the "Yankee Gridiron Gazette."*)

THE Show of which "Belgravia BOB" is the Boss, is intended to represent in a vivid manner all the striking and exciting incidents connected with High Life in the West. In London it covered a space of more than a thousand acres (including Kensington), and was composed of nearly three thousand chaperones, débutantes, dancing-men, and millionnaires, all intended to illustrate fashionable life. It exhibits the chasing and capturing of county heirs by the wily dowager and her talented assistants and daughters, the darlings of the New Club and the Park. Belgravia BOB explains the mysteries of pilling at the Club, baccarat, and flying kites. He also has an encounter with a grass widow (from India) in which he comes off second-best. Mr. HENRY IRVING is expected to be delighted with the Show, and to say "that it speaks to him from its heart, and is the best thing that has ever been produced by London—outside the Lyceum Theatre," wherein indeed much of the Show is often seen.

VERY GRAYS-FULL.—So Gray's Inn is bent upon producing a "Maske," in honour of the Jubilee! An excellent idea! There is no disguising that it will be a success, in spite of perhaps being called by a Cockney a "Maske 'oorayed."

"RURAL FELICITY."

Sympathetic Old Parson. "YOU APPEAR IN DEEP THOUGHT, MY FRIEND. MAY I ASK WHAT CHIEFLY OCCUPIES YOUR MIND?" *Countryman.* "MAISTLY NOWT!"

ROBERT AT HYDE PARK.

WELL, there I was, as usual, right in the werry middle of the whole shouting mob, without no more intention of being there than the unborn babe. Having been at the two last demonstrayshuns, I thinks they calls 'em, without no bother nor trubble, I natrally thort as I shood like to see a third, but only jest from a distance as it were, but to my great estonishment I found myself carried along by such a mob as I never seed afore, rite up to a platform where a wild-looking Irishman was a raving away like a wild Ingin. After a little wile it struck me as so werry comical that I larfed out lowd, wen a werry sawage-looking feller arsked me wot I was a larfing at, and afore I could arnser him, said he wood punch my hed for a stoopid old fool if I did it agane! I am prowd to say that in all my perfeshnal career that is the werry first time as them powerful words was ever said to me, but I was quite ekal to the ocashun. Without daining to say one word in reply, I fixt my eagle gaze upon him for a brief moment, and then turned away and disdainfully squeeged my way out of that part of the mob, with sitch a xpression of supreme contemp upon my ancient wisage as must as driven him wild with hanger if he could but have seen it.

When I got out of the dense mob to where the peeple was thinner, I arsked a werry quiet looking Postman, who was enjoying his onusual holliday by having a good long seat in the Park, if he knowed what the great meeting was all about, and he told me it was all about coersion, witch he arterwards xplained to mean that not nobody hadn't no right to prewent anybody from doing whatever they liked to do, purwided it wasn't contrary to Law. So I then arsked him why a ferocious non-coersionst shood threaten to punch my head for larfing? To which he replied that probberly he was a Irishman, which he seemed to think xplained the hole matter.

I didn't think as the hemblems of wictory as was carried in sum of the percesshuns was quite so apropriate as ushal. For instance, a corffin isn't a partickler lively hobject to carry about four mile for fun, or much calkerlated to raise the sperrits of the carryers, but there it was, and when it's acumpaned by the Ded Marching Sorl, as I was told it was, tho' I didn't see it, I carnt help thinking they was both what I never am, I'm appy to say, namely, out of place. There was one Motto as I couldn't at all understand; it said, "We are on the side of the Donkeys!" or sumthink werry much like it. My friendly Postman tried to xplain that it was not xactly that, but related to some ancient legend about Donkey Carts with springs being better than Donkey Carts without 'em, which may be a werry wise saying, but I don't think if as I had had to select the mottos, that I should chose one about Donkeys. Peeple is ginerally so werry sarkastick.

One of the Irish gentlemen made a speech as made a great himpresshun on me, and witch I thinks as our werry prime Minister ought to harnser. He said that if this wicked Bill was passed, the only peeple who wood be safe to live in poor Ireland, woud be def and dum people, as for anybody who wasn't so fortnit, the best thing for them woud be not to be born at all, or if they must be born somewheres to take care and be born somewheres else! There's a degree of good sound common sense in this powerful statement, that I should hardly have xpected in so excited an Irish Mimber of Parlymint as uttered it, and if he would but favour us with a xplanation of how it's to be done, there's a goodish lot of the next generation as would feel werry much obliged to him.

One thing as struck me werry powerful was the almost hutter habsince of wittels, that is to say such wittels as one woud think was absolutely necessary to keep poor body and sole together while marching or standing still, for about six or seven ours, in about as fine a spessimen of East wind as I have felt for sum time. How it affecs others of course I don't know, but I do know that a rattling East wind makes me that hungry that I can eat amost anythink, ewen chops and stakes don't cum amiss. My Postman told me as it was their enthusyism as kep 'em up. Well, all I can say is, that isn't my xperience, for I allers finds as them as makes the most noise at great dinners, eats and drinks the most.

Praps the thing as estonished me more than anything else during the hole ewentful day, was to hear one Irishman tell another as how as the Lord Mare was a speaking at the next platform! Ardly able to beleeve my ears, I made the best of my way there, but instead of the Rite Honnerable Sir REGINALD HANSON, Lord Mare of London, I saw a werry differing sort of gentleman altogether, who I afterwards heard was the Lord Mare of DUBLIN! As the poet sings:—

> Oh, what a surprise,
> To my two wondering eyes!

However, tho' of course it was ardly expected that he coud give us such a speech as our own poplar LORD MARE woud ha' done, I will say this for him, that he drew a picter of a full drest M.P. entering the Hous of Commons on the Conservatif side after partaking of a Liberal dinner, as deserves to be emortalized for its truth. He said as he had seen honnerabel Mimbers enter the House night after night, ewidently not tea-totallers, with flushed faces, and with shirt-fronts like the Jibtopsail of a Skooner Yot, to wote against his poor Country.

Upon the whole I'm inclined to think that Monday's meeting let off perhaps quite as much steam as will keep us all the quieter for some time to come. ROBERT.

ADVICE TO SINGERS.

By Junius Minimus.

NOTE.—Where the male sex is designated in such words as "Singing-Master," the female equivalent may in all cases be read with equal, and sometimes with greater, force.

1. YOU should all be told, to begin with, a fact of which you were doubtless hitherto supremely ignorant, but which nevertheless remains. *It is seldom, if ever, that your singing of any vocal piece gives entire satisfaction to the composer of such piece* (unless, indeed, you sing your own music). On the contrary, so rarely do you convey an adequate or even an intelligent idea of the writer's intention, that not unfrequently you rob a composition of any merit which it might possess. This is not said in disparagement of your vocal ability, but merely in order to clear the ground of rubbish.

2. Learning, as you mostly do, of singing-masters as distinguished from music-masters, you are generally made heirs to the stock-in-trade of vocal prejudices which your teachers have previously inherited. It is true that some singing-masters are also music-masters, but with few exceptions the singing-masters most in vogue being, or having been in their time, singers, will be willing, like yourselves, to sacrifice music to vocalism.

3. In the prevailing state of our musical ignorance, when barbarous and loud cries are accepted as musical utterances, the arrogance of vocalists is hardly surprising.

OUT OF IT; OR, UP IN SKYE!

"HARK! HARK! THE LARK!"

Such expressions as "interpretation" and "creation" tend necessarily to foster complacency, and even to delude you into the notion that you may perhaps embellish or even improve upon the notes you have to sing. Nothing could be more unlikely. Only occasionally do you not spoil your songs by singing out of time, by singing out of tune, or by loading with affectation what should have been simplicity itself. The last you love to do.

4. One of the first things you should aspire to is to sing *in time*. If you are engaged in the chorus, either for a concert or operatic work, you will be *made* to sing in time. If, on the other hand, you come out at once as a soloist, the chances are that the conductor will keep the band and the audience waiting while you dwell upon unimportant notes and drag the time agreeably to your teacher's instructions or your individual measure of original sin. Therefore, as you are strong be merciful.

5. It is of course very desirable that you should also sing in tune, and remain throughout a song, however long, in about the same key as the accompaniment. I am aware that most singers find this difficult, and perhaps it is waste of time to insist upon such a detail. But a paper that touched ever so lightly upon singing might perhaps be considered incomplete by the fastidious, were not some passing allusion made to the desirability of an *entente* more or less *cordiale* between vocalist and orchestra.

6. Desire for selfish display is the bane of vocalism. In solos from a ballad to a *scena*, your want of taste is remarkable, and you must not think, because a composer thanks you at the end of a performance and pays you compliments, that he is really pleased with you. He is merely thankful that you have got through at all, and his compliments are given in fear lest you should turn and rend him.

7. It has been hinted above that you are not always ideal exponents of musical composition. It would seem, therefore, scarcely unreasonable to suggest that, when possible, you might, with advantage to yourselves and your audience, accept any hints that the composer might be in a position to give. Provided always that you are not—as, of course, you generally are—better musicians than the person whose work you are good enough to render.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 12.—"Well," said Grandolph, "man and boy I've sat in this House for thirteen years, but never before have I witnessed a scene like this—Joseph Gillis Biggar, Esq., of Butlerstown Castle, cheering Childers!"

Yet so it was. A quietly impressive scene. House resumed to-day after mockery of Easter Recess. Only a few score faithful in their places. The rest, with true Conservative instinct, holding on to complete constitutional holiday. Gladstone in his place hungering and thirsting for the fray; sitting on edge of seat whilst Childers spoke; worrying at his own coat-tails like kitten using up reserve forces of energy by playing with its tail. By him, on left, John Morley, and beyond, the waste space which the lost leaders have appropriated, but do not much use. On Gladstone's right, Childers humdrumming away in voice barely audible on remote benches. Next to Childers, Stansfeld, conning the notes of the speech which shall presently thrill the silent rows of empty benches. W. H. Smith on the Treasury Bench, ready for anything that may turn up, especially the dinner hour. The Speaker back in the Chair, and everyone glad to know he is better. Grandolph in his corner seat regarding Joseph Gillis seated below the Gangway opposite, dressed in the profound decency of funereal black, with head resting on his hand. For all sound the monotonous murmuring of Childers broken in upon now and then by the harsh cry of "Hear! hear!" from J. G.

Ready!

"Really astonishing," Grandolph continued in his soliloquy, "how circumstances alter cases! It was but a year ago that this remarkable man was hand-in-glove with me. Used to shout down Childers and his colleagues whenever they rose from the Treasury Bench. Now he passes me without sign of recognition, and cheers the amiable platitudes of Childers. This all comes of the Castle. Joseph is an Irish landlord now—a *châtelain*. Was very near being foreman of Grand Jury. Is evidently inclined to behave as such. Shouldn't a bit wonder if at no distant date he takes his seat on Conservative Benches, and calls out, 'Name! Name!' when Tim Healy or Redmond Junior misconduct themselves."

Ambrosial Eloquence.

More talk about Coercion Bill. Nothing new to be said, but certain number of speeches to be delivered. Treasury Bench came out better than usual, Irish Attorney-General and Home Secretary both delivering speeches quite rattling by comparison with the average run from this quarter.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—King of Belgians, who has come over in time to see Buffalo Bill's Show, looked in at House to-night. "Always like to advance by degrees, *mon frère*," he said to me; "so take House of Commons *en route* for Buffalo Bill. But what a disappointment is this! Heard in Brussels that you were engaged upon most momentous issue of modern times. Expected to find crowded House, and bubbling excitement. But there's nothing but half empty benches, *and wholly sleepy gentlemen.* We can do better than this *chez nous.*"

Sorry His Majesty disappointed. But certainly we're in low water just now. Everybody tired to death of incessant talking. Two-thirds of House judiciously staying away. Big guns won't go off in such depressing circumstances. All holding back till Monday, when House will be full again. To-night Ambrose gets his chance; been walking about for a week with notes of his speech in hand, and that curious expression on face which some people think is a smile. Just now Speaker returned his smile with a nod, and Ambrose added to current depression a speech hour and quarter long.

Only ripple in stagnant pool of sitting occurred at Question Time. King-Harman discovered sitting on Treasury Bench, violently blushing. Instant concentration of attention upon him. Swift procession of inquiry. By what authority was his new office constituted? Is there salary attached? Would he vacate his seat? Is he an Orangeman? and was he at one time Secretary to Home-Rule Association in Dublin? King-Harman wriggled about on seat; his red face took on peony tinge. Felt his biceps, and expanded his chest. Only ten days ago, whilst yet a private Member, had paused in passing Irish Camp to invite Tanner to "come outside." Might Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Irish Office extend invitation to John Morley, Gladstone, and the rest putting these inconvenient questions? The Attorney-General advised in the negative, so King-Harman remained dumb, whilst Arthur Balfour put in the responses. A promising outlook this, but closed up as hastily as possible, and thereafter only the thrice-boiled colewort of Coercion Debate.

Business done.—None.

Friday Night.—Tim Healy looked dangerous some hours before he broke out. Seated, amid scanty attendance, below the Gangway, he from time to time broke in upon Plunket's speech with ironical cheers. Plunket disarmed him by graceful appeal to his gentlemanhood. Thereafter, sat quiet. Speech after speech ground out. Benches nearly empty, and dulness settled, like thick fog, over the House. Some time before midnight, Colonel Saunderson rose, and matters improved in briskness. The Colonel made fine play with his shillelagh, twisted it between thumb and finger round his own head, and brought it down with a whack on any other he chanced to see. Would not, in his extreme moderation, go so far as to accuse Parnellites of having imbrued their hands in blood. "But," he added, uplifting his voice, "I do accuse them of associating with men whom they knew to be murderers."

Tim on his feet in a moment, asking the Speaker whether this was in order. Speaker admitted gravity of the charges, but pointed out that they might be met in debate. Finding him immovable, Tim, speaking without emotion, as if he were moving for unopposed return, said,—"I have no hesitation in telling the Hon. Gentleman that, if he refers to me, he is a liar."

"Liar!"

House lively enough now. Fog swept away as by breath of passing hurricane. Chamber resounded with cheers. Cries of "Name!" and "Withdraw!" Speaker asked if Tim withdrew the expression. But even in moments of intensest excitement Tim nothing if not orderly. Speaker still on his feet; according to Rule no other Member allowed to stand at same time. This Tim respectfully pointed out. Speaker resumed his seat, and then Tim quietly argued the matter, incidentally repeating his accusation that Saunderson had strayed from the line of strict veracity.

So the Speaker named him. Smith, with scared look, moved his suspension. House divided, suspension confirmed, and Tim got away quite early, walking out amid frantic cheers from his friends. Next, Sexton, standing with arms a-kimbo, called Saunderson a liar, with the addition of an adjective. There were at least a score of Parnellites athirst for the distinction achieved by Tim. Would take more than an hour to gratify individual aspiration. Happily, Saunderson induced to withdraw. Sexton withdrew, and scene ended as abruptly as it had opened. Evidently no use going on with debate, so House adjourned at 12·35. *Business done.*—None.

A Turning in the Lane.—According to the papers, Augustus Druriolanus (who no doubt took his cue from *Mr. Punch*, who showed last week how the cold neglect originally intended for our "Brethren beyond the seas," had been exchanged for a most cordial reception), on Friday, entertained our Colonial Visitors with another Transformation Scene. The copy, like the original, seems to have been a success.

Treating Him Lightly.—The Gladstonian Liberals dismiss Mr. Chamberlain's anti-Home-Rule arguments as "*Ayr*-y nothings."

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL FAIRY TALES.

VIII.—Little Red Rogue Riderhood.

There was once a woman who had the prettiest little girl in the parish. For this favourite child she made a red hood, which became her so handsomely that all the neighbours called her Little Red Rogue Riderhood. The name was well deserved by the cleverness of the little girl, as you will learn from the following tale.

One day Little Red Rogue Riderhood's mother had done the baking and also made a plum-cake, which she gave the child, bidding her carry it to her Great Aunt, a wealthy but miserly old lady, from whom the little Rogue well knew that she had great expectations. So the young girl set out, with her basket on her arm, and, from picking out a plum here and there, she soon advanced so far in her studies as to finish the cake altogether! When she saw that there was no more left, and reflected on the disappointment to the old lady (from whom her expectations were considerable), Little Red Rogue Riderhood sat down in a wood, and wept bitterly. At this moment who should come up but a great Wolf.

"Where are you going, my little maid?" asked the Wolf.

"Going to my Great Aunt's in the cottage at Six Mile End, if you please, Sir," said Little Red Rogue Riderhood, adding the full address, and dropping him a courtesy.

"Are you going the long way, or the short way?" asked the Wolf.

"The long way," said Little Red Rogue Riderhood, thinking that she was in no hurry.

"I'll be off then," said the Wolf, "and mention that you are coming!" So he trotted away.

Now Little Red Rogue Riderhood fell a-thinking. She knew that there are no wolves in England, and she remembered that there was a Wild-Beast and Waxwork Show in the village that day.

"He's escaped from the Show," said the little girl, "and I'd better go back and tell Mr. Varley,"—the spirited Proprietor.

So back she went to the village, and the Wolf trotted on, till he came to the Great Aunt's house. He knocked at the door, *Toc! Toc!*

"Who's there?" said the old lady from her bed.

"Little Red Rogue Riderhood," said the Wolf, "with a cold, and *so* hoarse."

"Pull the latch, and the bar will fall," said the old lady, and the Wolf ran in and *worry-gurry-worried* her!

"I'll wait here for the child," he thought, and he fell asleep.

Presently, *Toc! Toc!* somebody came knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" says the Wolf.

"Little Red Rogue Riderhood!"

"Pull the latch and the bar will fall!" says the Wolf.

Then flash! bang! bang! went several guns, and the Wolf dropped back in bed riddled with bullets by the local Volunteer Corps; for Little Red Rogue Riderhood had brought a Corporal's Guard to look after her, and Mr. Varley of the Show.

Little Red Rogue Riderhood wept bitterly over her Great Aunt, observing that, if she had not given the Wolf the old lady's address, this might never have happened, which is not unlikely.

But she now inherited all the old lady's large property, and afterwards married the Squire's son, paying Mr. Varley, of course, handsomely for the loss of his favourite old Wolf.

Moral.—Do not give information at random to inquiring strangers.

BLUNDERBORE AT BOW STREET.

(Suggested by a recent Police Report.)

We may take it that a Giant,
When aggressively defiant,
An extremely awkward client
May become.
Though the Police (Division D.R.)
Very portly men to see are,
And in stature not (as *we* are)
Medi-um.

P.C. 46, patrolling,
Met a Giant out a-strolling,
And suspected, from his rolling,
He was screwed.
But he "temporised," the Optim-
-ist! and civil speeches dropped him—
Whereupon that Giant whopped him—
Which was rude!

Then he wanted satisfaction
For his own high-handed action!
To the Constable's distraction
And surprise;
Is it intellect he's queer in?
No; the explanation's herein—
'Twas the Emerald Isle of Erin
Saw his rise!

For of logic they are less full,
In that country so distressful,
And coercion's unsuccessful
With the Celt.
So he showed an animation
Fully worthy of his nation,
When they took him to the station,
Which he felt!

And with rage and fury roaring,
His unjust arrest deploring,
Threw himself upon the flooring,
Where he kicked!
Laid about him with his gingham,
Said insulting things to sting 'em,—
And it's lucky Sir James Ingham
Isn't strict!

Not a Magistrate's less donnish,
More contented to admonish,
Or less easy to astonish,
Or to shock;
Still next day he almost flinches,
And he tests himself with pinches,
Seeing seven foot nine inches
In the dock!

But the prisoner colossal—
Who could topsy-turvy toss all!—
Is as meek as an apostle,
Or a mouse.
With a penitent regard on,
He begs everybody's pardon, [on
And he hopes they won't be hard
His carouse.

What he's *done* he only guesses;
But he candidly confesses
He had taken to excesses,
Trouble-tossed!
For the van he showed himself in,
With his portraits (bringing pelf in),
By a freak of Fortune elfin
He had lost!

After months of foreign travel,
By a Belgian's carping cavil,
Like a salmon on the gravel
Is he left!
Of each highly-coloured panel
Of his native caravan—all
That he took across the Channel,
He's bereft.

"If you'll shun the cup of Circe,"
Says Sir James, "I'll fine, in mercy. [purse?—see—
You've ten shillings in your
Have you not?"
Cries the Giant, "Shure ye're sportin' at
An overgrown unfortinate—
For nothin' of the *sort* in it
I've got!"

So his woful plight was pitied,
And the penalty remitted,
And in tears the dock he quitted,
Blunderbore.
Let us hope they've tamed the Titan, [on,
And he'll not presume his height
Nor with minnows play the Triton
Any more!

Mrs. Ram is thinking of writing her Jubilee Recollections of the Last Half-Century. Among her theatrical reminiscences she remembers having seen *The Comedy of Errors* at the Strand Theatre, but can't call to mind who played the two *Dominoes* in it.

Comfort for a Royal Academician.—"The Man who is born to be hung will never be drowned."

"Borne to be Hung."

Mostly Smoke!

During Friday Night's debate Mr. De Lisle was told that "he was not worth shooting!" Surely this is carrying matters a little too far when the question of assassination is actually canvassed in the House of Commons.

Should revolvers become the fashion, it will be necessary to placard the Chamber with "Rubbish must *not* be shot here," or else the noise of fire-arms will become absolutely deafening.

KEEPING THE SOCIAL BALANCE EVEN.

Captain Bryll (to Wife of his Bosom). "MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN TRYING HARD TO BOW TO LORD AND LADY TYRBUTT; BUT THEY CUT ME DEAD, CONFOUND IT!"

Mrs. Bryll. "ALL RIGHT. THEN LET'S CUT *MR. AND MRS. SPRATTE*, WHO ARE TRYING HARD TO BOW TO US!"

THE VULTURES;

OR, WHAT OF THE FIGHT?

(A Suggestion from Swinburne.)

ENGLAND, what of the fight?—
The fight that may come again,
When the ridge of the battle plain
By the last lurid sun-ray is lit,
And thou in thine armèd might
Hast fought the good fight, and thy men
Lie low where the night-birds flit,—
What then, oh land, what then?

Prophet, what of the fight?
What is the vision you see?
England the stubbornly free,
Erect, 'midst the whirl of her waves.
Harbours *she* traitors and slaves,
Harpies, of gold-worship bred,
Who grope for their gain amongst graves
That hide the hosts of her dead?

Dead men, what of the fight?
Weapons that fail in the hand,
No true Excalibur brand!
Ah, thought that the fancy shuns!
Better the raven and kite,
The maw of wolf or of hound,
Than the sight of our slaughtered sons
With the Vultures of Trade around.

Mourners, what of the fight?—
Cry for the gibbet and cord
For the traitor, shaping a sword
To break in the grip of the brave.—
Hucksters, ghouls of the night!
Grabbers of cent. per cent.!—
Was it for such ye gave
Your sons to be slain and spent?

Statesmen, what of the fight?—
Think ye it is not time
To crush out the crawling crime?
The flaring of faction's lamp
Does it blind you quite to the light
Of duty? Are ye indeed
Sophists who glose and vamp.
Your honour a broken reed?

Officials, what of the fight?—
Whether or when it may be
Who is it knows? Not ye!
Gorging at Party's feast,
Ye are the nation's blight.
Have ye *no* thought save pay?
Greed is the mark of the beast.
When shall we sear it away?

Vultures, what of the fight?—
Ah! but ye crowd for gain.
Little care ye for the slain,
Only your maws to cram.
There they be in the night,
Sold for your sakes to death.
System? A scoundrel sham
That leaves *ye* with wings and breath!

England, what of that fight?—
Rouse you, and raise a hand.
These Vultures swarm in the land,
Incompetence, traitrous greed.
Scourge them to headlong flight,
Vermin of office and mart,
Ere the harpies batten indeed,
Their beaks in the nation's heart.

THE DEMMON ORATOR.

MR. CHAPLIN is the gemmun
Who pronounces "Demon" "Demmon."
No authority is "Lemon"
For pronouncing "Demon" "Demmon."
He an Orator of course is,
He our "CHAPLIN of the Forces."
Grand to see him wrestlin', grapplin'
With the Demmon! Worthy CHAPLIN!

OB-KNOX-IOUS.—The Fast Days—these *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, or Knox's Festivals—are to disappear from Scotland. The Fast Days are to be holidays, and the Elders say that in future they'll be uncommonly fast days.

New Royal Jubilee Title.

IF it be true, and so the story goes,
That, fearing for the Royal Duke's repose,
They would not fire a salute gallant,
But simply, when at Cannes, replied, "We can't."
Then should the Prince, not quite a sailor thorough,
Be known as Duke of SLEEPY-'ED-INBORO'.

A GOOD JOKE THAT EVERYONE WILL SEE IMMEDIATELY.—Mr. HARRY FURNISS'S "Artistic Joke," The Gallery, New Bond Street.

THE VULTURES.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

War Office, Departmental and Other.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is a perfectly inoffensive weapon.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET will, however adroitly handled, injure nobody.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is made of the finest pewter.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be melted down into a pint pot.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET bends up double on the slightest touch.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may, by a slight pressure of the finger, be made to assume a graceful curl.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be instantly flattened out straight on the knee, and returned again to its scabbard.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET makes a serviceable hat-peg.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET will not inflict a wound on anything or anybody.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may be freely distributed in the Nursery.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be converted into an admirable hoop.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may be introduced with perfect safety into the cradle.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET greatly assists the baby at teething.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET can be utilised at pic-nics as a corkscrew.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is recognised as an efficient drawing-room toasting-fork.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET would be quite at home as an elegant meat-skewer.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET crumples up like cardboard in action.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET merely pleasantly tickles the enemy.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is a highly humorous weapon.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET staggers its possessor by its unique performances.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET when used against an opponent, sends him into fits of laughter.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET may be regarded as the foeman's friend.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET is supplied generally to Her Majesty's Forces.

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET. "General Officer" writes:—"It is a most peculiar weapon. Finding myself in the face of a determined enemy, in command of a division armed with nothing better, I should certainly at once turn tail and retire from the field, giving a general order of '*Sauve qui peut!*'"

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET. "Expert" writes:—"We made further trial of the new weapons yesterday, taking a sheet of blotting-paper at the full charge. The result was marvellous. Every-one of them doubled up instantly."

THE BENEVOLENT BAYONET. For all further particulars as to the supply of this highly useful and popular weapon, apply to the Director, Bogus Department, War Office, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is the coming Gun.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is the latest triumph of the Ordnance Department.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is designed by thoroughly unpractical Officials.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is constructed on unscientific principles.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is made of defective Metal.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER can never be loaded.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER must never be fired.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER, if loaded, at once cracks from end to end.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER, if fired, instantly blows up at the breech.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER is not a reliable Weapon.

THE BLAZING BREECH-LOADER. "Vice-Admiral" writes:—"I started last August for a cruise in the South Pacific, in H.M.S. *Phlegethon*, armed with four of the above-named guns. The first exploded in the Channel at target-practice, killing forty-eight of my crew clean off, and the next two followed suit blowing away the whole of my upper deck down to the davits, as I was saluting a Mongolian ironclad. I thought it better to remove the breech from the fourth, and, picking my way home for repairs, I am now utilising the stem as a telescope. That's the only way to get any good out of it. Take my word for it, the Blazing Breech-Loader is a nasty weapon."

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is a surprising novelty.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is a permanent source of exhilaration to the Contractor.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is an artfully designed explosive.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is sometimes filled with sawdust.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE frequently contains nothing.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE burns well with coke in a Kitchener.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE blows up suddenly, when not expected.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE refuses to go off when wanted.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE jams in the breech in action.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE is "real Jam" to the enemy.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE.—This highly humorous and laughter-provoking contrivance is supplied by the Authorities in any quantity to Her Majesty's troops about to enter upon active service, and will be found by the merriment its unsuspected vagaries create in a crisis on the battle-field an invaluable addition to the surprise and amusement inseparable from the official catastrophes that may be expected to arise in the course of a foreign campaign.

THE COMIC CARTRIDGE.—For all particulars apply to the Practical Joke Department. War Office, S. W.

TO GUN MANUFACTURERS.—Twenty Tons of Fluid Steel to be disposed of. As it has been unscientifically prepared, hastily cooled, is full of flaws, and has therefore been officially "passed" by the irresponsible Inspecting Committee of the Ordnance Department, it may be confidently recommended for utilisation in the construction of a weapon calculated to crack, burst, or blow up immediately it is fired. Youthful nationalities, at a distance, struggling for independence, might communicate.

PATENT FOR SALE.—The Constructing Departments of Her Majesty's Military Amalgamation Office, having just completed the invention of a new Time-Fuse Shell, which invariably bursts either in the breech or muzzle of the gun, or even before loading if desired, are anxious to meet with an enterprising firm who are willing to take the new projectile in hand, with a view to making it in some measure available for the existing requirements of the Service. Plans, with full statistics as to previous damage, explosive power, &c., will be furnished on application at the Office.

TO CONTRACTORS AND OTHERS.—Notice.—This is to certify that the Director-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Military Hoodwinking Department is prepared to receive Tenders for the supply of the under-mentioned goods; to wit:—

50,000 yards of second-hand three-quarter inch gas-piping (cut into proper lengths), and available for conversion into rifle-barrels of the Woolwich model.

20 cwt. of old hoop-iron, suitable for the manufacture of sword-bayonets of the approved Government pattern.

And 500 reams of inferior damaged brown paper, required for the strengthening, and giving consistency to the soles of 20,000 pairs of regulation boots.

The Director wishes to point out to competing Contractors that, as the Department assumes no responsibility whatever for the character of the goods supplied, they will not be so narrowly scrutinised as the amount of the commission they carry with them, which last he will take principally into his consideration in making his award.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENT VACANT. Wanted immediately to fill a highly important position in one of Her Majesty's Inspecting Departments, a well-trained expert accustomed to discharge the duties devolving on him in such a fashion, that when called upon to furnish any personal explanation of matters coming within his reasonable cognisance, he is able to shirk all individual responsibility by referring the inquirers for further information to the system of which he alleges he is merely an unrecognised representative. He must know how to play a good hand at "Poker," thoroughly understand "Blind Hookey," and have some acquaintance with the "three-card trick," and must be able to gather by instinct when he is expected either to shut his eyes to the condition of any damaged goods he is called upon to "pass" as sound, or wink at the Contractor who has been commissioned by him to supply them. Candidates will be expected to furnish references from some noted member of a well-known and recognised swindling Long Firm, together with all further necessary particulars to the Director General, Inner Ring Department, Her Majesty's Uncontrol Office, on or before the 25th inst.

THE DRAMA.

Æsthetic Critic (at the Club, after the Theatre). "CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE UTTERLY SOLEMN THAN THE DÉNOÛMENT IN *ROMEO AND JULIET?* TWO LOVERS, BOTH DYING IN THE SAME VAULT! WHAT FATE MORE WEIRDLY TRAGIC COULD——"

Cynical Old Bachelor (who has evidently never read the Play). "UM—'S NO KNOWING. THE AUTHOR MIGHT 'A' MARRIED 'EM!"

A TOOL OF TRADE.

(Imitated from Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument.")

An Allegory on the Banks of the—Pactolus.

WHAT is he doing, the Middleman,
Down by Trade's Golden River?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Grubbing up grain with the greed of a goat,
And swamping the tiny shallops afloat
On the golden flood of the River.

He tore up a reed, did the Middleman,
A flourishing reed, from that River.
The troubled water turbidly ran,
And the broken reed all helpless lay
In the cunning hand which tore it away
From its root in the Golden River.

High on the shore sate the Middleman,
While turbidly flowed the River,
And hacked and hewed, as your huckster can,
With his cruel steel, at the severed reed,
Till there was small sign of life indeed
To prove it fresh from the River.

He cut it short, did the Middleman,
(How big he swelled by the River!)
Then drew out the pith, on a patent plan
Devised by his like of the cruel Trade Ring,
And sucked through the poor dry empty thing
Deep draughts from the Golden River.

"This is the way," laughed the Middleman
(Laughed as he sate by the River),
"The only way, since Rings began
To suck Trade's blood, they could fully succeed."
Then popping his lips to the conduit-reed,
He drew, drew, drew from the River.

Neat cheat, O Middleman!
Vampire-ghoul of the River!
Blind *most* neat, O Middleman!
You idly sit as the stream flows by,
And suck at ease whilst your victims die
For want of a draught from the River.

Yet a bloated brute is the Middleman
To laugh as he sits by the River,
Playing the leech on his patent plan,
Trade's heart depleting, sucking its brain,
And bruising and breaking to plump *his* gain
The myriad reeds of the River!

FULL OF LOCAL COLOUR.—Primrose Day.

HOLIDAY CHARGES.

(As they appear to the dyspeptic and disordered imaginations of Aggrieved Correspondents of the Daily Papers, who have sons at the Public Schools.)

SCENE—*The School House, Rodchester.* Headmaster *discovered surrounded by* Assistant-Masters, *all in Jubilee high spirits.*

Headmaster (bursting with suppressed laughter). I've had such a screaming letter from a Parent! It'll half kill you. He wants to know—fancy the impudence of a Parent wanting to know anything!—whether there's "any truth in the report that in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, we intend to lengthen the holidays (*general merriment*) which, in his opinion, are already monstrously excessive (*shouts*); and whether in that case the equitable course will be adopted of proportionately lowering the school-fees for the following Term."

[*Screams of laughter. Several* Assistant-Masters *carried out in hysterics. Five minutes' interval allowed to recover from the exhilarating effects of the communication just read.*

Headmaster (continuing). Yes, I thought it would amuse you. I'm having a printed form of reply made, as I expect a good many letters of this kind. It politely reminds Parents that they knew the rules and customs of the School when they sent their boys here, or if they didn't, they ought to (*cheers and laughter*) and that if they are dissatisfied they have only to withdraw their sons, which will enable us to fill their places with some of the numerous applicants who have been waiting for years for the privilege of admission to this educational establishment. (*More merriment.*) That'll fetch 'em! (*Roars of laughter.*) And now to proceed to business. Which shall it be? An extra week at Easter, Midsummer, and Christmas, *or three weeks* in the summer?

Several Assistant-Masters. Oh, in the summer, any day! We might run over to California, or India, or do the Caucasus, even——

Headmaster (jocosely). Or go round the World—JULES VERNE did it in eighty days, and why shouldn't some of you?

Another Assistant-Master (boldly). Wouldn't it look more *loyal* if we were to give an extra *month*, instead of three weeks?

Several more (with animation). Yes; or a month in the summer, and another month each at Easter and Christmas.

All the Rest. Or, better still, six months' holiday in the summer, and three at Easter and Christmas.

Headmaster (a little staggered). Why, that would make the whole year in holidays! (*Cries of "So much the better!"*) I don't quite know, Gentlemen—whether—ahem!—such a course would not be *ultra vires*, as HORACE says, or, in English, trying it on a little too much. We must (*genially*) temper the holiday to the shorn Parent. Well, then, suppose we say a month? (*Murmurs.*) No, I know you won't like it, but I don't see how we can give more without sacrificing some of the fees for——(*Loud and indignant shouts of "No! no!"*) Mind, *I* don't personally advocate a return of fees. That's not *my* Plan of Campaign at all. But I don't see quite how we can make the Jubilee cover more than an extra month. Very well, then, that's settled, and I'll notify all Parents accordingly. What a shindy there will be to be sure! (*Laughter.*) Look out for your morning papers, all of you, and look out I think I may add, for *squalls.* They'll be simply crammed with letters from Roman fathers (*more laughter*) saying how glad they'll be to see their brats—I mean their interesting progeny (*screams of laughter*)—at home for as long as we like to send them. Of course they will! A most excellent instinct is parental affection!

[*Exit hurriedly, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth.*

Curtain.

GOSCHEN TO THE RESCUE.

Sing a song of French pence,
Tempers all awry;
None will take the foreign "browns"—
All are asking "Why?"
Small shopkeeper, tramway-man,
Pray keep up your pecker,
You 'll have Goschen's sympathy,
Help from the Exchequer.
To relieve you from your mess,
Goschen says he 's willing;
They shall go, like penny buns,
Thirteen for a shilling.
That shall wipe the 'busman's eye,
Pacify the nation,
And, what 's better, purify
John Bull's "circulation."

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

(*Notes from the Speaker's Commentary*)

You may say that a Man is not wedded to the truth;
Or sometimes suffers from a spirit of exaggeration;
Or occasionally finds it difficult to confine himself strictly to actualities;
Or is unfettered by the four corners of hard matter-of-fact;
Or is a Past Master in the pleasing art of realistically romancing;
Or is partial in describing Nature, to borrowing from the pages of Romance;
Or is much given to an artificial recollection of misleading statistics;
Or cannot distinguish the false from the true, with a bias towards the former;
Or has a distinct liking for the utterance of statements of a misleading character;
But you must not! No, you must not!! You really must not!!! Call him A Liar!!!!

THE DACHSHORSE.

EDUCATION MADE EASY. No. 5.

In the City, before Alderman Slasher.

Alderman (*to Clerk*). I suppose you have the usual number of Education summonses to-day?

Clerk. Yes, Sir. (*To Officer.*) Call Thomas Sykes.

A Man in his working-clothes appears in the Dock.

School-Board Officer. Your Worship, this is an exceedingly bad case. Thomas Sykes has been summoned before, for not sending his boy to school, and your Worship's Colleague, Mr. Alderman Buncombe, dismissed the case, with a caution, that if he continued to disobey the law, he would certainly be committed. That caution has been thrown away upon this man, who openly and obstinately defies the law.

Sykes. Nothing of the sort.

Alderman. Then why does not your boy go to school? Here is a certificate of his attendances, and I find that he stops away much more than half his time.

Sykes. No fault of mine, your Worship, I send the boy to school reglar. If he don't attend, it 's no fault of mine. I does my best.

Alderman. But you must see that he goes to school.

Sykes. How can I, your Worship, when I have my own work to do?

Alderman. Then your wife should see to it.

Sykes. I hain't got no wife. Missus died two years sin' last Christmas. Since then I have lost Cissey too.

[*The man seems more affected by the last loss, than by the first.*

Alderman. Who is Cissey?

School-Board Officer. His youngest girl, Sir. We never could get her to attend school.

Alderman. How old was she?

School-Board Officer. She was six, Sir. The Act applies, as your Worship knows, to all children above five.

Sykes (*indignantly*). It does nothing of the sort. If it applies to everybody, why don't you summon Mealface, the butterman, as lives in the next street to me, and 'as two boys, reglar devils, runnin' about the streets all day long? But then, don't your Worship see, Mealface pays a bigger rent nor me, and Mealface is a Vestryman, and——

Alderman. Well, Mealface is not before me. When he comes I shall know how to deal with him. Have you anything more to say about your own boy?

Sykes. Nothing more. Only that the boy is a good boy, and no bad scoller either, as School-Board man knows if he cares to tell you.

School-Board Officer. Only passed Third Standard, Sir.

Alderman. Anything more to say.

Sykes. Only, Sir, that I have walked over five miles to your Worship's Court, and will have to walk five miles back, and isn't that punishment enough without fining or locking me up? That is, for no fault of mine——

Alderman. I can't listen to this. You can't be allowed to set yourself above the law.

School-Board Officer. I must ask your Worship to convict this man. He is very obstinate and thinks he can defy the law.

Alderman. That he must not do. He must pay five shillings fine.

Sykes. I hain't got the money, and wouldn't pay it if I had.

Clerk. Have you any goods?

Sykes. Yes; more than enough to pay your five bob. But stop—you shan't have them. I shan't part with Cissey's cradle for all the School Boards and Beaks——

Alderman. Take care what you say.

Sykes. I beg your Worship's pardon, but I'd rather go to quod than pay five bob, or sell Cissey's cradle.

Alderman. Committed for five days. [*Exeunt omnes.*

From Cannes.—The salute couldn't be fired because the Royal Ducal Musician had just composed himself—to sleep. H.R.H. the Duke of E. is now learning a solo from *Somnambula*, and Sullivan's *Lullaby* from *Cox and Box*. He is also getting up his part in a "Canon quartette."

Woe (not Weal) Barrow!—At Barrow, the other evening, Mr. Caine made a vain attempt to obtain a hearing at a meeting of his constituents. The reason generally given for the failure was that Caine was positively not able!

Skye-Larks.—Joe and Jesse.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXVI.—A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.,

Taken from One of His Own Rough Sketches.

ONE of the incidents of my income is the possession of certain rents and profits of some leasehold property known as Royal Windsor Castle Palace Terrace, North End, Fulham. My rents and profits (which were left to me by an eccentric spinster relative said in her lifetime to be extremely fond of practical jokes) are not particularly lucrative. My tenants are extremely worthy people; but experience has taught me that, when I attempt to collect the rents, I generally lose all the profits. Feeling that a landlord should take a personal interest in those who live upon his estate, for some time I attempted to do without an Agent, and appeared in person on Quarter Day. On the first occasion I was received somewhat coldly, but soon propitiated my sub-lessees by yielding a ready consent to whatever they required in the shape of alterations. Thus, by a judicious promise of a bath-room here, a conservatory there, and a copper yonder, I easily gained their good-will. However, when I came to balance my accounts at the end of the year, I found that, although I had no doubt greatly improved the value of my property, still the balance was decidedly, very decidedly, on the wrong side. It was then, by the advice of a friend, that I placed myself unreservedly in the hands of some eminent Estate Agents, who, ever since, have saved me an infinity of trouble; although, from the reproachful glances of those who live in Royal Windsor Castle Palace Terrace, North End, Fulham, which are levelled at me whenever I go near that delightful locality, I fear I have secured the reputation of being a landlord with a will of iron, and a heart of stone.

Some little while ago, a dispute about the payment of rent necessitated certain unpleasant proceedings, not totally unconnected with the propriety of placing a man in possession; and, as usual, my Agents acted with their customary promptness, and gave me most excellent advice. I did not trouble myself very much about the matter, having other anxieties pressing themselves more prominently upon my attention; still, I had labelled the affair under the very general heading of "Worries" in the storehouse of my memory, and left it there unsettled.

A few days since it occurred to me to pay a visit to my chambers, to clear up any arrears of work that might have accumulated during an unusually lengthy absence from Pump Handle Court. My excellent and admirable Clerk, PORTINGTON, received me with some hesitation, invited me to follow him into my room, and then carefully closed the door.

"Hope you enjoyed your Christmas holidays," I said, pleasantly. "Is there anything for me?" He placed before me my usual batch of circulars (which were soon read and relegated to their temporary resting-place, the waste-paper basket), and then again hesitated.

"Has anyone asked to see me?" I continued, in my usual perfunctory manner. To my surprise I received an unlooked-for answer.

"Yes, Sir," replied PORTINGTON, with more sorrow than exultation, "someone *has* been here several times during the last few days. In fact he was most pressing, and wouldn't believe me when I said that I thought you had gone on an arbitration case to Canada."

"Dear me!" I observed. "You should have reminded me, PORTINGTON, that I had such an engagement—it had entirely escaped my memory."

"Well, Sir, to tell the truth," replied my excellent and admirable Clerk, "it was a subterfuge. I did not quite like the look of the man, and thought it best to get rid of him; but of course, Sir, if you wish to see him, I will show him in when he calls again. He told me that he would look in the first thing this morning, and he has been here twice already, and the last time said he was coming back in a quarter of an hour."

"By all means admit him," I replied. "I never deny myself to a possible client. In these hard times, PORTINGTON, it does not do to neglect business. No doubt he will give me some work in one of the Courts."

"I think that most likely, Sir," said my Clerk, rather dryly, and withdrew.

I must confess that when I was alone I felt rather apprehensive that my interview with my unknown visitor would not be altogether of a pleasant character. I ransacked my memory to find if by any act of forgetfulness I could possibly have rendered myself liable to disagreeable consequences connected with that most useful institution the County Court, but could not recollect any incident of grave importance. So far as I remembered, in spite of the extreme depression in trade now prevailing, I had done nothing warranting measures vindictively hostile. Then it occurred to me that I had promised to sit for my portrait; perhaps it was the artist who had wished to catch my expression when I was actually engaged in forensic work. However I had not long to wait in suspense, as a few minutes later PORTINGTON, with a "Here he is, Sir," ushered in my importunate visitor.

The moment he had entered I recognised the reason for the hesitation and distrust shown by my Clerk. The man before me was unmistakable. He carried a hooked stick, wore a coat buttoned up to the neck, and held in his hand a perfectly napless hat.

"Well," I said, with the air of King CHARLES THE FIRST surrendering to a non-commissioned officer in CROMWELL'S army, "Well, and what do you want?"

"I am very sorry, Sir," he answered uneasily, "but I am only doing my duty. I hope I don't intrude."

"Certainly not, my good fellow," I returned. "I do not blame you."

"No, Sir, I humbly say you should not, as I have been trying to get at you these three days."

I was a little surprised at this, as the man spoke as if he expected me to be personally obliged to him for the embarrassing attention he had paid to me.

"Give it me," I said, putting out my hand.

"Certainly, Sir," he answered, producing a document, and pushing it towards me.

"I was not aware that there was anything due," I continued, without looking at the paper. "However, that is a matter of detail, and of no interest to you."

"Why, Sir, in course there was! The total was seven eight twelve, and I would have got it that I would, but I couldn't find a stick of furniture!"

At last my spirit was roused—the British Lion began, like a worm, to turn upon his taunter.

"You have dared to go to my private address, annoying my wife!" I exclaimed in tones of thunder.

"Oh, please, Sir—no, Sir! I only went to North End, Fulham!"

I looked at the paper in my hand, and instead of—well, what I had expected to see there—found a letter. It was from my Agents for collecting the rents of Windsor Castle Palace Terrace, telling me that they had put their broker's man at my disposal, as I, as a Barrister, might tell him what I wanted done.

"How dare you, Sir!" was all I could say.

"But, please Sir—I didn't mean to do it—please Sir, I tried so hard to find you! If I have been here once, I have been here at least a dozen times during the last two days! It wasn't my fault I couldn't find you."

I pondered. It was a serious matter. Here was my credit at stake. I am not very rich, but I am always respectable. What should I do? At length an idea occurred to me.

"Have you told them what you came for, Sirrah?" I asked, severely.

"No, Sir,—I never do," tremblingly replied the broker's man.

"Take this," I said sternly, and I gave him an old packet of papers that happened to be lying on my table, "and for your life do not utter a word. Give them me back when I get you to the door."

"Yes, Sir," returned my visitor, in a frightened whisper.

"Now, you villain!" I said in a low tone as I opened the door, then raising my voice as I got into the passage, continued cheerily, "You may be sure, my dear Sir, that I will give the matter very careful consideration. Perhaps it would be better for me to discuss the various points you have raised with the Attorney-General. Good day, my dear Sir, good day." And I thrust him out.

"Will you give me your brief, Sir, that I may enter it in the fee-book?" said PORTINGTON, relieving me of the bundle of papers I had just received from the broker's man.

I looked at my admirable and excellent Clerk very gravely, nodded and left my chambers. Then I joined the poor fellow in the napless hat outside, and gave him half-a-crown, but on the condition that he promised never to speak to me again. He has kept his word.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

UPSETTING THEIR UNION. — As to the wisdom of appointing Colonel KING-HARMAN to the Irish Under-Secretaryship there are two or three opinions among Conservatives. It certainly does not tend in any way towards ma-king Harmany.

☞ **NOTICE.**—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when* accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!

The Popular Budget Ballad, sung with general rounds of applause at the St. Stephen's Music Hall, by the new Exchequer Startler, G. J. G-sch-n.

AIR—"*Two Lovely Black Eyes.*"

DOWN at the House, in the days that have been,
This grave Sage you might often have seen,
HARCOURT and I, and the Chief between,
But oh, what a surprise!

I joined the Conservatives frank and free;
GLADSTONE got angry right speedilee,
All in a jiff to see G. J. G.
Rat to the To-ries.

Chorus.—I join the To-ries?
Oh, what a surprise!
Rads were all telling me G. J. was wrong
To join the To-ries.

When to resign RANDOLPH thought it was best,
The Chancellorship upon me was press'd.
A humdrum Budget I feared, I confessed,
When oh, what a surprise!
A surplus I found; it was small, 'tis true,
Less than a million, but what did I do?
By a neat little dodge made it more than two!
That opened their eyes!

Chorus.—Revenue on the rise!
Oh, what a surprise!
HARCOURT was dumfoundered, CHURCHILL was dished;
Loud cheered the To-ries!

Didn't the Chaplinites hallo and shout?
HARCOURT and others, of course, expressed doubt,
But the Tories may leave me to fight it out;
In that they'll be wise.
Cut down the Annual Charge on the Debt;
Penny off Income Tax—good bait, you bet,
Lib'rals or Tories, they 're all glad to get
That little surprise.

Chorus.—Long it has been on the rise.
Ah! what a surprise!
Who will be telling G. J. he is wrong?
This *is* penny-wise!

Working Man's 'bacco tax—give that a wipe,
Please the poor feeders on porter and tripe
Friend of the "Masses" put *that* in your pipe,—
Ain't that a surprise?
Fancy my Budget 's a fine work of Art.
RANDOLPH may sneer; shows he 's feeling the smart.
'Tisn't so bad, eh, my friends?—for a start,
With my new allies.

Chorus.—Give 'em a fall, not a rise!
Oh! what a surprise!
As for Retrenchment—well that in the sweetest
Of "sweet By-and-Byes!"

THE *Court Journal* of April 16 is quite wrong about TORY, M.P.., and almost right about *Mr. Vice Versâ*. Such mistakes must occur in any paper which is "regularly taken in."

THE GRAMMAR OF DISSENT.

JUDGING from the proceedings of the Grand Old Grammarian and his followers on one side, and Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN, COLLINS, CAINE & Co., on the other, the leading peculiarities of the "Grammar of Dissent" would seem to be as follows:—

1. The Articles are all indefinite—very.
2. The Adjectives are strong, and mostly in the superlative degree.
3. The Substantives are singularly unsubstantial.
4. The Verbs are all exceedingly irregular, and confoundedly hard to conjugate, the imperative mood predominating in most of them in a quite disproportionate way.
5. The Adverbs share the characteristics of the Adjectives.
6. The Pronouns are mostly relative, but very seldom agree with their antecedents.
7. The Prepositions, as governing the "objective" or "accusative," are quite the most popular parts of speech—on platforms, and other places where they perorate.
8. The Conjugations are exclusively disjunctive, even at Round Tables.
9. The Interjections are invariably derisive and denunciatory, each being as provocative as *Miss Miggs'* "Oh, Mim!" and as contemptuous as *Mr. Burchell's* "Fudge!"

It will be seen at once that the study of these parts of (partisan) speech *must* be conducive to mutual conciliation, and general harmony.

Reply to an Abel Exposition.

SIR FREDERICK told them all "what 's what"
In the Institute Imperial,
But the Public do want to know who 's who,
Which is far more material.

THE WILD WEST (*at Earl's Court, S. W.*). At present we don't know much about "Buffalo BILL," but one thing is certain, that the Buffalo Bill-poster is doing his work uncommonly well.

"NEWS!"

("*From the most Reliable Sources.*")

COURT.—THAT the Duke of EDINBURGH intends supplying saluting-guns for his ship at his own expense.

That Prince and Princess HENRY of Battenberg are shortly to take a tour round the world, unaccompanied.

That for the convenience of the Jubilee celebration, HER MAJESTY will occupy Buckingham Palace for a month after May.

That Sir JOHN SOMERS VINE is to be the new Master of the Ceremonies in further recognition of his services in South Kensington.

That the Prince of WALES discountenances the further collection of subscriptions for the Imperial Institute.

POLITICAL.—That Lord SALISBURY has invited the following Gentlemen to visit him at the Château Neville, near Dieppe, to meet each other when the Session is over:—*Mr. Punch*, Mr. CONYBEARE, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. CHAPLIN, the Editor of the *Times*, and Mr. GLADSTONE.

That the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the event of the Premiership becoming vacant, would be called to assume the leadership of the Party by acclamation.

That a Bill for the encouragement of Good Breeding in Parliament will be backed by Messrs. HEALY, SEXTON and Colonel SAUNDERSON.

GENERAL.—That all persons who have ever been presented at Court will be expected to appear at the next Drawing Room, to be received personally by HER MAJESTY standing.

That Covent Garden Theatre will be shortly taken by Mrs. BROWN POTTER for the performance of *Man and Wife*, the Haymarket having proved too small to accommodate her present enthusiastic audiences.

That the proper celebration of the Jubilee will be a source of much anxiety to Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

That Her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN ANNE is not yet dead.

IN THE SPRING.

IN the Spring the bleak North-Easter urges on its wild career;
In the Spring Asparagus comes in, as tasteless as 'tis dear.
In the Spring those awful cads go howling "Flowers all a-blowing!"
In the Spring "sweet April showers" bless us—when it isn't snowing.
In the Spring Spring-cleans are on us in discomfort full and fell;
In the Spring house-painters flock and kick up a confounded smell.
In the Spring the gardener rouses for another year's extortion;
In the Spring come young potatoes,—extra tuppence for a "portion."
In the Spring our winter vesture shows a shabby sort of sheen;
In the Spring the early wickets stick into the sodden green.
In the Spring the artful "tipster" spreads flat-catching webs anew;
In the Spring the Clerk comes asking—vainly—for a rise of "screw."
In the Spring "May Meeting" summaries burden the newspaper column;
In the Spring the Budget Night makes all tax-paying folk look solemn.
In the Spring the merry Artist ups and puts his works on show;
In the Spring the R. A. Dinner brings forth speeches stale and slow.
In the Spring the little poets pump up gushing little lays,
In the Spring the shivering public cusses all the poets praise.
In the Spring—well, then there happens every blessed kind of thing,
And, in fact, the only thing that 's really missing is—the Spring!

PARNELLISM AND PARALLEL.—EXPERT examining specimens of Mr. PARNELL'S signature, quotes from *Twelfth Night*, Act ii., Scene 5:—

"*Malvolio.* By my life, this is Master PARNELL'S hand: these be his very C's, his H's, his R's, his L's; and thus makes he his great S's. It is, in contempt of question, his hand."

SOCIAL AGONIES.

(*Disadvantage of resembling a Celebrity.*)

She. "OH, *HOW* DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON. *HAVE* YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR CUTTING YOU AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT? I WAS ACTUALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT HORRID BORE, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIBEL—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."

He. "A—A—I *WASN'T* AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME *IS* TETTERBY THOMPSON!"

DESPAIR!

A MOODY Man sat by his cheerless fire,
Angrily gazing on its fading glow.
His anxious wife besought him, but in vain,
To tell the secret of his agony.
His flaxen-headed boy, with loving eyes
Gazed at his sire and wondered at his silence.
His little baby girl, just two years old,
Crept to his knee and sought his usual smile.
But all in vain! Within his gloomy soul
There seemed but place for one o'erpowering thought.
At length his poor fond wife, with streaming eyes,
Entreated him to speak, and thus he spoke:
"*The 'Busman gave me fippence for my change,*
And, out of them five pennies, three is French!!"

CAMMING IT STRONG.

MR. PUNCH, Master of All Arts and Doctor Doctissimus congratulates Sir REGINALD HANSON, M.A., and Lord M.A.-yor of London, on the Grand Cantab Re-unionist Banquet of Wednesday last. The Munching House was temporarily transformed into the Cambridge Senate House, and had the Vice-Chancellor proposed a toast, "The Dons!" with "They are jolly good Fellows," it would have been drunk with enthusiasm.

As a foretaste of the good dinner in store for them, the Academical guests were welcomed in the vestibule by a genial COOK, by whom manyof them visiting the Mansion House for the first time were "personally conducted" up to the Lord Mayor. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. MARRIOTT, Q.C., sat cheek by jowl—which was "cheek" and which "jowl" must be decided by their friends—and exchanged stories about the Cambridge Union. The A.D.C. was powerfully represented by Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY and Mr. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., who had comic speeches in their pockets, which, for some reasons or other, they did not deliver, even to the reporters. DRURIOLANUS, on whom, in spite of his having entertained the A.D.C. men, an honorary degree has not yet been conferred, was not present, but was supposed to be amply represented by Pasha BROADLEY. SMITH of world-wide renown was there: so was BROWN, but JONES was conspicuous by his absence. JONES missed a good thing. There was another Mayor present, a Canon Mayor, but not such a big gun as my Lord in the Chair. Altogether it was a great occasion and most enjoyable festivity.

"It is late for me to be out," observed the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, as he referred to his watch and gave Sir RICHARD WEBSTER the correct time by BENSON'S chronometer. His Grace regretted that the Church House was not in existence, as he and his chaplain might have finished the evening there, and offered hospitality to many old friends. As it was—— But here the Archbishop sighed, and saving "Good night! bless you!" generally, departed. Then the waiters went out, and the lights went out, and there was an end of the evening.

INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

(*Items from an Unpublished Page of a Jubilee Fund Subscription Book.*)

TOMMY ATKINS (equivalent to one day's pay), screwed out of him, against his will, by the "Collecting Major" £0 1 2

Like amount, got by similar means, from seventy other protesting brother privates in his regiment £4 1 8

JACK MARLINSPIKE.—His subscription towards the "Lubberly Institute," dragged out of him, neck and crop, by the blarney-talking First Lieutenant £0 1 6

Similar amount captured in like fashion from his white-feather-showing messmates £4 10 6

A COUNTRY PARSON.—Amount which he stands sorely in need of for the purchase of a new waistcoat, given out of no sympathy with the Imperial Institute or its objects, but forced from him through fear of losing his local character for respectability, and dread of social ostracism £0 5 0

SECOND SUBSCRIPTION FROM DR. BRAMBER'S ACADEMY, contributed by "One who wishes the Jubilee at the bottom of the Red Sea," "A Chap who would much rather spend his Shilling in Jam," and five other recalcitrant pupils, who think the Imperial Institute "beastly foolery," and hope the QUEEN won't get up half enough money for it £0 7 0

The Falagù Tribe (per the Mongo Islands Missionary Society's *Secretary*), who send all they've got in the world to help the Great White Mother to build herself a palace, but wish she could manage to do without it £0 1 8

And from the average British Tax-payer, up to his eyes in calls upon his purse for things that concern him much more nearly than the sentimental celebration of an epoch, pending further consideration of the matter £0 0 0

A Dainty Dish to Set Before the Queen.

LET all merry children subscribe to complete
The House for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street!
They want Sixteen Thousand to make it all right—
A pretty round sum—let each mite give its mite;
The Children of England will raise, you'll soon see,
A Fund to thus honour the QUEEN'S Jubilee.

THE Irish Home-Rulers say that if the genuineness of the PARNELL Letter can be disproved, the *Times* ought not to be known henceforth as Jove the Thunderer, but as Vulcan the Forger.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S GREETING TO THE PAYERS OF THE INCOME TAX.—"A Penny for your thoughts."

THE AIR (JUST NOW) IN RICHMOND PARK.—"*O Deer! what can the matter be?*"

"THE JUBILEE BUDGET." PAINTED BY G. J. GOSCHEN, R.A.

John Bull. "Very good, G. J. Congratulate you. The Figures are in your happiest Style, and the Landscape charming."

Grandolph (*with professional jealousy*). "Don't think much of it. If *I'd* painted such a Picture, the Critics would have been awfully down on me. (*Disgusted with everything and everybody.*) Bah!"

Song for Mr. Goodallround, R.A.

O Susannah! don't you cry for me,
But for Pres*ident* of Bristol's Art Soci*etee*,
See my Andromeda who fresh from rock and waves is,
Shown at the "Andromedaries,"—known as Mr. Graves's.

Evident to Everybody.—Is Mrs. Weldon preparing for the Fray? *Mais en sera-t-elle pour ses frais? C'est à voir.*

Zola's play, *Renée*, is a failure. The Public is not taken with the piece, and the Manager isn't taken by surprise, as he had provided for a *Renée* Day.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.—FOLKESTONE tells me of an incident not elsewhere reported, which, as he says, shows the growing spirit of misrule among the Masses. When House met this afternoon, Strangers' Gallery filled with a rush. Few minutes later entered a Stranger for whom attendant specially made room. When he took his seat, Stranger put on his hat. Thrill of horror went round crowded benches. Everyone expected to see attendants fall upon the reckless man, and conduct him to lowest dungeon beneath Clock-Tower. Nothing happened. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said another Stranger, putting on his hat and folding his arms. In an instant attendants swooped down on him. To remove his hat and lead him forth, work of a moment. "Booh!" he cried through the keyhole when door shut on him. "And this is what you call justice between man and man?" Yet this is only the beginning, FOLKESTONE thinks. We shall presently have the Masses demonstrating in Strangers' Gallery, and perhaps insisting upon taking part in debate.

Cause of all this was TIM HEALY. Suspended on Friday night by order of the House, he voluntarily hung himself up on topmost tier of seats in Strangers' Gallery wearing his hat in mute defiance. Hence looked down through greater part of night upon varied scene below.

Père SAMUELSON took earliest opportunity of clearing a character hitherto unimpeached. GOSCHEN, speaking at Edinburgh, had hinted that the *Père* had been an instrument in the hands of the guilty GLADSTONE, and had been put up to move amendment on Coercion Bill. Evidently what hurt the *Père* most was, the suspicion that he could be taken in.—he, the Father of such a son! Indignantly and at some length rated GOSCHEN, who with ill-affected lightness of heart withdrew allegation, and so incident closed without bloodshed. Fancy they 'll leave *le Père* alone after this.

Tuesday, 1·45 A.M. — House divided on Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Everyone relieved. Last instalment of debate considerably above average of former nights. SEXTON made many good points in speech of hour and half duration. Would have been capital if it had been shortened by the odd hour. But the Windbag will have its way. HARTINGTON followed in comparatively brief speech, which, like GLADSTONE'S and BALFOUR'S, was constantly interrupted.

"Haven't heard HARTINGTON lately," said the American Minister, looking down from the Gallery. "Has wonderfully improved as a speaker since he went into Opposition against old friends."

Curious spectacle HARTINGTON rising from side of GLADSTONE to support Conservative Coercion Bill. GLADSTONE uncontrollably wrought on by old friend's observations. Across the seat vacated by HARTINGTON he leaned, commenting with much gesticulation to JOHN MORLEY on successive passages. HARTINGTON must have heard much he was saying, which made matters a little awkward for everybody. GLADSTONE in fine form when, after dinner, his turn came. Constantly interrupted. But, with back against the wall, planted some resounding blows among his assailants. Then ARTHUR BALFOUR, whose speech was rather an altercation with Irish Members; next PARNELL, denouncing as "an unblushing fabrication" letter which *Times* says he wrote to PATRICK EGAN after Phœnix Park murders; and, finally, Division, showing 260 for the Amendment that *Père* SAMUELSON was *not* "put up to move;" against, 370.

"Little Hussey!"

Business done.—Coercion Bill read Second Time.

Tuesday Night.—Sudden and complete transformation-scene. The crowd that swarmed on every bench, and filled the Galleries in the early morning, has disappeared. The tossing sea become a mill-pond. For PARNELL pale and passionate we have PEASE placid and painstaking, and for the mighty torrent of GLADSTONE'S angered eloquence HUSSEY VIVIAN mildly expostulates with a Government that will not straightway find money to build National Harbours. Complaints occasionally made of management of business; but this putting up HUSSEY VIVIAN after the tempestuous scene of this morning, a stroke of genius. *To see him sitting forward* on the bench with notes of his speech in hand waiting opportunity to rise, soothing to the perturbed spirit. When he rose, regarded empty benches with a kindly smile. No one would have been surprised if he had asked after their home affairs, how the wife was, and whether MARY ANN was better of the hooping-cough. His speech was like a benediction; and DE WORMS, who had been up for greater part of the night, presently assumed suspiciously stolid attitude. Closed his eyes in order to think the more closely; nodded his head in acquiescence, the regularity and emphasis of which strangely contradictory of his subsequent refusal to adopt VIVIAN'S views. The subtle influence of VIVIAN'S speech more apparent in the division, Government escaping defeat by a narrow majority of five. Then there was some talk about Sunday Letter-deliveries, which with perilous chances lasted through the dinner-hour. But when MARK STEWART at half-past Ten proposed to discuss the system of Agricultural Education, Members fled, and House Counted Out.

Business done.—Some homely talk.

Wednesday.—Parliament chiefly out of doors to-day. Speeches in all parts of the country by all sorts of men. HARCOURT came out at Shoreditch. By the way, forgot to make entry at proper time of little conversation between HARCOURT and BERESFORD. It was just after Naval Lord's speech on Estimates.

"Capital speech," HARCOURT said, in his patronising way. "But you know, CHARLIE, you don't look like a Statesman."

"Well," said CHARLIE, "and *you* don't look like a Weathercock."

Thursday.—Budget Night, though nobody would think it looking round at benches. No crowding anywhere, and many gaps, the most prominent and remarkable on Front Bench where GLADSTONE'S seat is empty. Hasn't missed a Budget Night for nearly fifty years. But takes holiday to-day. HARCOURT there with large sheet of foolscap designed to cow GOSCHEN. Desired effect obtained. What with HARCOURT in front and GRANDOLPH on his flank, GOSCHEN looked picture of misery; spent early hour of sitting in forlornly wringing his hands. "Looks more like as if he had a deficit than a surplus," said MONTAGU, who is something in the City and interested in finance.

"Something in the City."

GOSCHEN got on at five o'clock, another peculiarity of the occasion being that no scene intervened. This not JOHN DILLON'S fault. Rose after questions, and solemnly indicted HARTINGTON forasmuch as he had brought forward certain accusations without attempting to substantiate them. HARTINGTON according to genial custom, delayed his coming. No one to answer DILLON, and promising scene smothered in infancy.

GOSCHEN spoke for three mortal hours. Good business address, not absolutely entrancing in interest. HARCOURT followed, and then GRANDOLPH brought up his guns, raking GOSCHEN fore and aft. GOSCHEN a little alarmed by attack, but House not quite certain that since National Finance a serious business, it would not on the whole prefer GOSCHEN at the Treasury rather than GRANDOLPH.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

House of Lords, Friday Night.—Crushed worm will turn at last. DENMAN stood years of obloquy from brother Peers. Have snubbed him when he rose to take part in debate; out-manœuvred him when he has obtained precedence for his motion; fill the House with conversational chatter when he argues, and fix him with stony stare when he declaims. Generally too many for him. But this week he had them in a fix. Gave notice to move the rejection of Land Bill, so got leading place in important debate, and Lords compelled to stay and hear him. For two nights debate ran. DENMAN sedulously taking notes. Quite impartial. Prepared to throttle Opposition whilst he rolled Ministers in the dust. At midnight debate ran out. LORD CHANCELLOR about to put the question.

"My Lords," said DENMAN, rising, and preparing to deliver a two-hours' speech.

LORD CHANCELLOR on his feet at the same moment. Put Amendment—declared it Negatived; put Second Reading: "Those—who—are—of—the—opinion—say Content—contrary—Not Content—Contents—have—it."

DENMAN still standing, with notes in hand, beheld the House

actually adjourning; Members leaving their seats; Lord Chancellor preparing to descend from the Woolsack; Black Rod advancing to take up mace.

"Partic'lar Engagement."

He had been jockey'd!

When truth flashed upon him, the seedy, faded man flushed to roots of hair. Shaking fist at Lord Chancellor, he cried aloud—"This is another case of Clôture. I have been treated in a most ungentlemanly manner. If any noble Lord chooses to doubt that, I am perfectly ready to give him satisfaction."

Pretty to see effect of this challenge upon noble Lords.

What had begun as a leisurely retreat became a rout. Nobody wanted satisfaction. Everybody perfectly satisfied.

"Twelve o'clock!" said Lord Monk-Bretton (*né* Dodson). "Dear me, how late. Got a particular engagement." Putting on hat and seizing umbrella off like a shot. As for Lord Chancellor, nearly tripped over gown in making for door. In forty seconds House clear, and Denman shaking his fist at empty Woolsack went forth into the night. Never before had his interposition given House such thorough "satisfaction."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a Second Time.

THE CHOIR-BOY; OR, SENTIMENT MADE EASY.

I once composed a Polka,
And I thought it full of "go,"
Sure to set the heads a-nodding,
And to please the nimble toe.
But my publishers said, "No, dear boy!
The Polka 's had its day,
The public 's got a serious turn,
Dance-music doesn't pay.
But there! don't be down-hearted'
The tune 's too good to waste.
Just take it home and alter it,
To suit the public taste.
We want a song with sentiment
To make the public cry,
The piano—not too difficult,
The voice-part—not too high!"
Then I took my little Polka,
And turned it inside out,
And added subtle harmonies,
And twisted it about:
I played it very slowly, [there—
With harmonium here and
It 's wonderful the pathos
The harmonium lends an air.
Then I added chords in triplets,
Strange, weird chords they were,
With rippling soft arpeggios
Like harps borne on the air.
Then fainter grew the music,
Then softly died away,
Like ling'ring gleams of sunshine
In the fast-declining day.

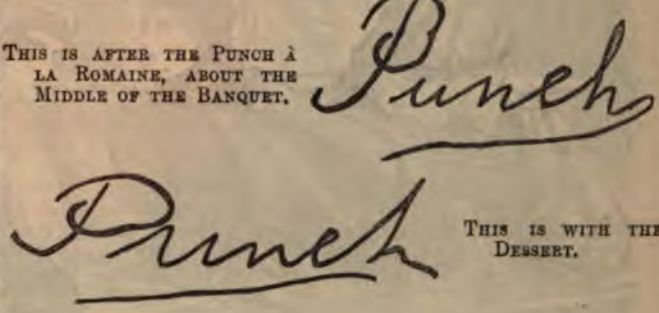
Then I wrote a set of verses,
Of a sickly sort of kind,
About a little choir-boy,
Of a morbid turn of mind.
Of course he 'd large blue eyes,
And golden hair, that boy,
And of course he sang divinely,
Did that "mother's only joy,"
And when he sang on Sundays,
His voice o'ertopped the rest—
Which was very inartistic,
But the public like that best.
Of course he soon grew pale and
And faded day by day, [wan.
And just about the third verse,
He faded quite away!——
And now at Penny Readings,
Young curates sing that song,
Till not a dry eye 's left,
In all that solemn throng.
And when the mothers hear it,
They softly sob and weep,
And the fathers snore approval,
In their after-dinner sleep.
It 's played on barrel-organs,
And on ev'ry German band,
And it 's selling now by thousands,
Far and wide throughout the land.
And when I get my little cheque,
I chuckle in my joy,
And *bless* that little Polka,
That became "*The Choir Boy.*"

At Covent Garden.—What a brilliant Opera is *Carmen* up to the middle of the Third Act, and after that, how sad! Poor *Don José!* what a small amount of amusement he got for his trouble! Only to sit on a hard chair, in a wayside tavern, while *Carmen* danced, sang, and played the castanets! "Quality not Quantity" was the *Don's* motto, but "Quality *and* Quantity" is Colonel Mapleson's, for the House was crammed with all sorts and conditions of men and women, and *Mr. Punch* can heartily congratulate him on his Italian Opera at popular prices. Of Bizet's *Leila* more in our next. For the present, with Minnie Hauk as *Carmen*, *Mr. Punch*, like the "*Toréador*," is "*contento.*"

SPECIMENS OF MR. PUNCH'S SIGNATURES!

(*Fac-similes taken during the course of the Evening.*)

This is before Dinner, 7·30. Attested by Several Witnesses.

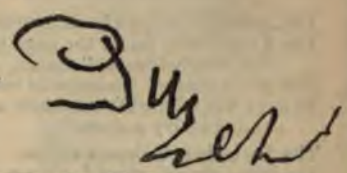


This is after the Punch à la Romaine, about the Middle of the Banquet.

This is with the Dessert.

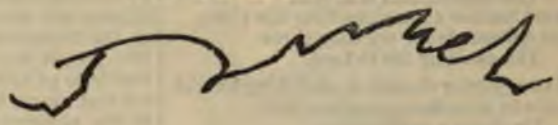
After the Claret.

After the Claret *and* the Port.



During the Cigars, Whiskey and Water.

12·30. Before leaving Table.



1·30. Before getting into Bed.

The above have been submitted to an eminent Expert, who says he could almost swear they are the same hand-writing, but must come and dine with *Mr. P.*, in order to absolutely verify them.

BY A MARTYR TO EAST WIND.

England grows old, pessimist songsters sing;
At any rate, she has lost all her *Spring*.

Motto for the Imperial Institute Collector-in-Chief.—*Sic volo, sic Jubilee-o!*

'A FAIR JURY, AND ALL HOME-RULERS."

THE CHALLENGE.

The gauntlet 's down! In tourney days
The Knight who failed the gage to raise
Had courted instant shame.
But who needs set his lance in rest
In days when knighthood seems a jest,
And chivalry a name?

The fire of honour burns so low,
The lying charge, the felon blow,
The modern lists disgrace.
Swashbuckler champions fling the glove,
And cravens falter ere they move
The swelling foe to face.

Of swaggering champion, shrinking knight,
One who provokes a needless fight,
Or shuns a needful fray,
Which most degrades a noble cause,
Or violates fair honour's laws,
Let casuist critics say.

The wanton challenger, perchance,
O'erconfident in ponderous lance,
Or mighty mass of mail,
As little chivalrous may be
As he who shirks the glove, or he
Who falters in the fray.

The Philistine colossus flung,
With vaunting mien and mocking tongue,
His haughty challenge down
Before the hosts of Israel;
The braggart Titan, when he fell,
Missed honour's golden crown.

It is not giant strength of thews,
Or power the time, the lists to choose,
That wins a champion fame;
'Tis honest cause and courage high,
And knightly magnanimity
That dares not stoop to shame.

The gauntlet 's down! That glove to raise
Will win the challenged trust and praise;
For men love not the shift,
Whate'er its motive, that evades
Arbitrament of crossing blades,
Or fears the gage to lift.

BLOWING THE FURNISS.

When two of *Mr. Punch's* young men put their heads together to produce so excellent a literary and artistic joke as that now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery, Bond Street, *Mr. Punch* has only to recommend the acute Public to go and judge for themselves if he is not right in saying that the humour exhibited in the pictures and the catalogue is about as mirth-provokingly original as anything they ever remember to have seen. Mr. Milliken's catalogue is quite a third of the joke.

Mr. Punch would advise them, when the London Season is over, to start a caravan—a Royal Academy on wheels—travel all over England and Scotland, cross to Ireland, and then visit the States. If they could only obtain the services of a third humorist with the cackling and singing powers of the celebrated Mont Blancist, Albert Smith, and an *impressario*, like his brother Arthur, they ought to make a fortune with their show here and in America. *Prosit!*

Mrs. Ram is in a very excited state of mind about *Parnellism and Crime*. "I cannot believe," she exclaimed indignantly, "that any Irish gentleman would be associated with such ruffians as these ruffianly Incurables. And why doesn't Government do away with the Fenian Park in Dublin?"

THE SOLDIER'S FEAR.

Upon the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the alehouse, and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
To use his pockethandkerchief,
While tears began to swell,
The soldier leant upon his sword—
It bent—and down he fell.

Amid the roar of battle,
The warrior's fellest blow
Has failed to penetrate the coat
That shields the vaunting foe.
But though the pliant steel may cost
Our bravest and our best,
Be sure the sword most yielding there
Has passed the strictest test.

The Bobadil Bayonet.—Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, might be produced at a War Office performance. There's a capital scene where *Bobadil*, bending double the bogus weapon commended to him as a Toledo, contemptuously cries, "This is a Toledo! Foh!" Tommy Atkins's blade in action would probably "fool him to the top of his bent."

À propos of the above, *Mr. Punch*, wishes it to be distinctly understood, that in his "War Office Advertisements," in last week's Number, no reflection was intended on the conduct of any particular individual official. With the fresh energy shown in every department, and the decisive action taken at Chatham and Woolwich, *Mr. Punch* looks forward hopefully — Stanhope-fully — to vast improvements in the future.

THE CHALLENGE.

Mrs. Harcourt Gamp (*loq.*). "Parnellism and Crimes! It's all Rubbidge!"

ORACLES IN COUNCIL.

Being a Report of the first Meeting of the Philosophico-Poetico-Professorial "Committee of Public Safety," appointed to preserve the British Empire from dissolution.

Professor T-nd-ll (*confidently*). Well, Gentlemen, thank Heaven and the *Nineteenth Century*——

Professor H-xl-y (*emphatically*). *And* the *Fortnightly Review*——

Mr. R. L. St-v-ns-n (*mysteriously*). Not forgetting the *Contemporary*——

Professor T-nd-ll (*impatiently*). Well, thank Heaven and our Monthly Mentors, that confounded Talking Shop at St. Stephen's——

Mr. R. L. St-v-ns-n. Of which we are all so ashamed——

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld. Which is so dismally lacking in lucidity, so wanting in sweetness and light, and——

Professor T-nd-ll. Oh bother! Don't let us be the slaves of catchwords, the fools of phrases. I was saying, thank Heaven, and—well *us*—that Talking Shop at St. Stephen's is at last superseded, or at least suspended; and we, appointed as a Committee of Public Safety with dictatorial powers *pro tem.*, have now set before us the business of *Saving the State!* How shall we begin?

Professor H-xl-y. With the Endowment of Science and the establishment of a proper System of State-directed Technical Education. I have a plan here (*drawing from his pocket the MS. of a lengthy Magazine Article*) which I flatter myself——

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld. Ahem! Stop a moment. Highly important, of course, my dear Professor. But hadn't we better settle the Irish Question first?

Omnes (*angrily*). Hang the Irish Question!

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld (*sweetly*). With all my heart. Only, we can't hang it *up*, unfortunately. It stops the way.

Professor T-nd-ll (*irritably*). But that's exactly what the sophistical old Sciolist of Midlothian says! (*General howls.*)

Mr. D-c-y. I entirely agree with your—ululations. Still, the question *must* be settled, though, of course, not in the Hawarden Incubus's scatter-brained style. ("*Hear! hear!*") I have here an article—(*murmurs*)—which I *intended* for Frank Harris—(*producing a manuscript roll*),—but which may find fitter use here. It is a complete plan for the settlement of the Irish Question. It may save time if I read——

Professor T-nd-ll (*nervously*). Pardon me, my dear Sir, but as Chairman I feel bound to suggest that we should introduce some measure of law and order into our debates.

Anonymous Oracle (*from the T-m-s*). By the way, talking of Law and Order, *there* lies the root of the matter—of *all* matters, indeed. I've been hammering away at it, in my "leaders," for months, but nobody pays any attention to me. The primary duty of a Government is——

Mr. R. L. St-vens-n (*acidly*). Oh, yes, yes, my dear Sir, we know all about that. (*Aside*—"*We ought to.*") But what *is* Law? What *is* Order? If Mr. Hyndman and his horn-blowing supporters have their way, Law will lap and swaddle Liberty into the infantile impotence of senility. Our legislation already grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors who now begin, note-book in hand, to darken the face of England. As to Order—order is not everything. Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory, are dearer to man than——

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd (*impatiently*). Pardon me, but it seems to me I have read something very much like this before—*somewhere*.

Mr. R. L. St-v-ns-n (*drily*). Very likely. You seem indeed to have read a good deal—*somewhere*.

Mr. R-d-r H-gg-rd (*hotly*). What we want is a good, sound, manly, Palmerstonian, *Civis Romanus sum* Imperial policy, that shall teach the brutal Boers to tremble at the name of——

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld (*dulcetly*). Oh, come, come, Mr. H-gg-rd *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi* is all very well—in fiction. But this is *not* novel, nor are we here engaged in novel-writing.

Mr. Fr-de (*innocently*). By the way, what *are* we engaged in?

Professor T-nd-ll. Why—a—a—Saving the State, to be sure.

Mr. Fr-de. Have you read *Oceana*?

Professor T-nd-ll (*warmly*). *Everybody* has read it, my dear Sir—of course. But——

Mr. M-ll-ck. Seems to me to advocate Tory men, and Radical measures. I don't object to the combination, if you'll show us how to work it. But I think I've a better plan, which I *was* going to send to the *National Review*, but which, if you'll allow me, I'll——

Lord T-nn-s-n (*abstractedly, and à propos de rien*).

I hold it true with him who sang
"*The Fleet*," that England's going to pot;
That all this talk is utter rot,
And all you babblers may go hang.

Omnes (*appealingly*). Oh come, I say, my *dear* Lord

Lord T-nn-s-n (*gathering his cloak around him*). *Come?* Nay, I *go!* [*Does so.*

Professor H-xl-y (*sardonically*). Just like these Poets!

Mr. Alfr-d A-st-n. Well, there are differences and degrees, Professor. We're not *all* alike.

Mr. M-tth-w Arn-ld (*sotto voce*). No, thank Apollo!

(*Hereupon the Council breaks up into groups of two or three each, and argue angrily their various points, each man flourishing fiercely a bulky roll of manuscript. The Poets take the lead in this hot polemic, the Professors making a good second, the Politicians out of work being "well up." The terms "sciolist," "dreamer," "pedant," "dogmatist," "Philistine," &c., &c., fly about freely.* Earl Gr-y, *not being able to make his voice heard above the din, sits down in a corner to write one more denunciatory letter to "The Times"; and* Mr. G-ldw-n Sm-th, *who has come over for the occasion, drafts a brand-new Coercion Act, empowering himself to exercise summary jurisdiction over all his polemical opponents, and pop all amateur legislators into strait jackets "on suspicion" of insanity without the formality of a trial.*

Professor T-nd-ll (*making himself heard at last*). Gentlemen! Gentlemen! *This* is not Law and Order, neither is it Sweetness and Light. I adjourn this Committee for a month, to give yourselves time to cool down. Up to now we're "no forrarder" I fear, but our next sitting will no doubt be a settler. Your respective manuscripts, which I am sorry not to have utilised on this occasion, will no doubt come in handy for the Symposia of next month's Magazines. When we reassemble——

[*But here he finds himself alone, all the members having rushed off with their MSS. to the offices of their respective publishers.*

Seasonable Con.—What is the difference between Spring rains and Royal Academicians? The former are April showers, the latter May Show-ers, to be sure.

SELECTED SPECIMENS FROM THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN'S SHOW.

No. 243. "NOT-ICE." Yes, it *is* Ice. Dedicated to the Humane Society.

No. 602. Divers Amusements; or, In Defiance of the Police Bathing Regulations.

No. 529. No use Crying over Spilt Ink. Send it to the Inkstitute.

No. 161. *Lusus Naturæ.* The Double-headed Dobbin. Its companion turned pale and fainted.

No 609. Mr. Henry Irving inspecting Costume and Wig for a New Piece.

No. 822.
The Bad Oyster Girl.

No. 803. Extract from Tommy Toper's Diary: "Next morning, found myself under the bed. Haven't a notion how I got there."

No. 798. "'There is a providence that shapes our ends.' What boots I've got!!"

THE PILGRIM OF HATE.

A Popular Song, sung by Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n in Scotland and elsewhere.

RECITATIVE.

CH-MB-RL-N, my beloved!—he calls in vain.
CH-MB-RL-N! Echo hears and calls again.
A grand old voice repeats the name around,
And with J. CH-MB-RL-N Scotland's hills resound.

AIR.

A Hermit who dwells down at H-w-rd-n had crossed me,
As wayward and proud up Fame's mountains I pressed;
The aged man feared from his staff he had lost me,
And offered—a sell!—in his Cabinet rest.
"Ah! nay, Grand Old Hand, I would far rather wait;
No rest, save at top, for the Pilgrim of Hate."

"Yet tarry, my Son, till my H. R. Bill passes;
Let 's bow to the League and P-RN-LL, its great head.
You 'll not leave the Masses and vote with the Classes?
Come in, take your seat. Reform's banquet is spread."
"Ah! nay, Grand Old Hand, I 'm not caught with *that* bait.
No rest under *you* for the Pilgrim of Hate."

A MAGAZINE FOR THE MONTH.—*London Society* is worth going into for the sake of meeting Mrs. LYNN LINTON and hearing what she has to say about "Pretty Polls," and what Captain HAWLEY SMART has to tell about "A False Tart." Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON is rather to be condoled with on her acquaintances, if "Some men I have known," is a true account of them. Save her from her friends! *London Society* in its present form is a considerable improvement on its old arrangement with double-barrelled columns, when the reader had to go down one side and up the other, and then down again, instead of straight across as now. And, thank goodness, there are no *illustrations.*

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"SPRING'S delights are now returning,"—and one of the delights of Spring are doubtless Water-Colours. How could they mix their colours without the Spring? Eh? But no matter, the combination of spring and colour seem to have been more than usually successful. Sir JOHN GILBERT'S "*Cardinal Wolsey*," is an admirable picture. Excellent are the views of London by Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, Mrs. ALLINGHAM'S "*Picture Book*," Mr. SMALLFIELD'S "*Ringers of Launcell's Tower*," Mr. MARKS'S "*Listening Monk*," and Mr. HENRY MOORE'S seascapes. There are notable contributions too by Messrs. E. K. JOHNSON, CARL HAAG, BIRKET FOSTER, BEAVIS, A. W. HUNT, S. P. JACKSON, WALTER FIELD. A. H. MARSH, P. J. NAFTEL, and Miss CLARA MONTALBA. The Old Watermen's is a mighty pleasant exhibition—it is just about the right size and never gives you the headache.

BROUGHT TO BOOK.

IT is seriously suggested that duelling is likely to be re-introduced into England, to meet the necessities of Brawlers of the House of Commons. Under these circumstances it is as well that a Code of Regulations should be formulated at once. Always equal to the occasion, *Mr. Punch* supplies the want:—

1. The weapons used shall be squirts full of dirty water, or thick single-sticks—the challenged shall have the option of choice.

2. The duel shall not be stopped until either or both of the combatants are drenched with water, or have their legs and arms black-and-blue with bruises.

3. When the principals shall have been well drenched or soundly thrashed, their honour shall be deemed to have been vindicated, and they shall retire.

4. An account of the proceedings shall be reported in *Mr. Punch's* pages—*pour encourager les autres.*

THE TENANTS' BALL.

Mr. Algernon (the Young Squire). "May I have the honour of a Waltz with you, Mrs. M'Clusty?"

Mrs. M. (of the Home Farm—a Heavy Weight). "Weth Plee-sure, Sir. Shall we 'Op it or Slide it, Mr. Ale-gernon? I think we'd better Slide—which it 's less fatiguing for the Bulky!"

THE PEELER AND THE POLL.

Ought to feel ever so much happier and prouder this morning, because Parliament has given me a Vote! Wish it had been extra week's holiday, or rise of pay. Afraid the Corrupt Practices Act has prevented my making any good use of my electoral privileges as—— but no, I must not pursue this train of thought. Don't know where it 'll lead me to, quite. Possibly Newgate.

Called on already by an Electioneering Agent. Said that under happier circumstances he would have been glad to have given me a sovereign; but now can only offer me a primrose. Asks me to stick it in my button-hole, as a particular *favour*. He seems to intend a joke. I do.

Went on my beat, as usual. Cook wants to know where I've got "that there beastly yellow flower" from. Says she believes a "Dame" gave it me. Don't know what she means, but can see she 's jealous.

Cook asks me if I'm "a Rad?" Try to find out first what *she* is. Says she 's a "Liberal-Unionist, now, but a little while ago she was a Tory Democrat." Find she hates the Radicals. Says, "she can't abide that hold Gladstone," and wants me to promise to vote against him. I do, but ask why. Cook says he 's always speaking against the Force. That settles it. Cook says *her* two favourites are "that dear Lord Randolph," because "he 's got such a lot of bounce, and doesn't mind who he cheeks, not a bit," and Lord Hartington, who 's "a pet." Well, Cook knows all about it, of course, but still don't feel quite sure whom to vote for. And an election 's just coming on too. Read the papers, and try to get insight into political situation. Papers don't help much. Seems to me that both sides ought to be run in, and get a couple of months' "hard."

Just taken up a man for being drunk and disorderly. Said he 'd injured himself, and wanted me to "examine into the state of his poll." Used shocking expressions, and then tried to get round me by saying, "he was sure his language was quite Parliamentary." Asked him for his name, and said it was Sexton. Believe it 's an *alias*, as he was dreadfully drunk. Lodged him in gaol, anyhow.

Polling day. Off duty. Meet pleasant chatty fellow. Takes me into public-house and insists on treating me. But isn't "treating" illegal? Must look it up. Long talk on politics. Find he 's an Irishman, and says Irish peasantry cruelly oppressed. He himself evicted seventeen times. Sounds improbable. He argues that Peelers *must* be in favour of Repeal. Promise him to vote against Lord Salisbury's Irish policy. Don't know what it is, but can't break my word very well. Go to poll. Little boys very rude—shout, "Does Cookey know you 're out?" Vote for Jones. Hope he 's a Liberal-Unionist, but don't feel sure. Meet my Inspector. Frowns on me, and says that I've "been seen talking to very suspicious character." The chatty Irishman, it seems, was a Fenian from New York. And I've voted for his candidate! Get a severe wigging: wonder if there 's such a thing as a severe Torying? Hang politics!

Pay call on Cook in low spirits. Discuss my vote. Also discuss something else, in larder. Have evidently made mistake in voting for Jones. Cook wipes her lips savagely with dish-cloth, and says "Then you *have* bin and gone and woted for hold Gladstone after all, young man, eh?" I say I don't know. "Don't you never come down this area no more!" she shouts, and as her attitude is threatening, I leave hastily. Is this what they mean by an "area of disturbance?" Wish, on the whole, I hadn't been given a Vote.

Shelving Them.

(*Address by Mr.* Henry Irving *on behalf of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon.*)

A Library 's been built there, and very well it looks,
We 've got a lot of shelves, but we haven't any books,
So now you are requested by this meeting and myself,
To get some fine Shakspearian works and—— put 'em on the shelf.
For Stratford-upon-Avon, my dear Shakespearian elves,
Is than London far more central. Here 's to "Our Noble Shelves!"

A Tune to disturb the King-Harmany of the Meeting.—"*Hayden's Surprise.*"

Buffalo Bill's Indians visit the Butler's Pantry, and the Great Brave known among the Pale Faces as "Haresfoot," the Chief of the Loco Medians, Scalps himself in the presence of his admiring Visitors.

THE DRIVING DUKE.

Fragment of a Coming Novel of Modern Society.

"One well-known West-end Milliner is a graduate of Girton: another bears a title; a third conceals a name not unknown to Burke under a pseudonym * * * Many of the best women of all classes are ready to do anything by which the honest penny may be earned."—*Daily Paper.*

Algernon Plantagenet Fitz-Whelk, fifth Duke of Basinghall, stood at the scullery-window, and gazed at the blank wall beyond. The drawing and dining-room floors of the Belgrave Square Mansion above were let respectively to two rich middlemen from the provinces. Hence the Duke and his family were reduced to the necessity of occupying their own kitchens. Things had been going rather hardly with them of late. The sale of the Rutlandshire estates had not realised enough to pay off the mortgages with which the property in brighter days had been heavily encumbered, and the sum realised upon the disposal of the family jewels, and invested as a last resource in the purchase of a wholesale butcher's business in the Tottenham Court Road, had totally disappeared, engulphed in the failure of that ill-fated and sadly mismanaged enterprise. Nothing was, therefore, left them but the town family mansion, and this, by boldly inserting a bill bearing the word "Apartments" over the hall door, they had hitherto turned to sufficient good account to enable them to cover the charges of the parochial rates, and still preserve a little balance in hand over towards the joint expenses of their living. But the struggle for existence was a severe one. That very morning a local greengrocer who supplied them with an occasional sack of coals on credit, had declined to let them have any more without the money. It was this incident which had caused the Duke to stare with such settled gloom at the blank wall beyond the scullery window. Biting his iron-grey moustache, he turned mechanically towards the room.

As he did so, a tall, fair, graceful girl, whose proudly-arched neck and stately carriage told of the good blood that was flowing in her veins, rose to meet him. "Ah! Papa," she said, in a bright, cheerful voice, "don't be downcast about that horrid money. See, I shall soon make some. I have already painted seven of these birthday-cards, and when I have done three dozen the newspaper-shop round the corner says that I may leave them on sale or return, and get three-halfpence a-piece for them. Think, if I sell them all, you will be able to purchase and pay for two sacks of coal at once. So, courage, dear Papa." The Lady Honoria kissed her noble father as she spoke. He only groaned heavily. In an instant his other three daughters, the Ladies Annabel, Floriline, and Theodosia, were at his side. "Look, Papa," they all cried with one voice, "why, we are all helping to bring grist to the mill."

"See," said the Lady Annabel, holding out a specimen of her work, "I am making match-boxes, and as I receive twopence for five dozen, I am earning nearly half a farthing in nine hours. It doesn't sound much," she added, with a light laugh, "but still it is something."

"And I, too," continued the Lady Floriline, "why, I'm getting a commission of five per cent. on the sale of a new non-intoxicant table-beverage. And I've almost persuaded the pastrycook in the next street to take three twopenny bottles on trial."

"Yes, Papa," chimed in Lady Theodosia, "and I'm making button-holes for an Agent of a large East End slop-shop. It isn't very quick work. But the Agent says I'm sure to make something out of it if I can keep up at it. And I think I can."

At that moment the bell rang. The four girls at once made a movement as if to answer it.

But the Duchess, who had been poring over the Employment Advertisements of *Work and Leisure*, rising from her chair, stopped them by a dignified gesture.

"No—it is the dining-room ringing about dinner," she said, "and I had better take the orders."

Spite the aristocratic hauteur of her manner, there was a subtle tremulousness in her voice as she proudly swept through the kitchen-door that told of hidden emotion, stifled by superior breeding. The Duke noticed it.

"And only last season she, in her train and plumes, was presenting you at Court!" he wailed, piteously surveying her four fair daughters. Then he buried his head in his hands on the dresser, and wept.

The entrance of a handsome figure bearing a butcher's tray, and wearing the ordinary blouse associated with that calling, aroused him.

"I've just left my last joint," said the new-comer, heartily, "and looked in to see how things were going. All 's well, I hope!"

"Ah, Cadogan, my boy," said the Duke, mournfully surveying the garb worn by his son, "what a change from the Life Guards!" His voice was choked with the strong feeling that mastered him. "Can you,—can you bear it?"

"What! this?" replied the youthful Earl, good-humouredly, fingering the article of dress in question. "Why yes, considering I may still regard myself as in the *blouse*. Ha! ha! And as for this"—he took up his tray and swung it lightly on his shoulder as he spoke. "I might take '*Tray bien*' for the family motto, so well do we get along together. Hope the mother is all right. Ta, ta, every one."

In another moment he had lightly mounted the area-steps, and vanished, whistling in the distance.

But the Duke had fallen prone upon the kitchen-table, his head again buried in his hands. He remained there motionless for some considerable time, then he got up—not before, however, he had made a resolve. It was to visit the representative of the General Omnibus Company that very night.

* * * * * *

The apartments at 82, Belgrave Square are still let, and, owing to the occupation of the drawing-rooms by a rich family of the Hebrew persuasion, the house is doing fairly well. The Duchess still waits on the dining-room, and the Ladies Honoria, Annabel, Floriline, and Theodosia, together with their good-natured brother, the Earl of Limpet, do their little best to add to the family resources. The Duke, however, comes home now only late at night and leaves early in the morning, merely getting an occasional Sunday at home with his family. But his time is well employed. He is the driver of a King's Cross and Hammersmith omnibus. Those who do not know his story only notice the extraordinarily aristocratic bearing with which he handles the reins. Those who do, and they are limited to a few policemen along his route, point him out to each other as a "working man and no mistake." "You'll go a long way," they say, "before you'll match the Driving Duke!"

A New Lamp for an Old One (*at the Comedy Theatre*).—The "New Lamp" which employs the Russian Nihilist Oil, is but an indifferent substitute for the old and most effective *Fédora* Lamp patented by Victorien Sardou. Only those who expect something more than *nihil* from a Nihilistic plot will be disappointed with that of the *Red Lamp*. A Trusted Reporter informs us that in this drama something is always being expected to "go off," but never does; that Mr. Tree is wonderfully made up, and, unlike the mine does "go off"—occasionally. Mines are hazardous things to deal with. Our T. R. further observes, that much as he should like to parody the piece, yet that this would be useless, as the Manager will probably "take it off" himself, unless the Lamp burns somewhat brighter than it did on the first night. The *Red Lamp* may give a steady though more subdued light, if carefully trimmed.

"Charles—his Friend."—Mr. Charles Wyndham, by Dr. Morell Mackenzie's orders, was not permitted to play *David Garrick* on Drury Lane stage. The papers reported him as "seriously ill." Nonsense, he is not, and never has been, "seriously" anything, and *Mr. Punch* is delighted to be in a position to inform the public that their favourite light comedian was only temporarily suffering, like most of us, from the East wind, and on any similar occasion he thinks of advertising himself as "East-Wyndham."

Notice. "Studies from Mr. Punch's Studio."—As the Picture Exhibition Season is now commencing, *Mr. Punch* temporarily vacates his Studio, and devotes the space to the Institute, the Royal Academy, and the Grosvenor. Study No. XXVII. is waiting to appear.

The Real "Sleeping Man."—John Bull. Not even a prod with a corkscrew bayonet seems to awaken him! Perhaps the "intense light" throw on to his eyes by recent revelations, and *Mr. Punch's* pungent comments thereon, *may* rouse him, and then——!!!

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THERE are some votaries of that noblest of all Arts, Recitation, whose not unworthy ambition it is to thrill and curdle a helpless audience, and, as a corpulent and immortal youth (*not* an Amateur Reciter) is reported to have desired, "to make their flesh creep." It is less difficult than might be supposed to set your hearers longing feverishly for the end, and the student may generally count upon so much as attained almost with his opening words; but to curdle them, to harrow them up, and raise and lower their temperature alternately, in leaps of ten degrees Fahrenheit, all this requires study, and (perhaps) a certain appropriate quality in the subject you have selected.

"Bis dat qui recite O dat."

Mr. Punch's Poet has supped late on purpose to satisfy so legitimate a demand, and, if the result is not quite equal to his expectations, he ventures to think that, treated with *talent*—and who recites without the consciousness of so much at least?—it will prove effective in its way. He calls it (though there is no particular reason why it should not have been called something else)—

THE CONSCIENCE-CURST!

The night-owl shrieked: a gibbous moon peered pallid o'er the yew:
The clammy tombstones all distilled a dank unwholesome dew:
[*Slight shudder here.*
As through the sleeping village passed a man of aspect weird,
Whose haggard face was half-obscured by a long-neglected beard.
(*Assist your Audience's imagination here by passing hand lightly over chin.*)
His tinted spectacles gave back the glances of the moon,
A pair of overcoats he wore—although the time was June.
[*Give a dark significance to this.*
Two slippers wrought in Berlin wools hid his ungainly feet,
And he danced a grisly polka-step all down the silent street!
(*You might just indicate this, provided you can do so in a sufficiently impressive and ghastly manner.*)
Then, at the village green, he gave a conscience-stricken jump,
[*Start here, as if you had observed a centipede on the carpet.*
As guiltily he gazed upon the Presentation Pump!
"How like," he muttered, with a groan, "my Uncle as he slept!"
Then raised its handle reverently—and found it cold, and wept.
(*Here you might bend forward slightly, with extended hand, then let your hand drop by your side, and bow your head once, very solemnly. We have seen this very effective.*)
The rural Policeman (*raise voice at "Policeman"*) on his round observed the Stranger grim:
"I'd better step across," he thought, "an' hev a talk with him.
[*Country accent for this.*
It doan't seem nateral nohow a pump should rouse his grief!
Come, what be you about?" said he. "Confession brings relief,"
[*In a hollow voice.*
The Stranger answered, with a smile that froze his hearer's blood;
Then down he sank upon the stones with a dull and heavy thud.
The hearse-plumes nodded in his hat as he inclined his head;
"Full long," he wailed, "upon this heart the worm hath banqueted!"
(A cloud was drifting past the moon, and sicklier she shone,
As he began)—"You never knew, I think, my Uncle JOHN?
A worthier, or a wiser, man this world has rarely seen—
He had some slight connection with a 'Try-your-weight' machine—
[*The value of this detail will appear hereafter.*
And I—ah me!—a careless youth, I sported at his side—
That was before a kinsman's gore these felon hands had dyed—
Before the stain was on my brow that sickens and ashames!
[*Gesture of loathing with the left hand.*
Ere yet my knife let out the life from gentle Uncle JAMES!
His blameless days were passed within the neighbourhood of York,
[*More detail, but not, as will be seen, unessential.*
A dentist (so the neighbours said), a connoisseur of pork.
[*Tender stress on last word.*
Ah, could I have predicted then that *I* should deal a blow
Upon the bald but genial head of generous Uncle JOE!
Now Uncle JOSEPH—mark me—sold (or rather "purveyed") meat;
His veins with vital fluid were abnormally replete;
[*Close your eyes and shiver at this unpleasant reminiscence.*
I had not thought so old a man——(*with a dazed air*)—Enough!—
within the tank
I flung the still unconscious corpse of my favourite Uncle, FRANK!
(*Imitate action of a man who is hurling a favourite Uncle to his doom.*)
My Uncle FRANCIS was a man to know was to esteem.
At times I hear him coughing still—alas, 'tis but a dream!—
Is that a step behind the pump? (*Tragic start here.*) Nay, craven heart, be still,
[*With a quiver in your tones.*
Till I have told how, for his gold, I struck down Uncle BILL!"
(*Bitter emphasis on "gold," as if it had turned out less than you expected.*)
A stolid but attentive eye on him the Policeman fixed:
"It seems to me as how," said he, "you've got your Uncles mixed!"
A ray of recollection seemed the Stranger's brain to strike:
"Perhaps," he owned. "They were," he moaned, "exceedingly alike!
[*Raise both arms wildly.*
Once more let me rehearse to thee my catalogue of crime:—
[*More brightly.*
Old Uncle ROBERT——" (*Change of manner here.*) Hastily alleging want of time,
The other left. "My gloomy tale his rustic soul alarms,"
The Stranger said. That night—he slept within The Railway Arms!
(*Try to realise and impress on your Audience the full meaning of this final sentence. They may possibly wish to applaud the conclusion. We should advise you to let them.*)

CLASSIC AD-VICE.

THE following Address has been received by the University Authorities at Oxford on the subject of the bad Latin which disfigures the new "Statute" proposed by the Curators of the Bodleian Library. It does not bear any signature, but is supposed, by internal evidence, to emanate from some Undergraduate Members of the University who have recently passed "Smalls," and are rather proud of the event. The matter has been placed in the paws of the Proctor's Bull-dogs, with a promise of an addition to their salary if they manage to discover the perpetrators. It is expected that every Undergraduate will be required to sign his name in the presence of the Proctor and Mr. NETHERCLIFT, for a comparison of handwritings.

ADDRESSUM.

AD VITIOSUM-CANCELLARIUM, ET ALIA CAPITA COLLEGIARUM.

Sumus Subtergraduati qui nuper matriculavimus, et præterivimus per examinationem "Parvorum" cum multâ gratificatione ad nos ipsos. Putamus nos esse auctoritates de Latino stylo, in consequentiâ; et sumus cruciati videre hanc novam Statutam, quæ dabit potestatem Curatoribus Bodleiani Librarii lendere libros quum semper desirant.

Statuta ipsa est idiotica, quia vertit magnificam institutionem Oxoniensem in Librarium Circulatorium, modo Misteri MUDII. Nullum Librarium hic est verè circulatorium, nisi Radcliffium, quod in formâ est Circulus. Forsitan noscitis fabulam Professoris (probabiliter Proctoris alicujus) qui veniens domum post Vinum vel "Gaudium," prehensit ferrea repagula illius Librarii in manibus, et ambulavit (vel staggeravit) circum et circum totâ nocte, nunquam faciens ullum progressum? Sed examinare naturam Statutæ non est noster parvus ludus ad presens.

Volumus protestare contra *Latinitatem execrabilem* novæ Statutæ! Homines qui concoxerunt id debent, in nostrâ opinione, esse pudentes suorum. Ut "Tempora," illud potens Journale, dicit "non possumus congratulare Universitatem de Latinâ eruditione quam id ostentavit." Boni Cœli! Si ullus Subtergraduatus in suis "Parvis" vel "Moderationibus" esset utere talem caninum Latinum, infelix juvenis esset aratratus in duobus tremoribus. Non haberet ullam fortem recipientis suum "Testamur," quia non "satisfaceret vobis Examinatoribus."

Nunc quare est Latina lingua sic degradata hic? Nonne est quia establishavimus Scholas Scientiæ et Modernæ Historiæ, et Donni consequenter non dant exclusivam attentionem ad scholarem-navem, sed preferunt aspectare Stellas per telescopum ad Observatorium et colere Scientiam in aliis viis unâ cum feminis fascinantibus?

Non objectimus ad Germanos Professores habentes libros de Librario. Illud erit bona res, quia in illo casu non venient ad Oxoniam, et non noscent aliquam rem de terribili Latinitate nostrarum Statutarum, especialiter hujus novæ Statutæ.

Accipite, o Senes promissâ barbâ, horrenti capillo (Ablativus Qualitatis, cum Epitheto) hanc admonitionem in bonâ parte, et manemus vestri verè. SUBTERGRADUATI SUPRA NOMINATI.

LORD ROSEBERY in his telling speech at Glasgow, adapted SHAKSPEARE to his purpose and said, "The policy of conciliation is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven." But Lord SALISBURY and Mr. BALFOUR would probably retort, "Exactly; we let it drop."

IN spite of Mr. FORWOOD'S denunciation of Obstruction, we don't seem to get much Forwooder.

THE ART HESPERIDES.

Oh, golden garden hung with fruits of gold!
That modern Hercules had need be bold,

Who 'd force a path within thy perilous pale,
And brave the dragon twining scale on scale,

Protective round the nymph-encircled tree;
Or make a fourth to the much-favoured Three.

Ægle, Hesperia, Arethusa, there
Monopoly maintain, and who shall dare
Dispute their triple and time-honoured sway?
And yet, and yet, there be some bards who say
Their numbers once were four, or five, or seven.
Perish the notion! Art's selectest heaven
Must not be menaced in the name of Mob,
Nought common (save the proletariat "bob")
Must there be thought of. Yet this Ladon looks
A gentle monster, bland as Summer brooks
That babble softly through the whispering sedge.
Can this be the stern dragon Privilege,
Grim guardian of the garden's golden globes?
Oh, fair Hesperides, your flowing robes
May yet be brushed by contact of the crowd,
If Hercules Reform should be allowed
Into this sacred pleasaunce to intrude.
We'll hope that Hercules will not be rude
To such a dainty dragon, nor disturb
The trio of sweet nymphs too much, but curb
His furious force, and if some fruit he shake
To earth, will do it tenderly, and take
Only such apples from the tree as hold
Too long, or are of pinchbeck, not of gold.
So shall it prove that the true Hercules
Is true friend to the true Hesperides.

THE *Guardian* of April 27 has this Advertisement:—

"A PENSION of £20 a Year for a poor Preacher, under the Will of Sir JAMES LANCASTER, in the gift of the Skinners' Company, is Vacant."

What an overflowing list of names would be sent in if the matter depended on the Congregations! As it is, what professional would like to come forward and own himself a poor Preacher, or poor Actor, or poor Singer? Great is the company of the Preachers, still greater is that of the poor, and very poor, Preachers.

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN(-EYCROFT).

THORNEYCROFT'S Spanish torpedo boat,
Is the very fastest vessel afloat.
If they run her aground, at speed, what's more,
She'll be the fastest vessel ashore.
So whether ashore or whether afloat,
She'll ne'er be a torpid torpedo boat.
But if ever she runs at our ships full speed-o,
We hope she'll run over her own torpedo,
And cut the record in going aloft,
To keep up the honour of THORNEYCROFT.

CATECHISM FOR LONDONERS.

Q. WHAT is a Premium?

A. A Premium is a Latin word meaning "prize" or "reward." In London this reward is given by Landlords to themselves out of the money of incoming Tenants.

Q. Is a Premium a prize for good conduct?

A. Exclusively so. The good conduct consists in allowing Tenants to live in London at all.

Q. Is the moment when a house is taken the only occasion on which a Premium is exacted?

A. Not at all. When a lease expires, Landlords, especially Ducal ones (see Mr. PLATT'S evidence before the Parliamentary Committee), often refuse to renew without a heavy Premium.

Q. Is it a valid plea to say that this Premium is a repayment to the Landlord for improvements which he has kindly made in the house?

A. No; because the Landlord hardly ever makes any improvements.

Q. Then, at any rate, Tenants of London houses can always have the advantage of a lease, if they like to pay a Premium for it?

A. Such is not the case. Some Ducal Landlords now exact Premiums, and at the same time refuse to grant leases.

Q. Then the Tenant becomes a mere Tenant-at-will?

A. Unless he prefers to become a Tenant-at-Won't, and leaves the house in disgust.

Q. Why do not all Tenants adopt the latter system?

A. Because to leave his place of business may mean to a tradesman the sacrifice of his "connection," a fact of which Landlords take full advantage.

Q. If a Tenant asked his Landlord for compensation for improvements executed by himself, what would the latter do?

A. Improve him off the estate, probably.

Q. When a London Landlord destroys at one blow the value of a Tradesman's good-will, by refusing him a lease, and drives him to emigrate by exacting a "starvation rent," what does he call the result to the Tenant?

A. A happy re-lease.

Q. What is the theoretical foundation on which Ducal Landlords build their claim to rack-rent all occupiers who "hold of" them?

A. That it is entirely owing to their own careful attention and unremitting exertions that the soil of London is now of any value whatever.

Q. And of what material is that foundation largely composed?

A. Portland Cement.

Q. What would the Ducal monopoly of land and houses in the best situations in London be called in Chicago?

A. A "corner in rents."

Q. And what would be an appropiate name for the victim of this monopoly?

A. A *Ground*-Tenant.

Q. Although the Ducal system of "improving estates," by turning out old Tenants and raising the rent to the utmost possible limit, may press hardly on individuals, do not these territorial magnates display a splendid example of public-spirited generosity and self-denying civic virtue which compensates for private loss? *A.* Scarcely.

MAKING "A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

Softhearted Old Lady (when she'd heard the Story and assisted Applicant). "DEAR ME! AH, POOR MAN! YOU MUST INDEED HAVE GONE THROUGH DREADFUL TRIALS."

Tramp. "I B'LIEVE YER, M'UM!—AN' WHAT'S WUS, M'UM, I WAS AL'AYS CONVICTED!"

TAKING SOUNDINGS.—*Truth* last week applauded the successful trial trip of the belted cruiser *Orlando*. Good; but what an inappropriately sounding name for a ship, *O'er Land O!*

GOLDEN RULE FOR FRENCH OFFICIALS WHO WANT TO ROAST AN ENGLISHMAN.—"First catch your HARE."

DUMB-CRAMBO'S STRANGER'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

Man shun House.

The Stock Exchange.

The British Muse—see 'um?

Gnashin 'all—Gal 'urry.

All Butt Haul.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 25.—GOSCHEN had quite a pleasant evening all to himself. Budget Resolutions submitted. GLADSTONE with flower in button-hole and smile on face, blandly trampled on them. GOSCHEN created Surplus by partly intermitting payment on Debt. GLADSTONE shocked beyond measure by financial immorality; but spoke rather in sorrow than in anger. Carefully refrained from declamation; maintained throughout conversational tone; but heart evidently bleeding at defection of one of his oldest and most promising pupils. "RACHEL weeping for her children was nothing to this," said HARCOURT, with a suspicious sniffle. As for GOSCHEN he broke down entirely; wrung his hands, beat his breast, and at one moment seemed as if he were about to rend W. H. SMITH'S garments.

This scene enough for mortal man to bear in one sitting. But there was another distinguished financier who had also suffered by reason of GOSCHEN'S shortcomings. This was GRANDOLPH, who had listened to GLADSTONE'S criticism with marked attention. Occasionally encouraged that young novice by audible expression of approval. Now he took up the parable, and undertook to teach GOSCHEN a thing or two. Only recently GRANDOLPH has come out as a financial authority. House would not have been surprised to have heard he had undertaken the control of the Army or the direction of the Channel Fleet. Learned with mingled amusement and amazement that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Held the position for a few months, and so qualified himself to lecture GOSCHEN. Quite a chance it wasn't GLADSTONE that came under his ruthless criticism. GLADSTONE, however, in good luck. GRANDOLPH agreed with him in financial policy, and joined him in belabouring GOSCHEN. Very funny to hear the stripling gravely discoursing Ways and Means, patronising GLADSTONE, speaking with modified respect of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and sternly reproving GOSCHEN.

Old Mother HUBBARD had brought down speech designed to correct GOSCHEN, and indicate where, even yet, after many disappointments, a perfect Chancellor of the Exchequer was to be found. Curious to watch his face as GRANDOLPH sported with millions, and re-adjusted the National taxation. "Why," said the old gentleman, testily, "he was in petticoats when I first showed the House of Commons what a much better Chancellor of the Exchequer I would make than DISRAELI."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

"Not all Beer and Skittles."

Tuesday.—Never saw W. H. SMITH so thoroughly roused as to-night. As a rule, throughout successive crises succeeds in preserving appearance of profound wisdom. Does not speak much, but conveys impression that he thinks the more. Sometimes, after dinner, impassivity becomes sensibly more fixed. Grave suspicion that he's asleep strengthened by determined manner in which he smiles when awakened by a cheer or burst of laughter.

"Doesn't do this nearly as well as DIZZY or GLADSTONE," *says* DILLWYN, who has *watched both through many years. On not quite sure whether* DIZZY *was awake* or asleep. Sat with coat-tails brought forward and carefully spread over thighs, arms folded, head bent, face like a mask. Might be asleep, and again mightn't. GLADSTONE stretches himself out on bench, unblushingly closes eyes, and looks fast asleep. But let someone misquote one of his Midlothian Speeches, and he'll learn whether he's asleep or not. SMITH, when roused, looks too furiously as if he had been awake all the time."

What woke up SMITH to-day was not sudden cheer or burst of laughter. It was suggestion of unparalleled audacity submitted to him. Seems SMITH has two Secretaries, one JONES, other BROWN. J. and B. spend leisure moments in writing to correspondents fierce philippics against the Opposition. Two of these got into papers; SMITH challenged as to their genuineness and authority. "Quite right," he says; "letters written on my behalf by my Secretaries. But *I* never saw them." Didn't know they had been written till now brought under his notice. House aghast at his confession. What might not happen, JONES and BROWN firing round at large under the mask of the revered SMITH? Feeling of evident uneasiness stole over House. No man felt safe. "Tell you what," said W. DAVIES, holding on to knees, and making himself look small as possible, "what with forged letters going about, and Secretaries writing in Ministers' names unbeknown to them, Parliament isn't a bed of roses, nor yet all beer and skittles."

For the rest of weary night debate on Second Reading of Coercion Bill all over again on Motion to go into Committee.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—TIM HEALY back to-night, after enforced absence of a week. Says he doesn't resent his suspension, since it gave him opportunity to regard House from fresh point of view. Never before able to form such just opinion of the relative proportions of occupants of Treasury Bench and Bench on other side of the table. Compulsory absence not had effect of smoothing down acerbities. BECKETT resumed interminable debate on Coercion Bill. Had not proceeded far in some congenial references to Mr. PARNELL, before TIM'S thunderous voice rolled through empty Chamber, calling him to order.

"Order is Tim's first law."

"Order," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, sitting attentive on the Front Bench, "is TIM'S first law."

JOHN DILLON chimed in, and what JOSEPH GILLIS calls the game of "bucketting BECKETT," went merrily forward. BECKETT'S speech carefully prepared in privacy of study; all the points nicely arranged. Arguments put forward a hundred times in debate restated. Everything prepared for except interposition of TIM. This rather embarrassing. Hung on to his notes like drowning man at straw. Got more and more mixed, and finally gave up, or as C. SYKES in his mincing way put it, "kicked the BECKETT."

GENT-DAVIS not been heard of lately. Tells me he's hit upon new device which he is at present practising. When he projects delivery of speech, prepares it in usual laborious form, and learns it off. Has

engaged on easy terms two gentlemen at present in depressed circumstances owing to flatness in the "chucking out" market. Calls one TIM HEALY, the other JOSEPH GILLIS. Recites speech before them. "TIM HEALY" constantly interrupts by rising to order. "JOSEPH GILLIS" inopportunely interpolates cries of "Oh! Oh!" "Shame!" "Buckshot!" Then GENT-DAVIS flashes forth repartee or claims the protection of the SPEAKER, as case may be. Finds practice most useful, and is already able to regard interrupters with indifference. One has proposed to vary proceedings by chucking him out in the middle of his peroration. That course not yet parliamentary, so is dispensed with.

Business done.—House goes into Committee on Coercion Bill.

Friday.—Found waiting me at house letter in strange hand. Supposed it was application for subscription to our Cricket Club, the Infirmary, or the Imperial Institute. Nothing of the sort. From BUFFALO BILL—and ran thus:—

"Say, TOBY, M.P. Heard of you. Going down to House at Six o'Clock; want you to show me round, wet or shine."

Delighted. Always glad to see Distinguished Foreigner. B. B. turned up punctually. Striking figure. Tall; large as to the hat; moustache much larger than GRANDOLPH'S, and hair hung in little greasy curls on shoulder. Strong suspicion of use of curl-papers.

Picture for next year's Grosvenor:—BUFFALO BILL, in his wigwam, curling his hair by flickering light of torch, held by admiring Cowboy.

"Not very lively just now," I said, a little nervously, not knowing how he might take it. "Ten minutes to spare. Would you, now—ahem—would you like to go and have your hair cut?"

B. B. looked at me in way that led me to change the subject.

Got B. B. in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. BALFOUR (not ARTHUR) on legs, explaining Scotch law to animated audience. Instantly fixed B. B.'s attention.

"Who's that fellow with his scalp lifted, jabbering away at the table?" he asked.

"That," I said, "is the former Lord Advocate for Scotland. A very good fellow—everybody likes him."

"Then who lifted his scalp?"

"Ah, that's a mistake. It's not what you think. It's a trick people, especially Barristers, have here of losing their hair in early youth. We have no scalping here, and this is a way Nature has of redressing the balance between the Old World and the New."

B. B. grunted, but evidently not satisfied. Presently began to unwind something from his waist.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's a lassoo," he said.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Going to fetch that chap up," said B. B., steadily unwinding himself.

Good Heavens! Here was a prospect. An ex-Lord Advocate lassoed from the gallery and dragged across floor of House.

"You can't do it here," I whispered, "you'll catch the table. Come, and I'll show you a better place."

Got B. out, wandered about passages till lost ourselves, and finally got out into Palace Yard. B. didn't seem to care to go back, so packed himself up again, and set out for the Wild West by Earl's Court. Felt too shaken to return, and so home.

Business done.—Don't know.

WORDSWORTH very slightly altered to W. E. G. on his way to B. B.'s Show:—

"What, you are stepping Westward?"
"Yea."
"Why, 'tis a wildish destiny."

By the way, here was a Lake Poet who would have been in favour of the Ambleside Railway, for was he not the author of "*The Excursion*"?

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE" (*New Edition*).—Colonel SAUNDERSON, Mr. TIM HEALY, or Mr. DILLON,—whichever you like, it seems invidious to select,—and out of the House "the Angel" is only one Pat-more.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of Mr. DE RUTZEN'S sentences on the rowdy and dangerous self-styled Socialists, the worthy Magistrate of Marylebone will be styled Mr. Up-Rootsem.

RIGIDITY OF THE REVENUE.—The Revenue must be in a bad way. Mr. GOSCHEN deplores its "gradual loss of all elasticity." It must, therefore, have arrived at such a state of "tension" and "strained relations" as hardly to be capable of being stretched any more. In that case, how much longer will any Chancellor of the Exchequer be able to make both ends meet?

ASPIRING AMATEURS.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letters, which have been addressed to an eminent Judge, a famous Artist, a celebrated Surgeon, and a gifted Novelist, with an invitation that he should send the writers a suitable answer. He has much pleasure in complying with the request.

I.

DEAR MY LORD,

I TRUST you will not consider me guilty of presumption when I inform you that I fancy, nay, am sure, that with a little coaching I could make as good a Judge as your Ludship. It is true that, after a very distinguished career at the Bar, your Ludship was selected for the very high office it is now your good fortune to fill. That I should appeal to you for assistance in this little matter is a proof that I am sensible that your Ludship performs your duties with much ability. If I did not believe that you were a very good Judge I should not ask you to teach me the technicalities of the position. But, having said this, I must, in fairness to myself, confess that I see no reason why I should not do equally well. It is true that I have a slight impediment in my speech, but that seeming defect should make my decisions the more deliberate. When I tell you that I once attended a Fancy Dress Ball in the borrowed robes of a Barrister, I am quite sure your Ludship will at once recognise my claims to a seat on the Bench. Yours faithfully,

EDWARD SMITH.

II.

RESPECTED SIR,

I AM sure you will be pleased to hear that for many years I have been greatly delighted with the works of Art you have contributed to the Royal Academy. I have often looked at some of your figure subjects, and whenever I have done so, have come to the conclusion that I could do nearly as well. Were I not naturally of a modest disposition, perhaps I might put the matter more strongly in my own recommendation. In early life I failed to "pass out" of Woolwich either into the Engineers or the Gunners, and as it has ever been my ambition to write "R.A." after my name, I think I can accomplish the feat by turning Artist. My chief difficulty is in the details of the profession. I feel you can give me a helping hand, and, for the sake of Art, will gladly do so. What I want to know is this—which is longer, a head, a body, or a leg? I should also (as I am colour blind) like to have a few hints about how to paint a sunset. Were I to master these technicalities, I feel sure that I should soon claim to sit in Burlington House as one of your colleagues. Please let me know soon whether you will give me the necessary hints (you can teach me the whole bag of tricks in ten minutes) as failing Art, I think I shall go in for being an Archbishop, when it will be necessary for me to address a few lines in a similar strain to His Grace of CANTERBURY. Yours truly, JOHN JONES.

III.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

PARDON me for troubling you in the midst of your patients, but I am so sure that I can perform a surgical operation as well as you, that I really, in the name of science, must refuse to apologise. When I tell you that I can take off the wing of a roast fowl without the least difficulty, you will at once realise that I have already mastered to a great extent the difficulties of anatomy. For all that I should like a few hints. Perhaps you will let me know whether you should use Chloroform or Ether, or what? I suppose, too, one has to get some peculiar sort of lancet or other surgical instrument? I am determined to get a Baronetcy for proficiency in surgery, and as I am far too clever to undergo the drudgery of walking the hospitals, &c., &c., I shall be much obliged if you will please give me a rough idea of what is necessary. Yours faithfully,

HENRY BROWN.

IV.

MY DEER SUR,

AFTER reading of yore bookes, I finds that I can rite sum just as gud. Yure plots are sutingly klever, but I cud think them outt quyt as wel. Awl I wants is a int or *h*int (I never can gett them haches) aboute grammer and spelin. Wil yer elp me? If yer does, why awl I can sai is luk oute for a seecund DICKINS or Sur WARTER SKOT, cos I knows wots in me. Yures, &c.,

CHARLES ROBINSON.

(*Mr. Punch's Answer to the above.*)

Mr. Punch, who has neither time nor inclination to send a separate reply to each of the writers of the above letters, begs to deal with them *en bloc*. He wishes to say that it is as easy for an ignorant dolt without training or aptitude to become in ten minutes, a Judge, a Royal Academician, an eminent Surgeon or a famous Author, as it is for an Amateur who has never got beyond the "form" of "*Charles, his Friend*," or "*Lucy* (*Mrs. Bouncer's daughter*)," in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room, to bound on to the stage, after a fortnight's coaching, and become at once an EDMUND KEAN, or a Mrs. SIDDONS. *Verbum sap.*

AN UNFEELING JOKE.

Fair Equestrian (coquettishly). "What! not going to keep a Horse this Season! Then we shan't have any more delightful Rides together!" *Stout Adonis (with deep sentiment).* "Ah, yes. I shall lose a great deal by not Riding!" *Facetious Youth.* "Well, that won't do you any harm! Just a couple of Stone or so!"

"RUNNING THE GAUNTLET."

[Upwards of two hundred Amendments to the Crimes Bill appear on the notice paper.]

Air—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

Oh, have you heard the news of late
About a poor Bill in a parlous state,
Whose sorrowful doom and whose pitiful fate
It is to run the gauntlet?
Its foes wish to get the poor Bill in a fix,
They long have been trying their tactical tricks,
They came down on its birth like a cartload of bricks,
They surrounded its path like a ninefold Styx.
Gladstone would smite it and Morley bang,
Healey would slate it and Sexton slang,
And now they have sworn, since the Bill they can't hang,
They 'll make it run the gauntlet.

By the Irish bhoys the Bill was cut,
And when by the Clôture their mouths were shut,
They swore, since they could not crack its nut,
They 'd make it run the gauntlet.
Two hundred handkerchiefs, knotted, they had,
And every hour to the number will add,
Upon my word it is too bad,
Enough to drive a poor little Bill mad.
There was Biggar short and Russell tall,
There was H. H. Fowler, with forty in all,
And they all of them swore on the Bill they would fall,
And make it run the gauntlet.

In fact its foes were a regular host,
And the ruthless rascals made it their boast
That the poor little Bill should give up the ghost
Before it had run the gauntlet.
Of fifty weapons were they bereft,
Another fifty and more were left.
The poor little Bill must indeed be swift,
If to dodge their blows it should make shift.
If it passed the fifty without a cropper,
Gladstone and Morley might put in a stopper,
Whilst Harcourt stood knotting an extra "whopper,"
For poor Bill running the gauntlet.

With here a wallop and there a whack,
One for his nob, and two for his back,
They hedge the course and hang on the track
Of this poor Bill running the gauntlet.
Will he succeed in dodging them all?
Will he take his gruel without a squall?
Will he escape from their merciless thrall?
Will he finish his course without a fall?
Then to his sponsors he 'll bring relief,
And of nine-lived cats prove the very chief,
Although they treat like a welshing thief
This Bill who 's running the gauntlet.

Dr. Oscar Lenz arrived last week in Brussels. There was at once a rush made for him by the Photographers, who had heard he was such a first-rate Lenz. However, as he politely explains, "he only Lenz his assistance to African Explorers."

THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

(*Summary of the Speeches last Saturday.*)

The Prince returning thanks we always hear
With pleasure, ever genial, terse, and clear.
The Duke of Cambridge roused us like a hero;
Lord Hamilton reduced us all to zero.
Lord Salisbury gave us satire, meant to tell,
"Alas, poor Yorick!" Ah! we "knew him well."
Professor Huxley's lecture rather bored us;
Sir George Trevelyan's brilliant speech restored us.
The Lord Mayor, speaking up for Art and City,
Said naught of "Painter's turtle," more 's the pity.
Archbishop Cantuar preached: thought every sinner
His Grace the lengthiest grace after dinner.
The President, Past-Master of the art
Of speech post-prandial, played well his part.
"Of pictures here," said he, "we have a show
Above the average far." Yes, this is so.
And *Mr. Punch*, this merry month of May,
Drinks to Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

Wisdom is in all the Councils of the Colonials. Wisdom is as Wisdom does.

THE WOLFF.

What does Wolff, from hour to hour,
With the tricksy Turkish Power?
Is Sir Henry fast asleep?
Watch for ever must he keep?
Wolff's long diplomatic prowl
Makes John Bull begin to growl.
Sweet Stamboul, and pleasant "plunder!"
Is it all a costly blunder?

"RUNNING THE GAUNTLET."

MASSAGE HAPPY THOUGHT.

Patient. "SEEMS HARD WORK! EH?"

Masseur. "YESSIR, IT *IS* RATHER HARD WORK, SIR."

Patient. "AH! IT STRIKES ME THAT IF *I* WERE TO RUB *YOU* NOW, INSTEAD OF *YOUR* RUBBING *ME*, I SHOULD GET WELL IN HALF THE TIME!"

OPINIONS OF "RED SHIRT."

(*Supplied by Our Own Thought-Reader.*)

HAVE not given much attention to the Crimes Bill, but if it is something good to drink, believe it isn't up to Fire-water.

Never been in the House of Lords, but prepared to bet that it's not equal to the Show at West Kensington.

Don't understand Magna Charta, but fancy it can't beat Buffalo BILL'S show-cards.

Never seen Home Rule, but sure it can't surpass *Faust* at the Lyceum and *The Butler* at Toole's Theatre.

Never talked to Lord SALISBURY, so can't say whether he's smarter than the Hon. W. F. CODY.

Never interviewed by the Family of Nations, but consider they would have to run second to the Cowboys' Band, especially when that society was playing "*Yankee Doodle.*"

If asked again by Mr. GLADSTONE whether I can see "those similarities between Englishmen and Americans which might be expected to exist between kinsmen and brothers?" shall certainly once more reply, "Do not know so much about their being kinsmen and brothers."

Never met Mr. GLADSTONE in my life before, but reckon he's a first-rate hand at getting out a smart and high-toned advertisement.

TRUTH states, that in consequence of the funds forwarded by charitable readers to aid in sending poor London Children for a few weeks' country air in summer-time, Mrs. JEUNE was able to give four hundred and seventy-four of them a real country treat. Out of compliment to this lady's admirable exertions, the month of their holiday should be, evidently, June. The fulfilment of JEUNE is better than *The Promise of May.*

[IT is not absolutely true that in consequence of his Artistic Joke in Bond Street, the Fiery FURNISS has applied for police protection. But it is a fact that being in want of a holiday after his work, our Caricaturist is going to "take himself off."

"D."

A Lay of Modern London.

"There are many known ways of disposing of house refuse; but we are convinced that the very worst, the most stupid and dangerous, is that which seems to be immortal in London—the open cart, and the rotten basket."—*Lancet.*

THE—he whom euphemism's courtly use
Softens, in good society, to "Deuce,"
Going his rounds in London, chanced to see
In windows here and there a big black "D."
The longicaudate omnivagrant elf
Thought it at first a summons to himself;
But at that moment on his startled ear
There echoed through the street a sound of fear
Raucously resonant, so vile a howl
As never tiger on its nightly prowl
Thundered upon the tympanum of NOX,
Although the fiend is used to aural shocks,
He shuddered at the shindy. "What," he cried,
"*Can* this be?" Then, with loud and loutish stride,
With string-girt "cords" that left huge ankles bare,
With much-fouled smock, and mass of matted hair,
Lounged up a coarse colossus. With him went
A nameless, nasty, most mephitic scent
That Tophet could not parallel. It rose,
Making his sable highness hold his nose,
From a much-crusted cart piled high with—what?
"*He*," quoth "Old Nick, "may know—*I*'d rather not."
A March wind blew, and on that biting breeze
Was borne a cloud that made you choke and sneeze,
Sicken, expectorate—a foul simoom
That might have whistled through the charnel's gloom.
"Peripatetic pest!" cried Lucifer,
"Who are you?" "Whoy, oi be a doostman, Sur,"
Growled, huskily as Death with a catarrh,
The brawny, big-mouthed mooncalf. "Oh! you are?"
Smiled the sardonic one. "I see, I see,
A sweeper-out of sepulchres!"—"Not me,"
Caliban chuckled. "Dust-bins be my mark."
"Oh!" cried the fiend, still slightly in the dark.
Further to question this stentorian pig
Lucifer thought a little *infra dig.*,
And so he watched him simply. Saw him call
At a smart villa, trample through the hall,
O'er the tiled forecourt, down the clean-swept stair,
Leaving his hob-nailed footmarks everywhere;
Saw him with spade and basket delve and thrust
At a malodorous bin of so-called "dust,"
Dispersing fetid fumes at every stroke,
Compared with which his Phlegethon's own smoke
Was summer fragrance; heard him growl and jeer,
Clamour for sixpences, and beg for beer;
Saw, at his loud disdain of "tip" or drink,
The housewife tremble and the housemaid shrink;
Saw him depart, and leave a dirty wreck
Where, ere he came, was sweetness void of speck,
Then, with piled cart, slung ladder, basket foul,
Beheld the brute resume his noisome prowl,
His sullen tramp, and intermittent howl.

"Well," mocked the fiend, "and this is what men call
Civilisation! Stench, stentorian bawl;
Despotic insolence that naught can please,
Wandering noise and travelling disease.
A dirty chaos in the neat home-nest,
The streets a hunting-ground for old King Pest.
Fancy proud Babylon dealing thus with 'Dust,'
Without an insurrection of disgust!
'Tis yon big brute they summon by their 'D'!
Well, while he rules, why *should* they call on Me?"

A FISHING QUESTION.—According to a leading article on "Large Salmon":—

"Much in the natural history of the salmon remains mysterious. Whether it feed or not during its annual visits to its native streams, is still a matter of controversy."

If salmon don't feed in fresh-water rivers, how is it they are fished for with rod and line? When they rise at a fly don't they mean to eat it? By what enticement but that of a bait do they get themselves hooked? Was that point ever a matter of controversy, and does it still remain a mystery in the natural history of the salmon which naturalists acknowledge themselves unable to explain?

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.

We commence with our selected specimens, which everyone will immediately go and see:—

No. 0. Expulsion of Blacklegs from the Academy.

Nos. 229, 230. "Look out!—below!" Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.

Unto her window wildly did she go
"Police!" Where was the Peeler? See below.
With aching heart the curtain she drew back,
When—upon aching head she felt a whack.
Poems by Harry Finis.

No. 503. Hair-Cutting in the Olden Time. Indignant customer positively refusing to be shampoo'd. Solomon J. Solomon.

NOTE.—Why repeat the name? More economical to adopt the noun of multitude, "Solomons."

No. 291. "The Painter and his Model." W(ery) Q(urious) Orchardson, R.A. "Yes, you can go; I've done with you, my dear. Here comes the Model for the following year. (*To himself.*) Luck in odd numbers—Anno Jubilee—This is Divorce Court Series Number Three."
Orchards an' Pairs (*latest edition*).

No. 36. Apey Thought. F. Holl, R.A.

No. 465. "'Ear! 'Ear!" Sir J. E. Millais, R.A. Alas! poor 'Art-ington!

No. 12. *Change for a Tenor.* W. W. OULESS, R.A.

My friends have often told me I was so
Like MARIO—but that was long ago.
They said, "I'd carry all before me!" True.
In years gone by I tried to,—now I do.
From the Unsung Notes of a Tenore Robusto.

No. 23. *Tom Brown's Holidays.* F. S. BEAUMONT.

No. 25:— To SIR J. E. MILLAIS.

From all your pictures we select "*The Nest*,"
First Gallery, Twenty-five, and—hang the rest!
Of HARTINGTON and ROSEBERY these two
Portraits, who painted them? Sir EVERETT? You!!
If their two forms these portraits scarce recall,
Then "*your* old form" they don't recall at all.

No. 60. *Cheeky; or, The Amateur Actress.* MINNA TAYLOR. "I cannot paint myself properly, the rouge *will* come in patches like this."

No. 63. *Pleasing Doubt.* T. B. WIRGMAN. W. FERGUS, M.D. (*log.*). "*Now* I come to examine the Pharmacopœia, I fancy I've not *given him the right prescription. How funny!*"

No. 67. "*Rayed with the yellows, past cure!*"—*Taming of Shrew*, Act III., sc. 2. N. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. NOTE.—Wonder if this artist ever suffers from "the blues"?

No. 994. "*Mr. Stanley, I believe?*" Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, M.A.

No. 680. EDWIN LONG, R.A., "*pinks-it.*"

No. 320. *Concealment; or, The Last Button off his Waistcoat.* More's the PETTIE! R.A.!

No. 367. *John Dull, not John Bright.* W. DULL MORRIS.

No. 377. *The Pretty Pugilist.* HUBERT HERKOMER, A.

She has put on the gloves! Be on your guard!
It is a striking picture! I'm hit hard!
Impromptu by a Very Impressionablist.

No. 394. *An Orange Lodge.* A. MOORE. Encouraging Motto—"*A. Moore omnia vincit.*"

No. 416. *Kyle-Akin to a Coloured Photograph.* BRETT, A.

No. 481. *Whiteley.* R. D. OLIVER. "They've kicked all the black-legs out, so there's a chance for me."

No. 525. *Sulks and Satins.* GREGORY, A.
No. 589. "*Warren's Blacking.*"
No. 703. "*All Sorts and Conditions of*"—*Colour.* JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
No. 716. Probably a Theatrical Puzzle Picture, symbolical of *Ruddygore* and Mrs. BROWN POTTER. Hon. JOHN COLLIER.
No. 970. "*O Distempera, O Morris!*"

SOMEBODY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Monday.—Visit to Madame TUSSAUD'S. Lecture "Upon the Right of the Liberty of the Subject," to be addressed to the occupants of the Chamber of Horrors.

Tuesday.—Inspection of the contents of the Tower. Speech on "Parliamentary Armour—how to be used for defence or attack," to be offered to the Knights of the Horse Armoury.

Wednesday.—Saunter through the Zoological Gardens. Oration "On the Brotherhood of the Great Human Family," to be delivered in the Monkey House.

Thursday.—Inspection of Olympia. *Impromptu* on "Politics going to the Dogs," to be knocked off in the Sportsman's Exhibition.

Friday.—Gathering at the Crystal Palace. Reflections "On Monarchs from the Earliest Times," to be spoken to the Sovereigns in the Screen of Kings and Queens.

Saturday.—Second visit to the American Exhibition—continued conversation with "Red Shirt" the Taciturn.

TWO THEATRES.

MADAME Favart has been revived at the Avenue Theatre. Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN is the life and the soul of the piece. There is scarcely a laugh in it from beginning to end, and yet, years ago, we believe it was a success with the same *prima donna*, VIOLET CAMERON, and M. MARIUS. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, though playing *Favart*, is "not in it," and does hardly anything with the part. But if Miss St. JOHN, Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON, — with one clever dance, — pretty faces, and some bright music are sufficient attractions, then the motto of this house at present might well be, "a Fair Field and no Favart." Perhaps it is only a stop-gap until something Arthur-Robertsonian can be produced. *Robinson Crusoe* was idiotic, but ROBERTS was very funny in it, which he most certainly isn't as *Favart*. We are inclined to adapt *Caliban's* doggerel, and sing:—

"Ban, Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Avenue Theatre, 'Ave a new—piece!"

At the Royalty Mr. EDOUIN has produced a farce called *A Tragedy*, in which he himself is droll enough, and it will make people laugh till he gets something better.

Many of BUFFALO BILL'S Indians, or Cowboys, we are not sure which, attended, it is reported, a Presbyterian place of worship on Sunday. This looks as if there is some Scotch element from the Great Macaw clan among them. This, however, is not so, as we believe that, after visiting the Lyceum, they one and all announced their wish to be considered as Irvingites. The Indians are delighted, as they say, "We have now been face to face with the Great Mys-terry."

MRS. RAM wants to know if "The Cockney Isles" are so called on account of the number of Londoners touring there? (N.B.—Her nephew is of opinion that the excellent lady was thinking of the "Orkney Isles.")

AT THE BILLERIES.

"RED SHIRT," CHIEF OF THE SEEYOU-AT-WEST-KENSINGTON INDIANS, RECEIVES A VISIT FROM "GRAND OLD WHITE COLLAR," *ALIAS* "STRONG WILL," CHIEF OF THE OPPER SISHUN HINDERUNS.

CHIEFS IN COUNCIL.

From Our Own Special Earl's Court Interpreter.

THE Distinguished Statesman and party had now arrived at the encampment, and it was explained to the illustrious Indian hero that the "Great White Chief" was waiting to receive him without. In another instant "Yellow Slippers," ferocious in his war-paint and feathers, had sprung to the door of his tent with a wild war-whoop, and, brandishing his gleaming tomahawk, signified, in the stinging accents of the Sioux dialect, his readiness to meet all comers. There was some commotion among those assembled outside, but it quickly subsided on the Trapper announcing, at the Distinguished Statesman's request, that the "'Great White Father' had only come to have a little friendly talk over the peace pipe." Upon hearing this, the Indian, eyeing his supposed rival disdainfully, drew his blanket moodily around him, and waited for the conversation to commence.

"I had better put a poser to him, to open with," observed the Distinguished Statesman, thoughtfully. "Ask him what, in his opinion, will be the probable effects of the forthcoming Show on the financial prospects of the General Omnibus Company, and the Metropolitan District Railway respectively, and how he thinks the Shareholders of either undertaking will view the progress of the projected enterprise."

On this being translated to "Yellow Slippers," he only glared fiercely for a few minutes in the direction of the "Great White Father," and then shook his head.

"He does not understand," explained the Trapper.

"Dear me, that's awkward," rejoined the Distinguished Statesman, "for, wishing to impress him, I had arranged several complicated questions for his solution. Ha! but I have them hinted at here in the notes for my luncheon speech. Suppose you just read him this. I fancy it mayn't be very clear, for I haven't quite made up my own mind what it all means, and so, no doubt, it will probably puzzle him."

He handed a well-pencilled sheet of paper to the Trapper as he spoke. The latter proceeded forthwith to translate its contents to "Yellow Slippers," who, however, repeatedly shook his head at the various points, and gradually assumed an attitude of threatening defiance. Finally, on its conclusion, he instantly sprang to his feet, and again giving a wild war-whoop, expressed his desire to have done with palaver, and meet the "Great White Father" in combat in the arena, either with tomahawk or lasso, and there discuss with him, in a language he could understand, matters rather more within his ordinary comprehension.

Affairs assuming, therefore, a rather threatening aspect, and "Yellow Slippers" being understood still to express a wish that instead of meeting the "Great White Father," surrounded by pale faces, at West Kensington, he could only come across him alone on the deserted plains of the real Wild West, the Distinguished Statesman and party hastily withdrew, and retired to another part of the extensive grounds under the guidance of the courteous officials who accompanied them.

THE ARREST OF M. SCHNÆBELÉ.—*Trop de zèle* evidently. Pop, bang, fizzle, and froth. So much the better. Let "the Pagny incident" be remembered historically as the "Shampagny incident."

WAITING VERIFICATION.

THE following letters, for the authenticity of which their unmistakable signatures may be regarded as an undisputed guarantee, having come, no matter how, into *Mr. Punch's* possession, he publishes them forthwith without further comment:—

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

THANK you for the pretty present of Primroses, which arrived quite safely, and with which I proceeded straightway to decorate my balcony most effectively. I join the League, believe me, with the greatest pleasure, and shall certainly, as you propose, instal a Habitation in East Mayo at the first possible opportunity. For the rest, take no account of my conduct in the House. I am obliged, for obvious reasons, to make some outward show on the other side. But that, you know, is only a ruse. When the Division comes, you will find, my dear Marquis, that you have not counted in vain on the unflinching support of Yours devotedly,

John Dillon

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU evidently, in common with the rest of the British Public, have fallen into the trap artfully laid for you by the coloured posters, and are associating my advent in this country with the forthcoming performances of the *Wild West Show* about to be held at the American Exhibition shortly to be opened at Earl's Court. Please dispel the idea from your mind, for my mission over here, which is a double one, is of a very different sort. In the first place I am the accredited agent of the Government of the United States to settle the Fisheries Dispute with the British Cabinet. In the second, I am the first living representative of the part of *Mephistopheles* in my country, and I have come over here to show your HENRY IRVING how he ought to do it. My reputed connection with the Indians and Cowboys at Earl's Court, you may, therefore, regard as the wildest *canard*.—Yours faithfully,

Buffalo Bill

MY DEAR GENERAL,

THOUGH I have not, for reasons of policy, hitherto openly referred to the excellent movement you have originated and organised, I cannot longer refrain from assuring you, that it has my heartiest approval. Indeed, if you will send the drum and uniform down to Lambeth Palace, I will at once join your ranks, if only in the capacity of a humble Corporal. Only let me know when you have your next "drill" on down this way, and you shall soon find that you may, on your parade, count on no more boisterous demonstrative and indefatigable recruit than yours, sincerely, and enthusiastically,

E. Cantuar

DEAR HARCOURT,

AFTER mature and weighty consideration, I have determined to throw up the whole Irish game. The last arguments used by SALISBURY about the Crimes Bill strike me as conclusive. He makes out a strong, and, as I take it, an excellent case. You may, therefore, let CHAMBERLAIN and HARTINGTON know that I unflinchingly abandon in the future all former points of difference. Tell them I henceforth relegate "Home Rule" to the four winds. The news will not surprise them, as they know how little I am in the habit of being tenaciously wedded to my own views, and how ever open I am to the influence of the fair and valid arguments of those who happen to be politically opposed to me. Ever yours, with much conviction,

W. E. Gladstone

DEAR COCKALORUM,

IF I had only known that you would have published my tripping little note in the shape of an advertisement, how much better I could have made it. As it was, I read it in print with infinite satisfaction and delight. The whole thing struck me as in such excellent taste. But mind, dear boy, the next time you want something of the kind you give me notice, and I promise you you shall have something veritably *hors de ligne*. Hoping you *did* enjoy the dinner. I am, yours eternally,

Henry Irving

N.B.—As *Mr. Punch* thinks it very probable that the foregoing writers will deny their own signatures, he only has to ask them if they can tell him *how they got there*. Having called in a Committee of Experts, he has of course satisfied himself that he knows what he is about, though he candidly admits, judging from a recent rather notorious experience, that this is not the same thing as satisfying everybody else.

THE LANE AND THE GARDEN.

Drury Lane.—The Rose Garden is open. The Temple of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is occupied by CARL ROSA (Limited), and Mme. MARIE ROZE inaugurated the season—a short, but, we hope, a merry one—with *Carmen*. It is put on the Stage in a style worthy of the

Cull Rose, Sir?

Marie rose to the occasion as Carmen.

Augustan age, and the Year of Jubilee. For Wednesday (to-day) the new Opera, *Nordisa*, by Mr. CORDER, is announced. *Sursum Corder!* CARL ROSA, Limited! We anticipate success for this novelty. "Corder thou art, and shalt be more hereafter!"—which, we believe, is in *Macbeth*, but if in doubt, refer to AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS.

Covent Garden.—That *Leila* and *Carmen* are by the same composer is difficult to realise; the latter being so full of catching melody that after a first hearing, anyone with half an ear comes away humming boldly, but incorrectly, the *Toréador contento*, and with a burning anxiety to recall something of the cigarette song,—while of the former not even a man with three correct ears for music could hum, or would think of humming, a bar of its music.

Mlle. ALMA FOHSTROM was a charming *Leila*, a sort of Veiled Prophetess the greatest interest in the piece being occasioned by the curiosity in the house to seize any moment when accident or design should lift the veil and show her face. It was like watching for the cuckoo to come out of its little door in the clock when the hour strikes. Mlle. ALMA sings and acts charmingly. M. LHERIE was a picturesque *Zurga*,—whatever *Zurga* may be, apparently King of the Fishermen.

The opening is bright, but this promise is not fulfilled. There is a fine duet for *Nadir* (plenty of evident jokes on his name, which, however, do not occur in the Opera), a very solemn and effective prayer to Brahma, and a lively and telling *finale* to the First Act. *Leila* appears to be very ill-used by the people who, after receiving her as a divinity "to watch over and protect them," immediately change their tone, and threaten her that if she falls in love she shall "never again see sunrise." She has, therefore, to get up early, and the others get up earlier, and everyone more or less falls in love with her, including three *Fakirs*—who do *not* sing the old *Jack Sheppard* chorus of "Nix my dolly, pals, *Faker* way"—with all their clean linen from the wash tied round their heads, and who are evidently suffering from violent chill in consequence, as they pass a considerable portion of their time with their hands over a sacred fire. If they were dressed as three Quakers, after the style of Mr. BARRINGTON and Miss JESSIE BOND in *Ruddygore*, the flame whereat they warm their hands might be the "Sacred Lamp"—not the Red one—"of Burlesque." In fact, in these Fakirs, with their linen and drapery—the Three Linen-Drapers—the interest may be said to be centred. They never tell their love for *Leila*, but they show it by deeds; for they take a pot-shot at *Nadir*, her lover, miss him, because the Linen-Drapers are not sportsmen, but bring him in prisoner, and help to drag *Leila* away from his embrace.

There is a fine *finale* to the Second Act, and an effective finish, but we should doubt whether popularity is in store for *Leila and the Linen-Drapers*, and whether any operatic Manager will rub his hands with pleasure, and say to himself, "*Leila!* Good Bizetness!"

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BEUST BY BARON DE WORMS.—Like "Brave PERCY," Count BEUST is dead and "food for WORMS."

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

A YOUNG Man with a marked tendency to mildness should (and generally does) select for recitation pieces in which that admirable quality forms the smallest possible ingredient. It makes a little change for him, while it affords his friends the surprise and gratification of witnessing him in a new character. So the Poet this week has constructed a piece which offers a highly effective character-part to the mild but ambitious youth. It is called "The Coster," and some of the lines may possibly be open to the charge of coarseness. Perhaps they *are* coarse; but then it must be remembered that a Coster is not a Chesterfield. This is an Age of Realism, and True Art is ever naturalistic. However, the Poet will undertake to forward, free of charge, alternative lines to any verses which may be considered fairly liable to objection, for delivery in the suburbs and provinces.

"Good is *not* the Word."

In reciting this poem, it is of vital importance that you, the Young Man for whom it is intended, should let yourself go. For the moment, remember that you *are* the Coster, rugged, hoarse, brutal even—but with an honest heart beating under your rabbit-skin vest.

Should you feel up to it, you might prepare yourself by turning up the bottoms of your trousers, tying a silk wrapper round your neck, and wearing your dress-coat inside out—it is not the usual costume of a Costermonger, but it helps to give you confidence and assists the illusion. Try to be as vulgar as you can: no one will mind, if they see the vulgarity is only assumed.

With these preliminary hints we will proceed:—

So yer want me to tell yer about it? Well, yer don't seem a bad sort o' bloke.
(*This is addressed to an imaginary Interviewer.*)
Set down on the hedge o' my barrer; but mind yer don't tip up the moke!
("*Moke*," *as you may be aware, is a donkey, in this case an imaginary animal, harnessed to an unseen barrow; these little details render the whole thing so much more dramatic and vivid.*)
Yer kin stand me a drain when I'm done, if yer *like*—there's a public that 's 'andy by;
For this 'ere 's a yarn as I never can spin without I gets 'usky and dry.
(*The least suggestion of pathos in this last line.*)
I'm a rough kind o' cove, but it's bin my pride as I've led a regular life;
For I'm niver too tight of a Saturday night but what I kin wallop the wife.
I'm allus light'arted in liquor, and I fling about things pretty free; [spree!
But a 'ardworkin' man, at the end of the week,—well, he 's fond of a bit of a
(*If you intend to do this in Clapham or Brixton, write for alternative verses.*)
So we lived werry 'appy together fur nigh upon fifteen year,
And our 'ome was a bloomin' 'umble 'ome, but the 'umblest 'ome kin be dear!
(*Rough pathos; the epithet "bloomin'" is a little coarse (for Camberwell), but you can go round and apologise for it afterwards.*)
And I got that sweet on the place, Sir, that—there—you may call it strange—
If yer 'd orfered me Buckinim Palace, I'm blowed if I think I'd change!
(*Slap your knee here with suppressed feeling.*)
But hall of a suddin my thoughts got turned the t'other way about;
I come upon one o' them Soshalist chaps, as stand at a corner and spout:
"O Feller-workers an' Friends," says he, "Society 's rotten an' holler!
Think o' yer comfortless 'omes," he sez, "and yer lives as is spent in squoller!
Think o' the gorgeous gilded rooms as is howned by the bloated rich, [sich?
With their carpets, and sofies, and soft harm-cheers. Hev *you* got the likes o'
These Swells is a wasteful extravagant set, as yer'll see for yerselves when you hear
That they spends on soap in a single week what 'ud keep you a fortnight in beer!"
Well, he jawed away till he showed quite clear, what I 'd never believed till then—
That the 'ome I 'ad bin so proud on was honly a 'orrible den!
'Ow could it hever be anythink else but poverty-stricken and sordid,
When it didn't 'ave one o' them luxuries rare of which I had bin defrordid?
(*Give this with passion, but convey the idea that it relates to a byegone state of mind.*)
Fur many a day, as I thought this out, I'd take and cry like a child,
And the light seemed all blowed out o' my life, and its innercent pleasures spiled!
And the longer I went on livin' the lower my sperrits sunk,
Till the Missus's eyes weren't black for a month, for I 'adn't the 'art to git drunk!
(*This is another touch of Nature, but is not recommended for Peckham.*)
I reelly believe if I 'adn't bin roused I was goin' to rack and to ruin,
But I felt I *must* make a heffort some'ow, so I give a copper a doin',
As had found my barrer a blockin' the way, and they took me afore the beak,
Who saw what I wanted was change of hair, and sent me to quod for a week.
(*Pause here, to mark the beginning of a new era.*)
Well, when I come out at the hend o' my time, I felt like a haltered cove;
As back, with a chastened 'art, I sped to my hattic at Lisson Grove,
And I clambered up by the crazy stair, and I softly hopened the door.
Then I started back. . . . (*This is your best dramatic effect. Work it up.*)
. . . There was nothink there the same as I 'd seen it afore!
I couldn't think for the turn I got, and fur wonderin'
"What did it mean?"
It made me shiver and shake for fright—fur the blessed
floor was *clean!*
But I wentured in; and I rubbed my heyes; for darned
if it didn't seem,
That either I couldn't be right in my 'ed, or was in some
orrible dream!
(*Pause; then continue, in a tone of concentrated horror.*)
Fur the room was painted a light pea-green (which the
same is a culler I 'ates!),
And, wherever you couldn't get at 'em, was 'anging up
blue and white plates;
The mantelpiece had a petticut on, and up on the winder-
sill
Was a mug o' voilets, as smelt that loud as they werry
nigh made *me* ill!
The door was a dollop o' Japanese fans, and the cupboard
was painted white,
And hover it some'un had sprinkled a job-lot o' spadgers
in flight!
A thing as they calls a "dodo," on the walls was a
runnin' round,
And my old gal was a settin' asleep in a ruebub-cullered
gownd!
(*Try to realise here how excessively all this would be calculated to annoy a Costermonger.*)
In my hown armcheer, as had got a coat of horiental red,
And a big humberella was hupside down on the ceiling
over her 'ed!
Well, I routed her up in a minnit and I sez: "*You 're* a
nice cup o' tea!
(*Coarse again, but characteristic—risk it.*)
This 'ere is a pretty state o' things for your 'usban' to
come in and see!
D'yer think I 'm a goin' to set in a place as is on'y fit for
Tom-fools?
With yer wickerwork cheers, and yer plants in pots, and
these 'ere little three-legged stools!"
"Why, BILL," she sez, "I should never ha' thought as
you'd fly in a tearin' passion,
'Cause a kind old lady's took in her head to do us up in
the fashion!
She thought it was jist what yer wanted so, and she
never meant to insult yer,
For this 'ere is luxoorious comfort, BILL,—it 's what them
asetics calls 'Culcher!'
See, these little 'hoccasional tables' is for arternoon tea
and chat,
Or for, when a gentleman 's callin', to put down his
chimley pot 'at;
Them plates is considered 'so de-corative,' and so is the
pots and pans,
But I can't recollect the partickler good of the humberella
and fans."
"I dessay it 's werry genteel," sez I, "but my notion o'
comfort it *ain't*.
To live in a litter o' stuff like this would aggerawate a
saint;
I fancy I sees myself fallin' about when I've taken an
extry drop,
And a breakin' my shins like a bloomin' bull in a blessed
Chiney shop.
I'll not have none of it, BETSY," I sez, and I chucked the
lot of it out,
And my 'art it throbbed with a honest pride as I see it go
up the spout!
(*Give this with a spirited independence.*)
For we all on us has our feelings, Sir, and mine was cruel
hurt,
To think as a swell could ha' stooped so low as to rob a
poor man of his dirt!
So I never anker for Culcher now, or henvy the harris-
tocrats;
I'm cured for life o' the longing I 'ad for a roomful of
brick-a-bats,
Of spadgers and pea-green paint you will find in the attic
'ardly a trace,
And when my old woman and me has words—there 's
allus plenty o' space!

That is all, but the author believes it will be found to bristle with opportunities for the beginner. There *is* an alternative ending, in which the Coster is refined and redeemed by the gentle influences of his new surroundings, but there really should be some limits to Naturalism.

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Herr Professor. "YOU HAF A REMARGAPLY BOWERFUL FOICE, MY VRENT!"

Basso. "YES! DO YOU THINK IT WILL FILL ST. JAMES'S HALL?"

Herr Professor. "FILL ST. CHAMES'S HALL! ACH, MY VRENT, IT VILL NOT ONLY *FILL* ST. CHAMES'S HALL—IT VILL *EMPTY* IT!"

ALL ABOUT IT;

OR, FOLLY GATHERED AS IT FLIES.

Interior of a Suburban Railway Carriage. Well-Informed Passengers *discovered discussing question of the hour.*

First Well-Informed Passenger (*concluding a lucid exposition of the situation*). Well, that's why I say it's a clear question of Privilege, and, what's more, the House ought to have voted it so, as a matter of course.

Second Well-Informed Passenger (*who has been reading the Times*). Not at all, Sir. Not at all. The House was quite right. Besides there was no sort of precedent for it. If PARNELL wouldn't speak, the *Times* was quite right to go at DILLON. Look at all their revelations. Not a soul has answered one of them as yet. Not a soul, Sir.

Third Well-Informed Passenger (*putting down the Daily News*). No, I should think not. It is well known that the whole thing is a pack of lies from beginning to end. It ought all to have come before a Committee. That would have burst their wind-bag for them.

First Well-Informed Passenger. That's what GLADSTONE wanted to get at. And he would have done it, too.

Second Well-Informed Passenger. GLADSTONE! Why, he's the head and front of the whole thing. He's in the very thick of it. They're a party of thieves and cut-throats, Sir—that's what they are. Just read what the *Times* says of them.

Third Well-Informed Passenger. The *Times*, indeed! They ought to have had the Editor up at the Bar of the House, and have *given him six months in* the Clock Tower.

Second Well-Informed Passenger. Nonsense, Sir! The *Times* has behaved splendidly throughout the whole of this Irish business.

Third Well-Informed Passenger. Splendidly? Disgracefully! Why it's well known that all those lying sensational articles were written to order by a disreputable Irish Peer, who was only too glad to get the job.

First Well-Informed Passenger. Oh yes, I've heard that. But they would have got that all out before a Committee. GLADSTONE knew well what he was about.

Second Well-Informed Passenger. Pshaw, Sir! GLADSTONE? Why he doesn't know whether he's on his head or on his heels. And I tell you what, if that man ever gets into power again——

[*Indulges in vague prophetic utterances, and is left disputing with First and Third Well-Informed Passengers over the future of England generally as Scene closes.*

ROSES IN BLOOM.

OLD NEGRO MELODY—"*Lubly Rosa.*"

LIVELY ROSA, Season come,
Don't you hear the band go tum, tum, tum!

Refrain.

O ROZE! MARIE ROZE!
I wish I may be Harris'd if I don't love ROZE!

Recitative.

Here's handsome MARION BURTON, she is *the* belle
Who plays the Gipsy Queen, and, in *Faust*, *Siebel*.
"BURTON" suggests a "Basso;"—"Bass" were fitter,
If names meant aught,—as she's nor "pale" nor "bitter,"
But a contralto sweet, she is, we meant,
BURTON-on-Stage, not Burton-upon-Trent.

Refrain.

O ROZE! *Marguerite* ROZE!
Lucky EDWARD SCOVEL to play *Faust* to ROZE.

Here inspiration ceases—for a while. It was delightful to hear once again *The Bohemian Girl*, and *Carmen* was put on the stage in such style, with real horses and mules, that the most exacting "*Toréador*" must have been more than "*contento*" with the stage arrangements made by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS HISPANIENSIS. Yet when we saw the Bullfighter going to the arena, it did not occur to us that they were in Spain, but on their way to Goring. MARIE ROZE, in the gipsy scene, came in on horseback. Never was *Carmen* so well mounted. Mr. LESLIE CROTTY as *Marguerite's Valentine* (we're in another Opera now) was excellent, with a touch of SANTLEY about him, of which he may be proud. The grouping for the death of *Valentine* excellent. After every Act there were plenty of calls, and every one was at home. Mr. CELLI (evidently an abbreviation for Violoncelli or Vermicelli) was very good as *'Opheles* (why not abbreviate *Mephistopheles* in keeping with Vermicelli?), but some people who will make comparisons said, "not equal to FAURE." How unfair! How can one man, as a solo, be expected to be equal to FAURE, who was a quartette in himself? If anyone tells Mr. VERMI-OPHELES this in an unpleasant way, let him step out and give him "what Faure."

Chorus everyone—Chorus and Orchestra under M. GOOSENS first rate.

GOOSENS, GOOSENS, gander,
Orchestra don't wander.

But again inspiration stops, and we can only sing to the old negro melody:—

Lively ROSA, season come,
Lucky you have HARRIS for your chum, chum, chum!

Chorus.

O ROZE, when we goes
To Drury Lane, it's all *Couleur de Rose!*

Very "Extraordinary Tithes."

A CONTEMPORARY records a not clearly intelligible case of

"SEIZURE FOR TITHES.—Three ricks of hay at Shinfield, Berks, belonging to the Rev. BERNARD BODY, clergyman of the Church of England, were distrained upon yesterday by the Dean and Chapter of Hereford, for £50, tithes and expenses."

According to a popular Scottish proverb, "hawks winna' pick oot hawks' een." This adage is evidently at fault if there is no mistake in the statement that a Dean and Chapter of the Established Church distrained for tithes upon produce belonging to a clergyman of their own cloth. And the matter is less excusable as it cannot be said that it hurts no BODY.

NOTICE TO QUIT (?)

Colonist (to John Bull). "I SAY, I WISH YOU 'D TELL HIM TO GO AWAY."

ELOQUENCE AND WISDOM.—The rejoicings recently performed at Brussels in celebration of the King's second birthday, included a nautical procession, commemorating an event in the career of WILLIAM THE SILENT. "Speech is silvern, and silence is golden" indeed; but the admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE will shrink from no comparison between WILLIAM THE SILENT, and WILLIAM quite the reverse. However, the Brussels function showed a pleasant way to liquidate a BILL.

PAT'S LATEST COMPLAINT.—High rents and falling prices have impoverished Irishmen; or so they say. Yet it is not in a purely economical sense, but in a political and journalistic one, that the Parnellites are now complaining of "Hard *Times*."

MOTTO FOR THE CHANNEL TUNNEL FANATICS.—"A little more than WATKIN and less than kind."

AT THE BIER OF BEER.

(By a Poet more Ale than Arty.)

WHAT is pure Beer? The beer that 's brewed alone of malt and hops.
To that is ALLSOPP's limited—the beer brewed else all slops.
Quassia, calumba, guinea-grains, beer-drinkers may condemn.
Yet though those bitters match not hops, there 's little harm in them.

But hops although the wise above all other herbs exalt,
The element of all good beer essentially is malt.
Of gentian mere infusion, to acknowledge truth compels,
Much of your so-called bitter ale by many an X excels.

Malt in the fine old English beer could *Toby Phillpot* taste.
No longer now!—the beverage of a Briton is debased.
"Home-brewed" hath superseded been by vile and vapid "pale."
There 's none such stuff as "stingo," no, nor any "nut-brown ale."

Oh, for the sound malt liquor, and the brave strong beer of old,
Like that near Covent Garden which was once at "OFFLEY's" sold!
Then was John Barleycorn your man, but now, alas, he 's dead,
And the farmer's flowing tankard from the roadside inn hath fled!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—Sir CHARLES FORSTER buzzing about House long before prayer-time. After prayers trotting round incessantly. Tried about half the Benches, including seat of Leader of Opposition. General impression that he had heard news of his hat. Several Members offered congratulations on happy event. Turned out to be misapprehension. Sir CHARLES about to make one of his rare public appearances as Chairman of Committee on Petitions. Happens only once or twice in history of a Parliament. A Private Bill disposed of, Sir CHARLES, amid impressive silence, addressed SPEAKER at considerable length. Seems there has been a little game going on in respect of Petitions presented in favour of Coal and Wine Dues. Names of all classes of distinguished persons forged. "W. H. SMITH, of the Strand," figures. So does "JOSEPH BIGGAR, Pork Merchant." Not less than seventeen horses, well known in the betting ring, represented as undertaking "ever to pray," if Honourable House will listen to Petition. Committee appointed to inquire into matter. Intend to move, as an Amendment, that the practice of presenting petitions to House be abolished. Is absolutely useless for practical purposes, and contributory to fraud.

"Collapsed!"

Sitting devoted to Coercion Bill in Committee. Not without flashes of liveliness. Quite ablaze when, after midnight, W. REDMOND, rising with evident intention to embark on fresh course of incoherency, SMITH moved the Closure. "Shutting the Committee up," CHANCE said, "as if he were putting up the shutters at one of his own bookstalls." NOLAN came back from Division Lobby aflame with wrath. Some young bloods of Conservative Party been jeering Opposition through glass door, where, years ago, they stood and howled at GLADSTONE. "Was that in order?" NOLAN asked. "Certainly not," said COURTNEY, and NOLAN collapsed. Nothing like having an authoritative opinion on points of order.

Business done.—More Coercion Debate.

Tuesday Night.—Walking along Terrace before prayers this afternoon came upon CHARLES LEWIS at remote end. Was leaning over Terrace wall tearing up something and throwing pieces in the rolling tide. Drawing nearer found it was an artichoke he was pulling to pieces leaf by leaf. "Put it on," he said casting a leaf in the river; "Don't," and he threw in another. "Put it on—Don't." So much engrossed did not observe my approach. Started when I playfully nipped his calf. "Gracious, TOBY," he shouted, "you shouldn't *do* that sort of thing. Might have had me in the river."

"What are you playing at," I asked, "with your 'Put it on,' 'Don't.' Is that the way you always take your artichoke?"

"No," he said, "Fact is I 'm going to repeat my old game of moving for printer of newspaper to appear at Bar for breach of privilege. Undecided whether to put on my white waistcoat or not. Remembered the girl in the garden, don't you know, so borrowed an artichoke out of kitchen and left settlement of question to fate. But you put me out. I've lost count, and, if you 'll excuse me, I 'll begin again."

Suppose the last leaf was "Don't," for when after questions LEWIS rose on Question of Privilege he wore black waistcoat. The *Times* it seems has been running a-muck at JOHN DILLON; wanting to know what has become of his grandmother; darkly hinting that DILLON could tell an' he would. LEWIS, inflamed with sudden indignation on behalf of Irish Member assailed, demands that printer of newspaper shall be brought to the Bar. Exultation in Irish camp. Consternation on Treasury Bench.

"I thought," SMITH growled, "that when we made him a Baronet we 'd shut him up. Suppose he now wants be a Baron."

LEWIS, accustomed to being howled at, bent his head to storm, and pursued his way. Read a letter he had sent to JOHN DILLON. Began "Sir CHARLES LEWIS presents his compliments to Mr. DILLON." Letter, two pages long, bristled with "Sir CHARLES LEWIS." At every repetition of title, made in unctuous tones, House went into convulsions of laughter. TIM HEALY brought up the white waistcoat of twelve years ago, and flaunted it in the new Barnet's face. A bad time for the B. B. K. Began to see that he had played into hands of enemy. The Parnellites took up his Motion, and vehemently clamoured that it should be carried without delay. His Conservative friends angry at being dragged through the mire. Not lacking in pluck, and not unaccustomed to be misunderstood by the House of Commons. But all this too much to bear. So when Division called, "the Hon. Barnet" slunk away, and was seen no more.

"Ah, TOBY!" he said as he passed out, "things would have been different if I hadn't fooled with that artichoke, but had at once put on the white waistcoat."

Business done.—Debate on Privilege adjourned.

Wednesday.—"DE LISLE," said WILFRID LAWSON, back again from Southern climes, "reminds me of nothing so much as a jack-in-the-box. He is always popping up to say something disagreeable about the Parnellites; gets a crack on the head and is once more shut up in the box."

De-Lisle-ah trying to shear the locks of the Parnellite Samson.

Up just now to report to the SPEAKER one of TANNER's gracious asides. Heard him, he tells the SPEAKER, call gentlemen opposite a set of cads—cads with an adjective.

"My good man," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, "why should you go and do a thing like that. Haven't we enough of what TANNER says when on his legs without you reporting what you overhear him say when he 's sitting down? Think it over." DE LISLE said he would, and presented the Conservative Whip with a copy of his Bill designed to cut off American Money Supplies for the Land League.

Business done.—More squabbling on Privilege Question.

Thursday.—GRANDOLPH had rather bad quarter of an hour to-night. BRADLAUGH resumed Debate on Privilege. Been making study of GRANDOLPH's speeches on precedent Privilege Questions. As usual, embarrassment of riches in choice of contradiction.

"GRANDOLPH," HARCOURT says, (and he 's a judge,) "has great gift of saying what is convenient to-day without remembering yesterday or thinking of to-morrow."

BRADLAUGH did his work uncommonly well. Kept his temper when GRANDOLPH lost his, meeting all contradictions and denials with quotations from inexorable *Hansard*. The more GRANDOLPH wriggled the more self-possessed and incisive BRADLAUGH grew, and the more uproarious the merriment of House. General impression that GRANDOLPH had met something more than his match, and that BRADLAUGH had scored off long-standing account. Much more heated talk on the Privilege Question, but—

Business done.—None.

"Thinking it over."

Friday.—House getting a little weary of Debate on Privilege. Some lively speaking to-night, but great falling away in attendance. TIM HEALY got on early, and carried war into enemy's country. SMITH evidently uneasy under references to book-stall connections. TIM, perceiving his advantage, ruthlessly pursued it.

"You sell the *Times* newspaper," he thundered, shaking fore-finger at the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, "and you are equally guilty with the *Times*."

A poor joke this, after all. Certainly not worth the paternal affection TIM showed for it, trotting it out whenever his speech began to flag. SAUNDERSON followed, and, as Alderman FOWLER (who knows his Shakspeare), observed, "Now the wigs are on the green." But SAUNDERSON not quite himself. At outset, got entangled in remarkable metaphor. Described Parnellites as backbone of GLADSTONE's following. Asserted that Right Hon. Gentleman "wanted to whitewash his backbone." "But," added the Colonel, with profound subtlety, "he will succeed only in whitewashing the vertebræ."

Dr. FARQUHARSON retired to Lobby, and thought this over.

"How can anyone whitewash his backbone?" he asked himself. "And why, failing in the attempt, should he whitewash only the vertebræ? This is a puzzler. Must ask SAUNDERSON."

Business done.—House decide attack of *Times* on Parnellites not Breach of Privilege.

COMMITTEE THAT MR. DILLON'S ENEMIES WOULD READILY VOTE FOR.—A *Hanging* Committee.

A DISMAL D.C.L.

PROFESSOR FREEMAN has been deploring the frivolity of our great "Seats of Learning." He says Oxford is a place where learning doesn't sit at all, but is simply sat on. It's given up to tennis, boating, cricket, flirtation, concerts, and a feeble imitation of London manners. If GOLDWIN SMITH, and HENRY WIN-GOLD IRVING both give a lecture the same night, off goes the University to listen to the Actor, not the Professor! Well, is not acting better than mere professing? No remedy in particular is proposed, except to boycott athletics. The great athletic events are considered quite recognised Academic periods, and Mr. FREEMAN would put a full stop to such periods. As for social meetings in the gardens attached to Colleges at Commem.-time, he isn't a garden party himself, he says, and he won't be a party to 'em. Concerts too, are frivolous, and will have to go, though these might have been thought to have some connection with *sound* learning.

Altogether the Professor at the (Oxford) breakfast-table is a very gloomy kind of Professor indeed—makes quite a "free breakfast-table" of it by his way of going on. If the other Professor, whose lecture was not properly attended and reported, agrees with him, *he* ought to change his name to SCOLDWIN SMITH. Some day, perhaps, he will figure as MACAULAY'S New Zealander, or Canadian, surveying the site of Oxford from a broken arch of Magdalen Bridge. Evidently Professor FREEMAN'S idea of the sort of exercise fitted for students and tutors at a University is to take a "constitutional" and discuss the exciting topic of the Anglo-Saxon Monarchy; a natural idea perhaps for a Constitutional Historian, and the author of the *Making of England*—which is shortly to be followed, we believe, by a companion volume entitled the *May*-queen *of England*. "Merry and Wise," is *not* the motto for this latest edition of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Sir C. Lewis's Idea of Capital Punishment for Journalists—an excellent position "Under the Clock" Tower.

MODEL MANCHESTER!

TAKE the best features of all the "Shows" of South Kensington, add to them a never-to-be-equalled collection of English modern pictures of unrivalled excellence, and serve up the whole with a display of taste, energy, liberality, and loyalty never to be surpassed, and the product is the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester. Cockneys are not a little proud of their citizenship, but it is only just to say that their Lancashire cousins in the matter of Art have taught them their proper place—back seats. *Mr. Punch* takes off his hat, and bows to the Executive Committee in all their sections. Never before has been seen such grand specimens of Machinery, never again will be viewed so noble a display of English Art. At the opening ceremony London was principally represented by their Royal Highnesses *the* Prince and *the* Princess; and so greatly pleased were the aforesaid representatives, that they found one day insufficient for their private view, and consequently supplemented it with another. The occasion was a stupendous success. Everybody was present who could be there. The sun, no doubt receiving a hint from Apollo, left London early in the morning, to put in an appearance in Manchester later in the afternoon. Even in this there was evidence of the shine being taken out of the Birthplace of the Cockneys. Unlike the Laureate's play, the Promise of May was fully realised.

Mr. Punch is pleased with his Model.

In selecting Sir JOSEPH LEE for their Chairman, the organisers of the gem of the Jubilee proved that they knew how to lay their hands upon a jewel. They brought a sure LEE to their bark, which, under his guidance, could never suffer from wreckage on a lee-shore, although leisure (and plenty of it) was certainly necessary for an adequate examination of all the treasures of their Argosy, with its cargo of better-than-golden grain. *Mr. Punch* frankly admits that his head teems with pleasant fancies that in Manchester were affairs of the sternest matter of fact. As he sits in his easy chair in 85, Fleet Street, a vision of the fairest work of the finest men rises before him. He sees once more, with the matured successes, the earliest triumphs of LEIGHTON, the pick of the basket, the flower of MILLAIS, the flame-coloured ideals of BURNE-JONES, the "hers" as well as the "hims" of WATTS, the graceful curves of TURNER, and the products of that undoubted Briton—RIVIÈRE. In black and white come the pencilled forms of TENNIEL, SAMBOURNE, KEANE, and the FURNISS. Every work had been seen before; but, for all that, the Collection could be accurately called—and no doubt the same idea occurred to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess, as they walked through the Gallery, accompanied by the Chairman of the Arts Committee—AGNEW one. Then *Mr. Punch* recalls the sheen of the Silk Section, the point of the Irish Lace-makers, the case (rather a hard one) of the Ship Canal, to say nothing (for little could be heard if it *were* said) of the din of the Machinery in Motion. Lastly *Mr. Punch's* imagination carries him back to "Old Manchester and Old Salford," which, truth to say, even in his reverie, seem more substantial than "Old London."

So as this is the year of Jubilee, the Sage of Fleet Street (who is less green than all the other Sages) gives an additional word of advice. He says to would-be Exhibition Manufacturers *not* "Go to Bath or to Jericho" (as a disagreeable Sage might be induced to exclaim in a moment of passing irritability) "but go to Manchester! If you really want a perfect article, a superb model, go to Manchester!" And to non-Exhibition-Manufacturers, and the public generally, he offers the same advice. In all sober seriousness (which is a very different thing to, and must not be confounded with, inebriate dignity) he repeats, "Go to Manchester!" And those who *do* go to Manchester, he will vouch for it, will not rest satisfied until they have seen every inch of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM hears that slides have been erected at several recent exhibitions for tobacconists, in imitation of the Americans. She has cautioned her Niece against them; for although, as she says, tobacconists may be a very respectable set of people, yet she cannot approve of their society exclusively.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Servant. "LADY GLITTER'S CARRIAGE!"
Son of the House (tenderly, as he hands her Ladyship out). "AH! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT ALL THE EVENING!"

WILD WEST-MINSTER!

AIR—"*Do you ken John Peel?*"

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL in the nightly fray?
Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL at the break of day?
Do you think he won't wish himself far far away,
Ere the House rises early in the morning?

Chorus.

For the sound of the Pats keeps us each from our bed,
And the Tory horse bolts if you give him his head,
And the row of the Rads, by sly LABOUCHERE led,
At Wild West-minster sounds until morning.

Yes, I know ARTHUR PEEL, with his seat so true,
And he needs it indeed on that buck-jumping screw,
Which to fling ARTHUR PEEL has done all that it knew,
The bit and the bridle still scorning.

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL of the resolute will,
And the "hand" that is worthy of Buffalo BILL?
Do you think the buck-jumper would not like to spill
The cool hand on its back ere the morning?

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Yes, I know ARTHUR PEEL for a rough-riding body,
At handling a rogue almost equal to CODY,
And down like a hammer on noodle and noddy,
Though kept in the saddle till morning.

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL with his snaffle so strong,
Prepared for a contest that's dour and ding-dong,
For a rally that's sharp and a struggle that's long,
Which may last all the night until morning?

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken ARTHUR PEEL with the spur at his heel,
Which the stubbornest buck-jumper's bound for to feel,
And flinch at the punishment dealt out by PEEL,
While Wild West-minster howls in the morning?

Chorus.—For the sound, &c.

Yes, I know ARTHUR PEEL as a chap who won't shirk;
But his mount of to-day is a tiger, a Turk,
And to break it to harness he'll have all his work,
Though he leathers and spurs night and morning.

Chorus.

For the sound of its snorts and the pad of its feet
Show this buck-jumping brute is a teaser to beat,
And PEEL will do well if he still keeps his seat
When Wild West-minster shuts some fine morning.

HIGH (COURT) JINKS.

THE London lawyers have invited a thousand of their country brethren to a great feast in the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice, kindly lent (for this occasion only) by Lord Chancellor HALSBURY. It will be a case of the Town Mouse and the Country Mouse—"*Mus in urbe*," as TOMMY would say. But they mustn't be too frolicsome in *urbe*, or anywhere else. The London Solicitors have already subscribed £6000 towards the Bill of Costs. What costumes will the thousand lawyers wear at the dinner? Stuff gowns, to be sure. What a concourse of legal talent! And very gallantly the feasters have taken five hundred seats at the theatres for the Solicitors' ladies, so that while the lawyers stay (and dine) the ladies go to the play. Here is a conundrum, for this occasion, suggested by a discontented Barrister:—What is the difference between the attendants at the dinner, and members of the Junior Bar? The former will get fees for their waiting; the latter will wait for their fees.

N.B.—There is no truth in the report that, as a special method of celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, the London and Country Solicitors have unanimously agreed to charge no fees to clients for a whole twelvemonth.

WILD WEST-MINSTER!

OR, "BUCK-JUMPING" EXTRAORDINARY!!

ROBERT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.

WELL, I must say as the Painters of the Royal Academy had about as respektabel a lot of folks to eat and drink of their horsepitality on Satterday week as I amost ever seed, outside the City. When you begins with four Royal Princes, and follers up with four Ambassaders, and a Lord Mare, and three or four Dooks, and Markisses and Earls by the skore, and Crowds of Artists, and sholes of Littery Men, he must be a prowd man indeed as doesn't feel honoured by being one among 'em. I regretted not to see no Aldermen, and I couldn't learn nohows how the mistake occurd. They allers adds a dignerty to such meetings, and their long xperience is allus waluable. The LORD MARE, with his usual good nature, said as it was the most distinguished assembly to be found in the Metrollypus, of coarse, when he said so, he shut his eyes to the glories of his own Manshun House.

Our great and prime Minister, as sumbody called him, kept us all in a roar, though why he complained of the table for groaning, I coudn't at all understand, though it was just a leetle rickety. He said as he was glad to see as his noble frend Lord JOHN MANNERS had been hanged in his proper place, at which they all laughed, tho I thort it rather a unkind remark, till I looked round and seed as he ony meant his picter. His Lordship then, to my perfound estonishment, wentured to xcuse the failures of our Artists in making Stattys, by making fun of the full evening dress of the present time! and acshally said as there was not a living man who would wentur to chissell such an atrocity, and if he did he wood go and commit suicide directly as it appeared in public! Considering as I sees this lovely costoom nearly ewery evening, and that it is coppied in ewery particklar from the full dress of an Hed Waiter, I wentures, with all becoming umility, to place my opinion in direct opposishun to that of his Lordship. Praps a yeller primrose in the button-hole wood reconcile him to the despised swaller tale.

I was glad to hear from so hi an authority, that the House of Lords by keeping regular hours and allowing nothink to hinterfere between them and their dinners, is enjoying a perfect state of saloobrity, while the pore House of Commons, as the result of neglecting this most important of all important dooties, and constantly swallering down their cheap and not nice meals in haste and discomfort, have become such a cantankerous, and quarrelsum, and abusive lot of Hem Peas as praps the world never saw before, and never hopes to see again.

The LORD MARE delited them all by telling 'em that in addition to the butiful Stattys in the Egypshun Hall, the Copperashun had lately opened a little art Gallery to which about 40,000 peeple had been, and that he hoped they shood have a fine gallery some day when they had jest got a little more money, at which they all cheered away like fun. What a wonderful man the Chairman must be, and what a pity he isn't in the House of Commons. I shood think he 'd estonish a good many on 'em. Not content with having proposed no less than seven toastes, he acshally wound up the hole perceedings with rather a longish lecture on painting, which he finished by boasting that they now had no less than four skools where pupils coud learn to paint from living moddels. I looked ard at the Bishops, but as I didn't see a blush on their wenerable features, I spose it 's all right, otherwise—— but I refranes.

I may add that it was a remarkable good dinner, and so indeed it may well be, considering as the pore Painters only gits one a year. ROBERT.

"UNDER CONSIDERATION."

RUMOUR having been more or less busy on the subject of the forthcoming official "honours," the following current *on dits* may be read with interest:—

It is reported that in high quarters it has been determined that a large addition shall be made to the House of Lords, and that the creation of at least three hundred new Peerages, may be regarded as the minimum of honour contemplated in this direction. Some difficulty has, however, been experienced in the selection of suitable recipients, and though it was originally proposed to confer titles on the Chairmen of the leading Railway and Insurance Companies, all the members of the London School Board *en bloc*, and a large number of Common Councilmen, some modification of this plan may possibly be expected.

Peerages are also talked of in connection with the names of Mr. HYNDMAN, Messrs. MASKELYNE AND COOKE, and Mr. LABOUCHERE, to the last of whom a Dukedom will be offered, to which, in graceful recognition of his investigation into the subject, it is said that a substantial perpetual hereditary pension will be attached.

Baronetcies will be freely distributed to provincial Mayors and Aldermen, it having been decided that a contribution of not less than £5 to the local Celebration Fund (following a precedent set by JAMES THE FIRST) will entitle the donor to receive the honour.

The Order of the Garter will be materially enlarged, several entirely new Stalls being created expressly for the occasion, and of these, the names of Lord ALFRED PAGET and several other noble patrons of the Drama are mentioned as those of the probable occupiers.

The Order of the Bath will also be largely recruited from the official classes, it having already been decided, as a preliminary step, to raise to the dignity of Military Knights Commanders of the Second Class the Beadles of the Burlington and Lowther Arcades respectively.

In conclusion, it may be confidently stated that the salaries of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Lord Mayor of LONDON, Her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers and Judges, and the Heads of all Departments, will be doubled, while the LORD CHANCELLOR and the SPEAKER of the House of Commons will receive each a brand-new wig and set of robes, and the Chief Commissioner of Police a new cocked hat.

SUITED TO A T.—In spite of the prediction of the Critics, Mr. NOEL'S Comedy, *Tea*, at the Criterion, was better than Milk-and-Water.

NORDISA.

AIR—"*The Widdy Malone.*"

DID you hear of *Nordisa's* first night?
A sight!
"Old Drury" choke full. First Act bright,
And light.
The Second was dull,
But it wasn't a mull,
As an Avalanche put it all right,
We quite
Screamed *de Gus-tibus* HARRIS in fright!

Musical Tortoise-Shell Box, with moving figures worked by the Thane of Corder. Scene for "Nordisa." Naught easier! (*Oh!*)

The Third Act took place in a *serre*,
Plants rare!
The Avalanche had arrived there,
You stare?
And the storm being strong,
Took *Nordisa* along,
And carried her in 'twixt the pair
Who were
Being married! Oh my! what a scare!

Then *Oscar* (M'GUCKIN), in throes
Soon shows
His heart is less false than his nose
(*I* knows),
Miss BURNS becomes riled,
And this makes *Oscar* wild,
Reparation *Nordisa* he owes
For woes
He has caused, so he turns to propose.

Then enter old man with a crook,
Or hook,
He's hither "conducted by COOK"
(AYNSLEY COOK).
He says *Nordi's* mother
Was some swell or other.
Perhaps she 's the heiress of SNOOK—
I'll look,
But I don't think this is in the book.

My sentiments I will express,
I guess:
Nordisa needs cutting, confess
If less
There were of Act Two,
Then to say would be true
ROSA'S CORDER has scored a success,
Oh yes!
And in this we should all acquiesce.

SUMMARY OF THE WRECK COMMISSIONERS' REPORT—The Sea might be comparatively wreck-less were Seamen not superlatively reckless.

GROSVENOR GEMS.

Nos. 148 and 147. These form evidently one picture, to be entitled, "Catching the Speaker's Eye."

No. 75. The Ogress at the Stores. "Nice fresh Heads to-day, Ma'am!"

No. 208. "Blisters!"

No. 191.
The Chair-woman of the Grosvenor Gallery.

No. 188. Melancholy marks them for her own. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone solemnly keeping Primrose Day.

No. 179. The Teetotum.

"MAY'S PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE" (*Edition for* 1887).—Debates on *Crimes Bill, de die in diem.*

THE CRICKETER'S CAROL.

(By an Enthusiast.)

HOORAY! Cricket gossip once more fires the blood,
And the footballer flounders no more in the mud.
The turf is no longer all hummocks and holes,
And the wickets again take the place of the goals.
Once more come the rollers, once more moves the chalk,
Once more from the tent do the flannel-clad walk.
The trees are half leafless, the meadows are damp,
And one pines, at the stumps, for goloshes and gamp.
The umpire looks frigid, the longstop seems frozen,
Our very best bat can't score more than a dozen;
As yet though 'tis only the middle of May,
And this is our climate's peculiar way.
No matter! At least we're again in the field,
Which the zealots of "passing" and "dribbling" must yield.
The turf *will* get dry in a month, or say two,
And the sky, not our noses, be bonnily blue.
We can feel the old glorious heart-thrilling charm,
The Pavilion of striding from, bat under arm.
And hiding the tremor our bosom which moves,
By fumbling away at our pads or our gloves.
The Oracles fire off their critical bolts,
And the Marylebone Club plays the Middlesex Colts.
Great slogs! what *is* life worth unless one can see,
Once or twice in a week say, great W. G.
Knock up a square hundred, or READ at the stumps,
Give the Yorkshiremen gruel, and Lancashire jumps?
The Newspapers now will no longer be bores,
There *is* something to read every morning—the scores.
For DILLON I don't care a duck's egg, not I,
Or whether Brum JOE goes to Putney or Skye.
The G. O. M.'s gabble seems long-winded rot,
And if I understand Mr. SMITH, I'll be shot.
But oh! that account of the M. C. C. Match
Of SHREWSBURY'S century, LOHMANN'S great catch,
The skyer that THORNTON sent out of the ground,
And the way little ABEL "despatched 'em all round"!
By jingo it warms up one's heart in a way
That the East wind can't neutralise—even in May.
Oh! come along Summer, my soul's in a hurry
To see whether Notts will be walloped by Surrey,
If Kent will pull up, or the Tykes take first place,
Or if Gloucester successes will gladden "old GRACE,"
Whether W. G. will this season be seen
Leviathan still, unsurpassed, ever green;
Whether STODDART again will play up to his form,
And LOHMANN for Surrey's worst foes make it warm;
Which of the two READS will see best of the fun,
Whether SHAW will go off, or young POUGHER come on.
All this, and much more, I am anxious to know.
We've at last, as I hope, said good-bye to the snow.
And though it is chilly and damp—in fact, May—
The fresh Cricket-Season *has* started. Hooray!!!

PROBABLE INVASION OF LONDON.

MR. PUNCH learns from the *City Press* that, at the Meeting of the Court of Common Council, a letter was read from the London Chamber of Commerce on the subject of the Defence of London in case of Invasion, followed by a letter from the Secretary of Lloyd's, offering, on behalf of the Committee, to present to the Corporation a Gun, recently recovered from H.M. ship *Lutine*, wrecked off the Coast of Holland in the year 1799. Thereupon a question was asked whether the said ancient Gun was to be considered as a first instalment towards the defence aforesaid; and elicited in reply "the loud laugh, that speaks the vacant mind."

Mr. Punch was not himself personally aware that there was any immediate danger of an invasion of London, except, indeed, by German Clerks, Bakers, and Waiters; but had he, the knowledge of the fact that Her Most Gracious MAJESTY had, in her loyal City, a force of no less than three hundred well-matured Lieutenants, all entitled to carry swords, if not, indeed, to draw them, would have allayed his fears, until, indeed, he remembered that they were, by regulation, exempt from service abroad, *except in case of an Invasion*. But, doubtless, their civic patriotism would prevent them from taking advantage of any such thoughtful provision, so *Mr. Punch's* slumbers will not be disturbed by any thought of a foreign foe invading his sanctuary at 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

SONG AND SHOUT.

"*Lohengrin* has been definitively withdrawn from the Eden Theatre in Paris."—*Daily News.*

Poor *Lohengrin!* What chance has Art's Swan-song
Against the blatant bellowing of the throng,
E'en in Art-loving Paris?
She prates of "*Art pour Art*," sweet Culture's joy,
But finds a shrieking sweep and butcher-boy
More than a match for Charis.

The *gamin's* clamorous chauvinism finds
Far readier echoes in Parisian minds
Than the bewitching song
That stole across the Rhine. That silvery strain,
Heard by the stranger waters of the Seine,
Fires the hysteric throng.

Parisians of the pavement, rowdy ring,
Is patriotism the Bœotian thing
Your stupid shouts proclaim it?
The hero virtue, shorn of manly sense,
Is slain by those who, fierce in its defence,
Degrade it and defame it.

O brainless Hate! A more enduring curse
Than despot's dungeon, or than Mammon's purse,
In your blind fury clings
To all earth's peoples, with a closer hold
Than the corrupting leprosy of gold,
Or plague of tyrant kings.

THOUGH the Captain of the *Victoria* urged in his defence the silence of the fog-horn, the Court very properly adjudged that if, instead of listening for the sounding of this, he had only attempted a little sounding on his own account, all might have been well. And this is sound judgment. It is certain that on receiving no communication from the shore, he ought himself to have lost no time in dropping it a line. This would at once have got to the bottom of the matter, and saved his vessel from that ultimate grounding on which the whole charge against him of defective seamanship is based.

DANCE FOR THE *TIMES*, TO BE INDULGED IN BY MR. WALTER, M.P.—"Covering the BUCKLE."

THE AMATEURS.

Suburban Roscius. "AH, I SAW YOU WERE AT OUR 'THEATRICALS' THE OTHER NIGHT. HOW DID YOU LIKE MY ASSUMPTION OF *HAMLET*?"

Candid Friend. "MY DEAR F'LLAR—GREAT'ST PIECE OF ASSUMPTION I EVER SAW I' M' LIFE!"

A MAY MEMORY.

NOTHING to do to-day. Now for a jolly ramble in the country! How delightful will be the peaceful quiet of the fields after the din of London! Buds just appearing! Spring's delights!

In the country—twenty miles from Town. Country a little damp. How the mud does stick to one's boots! Why can't they lay a pavement across a ploughed field? Should strike for that hill, only I see a huge ugly building erected on it. Probably it's an Asylum. All the hills round *do* seem to have Asylums or Orphanages, or something of the kind;—philanthropic, but spoils the picturesque effect.

There's a nasty looking man—two of them—just over that hedge. Glad I brought Fido (my dog) with me. Men are throwing stones at Fido. Why? The nasty-looking men turn out to be bird-snarers, and Fido is disturbing their nets. Wish he had broken them. They've got a row of tiny cages, with imprisoned larks hopping from side to side, and a lot of nets, with decoy birds tied by the leg underneath. And they say England is a country of kindness to animals!

Remember suddenly that there's some law about snaring birds. A "close time," when they *can't* be snared. Question is, *when* is the close time? Suppose I go up to these men and tell them they're acting illegally, I may possibly be mistaken, and I shall certainly get my head punched. Decide not to interfere with them—especially as they are now swearing at *me* for standing so near, and there's no policeman anywhere within two miles.

Pass hurriedly on. If people who are idiots enough to like having wild birds in cages, were to see them being snared, would they——Hullo! What's that noise? It's certainly some animal snorting, or *roaring!* Can it be the panther I read about, which escaped from a menagerie? Or was that in France? Wish I had a better memory.

No, it's not a panther—it's a herd of bulls. They've seen Fido, and are making straight for him! This is becoming alarming. Rather wish I was safe back in the London streets. Don't get nasty bird-snarers and horrid bulls there.

Undignified to retreat, but obliged to do it. Never ran so fast in my life. See a stile at end of field, and make for it. Hear one bull snorting just behind me. Believe he's mad! Oh, *why* doesn't WARREN muzzle the bulls? Would be much greater success than his attempts to muzzle the dogs. Why do they let bulls feed in fields where there's a public footpath? What a lot of thoughts can be compressed into a few minutes when one's flying for one's life across a ploughed field! Find myself wondering, supposing I'm killed by this beastly bull, whether my Executors will bring an action against the bull's owner—also what sort of an obituary notice that snob GUBBINS, who is always so unfair to me, will put in his newspaper. Fling myself wildly at the stile. Assisted over by the bull. Lie very much shattered, on other side.

A brute of a bailiff, or gamekeeper, or somebody, comes up—tells me I'm trespassing! Refer him to the bull for all explanations. Ask him why savage wild beasts are allowed to roam where there's a right of way? He replies, "There ain't no right of way," and says the bulls are put to terrify poachers. But *I'm* not a poacher, I tell him. Bailiff doesn't say anything, but looks at Fido, and begins whistling a tune. Annoying. Have finally to give bailiff—or is he a gamekeeper?—half-a-crown to show me nearest way to Station, to which I manage to crawl with my hat battered, coat torn, body bruised all over, and nerves ruined. Catch me taking a country walk again!

Privilege.

WHAT Privilege is or is not no one cares,
The casuists all by Party zeal are led.
But oh! their dreary bout of splitting hairs,
Gives me a splitting head!

CONUNDRUM FOR THE S. E. R.—Which is the easiest way for a Shareholder to spell *Ultra vires?*—With a Kay!

THE LATEST FASHION IN PARLIAMENTARY CARDS.

Colonel Saundersson, M.P.,

At Home,

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

PISTOLS AND COFFEE 7 TO 8 A.M. R.S.V.P

(*Specimen.*)

"GIVE US BOLD ADVERTISEMENT."

SHAKSPEARE.

DURING the last few weeks, under the title of "Strange True Stories of To-day," an evening paper has been publishing a tale of a very dreadful character. Whether the appearance of this painful narrative (into which are introduced real names of living persons and apparently faithful records of actual events) will be of substantial service to the cause of morality is a question that is being mooted in more quarters than one. However, its production suggests yet another mode of treatment, which, if followed, would be of advantage to somebody. To further explain our meaning we append a specimen of the kind of story that might be compiled under the auspices of those we may appropriately term the lovers of useful publicity.

THE CAB ACCIDENT IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.

CHAPTER XIII.—*Among the London Lawyers.*

THUS far we have traced the career of the unfortunate BILL BROWN—unfortunate chiefly in being the driver of a hackney carriage—in the streets of London. Now we see the battle transferred to another arena, in which the combatants no longer engage in hand-to-hand encounters, in strange oaths, in startling asseverations, but where the combat is waged by legal champions in Courts of Justice. BILL BROWN was charged before the LORD MAYOR.

BILL BROWN did not know what to do, or where to turn. Therefore he was afraid of the LORD MAYOR. Some good genius sent him to the —— Restaurant. Here he obtained a most excellent dinner for three-and-sixpence, consisting of two soups, two fishes, two *entrées*, two joints, sweets, vegetables, and cheese. The wine, too, was admirable, and, although not able to purchase any himself, he was informed by connoisseurs that —— brand of dry champagne, at 48*s.* a dozen, was equal to Perrier Jouet of '74. Leaving the —— Restaurant, BILL, now thoroughly refreshed by the excellent meal of which he had partaken, walked along the Strand, looking listlessly into the shop-windows. He noticed the watches in ——'s, those marvellous time-keepers that are the wonders of the world. Then he turned his eyes in the direction of those excellent riding-habits that only the skilful cutters of Messrs. —— & Co. can turn out; and lastly, Cabman-like, he had a good long stare at the artistic stationery of ——, which can be obtained at a discount of ten per cent. if paid for on delivery.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Adding Insult to Injury.*

BILL BROWN was asked to plead in his own defence! What could he do? He had no defence. Still, he was an Englishman, and, as an Englishman, was proud of the entertainment at the —— Theatre, where he heard —— and —— with an exquisite delight that baffles description. So he kept an eloquent silence, which might have meant anything. In that silence was contained secret allusions to the benefits to be obtained from —— hair-oil, and —— cure for toothache. He did not speak, because his heart was too full, and he was thinking of the days when on the street-hoardings he had seen the "Moonlight Plate-Powder" and the "Hottentot Cigarettes." So he kept his counsel, and was silent. He felt that if he called a spade a spade he would have to admit that —— coffee was the best, that —— coals lasted longer than any other, that there was nothing to equal —— composite candles. So he was silent, and was committed for trial.

[*To be continued. Applications for appearances in the story to be made to the Manager of the Mutual Advantage Department. Terms easy.*

Elementary Teachers.

THUNDER, lightning, rain, and hail, [snow.
Storm and tempest, frost and
East wind of rheumatic ail
Feelingly will let you know;
Cutting, biting as it blows,
Through the tiniest chinks and holes!
Lessons taught by scanty clothes,
Poverty and want of coals!

SPRING SONG.

(*By Lightly Turner.*)

THE weight that crushed the shrinking buds
Is lifted from the earth,
The soft South wind sets free the floods
That fill the land with mirth.
Sweet April melts in happy tears,
As maiden pride breaks down;
And, more than I have loved for years,
This year I love Miss BROWN.

With shining eyes of azure-grey
She looks you through and through,
Until you know not what you say,
And care not what you do.
On lip and brow the laughter lurks
To dazzle and surprise,
As when the urchin's mirror jerks
The sunlight in one's eyes.

We know not why, we know not how,
The long-familiar charm
Should prompt at last the fatal vow,
And curve the dallying arm,
Why nestling love springs up, full-fledged,
And flouts the chilling frown—
I only know that I am pledged
For ever to Miss BROWN.

Yet ruth restrains the bounding joy
And curbs the flying pen,
In thinking how this must annoy
A lot of other men.
For why should others' visions die
And other hopes sink down
To mere domestic calm, while I
Monopolise Miss BROWN?

And can I then forget those eyes
Beneath the clustering curls—
Those lambent glances of surprise
At praise of other girls!
Or that supremacy of grace
I notice more and more,
The lucid candour of her face
When corner'd by a bore.

No! while the sweet world meets the dawn
Still earlier, day by day,
And writes in daisies on the lawn
What poets cannot say;
While baby birds in every nest
The feathered patience crown,
Still, with Spring's early promise blest,
I'll only love Miss BROWN.

But when the solemn feet of night
Are wet with August dew,
When the stars beat so large with light,
And fall adown the blue;
When the white rose's gracious lips
Are delicately wet,
And the star-gazing lover trips
Across the tennis-net,—

When, like a skylark, soars the glass,
And through the shaded room
The fragrant drought of trodden grass
Blends with the rose's bloom;
When on the sunny lawn she gleams
In white pellucid gown,
It will have gone the way of dreams—
My passion for Miss BROWN.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Mr. HENRY IRVING has recently been delighting the town with his finished (alas! in more senses than one, as the bill has had to be changed to admit of other revivals) performance of *Mathias*. With the instinct of a true Artist, the sequel he added to the *Bells* was a *Jingle*.

MOTTO FOR A MAY WELCOME.—"With all my *Art!*"

AMERICAN DRINKS.

Considerably Mixed by D. Crambe, Junior.

Prairie 'Oyster.

Maiden Blush.

Pick Me Up.

Gin Smash.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, *will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

NAUTICAL Recitations are always deservedly popular, and *Mr. Punch's* Poet has accordingly constructed one upon the lines of a very stirring and celebrated model which is possibly not unknown to his pupils. Here is the very distant imitation:—

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "PUFFIN."

Tell you a story, Children? Well, gather around my knee,
And I'll see if I cannot thrill you (though you're torpid after your tea)
With a moving tale of a shipwreck, and—should you refrain from sleep,
For the cake was a little bit heavy—I flatter myself you'll weep!
You all know Kensington Gardens, and some of you, I'll be bound,
[*Conversational, pleasant delivery.*
Have stood by the level margin of the Pond that's entitled "Round"!
'Tis a pleasant place on a Summer day, when the air is laden with balm,
[*With a subdued sniff.*
And the snowy sails are reflected clear in a mirror of flawless calm.
Well! it isn't like that in the Winter, when the Gardens are shut at four,
And a wind is lashing the water, and driving the ducks ashore,
Ah! the Pond can look black and cruel then, with its waves running inches high,
And a peril lurks for the tautest yacht that pocket-money can buy!
Yet in weather like this, with a howling blast and a sky of ominous gloom,
Did the good ship *Puffin* put out to sea, as if trying to tempt her doom!
She was a model-steamer, on the latest approved design,
And her powerful 10-snail engines were propelled by spirits of wine.
A smarter crew (they were sixpence each!) never shipped on a model bark,
While the Captain, "Nuremberg NOAH," had been in command of an Ark;
A fine old salt of the olden school, he had stuck to his wooden ship,
But he lately had been promoted—and this was his trial trip. [*Rather tender here.*
Off went the *Puffin* when steam was up, with her crew and commander brave,
[*Heartily.*
And her screw was whizzing behind her as she breasted the foaming wave.
Danger? Each sixpenny sailor smiled at the notion of that!
[*Smile here vapidly.*
But the face of the skipper looked thoughtful from under his broad-brimmed hat. [*Frown.*
Was he thinking then of his children three, of JAPHET, and HAM, and SHEM?
Or his elephants (both with a trunk unglued!) was he sad at the thought of them?
Or the door at the end of his own old ark—did it give him a passing pain?
To reflect that its unreal knocker might never greet him again?
[*All this with emotion.*
Nay, Children, I cannot answer—he had passed inquiry beyond,
[*Very solemn here.*
He was far away on the billowy waste of the wild and heaving Pond;
Battling there with the angry crests of the waves, that were rolling in,
And seeking to overwhelm and swamp his staggering vessel of tin!
Suddenly, speed she slackened, and seemed of her task to tire!
[*Change attitude, and shade eyes with hand.*
Aye, for the seas she had shipped of late had extinguished her engine fire!
And the Park-keeper, watching her, shook his head and in manner unfeeling cried,
"'Twill be nothing short of a miracle now, if she reaches the opposite side!"
Think of it, Children, the tiny ship, tossed in the boiling froth,
Drifting about at the wild caprice of the elements' fitful wrath!
No screw-propeller could serve her then, for the flame that fed it was out,
And the invalids gazed from their snug bath-chairs, and almost forgot the
"Help for the gallant vessel, she is overborne by the blast! [gout.
[*With wilder attitude.*
She is shipping water by spoonfuls now—and, see, she is sinking fast!"
"Hi!" cried one of her owners, to a spaniel liver and black;
"Good dog, into the water, quick!"—(*pause, then disgustedly*)—but the Park-keeper held it back!
Yes, spite of indignant pleading from the eager excited crowd,
He quoted some pedant's bye-law: "In the water no dogs allowed."
Shame on the regulations that would hinder an honest dog
From plunging in to assist the ship that was rolling, a helpless log!
[*In tone of noble scorn.*
"Stand by all, for she'll ride it out—though she's left to do it alone!"
She was drifting in, she was close at hand, when—down she went like a stone!
A few feet more, and they had her safe—and now it was all too late,
For the *Puffin* had foundered in sight of land, by a stroke of ironical Fate!
[*Shake your head impressively.*
But the other owner was standing by, and, tossing her tangled locks,
Down she sat on the nearest seat, and took off her shoes and socks!
"One kiss, Brother!" she murmured, "one clutch of your strong right hand,
And *I'll* paddle out to the *Puffin*, and bring her in safe to land!"
What can a barefooted child do? More than the pampered cur
[*With scathing contempt.*
Whose chicken-fed soul was shrinking, afraid from the bank to stir!
More than a baffled spaniel, aye, and more than the pug-dog pet
That wrinkled his ebony muzzle and whined if his paws were wet!
[*This very crushing. You might adopt a hissing utterance.*
"Come back!" cried the tall Park-keeper—but she merely answered, "I *won't!*"
As into the water she waded, though the invalids whimpered, "Don't!"
Ah! but the Pond struck chilly, and the mud at the bottom was thick,
But in she paddled and probed it with the point of a borrowed stick! [tight!
"Don't let go of me, darling—keep hold of my fingers
And I'll have it out in a minute or two . . . I haven't got up to it quite!
A minute more, and the sunken ship we'll safe to the surface bring,
(*With a softer expression*)—YES, and the sixpenny sailors, too, that we lashed to the funnel with string!"
Up to the knees in the water, ETHEL and Brother RALPH
Groped till they *found* the *Puffin* and her sailors, soppy—but safe!
[*Bring out your trumpet-stop for this.*
All the dear little sailors—but . . . Children, I *can't* go on! [*Choke here.*
For poor old wooden-faced NOAH—(*gulp*)—well—how can I say it?—was *gone!* [heeling boat,
(*With deep pity.*) He must have fallen over out of that
Away in the dim grey offing to rise and fall like a float,
Till the colour fled from his face and form, as it might at an infant's suck,
And he sank to rest in his sailor's tomb—the maw of a hungry duck! [*Collapse utterly here.*
You are weeping? I cannot wonder—mine *is* a pathetic style.
Weep for him, Children, freely,—but, when you have finished, smile [*Wipe away a tear.*
(*Give heroic burst for finish*) With joy for his comrades, rescued as by a Prospero's wand,
And the *Puffin*, snatched from the slimy depths of the Round but treacherous Pond!

SENTRIES are most charitable persons. They are always presenting alms.

In re Bell-Cox.

RE-BELL COX
Is under locks,
Suffering awhile.

Punch this says,
Which 'cuts both ways,
"Do not Bishop rile!"

PENCIL TIPS FOR THE DERBY.

(*By Dumb Crambo, Junior.*)

The Dauby and the Hoax.

Probable Starters.

"The Bar-on" the Bar-'un.
(The Favourite.)

"Cayenne Pepper."
(Taken and off.)

"Enterprise."

Taking Third Place on the Rails.

ROOSTERS DURING AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

A New Political Song to an old Popular Tune. AIR—"*The Young Cock cackles as the Old Cock crows.*"

IT 's a well established fact, upon which most roosters act,
(And from which Gladstonian "items" do not vary)
That Leaders, if they 've grit, to their followers transmit,
A type that almost seems heredi-ta-ry.
If he crows until he 's hoarse, the old Chanticleer, of course,
That cockerel would be at once derided,
Who did not follow too with a Cock-a-doodle-doo!
By the precedent parental strictly guided.

Chorus.

It may pass into a proverb, for St. Stephen's surely knows,
That it 's done with perfect openness and not "beneath the rose."

We are nearly driven wild,
By the shine of sire and child,
For all the young Cocks cackle as the Old Cock crows.

Flapping wings and lifted bills are the horriblest of ills,
When the bills and wings are going it eternally.
And the roosters who would choose forty winks can't get a snooze,
Though the barn-yard chorus wants it most infernally.
To his task the Old Cock sticks; 'tis the law of Politics,
Where big BILL leads the little BILLS must follow.
Though Sir W-LL--M's crow is bad, and well-nigh drives [one mad,
He thinks he 's musical as an Apollo.

Chorus.

For you see it is the system, as the whole world knows,
That the Cock-a-doodle Chorus night or day must never close.
Echoed loud by every rival?
(Just to witness his survival) [crows.
For young Cocks are bound to cackle as the Old Cock

The young Irish Chanticleer has a crow that 's shrill and drear.
But he sounds it forth with noisy ostentation.
And the Old Cock finds it fun, though that Grand Old Bird is one
From whom some might expect expostulation.
Cock CH-PL-N cannot rest, feeling called on to protest,
And to stand—and crow—in all the "deadly breaches"
Of the Cock-a-doodle fight which goes on all day and night,
For the mad Cock-chorus stick to it like leeches.

Chorus.

For it is a growing practice, as a sick world knows,
That the dismal dunghill conflict should go on without a close.
In every cockerel face
You the parent passion trace, [crows.
For young Cocks are bound to cackle as the Old Cock

It is a frantic whim, and a gloomy fate and grim,
The poor hens can't get their slumbers, though so desperately sleepy, [droll
Partlett SM-TH upon the whole seems the drowsiest; it is
To watch her winks and wobbles, and her gapes and gasps so creepy. [knack,
Partlett fancies she 's a crack, but has hardly got the
She is weak, though rosy-gilled; yet might be excused for shrinking
At this wild hullaballoo, this mad Cock-a-doodle-doo,
That from noon till early morning is still going it like winking.

Chorus.

For you see it is a shindy that disdains to close,
And if England doesn't stop it, what 'twill get to, goodness knows,
The war of wing and beak
Grows wilder week by week,
For young Cocks are bound to cackle whilst the Old Cock crows.

COURT CIRCULAR. — Chess-board directions for the Week. "White Queen" to keep on moving.

MAY FAIR NURSERY RHYMES

For the Children of "Smart People."

DING-A-DONG, ding-a-dong, what do I care!
I 'll sing you a nice little song of May Fair—
Five hundred people invited to meet
In a wee little house, in a wee little street—
Five hundred people all huddled together,
Discussing the faults of their friends and the weather—
One little pianist strumming an air,
No one to listen and no one to care—
One little lady attempting to sing,
Tears in the eyes of that poor little thing:
Up gets a man, sings, "*Two lovely black eyes!*"—
You might hear a pin drop—"*Oh! what a surprise!*"
For that is the music they like in May Fair.
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong, what do I care!

SUBJECT FOR A HISTORICAL CARTOON TO BE HUNG IN THE WAR OFFICE.—Heads of Departments throwing off the Hood!

Q. E. D.

OUR ARTIST TRIES TO ILLUSTRATE THE ABSURDITY OF OUR PRESENT COSTUME, —INDEED THE ABSURDITY OF CONCEALING THE NATIVE BEAUTY OF OUR FORM UNDER ANY COSTUME WHATEVER,—BY EXHIBITING HIS HORSE CLOTHED AS A MODERN MASHER.

ALL OF A PIECE.

MR. A. W. DUBOURG'S *Vittoria Contarini*, produced at a *Matinée* at the Princess's Theatre last week, deserves a better fate than a solitary performance in London. "An interesting story, told in vigorous English," is not a description that can be applied to every piece that attracts the attention of the British public, either for a "morning" or "a run," but is certainly appropriate to the latest Play of the surviving joint-author of *New Men and Old Acres*. The Venetian scenery was all that could be desired, but the dresses were eccentric. *Baron Falkenberg*, head of the Austrian Police, for instance, appeared in his own office (where a disguise seemed superfluous) in the British undress uniform of a Royal Engineer, tempered with breeches apparently borrowed from a Major in the Line. The Officers of the Third Regiment of Croats, too, evidently had a *penchant* for the dress-belts of a Yeomanry corps. The Italian aristocrats, not to be outdone in Anglomania by their enemies, affected patrol jackets that would have been appropriate in the barrack-yards of a Militia battalion, and a regiment of the Royal Dragoon Guards. But, after all, these were slight blemishes, and only perceivable to the trained eye of (say) a Volunteer Rifleman. The acting was not of the highest order of excellence, although both Mr. GLEN WYNN and Miss ADELA MEASOR distinguished themselves. To be hypercritical, the pronunciation of the surname of the heroine by some of the players fostered the notion that our worthy friend 'ARRY had suddenly joined the ranks of the Italian nobility. This, too, was not a serious drawback to the success of a performance which, considered as a whole, was at once interesting and commendable.

More Latino and More Latin.

(*Copied straight from a Fellow-Etonian's Copy of Verses.*)

LORD RANDOLPHIUS CHURCHILL.

Ille,—Cucurrit-imago-heu-nos Ecclesia-collis—*
Dedidit officium subito comitesque reliquit,
Cur fecit nemo scit, sed, mirabile dictu,
Non periêre modo comites—gaudent eum abesse.

* Hoc est nomen ejus Latiné jocularitur translatum, quod vocavimus "ludus super verba."

A PUZZLER FOR PALMISTS. — Amateur Palmistry is now a Society fad. Wherever one goes, enthusiastic believers in the fantastic pseudo-science are earnestly scrutinising each other's "lines." *Punch* suggests a practical service which the palmists might render to a puzzled world. Let them "read" the Old Parliamentary Hand!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—House of Commons adjourned, by common consent of majority, to Wild West, where Buffalo Bill took the Chair at Half-past Four. The old place, consequently, almost empty. Amongst absentees, Arthur Balfour. Affection of Irish Members for Chief Secretary unbounded and uncontrollable. Always wanting to know where he is. Insist on his being on Treasury Bench, so that loving eyes may rest upon him. Tim Healy gave expression to this feeling with impatient voice and manner. Threatened to move Adjournment next time Chief Secretary absent at question-hour. Presently Balfour came in, blushing like young girl at this somewhat embarrassing manifestation of personal affection. In his absence King-Harman buffeted on all sides. Begins to think that, on the whole, he was happier below the Gangway, where he was able occasionally to invite Tanner to "come outside." Now has to observe an air of official civility even when the amorous Tim, fretful at the absence of Chief Secretary, protests against being left to the mercy of "this Orangeman."

Later, W. H. Smith had a turn. Proposes on Thursday to give precedence to Vote for £17,000 to be spent in preparing Westminster Abbey for Jubilee Service. That stern economist, Grandolph, from his watch-tower behind the Treasury Bench, moved to indignation. What! Give up precious time to debate for Abbey services when Motion for referring Army and Navy Estimates to Parliamentary Committee stands aside? Smith, nervously holding on to the table, meekly explains that he was fully aware of importance of matter referred to by noble friend. But he also attached importance to the principle of not spending money before it was sanctioned by House. Conservatives cheered these moral sentiments; soothing influence of moral rectitude spread itself over Treasury Bench. Then came Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, with horribly inconvenient question. Nothing to say against principle enunciated by Leader of House, but who was paying the cost of work already going forward at Westminster Abbey? Awkward question this, which "Old Morality," as Mat Harris calls the respected Leader of House, answered only by gazing reflectively at the ceiling. After this, Coercion Bill in Committee, through which Tim Healy rampaged like a tameless buffalo.

M-t H-rr-s.

Business done.—Very little.

Tuesday, 6 A. M.—Home with the morning milk. Spent rather lively night. Began shortly after midnight with Motion to Report Progress. Bradlaugh in his place. Waiting to move the Second Reading of Oaths Bill, which De Lisle in moment of absence of mind omitted to block. House singularly full. Even Hartington yawning on Front Bench. At Two o'Clock fresh Motion to Report Progress. Smith, waking himself up, resisted. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, proposing to offer few observations, yelled at for space of two minutes. This nothing to what followed. Our Chief who, in spite of all that has gone before, had come down determined to stand by Smith, now rose slowly, deliberately, and with evident intention of settling whole matter. Hardly had he drawn himself to full height, and fixed eyeglass, than there went up to high heaven a yell that woke sleepers in distant ante-room, and brought them in, pale and anxious. A grand sight to see Our Chief stand, with folded arms, looking down on tumultuous throng. "Like Beachy Head, when south-west gale is tumbling up the Channel," said Arthur Balfour, looking sideways with admiration at the massive figure.

"Mr. Chaplin! Mr. Chaplin!" Courtney cried, through the uproar.

But Committee would not have Chaplin. For fully five minutes tumult raged. Courtney began to look dangerous. Somebody would be suspended. Besides, five minutes' bellowing at Three o'Clock in the morning a little exhausting. Storm fell. Turbulent tide raced past, with sullen undertone of anger, and there stood Beachy Head, with eyeglass and folded arms, master of the situation.

Successive divisions on Motion to Report Progress. Quarter to Three. Long-pending crisis came. Smith moved the Clôture. Irish Members unutterably shocked. "Shame! Shame!" they cried. Clôture, nevertheless, carried, division showing not less than 419 Members present.

Waiting for a Hearing.

More Motions for Progress and again Closure. Four o'Clock in the morning. Esslemont on his feet, evidently intending to move Progress again. Smith now wound up to pitch of desperation, simultaneously jumped up and claimed hearing. Again the Chamber filled with yells and cries. Esslemont with hands in pockets and head bent forward waited for hearing. Smith with left hand appealingly held out to Chairman, demanded preference. "Esslemont! Esslemont!" cried the Parnellites. "Order! Order!" shouted the angry Ministerialists, who crowded the Benches opposite. Courtney called on Smith. Smith tried to speak, but voice drowned amid yells of "Speak up!" Finally handed paper to Courtney who read out Amendment proposing that Section under discussion should forthwith be put. Courtney objected to this wholesale application of Closure. Decision received with ringing cheers from delighted Parnellites. More debate and divisions, and once more Closure as preliminary to carrying second section.

Twenty minutes to five. Daylight streaming in over Chamber still filled with jaded men, many in dinner dress. Almost time to go home. But there was Bradlaugh and his Oaths Bill to settle. Another wrangle; a couple of divisions; the debate adjourned, and so home to bed at a Quarter to Six.

Thursday.—Bill authorising Duke of Connaught to return for Jubilee business, came on early. Dillwyn moved rejection. Wilfrid Lawson for once appeared on side of Royalty. Couldn't quite understand how anyone providentially abroad could want to come home for Jubilee. But if Duke felt that desire, let him come. India could get on without him, and he'd be another Duke for the people at home to stare at. George Campbell made speech of considerable length, protesting against waste of time. W. H. Smith plaintively urged House to consent unanimously. Fixing his eye on Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, appealed to feelings of a parent for sympathy with desire of Queen to have children around her on interesting occasion. "That's all very well," said Sage, not entirely unmoved. "What we object to is, not leave to Duke to come home, but the prospect that, after enjoying his holiday, he will be going back again." Second Reading of Bill carried by 318 votes against 45.

Conybeare proposed to Raike up charges against Postmaster-General. Meant to go to his locker for notes of his speech during Debate on Motion to refer Army and Navy Estimates to Select Committee. Motion unexpectedly agreed to without debate. Conybeare called up; presented pitiable spectacle. Usual fluency quite deserted him. House looked on in marvel as he stumbled along. At last made clean breast of it. Would the House kindly allow him to go to his locker and get papers? The House, on the whole, thought not. Idea of conniving at Conybeare's making another speech too much for its gravity. Roared with laughter, and, after wriggling round for a few minutes, Conybeare sat down. *Business done.*—Miscellaneous.

"I'll call again!"

House of Lords, Friday Night.—Too much disposition here to

snub DENMAN. Don't howl at him when he rises to speak, as Commons might. But when he offers to impart counsel, warning, or reproof, there is general uplifting of eyebrows, a curling of lips, a concatenation of deprecatory, but well-bred coughs, and other unmistakable indications of pained surprise at his interposition. KIMBERLEY, himself brilliant and acceptable speaker, been known to leave the House when DENMAN has risen. "I'll call again," he says, seizing his umbrella, cocking his hat on one side, and striding forth.

DENMAN, however, not such a Peer as he looks. To-night brought in most useful Bill. Proposes to limit length of speeches in debate. Hopes, if measure is carried, monopoly of speech-making among Ministerial and ex-Ministerial Peers will be broken up, and chance given for young, earnest, and ambitious fellows like himself, to get an occasional turn.

Business done.—DENMAN'S Bill read First Time. In Commons, Coercion Bill.

WISE MEN IN THE EAST.

Wealth and Poverty; or, Two points of the the Compass—West by East.

LONDON Managers of Exhibitions and Directors of "Shows" in general are so anxious nowadays to save the Press unnecessary trouble, that they take the greatest pains to give the fullest information about the Institutions in which they are interested. This has evidently been the case with the Powers that Be (represented apparently by Mr. E. R. ROBSON) of the People's Palace for East London, who have obligingly placed at our disposal a lithographed description of the Institution, and a pamphlet on the same subject, profusely illustrated, and appropriately bound in paper of a verdant tint. These documents have been sent without an invitation to visit the Palace itself, so we cannot do better than quote from them, although secondary evidence, as a rule, is inadmissible when anything better can be got. Perhaps the Powers that Be consider that nothing better *can* be got—and they may be right.

It appears that the Queen's Hall, opened on Saturday last by HER MAJESTY, is "merely a fragment;" but in revenge, "is the central feature, and the only one likely to be ornate or interesting to architects." From this we take it, that on the face of it, the Queen's Hall must as "the central feature," be the nose, and are consequently glad to learn that it is likely to be ornate and interesting to architects.

We further learn that this nose is "eventually to be approached through a Social Room on the South End." What "a Social Room on its South End" may be, we cannot conjecture, but it is evidently something decidedly useful if not ornamental, as it is eventually to introduce the Nose of the Palace to the Eyes of the Public.

The Nose is to have on its other sides (so we learn) many other buildings, so that when the whole is completed, "the outside will be entirely concealed." "Hence," say the Powers that Be, in the accents of conviction, "the plain exterior."

"Three entrances," we further learn from the documents to which we have referred, "are enclosed by a temporary porch." This arrangement, one would have fancied, would have prevented the People (either with or without cards of invitation) from obtaining admission. But that everything may be quite safe, we understand that "there are other doors for egress provided at the East and West sides and North end of the Hall, so that it could be emptied in a very short time." A suggestion that would have greater value were it not highly probable that, owing to the enclosed entrances, as we have pointed out, the Hall is seldom likely to have anyone in it.

We are further told that "the orchestra recess is elliptical in form and half domed, so as to throw out the sound." What this sound threatened with ejection is, we can only guess, and therefore may conjecture it to be the street noises that have found, or may find, an entrance through the open windows. We hazard this suggestion with some confidence, as we learn that "the magnificent organ," although built, has not been erected "whilst the dust created by the workmen continues."

One of the pleasantest features of the building (because testifying to the philanthropy of its founders) is the gallery in which "about 240 people are provided for." But even in this portion (or perhaps "fragment" would be the better word) of the structure the wish for universal exclusion which distinguishes the undertaking is again apparent, as we are told that the front of this gallery will be politely "bowed out for acoustic reasons."

We learn, too, with much satisfaction, that "the statues of twenty-two Queens, supported on carved pedestals," are "placed in standing posture," as we feel that it would have been a decided mistake (although the effect would have had the charm of novelty) to have erected these Royal effigies balancing themselves on their heads. It is added, that "the Queens have been selected from those who have been useful to their country, or in sympathy with their people," the alternative proving that some of these chosen Dames, although "not useful," have echoed the prevailing fashion of the period, and thus merited the distinction bestowed upon them. It is interesting to learn that "the whole of the Statues are worthy of attention as works of Art." From a "short history of the twenty-two Queens," we gather, amongst other facts of great value, that "OSBURGA of England (about A.D. 860)," gave her son ALFRED "a book at a time when printing had not yet been introduced, and books were therefore scarce;" that MARGARET of Scotland "purified the rough nobles among whom she lived;" that MARGARET of Denmark "tempered her ambition with the tact that made her beloved;" that ANNE of Brittany, by "prudence and judgment, saved her country from disastrous wars;" and lastly, that ANNE of England "was almost the first Sovereign of England who had no desire for despotic power, being more remarkable for her domestic virtues than for her skill in governing."

It is interesting to know that "the space underneath the floor is utilised for the storage of the chairs, and other purposes incident to the daily use of the hall," as the last half of the sentence satisfactorily accounts for the night receptacle of the charwoman's broom and the washing-tub of the sleeping housemaid.

It is also as pleasant to find that "the whole effect is that of a bright sunny light diffused over the interior, which is maintained throughout by the artistic decorations, gilding, and colour," as it is comforting to read that "the Hall is heated by means of hot water, the pipes passing in panels underneath the floor, the warmth being admitted through iron gratings." It is, however, extremely difficult to understand how the Powers that Be could ever have thought of such clever things!

But perhaps the greatest puzzle of the whole description is the concluding paragraph, which, narrating how the "glazing to roof" is on an improved system, abruptly finishes as follows:—"No putty being required Clerk of Works Mr. SOFTLY"—— Stay! we are going too far; apparently this last item of information was not intended for publication, as it seems to have been addressed exclusively to a solitary individual!

Pot and Kettle.

SURE Criticism's latest curiosity
Is SWINBURNE charging GLADSTONE with "verbosity."
To cap it, WEG, master of verbal mist,
Should call the angry Bard "a casuist."
When both would be allowed, by all who heard,
Equally right, and equally absurd.

"The Great 'Globe' Itself!"

"LEGISLATION," says the *Globe*, "when imperfectly supported by public opinion is simply the best possible definition of Tyranny." Well, that seems a liberal, not to say Liberal, admission. Applying it, then, to Ireland——but no! that way madness lies. Only the "best possible definition" seems rather an awkwardly double-edged sort of a journalistic tool to play with rashly; does it not?

EXTREMES MEET.

MAY and December cannot dwell together?
Pooh! pooh! They can, and *do*—in British weather!

APOLOGY FOR SECOND THOUGHTS (*by one who, from constantly studying the subject, has become slightly mixed*).—What if the ex-Premier some six years ago, when at the head of affairs, made charges against the Parnellites which he has since disavowed? Every Statesman while in office, is apt to make strong statements which he sees occasion to contradict afterwards as soon as he "finds himself out!"

THE LATEST CRY OF "WOLFF!"—The Evacuation of Egypt.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—A VOCATION!

Eva. "I SUPPOSE THOSE EXTREMELY NICE-LOOKING YOUNG MEN ARE THE STUDENTS, OR HOUSE-SURGEONS, OR SOMETHING!"
Maud. "NO DOUBT. DO YOU KNOW, EVA, I FEEL I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE A HOSPITAL-NURSE!"
Eva. "HOW STRANGE! WHY THE VERY SAME IDEA HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME!"

MAC-SMITH IN THE WITCHES' CAVE.

(*Shakspeare Adapted to Circumstances.*)

SCENE—*A Dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron boiling.*

First Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
Something Tory this way comes;
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MAC-SMITH.

Mac-Smith. Here now, you secret Separatist hags,
What is 't you do?
All. A deed we will not name.
Mac-Smith. I conjure you, by what you once profess'd,
(Whate'er you now are come to) answer me:
Though you 've unloosed the mob, and let it fight
'Gainst Church and Land; although the yesty Rads
Confound and swallow legislation up;
Though Order be dislodged, and Law struck down;
Though pitch is poured upon poor maidens' heads;
Though Leaguers, fangless here, to Canada slope
To shake that State's foundations; though the measures
We fain would 'stablish tumble altogether
Because Obstruction rages, answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak!
Second Witch. Demand!
Third Witch. We'll answer!
First Witch. Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths
Or from our Master's?
Mac-Smith. Call him: let me see him!
Meseems he 's none too ready to appear,
Nor prompt to answer when the challenge sounds.
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another
[illegible]ent yet than he.
[illegible]*der. An Apparition of a Grand Old Man arises.*
MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH!
Three names I 'd answer to them all.

App. MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH! MAC-SMITH! Beware MAC-GLADSTONE!
Beware the Thane of Flint! Dismiss me:—enough!
[*Descends.*
Mac-Smith. Whate'er thou art for thy good caution thanks;
The very man I fear:—but one word more,
That rebel head is down, his Home Rule bantling,
Scarce lived the lease of nature, paid his breath,
To Tories and to Unionists. And yet
I would know one thing: tell me (if your art
Can tell so much) *shall* his bad issue ever,
Split up this Kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more!
Mac-Smith. I will be satisfied: Tell, tell me when
Our Bill shall pass, in spite of brute obstruction,
And myriad Amendments. Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
First Witch. Show! [*Hibernian Hullaballoo.*
Second Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.
[*Hundreds of Amendments appear, and pass in disorder: the last with a glass in his hand.*
Mac-Smith. Great Heavens! The second is so like the first,
A third is like the second. Filthy hags,
Why do you show me this? A fourth? Start, eyes!—
What!—will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh?—I 'll see no more.
And yet another comes, and bears a glass
Which shows me myriads more; and some I see
Which may take weeks—or months—to foil, or carry.
Horrible sight! I see to whom 'tis due,
For the League-bolstering Babbler smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. I 'll look no more! [*Exit hastily.*

SOMETHING LIKE A CELL.—The reported alterations at Millbank.

MAC-SMITH IN THE WITCHES' CAVE.

"WHAT!—WILL THE LINE STRETCH OUT TILL THE CRACK OF DOOM?"—*Macbeth*, Act iv., Sc. 1.

A MAY MEETING.

Mr. Punch. Well, Mr. NIBBS, you were not at the opening of the Buffalo Billeries and the Show of Indians?

Mr. Nibbs. No, Sir; I was then crossing the Billow-ries between Dover and Calais. The only "Injuns" that interested me at the moment were those in the "Injun-room" of the *Victoria*—a marvellously comfortable vessel—propelling her at sufficient speed for us to accomplish the crossing in one hour and ten minutes.

"Latest from Paris."

Mr. Punch. A good passage?

Mr. Nibbs. An excellent passage, going and returning; for, had it not been, I should have been the Chief of the Pale Faces on board the Jubilee vessel *Victoria*.

Mr. Punch. And what did you see in Paris?

Mr. Nibbs. Chiefly the American President M'NEILE WHISTLER, wearing such an ultra-Parisian hat as, if he brings it back with safety, and wears it about town, will make him the observed of all the most observant.

Mr. Punch. I shall not be surprised if this arrangement in black—this decorative tile which you describe—does not revive the now almost forgotten slang question, the sport of a bye-gone day, "Who's your hatter?" It is not a very remarkable Salon this year.

Mr. Nibbs. No; but I was much struck by the general excellence of the portraits and of the landscapes. You have seen it, Sir?

Mr. Punch. I see everything. It was refreshing to meet with only one *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, and only one *Salomé*, with the Baptist's head in a dish. This *Salomé* appears to be a very self-possessed young lady of about fourteen or fifteen years old.

Mr. Nibbs. But, Sir! the surgical subjects and the nudities! I would have given a trifle to have had Mr. HORSLEY as my companion in one of the rooms.

Mr. Punch. His wrath would have been re-newed.

Mr. Nibbs. Indeed it would, and, in many cases, justly. Of course I visited the principal theatres.

Mr. Punch. I hope you saw *Françillon*.

Mr. Nibbs. I did, Sir. I should very much like to hear your opinion of it as a piece and as a performance.

Mr. Punch. M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS, has written stronger plays. *Françillon* is a *comédie de mœurs*. The characters represented are those moving in the "High-Life" of Paris. An Englishman not "in it" must take M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS' word for the fact that an ordinary phase of Parisian society is truly represented in this comedy.

Mr. Nibbs. Just so, Sir. In London we have absolutely no equivalent for the masked balls at the Opera, nor for the suppers in the *cabinets particuliers* of the Maison d'Or, which are matters of every night experience in Paris. The story of *Françillon* is not possible in London, save under such exceptional circumstances as could only appear probable to a very limited section of an exceptionally fast community.

Mr. Punch. So much for the local colouring of the plot which is slight as a wire and as strong. The piece is worked out to the end through the development of character by dialogue, for which process our English audiences have no patience.

Mr. Nibbs. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Mr. Punch. Yes. An English audience is for ever crying out, "Get on! get on! Cut the talk and come to the action." *Facta non verba* is the practical motto of an English *Polonius*-like audience.

Mr. Nibbs. It is *Hamlet's* "Come to Hecuba," and DUCROW'S "Cut the cackle, and bring in the 'osses," put into practice by those who have paid for the right to do so.

Mr. Punch. Yet we must remember that the *School for Scandal* still delights, and will ever continue to do so. But, on the other hand, BULWER LYTTON'S *Money* is now a very dull affair, and that was accepted as a *comédie de mœurs* in its day. We have yet to see the experiment of a *Françillon* tried on our English stage, which shall give such a picture of London society as shall be generally recognisable.

Mr. Nibbs. As to the acting, I suppose, Sir, you were delighted with the ladies—BARTET and PIERSON.

Mr. Punch. Mlle. BARTET is admirable as *Françillon*, the best acting I've seen since DESCLÉE as the original *Frou-Frou*. Madame PIERSON was excellent too, but you probably saw another actress in the part, as PIERSON has not been playing lately.

Mr. Nibbs. Mlle. REICHEMBERG as the *ingénue*——

Mr. Punch. Very nice, but, like all French *ingénues*, so much too palpably ingenuous as to suggest to an Englishman that he is in the presence of a very sly young person, who is only awaiting her opportunity to show how much she really knows of everything of which the French Podsnaps suppose her to be ignorant.

Mr. Nibbs. I thought all the men good, especially TRUFFIER, as the Parisian Masher, and THIRON, as the rather prosy Marquis.

Mr. Punch. Yes, all act admirably, in spite, and not in consequence, of the senseless stage-management which seems to be traditional at the Français.

Mr. Nibbs. I am glad you do not approve of the *mise-en-scène*.

Mr. Punch. It is simply ridiculous. I take one example, which will appeal to everybody. The time is Winter: there is a fireplace, to which most of the characters go, at some time or other. Now this fireplace is on the stage right, about what we should call in England "the second entrance," and the chair and sofa, on the side near the audience, are arranged with their backs at right angles to the fireplace, so that the characters occupying these seats are placed in the absurdly unnatural and idiotic position of sitting sideways, with their backs to the fire, for the sake of having their faces to the audience! And then the chairs, sofas, and tables, essential to the "stage-business," are all in a line, so that, when an important dialogue has to take place, five out of seven are seated in a row, like Christy Minstrels, with the aristocratic Marquis in the centre, to announce the title of the next song and chorus.

Mr. Nibbs. And yet our English actors are told they have so much to learn from the Théâtre Français!

Mr. Punch. There is always something for the wise to learn, and, as the French actors can frequently give us a lesson in some specialities, so they constantly and very forcibly show us what we ought to avoid. By the way, I hope you saw——

Mr. Nibbs. The Palais Royal and the Cluny, Sir. The latter screamingly absurd. Do you remember when *Clotilde*——

Mr. Punch. Yes, perfectly. Very droll, but not eminently successful, I believe. *Au plaisir!* [*Exeunt.*

VERY HUMBLE PETITIONERS.

How curious that Mr. GLADSTONE should have signed his name five times over in a Petition for the total suppression of all newspapers and public meetings in Ireland!

Yes, and here's Lord SALISBURY'S autograph in a Petition demanding the immediate disestablishment of the Church in England, Scotland and Wales.

Perhaps this person who signs himself as "CECIL," residing at "Hatfield," occupation "none," may not be the Prime Minister, after all.

Can Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT be contemplating some gigantic forgery;—a facsimile letter from Lord HARTINGTON to TIM HEALY, perhaps, expressing enthusiastic approval of the dynamite policy, as a set-off to the Parnell Letter? The fact that his signature occurs exactly twenty times over in this "Petition from Thames Bargees in favour of establishing floating Grog-shops on the River," *and each time in a different handwriting*, certainly lends some colour to the idea.

It is of course highly interesting to know that twelve of the children of Mrs. BROWN of Larkhall Rise are able to write, but it is doubtful if their opinions on the bimetallic controversy are entitled to much weight, or are worthy of having any *currency* given to them.

This surely must be a Bogus Petition, purporting to come from "Five hundred ridiculously under-rented Tenants on the Bedford Estate," praying for a lot of new gates to be put up all over Bloomsbury, "in order to facilitate traffic and further add to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants of this great Metropolis."

Ought not the Petition from the "Psychical Research Society," asking for pecuniary aid from Government in unearthing ghosts and investigating haunted houses, to be called a "Bogey" Petition?

These Advertisements in the Newspapers—"Wanted, Canvassers for Signatures to Parliamentary Petitions, willing to accept low remuneration. Experts in Handwriting preferred. Good character not essential. Send specimens of twenty different signatures, &c."—surely would come under the title of breaches of Privilege.

The style of caligraphy in this address from all the young gentlemen who are being educated at Mr. RODWELL'S Academy, asking for an extra summer Jubilee Holiday, seems rather too advanced to be the genuine work of school-boys. Can Mr. RODWELL himself have had anything to do with it?

Halloa! How does the name of "F. LONDIN., Fulham Palace, S.W." get into the Petition praying that Parliament will put a veto on "this ridiculous and unnecessary scheme for a Church House?"

From the execrable scrawl which disfigures the Shoreditch Petition for throwing the expenses of the maintenance of Hyde Park exclusively on ratepayers of the East of London, it seems probable that the Collector contracted to obtain signatures at a rate nearer a shilling than ten shillings per hundred. Perhaps a reduction (of genuineness) was allowed on taking a quantity.

"LANDED!"

Tommy (*Bride's little Brother, after the ceremony*). "DID IT HURT—THE HOOK?"

Bridegroom ("*Never did like that Boy!*"). "HURT—THE HOOK? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DEAR?"

Tommy. "'CAUSE 'MA SAID LIZZY 'D FISHED FOR YER A LONG TIME, BUT SHE 'D HOOKED YER AT LAST!"

A GOOD EVENING.—Though Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA has given distant parts of the world the advantage of his powers as a Lecturer, we Londoners have scarcely had a taste of his quality in this direction till the other evening, at St. James's Hall, when he told us what he heard and saw in New Zealand and Australia, for the benefit of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children. And a very considerable benefit it proved, not only to the excellent Institution alluded to, but to the crowded house who were fortunate enough to listen to the Lecturer. But after all we are inclined to think that "lecture" is too formal a title to associate with the easy, colloquial, gossiping chat, within which Mr. SALA manages to weave a mass of solid information, pleasantly varied with graphic illustration and quaint humour. Never for an instant dull, he thoroughly held his audience from the beginning of his narrative to the end. It is to be hoped Mr. SALA will again appear upon the platform before long and [illegible] *of his varied* experiences at home as well as abroad.

THE QUEEN AT THE WILD WEST.

THE SONG OF PUNCHIWATHA.

WOULD you hear how Colonel CODY
Gave his wondrous exhibition,
Of his Indians on the war-path,
In the sight of Queen VICTORIA:
Listen to this simple story
From the mouth of PUNCHIWATHA.
When she reached the Exhibition,
Lo! a box near the arena
Was prepared for her reception:
WHITLEY too and Colonel RUSSELL
And the wily TOWNSEND PERCY
As an escort to the lady,
To the Empress of the North Land.
Then the Indians and the Cowboys,
And the wonderful Vanqueros,
Raced and charged and whirled before her,
Stopped the coach, and wheeled and circled,
Like some birds of brilliant plumage
Round a carcase on the mountains.
Balls of glass were thrown and shattered
By the clever Colonel CODY,
Like WABE-NO the magician;
Ladies, too, there wielded rifles
Even as the strong man KWA-SIND.
To the QUEEN came OGILA-SA,
Sioux Chief, and bowed before her;
He across the Big-Sea-Water
Came to see the Queen and Empress,
And will tell the wondrous story
Oft times in the Wild West wigwams,
In the days of the Hereafter.
To the QUEEN too, the papooses,
Dusky little Indian babies,
Were presented, and she touched them
Gently with a royal finger;
That the squaws, the happy mothers,
Might go back upon Kee-way-din,
On the Home-Wind o'er the water,
To the land of the Ojibways,
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
Singing gaily all the praises
Of the gentle Queen and Empress,
And the wonders of the North Land.

THE VERY PLACE.—Why did the QUEEN go for a private view to B. B.'s in Wild West Kensington, when HER MAJESTY could have commanded the buck-jumping riders to have given their show at Buckingham Palace? Then the QUEEN, in bestowing *largesse* on the tame Wild Indians and Cowboys, could Shakspearingly have said, "So much for buck-jumping-'em."

"THE BUSINESS OF THE NATION."

WHAT *is* "The business of the Nation?"
Endless row, roundaboutation,
Mutual spite and objurgation,
Egotistic self-inflation,
Partisan disintegration,
Venomous vilification,
Pettifogging aggravation,
General exasperation,
Universal degradation,—
That's "The business of the Nation,"
As 'tis done in Parliament.
Is't not time the lot were sent,—
Ere BULL's brain is dazed to dizziness,—
Each and all, about *their* business?

THE Parisians expect that WAGNER's *Lohengrin*, will be revived at some more propitious time. Its postponement might have been fairly anticipated, as no one could reasonably have expected to hear in the present time "the Music of the Future."

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.

No. 298. "Outside, please!"

No. 426. "I don't like London. So dirty!"

No. 919. Walking off with Somebody Else's Hat.

No. 910. Big and Late.
No. 909. Small and Early.

No. 534. After Six Lessons. Lady Amateur imitating Eminent Tragedian.

No. 907. Football at Sea.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—The French Government seem annoyed because England declines to celebrate the Centenary of the Revolution of 1789, by officially recognising the Paris Exhibition. This is unreasonable. It would be most difficult to despatch appropriate exhibits. It would be unfair to deprive the British public of the satisfaction they derive from staring at the axe in the Tower; and, for the rest, the "Chamber of Horrors" is private property!

No. 1029. Chokee; or, Very Tight.

REASONS FOR AND AGAINST HOME RULE.

I.—AS COLLECTED FROM "SEPARATIST" SOURCES.

HOME Rule is the only sensible and safe solution of the Irish Question, for such reasons as these:—

Because the Act of Union was a "scoundrelly" Act, and ought to be repealed.

Because Home Rule does not involve a Repeal of the Union.

Because it does.

Because Ireland will *never* be satisfied to remain united with England.

Because Home Rule will make Ireland perfectly content to remain united with England.

Because Home Rule will make the power of the Parnellites beneficent, by burdening it with responsibility.

Because Home Rule will deprive the Parnellites of power entirely.

Because religious questions are at the bottom of the whole Irish difficulty, and Home Rule will settle them.

Because religious questions have nothing whatever to do with the Irish difficulty.

Because Home Rule will make Ireland practically independent, and alter the whole state of affairs.

Because Home Rule will leave Ireland really subordinate, and make very little alteration, after all.

II.—AS GATHERED FROM THE SPEECHES OF UNIONIST ORATORS.

Home Rule is not to be thought of, for the following amongst other reasons:—

Because Irishmen, like the poor, "in a lump are bad."

Because their desire for Home Rule is only the disingenuous disguise of a desire for separation, dictated by "a deep and undying hatred" of England, and a vindictive longing to cause her degradation and downfall.

Because this deep and undying hatred is the spontaneous and incurable impulse of the evil hearts of the vast majority of Irishmen.

Because it is also a factitious feeling forced upon them by the cruel terrorism of a small minority.

Because the majority of Irishmen are desperately disloyal, and therefore will be satisfied with nothing short of separation.

Because also the majority of Irishmen are really content with English rule, and do not desire separation at all.

Because the National League is enthusiastically supported by the Irish majority, which shows what an unmitigated bad lot they must be.

Because the National League is also a merciless tyranny, whose yoke the Irish majority would be only too happy to throw off, if it could.

Because the Irish are Celts.

Because the Irish are not Celts.

Because the presence of the Irish Representatives at St. Stephen's is leading to the degradation of Parliament and the disintegration of the Empire.

Because in order to avoid the degradation of Parliament and the disintegration of the Empire, it is absolutely essential to keep the Irish Representatives at St. Stephen's.

Because it is our business and our duty to maintain and treat Ireland as an equal and integral portion of the British Empire.

Because it is our business and our duty to prove to Ireland that we can and will rule her.

Note to Both Sets.—Many of these reasons are contradictory and even mutually exclusive, but, *taken altogether*, as they must and shall be, they exclude, of course, the very possibility of any "reasons" *on the other side!*—Q.E.D.

"DOLLIES 'ILL.

(Fancy Picture by D. Crambo.)

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE KINDLY NURSING THE DOLLIES OF DOLLIS HILL. SEVERAL DOLLIES ON THE MEND.

TABLE TALK;

Or, Catching them at their Meals.

THE *Daily News* in a recent issue having, under the sensational heading,

"MR. GLADSTONE AT LUNCHEON,"

furnished its readers with some remarks volunteered by the veteran Statesman at a purely private entertainment prepared for him, the other day, by Dr. PARKER, an attempt has been made on the same lines to catch the passing remarks hazarded by other distinguished Statesmen over their occasional meals. The following is the result:—

LORD SALISBURY AT TEA.

Yesterday Lord SALISBURY looked in at Grosvenor Square, where a small but select circle were assembled for five o'clock tea. The noble Marquis seemed in excellent spirits, and joined freely in the general conversation, giving his opinions on the leading pictures of the Academy, the physical characteristics of the Colonial Delegates, BUFFALO BILL, and other topics of the hour with much *verve* and readiness. Eventually, dropping into the Crimes Bill, he held forth on its details with considerable fervour for about an hour and three quarters, during the course of which he effectually cleared the room of all the guests, being left, ultimately, to finish his peroration on the rug to his hostess alone. Owing to his Lordship's mouth being repeatedly full of muffin, it was not always easy to catch the exact drift of what he was saying, but he was understood to express a general determination on the part of the Government to persist in their present course. After partaking of an extra cup of tea and one more round of hot buttered toast, the noble Marquis, who seemed highly gratified with the success of his visit, cordially thanking his hostess for her kind and attentive reception, gracefully withdrew.

MR. W. H. SMITH AT SUPPER.

Mr. W. H. SMITH after quitting the House of Commons last night strolled down to the Carlton and ordered supper. The room at that advanced hour being comparatively deserted, the Hon. Gentleman, who had come from the debate in a very communicative vein, for lack of better audience addressed several remarks to the waiter who was attending on him, on the leading questions of the hour, eventually finishing up with a powerful oration on the Clôture. Subsequently ordering some hot whiskey-and-water he continued the subject at a still more impassioned level, and though gradually getting a little indistinct would no doubt have continued his declamation, had not the waiter, turning out the gas as a hint, pointed suggestively to the coming daylight that was already invading the apartment. This appeared to recall the Hon. Gentleman to himself, who laughingly observing that he seemed to have been having an "all night sitting," carefully descended the stairs, and hailing a Hansom, much to the relief of the hall-porter, disappeared in the dawn that was now breaking on Pall Mall.

The Series, of course, might be indefinitely continued, and by way of contrast to the foregoing:—

MR. BRIGHT AT BREAKFAST

would furnish good material. The veteran Radical could to some purpose contrast the views he once held and the application of which supplied the "cheap" table at which he is seated, with those he has *more recently assumed.* Then again,

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AFTER DINNER.

seems to promise some lively experiences, being suggestive, as it is, of a general abandon of utterance more than equal to anything ventured upon by the Grand Old Home Rulist in his post-prandial effort above referred to. To descend even to more domestic circumstances,

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN BED OVER HIS GRUEL.

would not make a bad line. There is something strikingly suitable about the situation. The rather lugubrious explanation of his present position that could be furnished under such conditions by the eminent Radical to the attendant bringing him the comforting basin should be good and appropriate reading, being, as it is, eminently suggestive of political influenza. Indeed, the idea of catching the utterances of big men at their meals is an undeniably happy thought, and we look hopefully to its further development.

ROBERT AT THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

AFTER my jovial recklecshuns of last year's Collinderies, it wasn't likely as I should lose much time afore I wisited the Amerrycan Exhibishun, jest to see what our raythers bragging Cozens had got for to show us. But I'm sorry to say that I thinks as they've bin in raythers too great an urry to open, for the hole place, instead of being finnished, looks as if it had bin begun jest about the week afore last. Wot it will be wen its finished we shall see all in good time, but wot it is now, or raythers wot it was last Toosday week, is wot I must confine myself to.

Entering from the Earl's Court Stashun, the fust thing I seed was a Cattle Show, and they suttenly was the poorest-looking lot of animals as ever had the imperance to go in for a prize. They was all a lying down, looking cold and hungry, and sum on 'em was that dirty and ragged-looking, and had sitch ruff heads, that I spose as they must have had a werry bad journey from Amerrikey, and hadn't had time to be washed and tidied up a bit, poor things!

The Bilding is diwided into 4 haveanews and 10 streets, and as each of the former is jest about 1000 feet long, as a werry civil native told me, and each of the streets more nor 100, "to walk the lot," as he sed, "is jest exacly a mile! and that, Stranger, licks all creation in Exhibishuns."

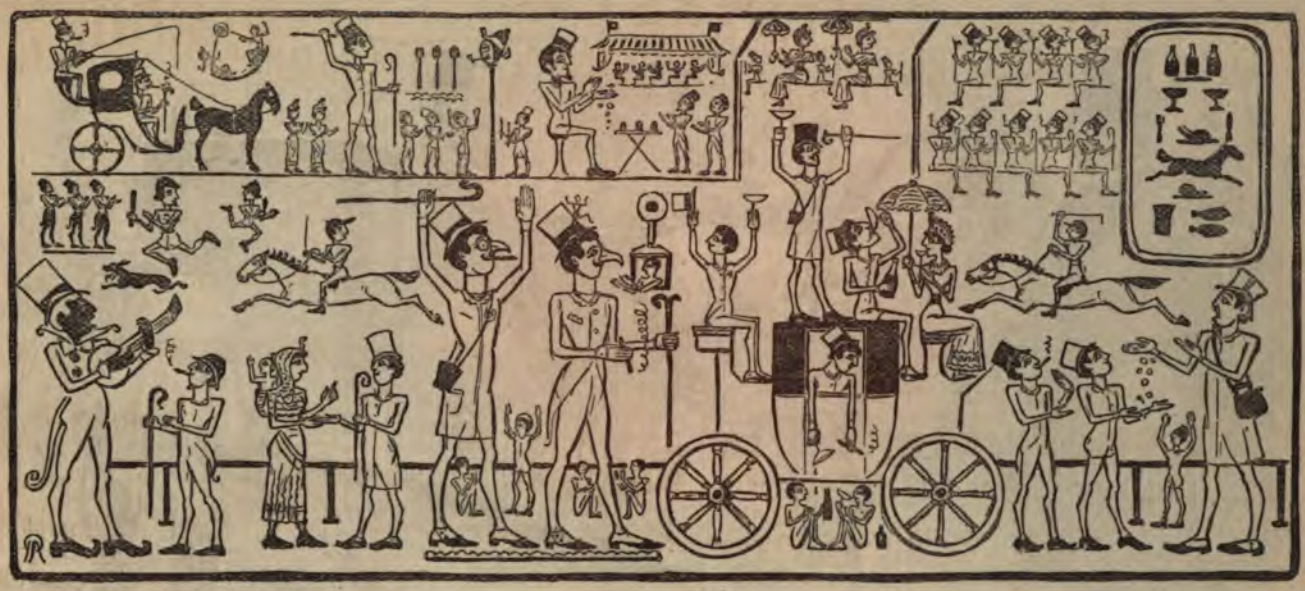
Feeling much obliged by his infirmation, but not liking to be called a Stranger, I natrally arsked him to take a drink, to which he most kindly consented. With my great xperience of Colonial drinks last year, I thort as I was about up to heverythink in that line, but I suttenly was estonished to hear him ask a werry nice looking young lady all drest in red, and with a Amerrycan flag for a apron, for a "Xhibition Buzzom Caresser!" But she gave it him without a blush, so I pluct up my currage and asked for one two, and werry good it was, but I dowt if I shall tell Mrs. ROBERT of the suckumstance, it mite do more harm than good.

I don't think werry much of the Xibition part of the Show, some of it is werry much like our own Lowther Arcade but bigger. The largest Shop of all is full of heartyfishal Teeth in all their grinding and grinning warieties, and is enuff to give you a good twinge as you passes by 'em. But another shop is werry interesting. Ony fancy about 16 hundred silver watches all a hanging up together and all a going together and being xactly 20 minutes past 1. I took the libberty of asking the werry pretty young Lady as sold 'em, all about the winding of 'em hup ewery day, witch she told me is done ewery morning and took a long time to do, but just then a stoopid feller of my aquaintance came behind me and said in my ear, "Oh, Mr. ROBERT!" when I declare I started like a gilty thing and warcked quickly away tho as innercent as a pair of sucking doves. A gentleman pressed me werry much to buy a cheap filter, but I couldn't see much difference between the two waters, tho I willingly confesses as I aint much of a judge of the harticle in question, thinking it werry poor thin cold stuff. The shop-keepers was all werry free and active with their stationary and gave it away freely. Two or three elderly ladies amost filled their black bags with samples. Among other things we was all asked to "take one" out of a basket of little packets, so I took one, but afterwards found to my great estonishment that it wos a bottel of pills, of which I didn't "take one." No thankee, not for ROBERT. Nobody wants pills as lives like a gentleman, unless he's bin and injured his constitooshun with hard work, witch I was never such a fool as to do.

There's several picter rooms and some really staggering picters. There's one as is amost filled with a werry big pea-green wave as has determined to turn hisself over and has then altered his mind and stopt half way, the like of which I suttenly never seed afore for culler. I spose as the Amerrycains is raythers a sollem peeple, and that may acount for the number of picters of corpses a lying about in all manner of persitions, but they seems scarcely adapted for dining-rooms.

I was treated with a good deal of respect by the natives, and one gentleman, who was called "Kernel," promised to introjuice me to Bufferlow BILL the next time I went. ROBERT.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*



EL DAR-BÉ.

HIEROGLYPH EXCAVATED FROM AMONG THE TUFFITE REMAINS. SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT SOME ANNUAL SPORTS IN HONOUR, PROBABLY, OF HOSS-IRIS.

"MORE LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"

Mr. Nibbs. The *Red Lamp* is still alight, Sir!

Mr. Punch. I saw it last week at the Comedy Theatre. By the way, it isn't a red lamp, but a red shade.

Mr. Nibbs. You were pleased with it?

Mr. Punch. With much of the acting?—Yes. With the piece?—No. There is scarcely a line worth remembering, the attempts at Sardou-like epigram are irritatingly feeble, and after the First Act my head ached badly with trying to make out what it was all about.

"I wonder."

Mr. Nibbs. A Nihilist plot.

Mr. Punch. Exactly; and during the four Acts I most thoroughly sympathised with that old noodle, *Demetrius*—capitally made up, and excellently played, by Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE—who is perpetually trying to discover what the plot is, and never succeeds. This was my position exactly.

Mr. Nibbs. Perhaps if the part of the *Princess* had been more interesting——

Mr. Punch. Rem acu tetigisti. If the story had been of a young woman whose lover was a Chief of the Nihilists,—if in his absence she, for reasons which a dramatist or a novelist would be a very inexperienced hand if he could not invent, had married an old general devoted to the Czar,—if this lover turned up again, and, in fact, if the Nihilistic Prince had been a lover instead of a brother, then there would have been the material for such a strong dramatic interest as does not exist now.

Mr. Nibbs. I see, Sir. I think that when there was a chance of the mine being exploded in the Third Act, the situation was exciting.

Mr. Punch. It was inartistically handled; the excitement ought to have been intense, whereas it was only a gentle momentary thrill. For myself, I found it impossible to care what became of anybody in the piece; nobody interested me; not Mr. SUGDEN'S commonplace and wearisome Yankee, who began so well; nor the Ollendorffian maid; nor Mr. BROOKFIELD, admirably made up and acting nothing to perfection; nor Mr. PATEMAN, the Russo-Irishman, who calls *Prince Alexis* "Prince Alexus," and from whom, bedad, one expects a who-whoop and a jig; nor the young gentleman who has long speeches about Nihilism—that is, about nothing—in which Mr. WILSON BARRETT would revel, and who, by the way, has caught something of the tone of that eminent elocutionist; nor Miss MARION TERRY, who has a poor part indeed.

Mr. Nibbs. Quite true, Sir; I could have quitted them at any moment without a pang—and yet the finish is exciting.

Mr. Punch. Well—yes—the finish *is* the best part of it. As for the mine which never explodes, the only persons deserving a "blowing up" are the author and the management. I should say the best name for it would be *Much Ado About Nihilism.*

Mr. Nibbs. The people in the stalls about me liked it, and found it very interesting.

Mr. Punch. Did they? I sincerely envy them. If the public patronise this play, it will only be for the sake of seeing Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE.

Mr. Nibbs. I noticed that there was a charming want of unanimity in the pronunciation of his name.

Mr. Punch. Yes, some called him "Dem*ay*trĭŭs," some "Dĭmĭtrus," some "Dem*ee*troos;" and poor "Kertch," was "Kirsch" and "Keersch" and "Ketch" without the JACK.

Mr. Nibbs. LADY MONCKTON seemed to work uncommonly hard.

Mr. Punch. Seemed! nay, she did: very hard. I have already mentioned the fault of this part, and the fault of this part is the blunder of the piece, which, however, unlike the mine, seems to be going off pretty well. Let us go and see *Nadia*, at the Alhambra. [*Exeunt.*

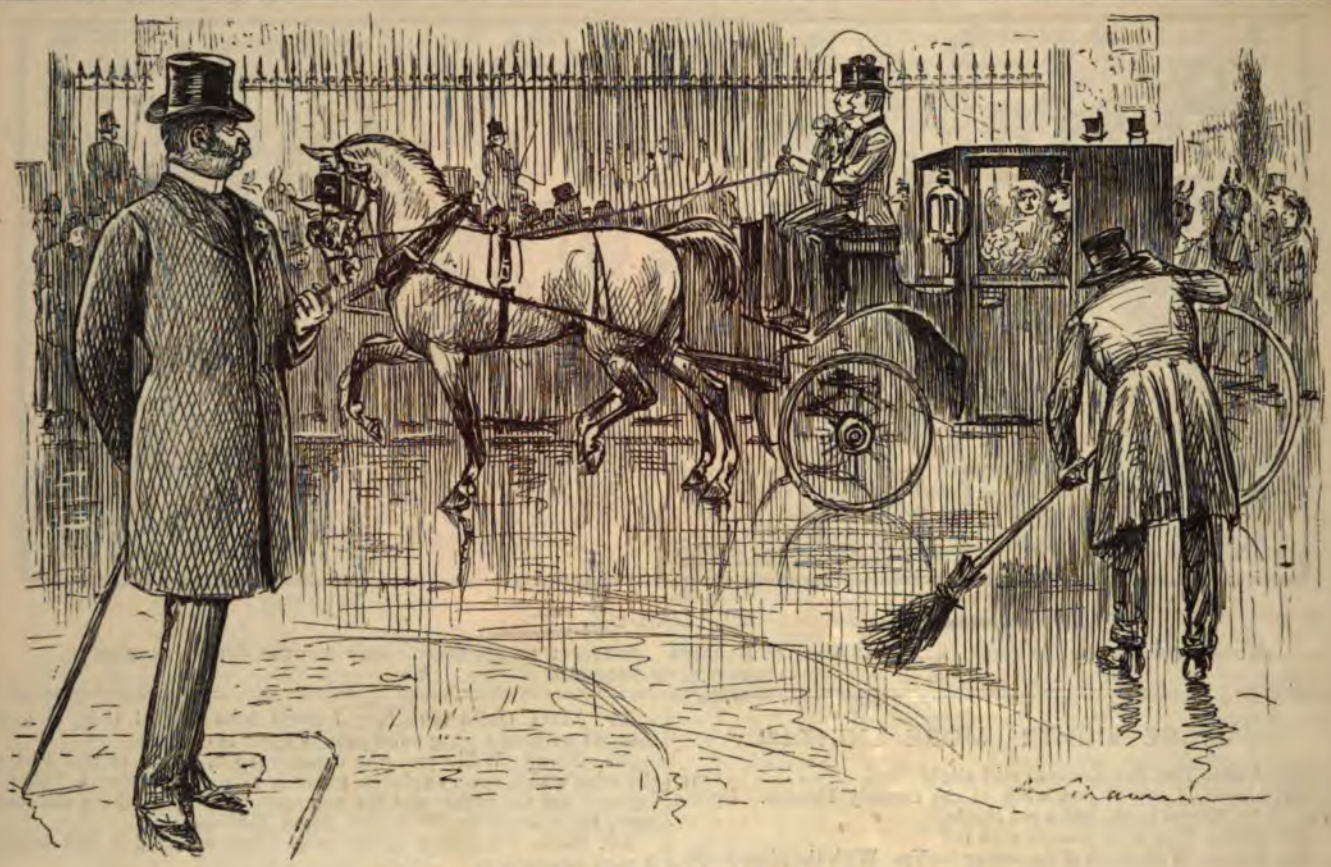
THE Terrace Gardens, Richmond Hill, were opened on Saturday by H.R.H. the Duchess of TECK and His All Serene Highness the Duke. They were presented with "The Silver Key" which opens most locks, whether on the Thames or off it. Sir WHITTAKER and Lady ELLIS entertained the Princess MARY, who is now The Lass of Richmond Hill. His Highness Richmond Hill looked uncommonly well, though the weather was not all that could have been wished by the most exacting in the month of May.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."—What has become of the "Jubilee Mediæval Tournament" which was to have been held at Olympia in June? Couldn't it be decided who should be the Queen of Beauty? Surely, there are plenty of Knights about, and a joust between two of the most recently created—Sir ISAACS and Sir KIRBY—would have been exciting. Why this collapse?

"*CHEZ Paddy*," by Baron E. DE MAUDAT GRANCEY, is an interesting work by an observant and thoughtful Frenchman. The style is easy and vivacious. By the sound of the title to English ears, "Shay Paddy" suggests "An Irish Car."

IN keeping with the Fitness of Things, the *Crown Diamonds* ought to have been shown in the Rue Auber.

"A COIGN OF VANTAGE" (*to Economic Tippers, but not to the Tipped*).—The Double Florin.



NEW ILLUSTRATIONS TO OLD SAYINGS.

James Chesterfield Bloater, Esq. (*a confirmed Bachelor*). "THERE, BUT FOR THE GRACE OF HEAVEN, GOES JAMES CHESTERFIELD BLOATER!"
[*He is alluding, not to the Crossing-Sweeper, but to the proud and happy Bridegroom!*

HOW THE R.H.A. WAS SAVED.

(*A Story for the Royal Horse Marines.*)

"IT is cruel that I should have none of the Royal Horse Artillery with me!" exclaimed the British General, as he examined the position of the enemy. "Not only would a few batteries have been of great service to me, but it is unfair that the R.H.A. should be deprived of the glory of victory. However, since the recent reductions, we are all in the same boat—the Royal Horse Artillery is reduced to skeleton proportions! The more 's the pity!"

A young Captain belonging to a garrison battery heard these remarks and respectfully saluting, ventured to address the Officer Commanding.

"General," said he, "I will undertake with your permission to protect the interests of the mounted branch of the service. By the end of the day, you shall admit that honour is due to the R.H.A."

"I trust so, Sir," replied the General. He spoke rather shortly, because he did not care to be addressed so familiarly by a subordinate. The battle commenced. The Infantry skirmished and charged, the Cavalry outposted and bore down in masses. The engagement extended over miles of country. To the General's astonishment the guns seemed to be everywhere. He knew that his Artillery were only pieces of position, and yet they appeared to get over the ground as if they were light ordnance harnessed to racers. He could not make it out. It was a hard fight. The infantry were cut to pieces. the Cavalry shot down by hundreds, but, thanks to the guns, he pulled through at last. When the enemy were in full retreat, he sent for the Commander of the Artillery. The young Captain he had already seen appeared and respectfully saluted him.

"So, Sir," cried the General, "it is to you and your men that I owe, in great part, this glorious victory. I congratulate you, Sir, upon your share in the day's doings. The greatest credit is due to the Royal Artillery."

The young Captain tried to speak, in protest, but not a word could be heard.

"I am not surprised to learn that you are hoarse, Sir," said the General, sternly—he was a great Martinet. "You and your men served your guns with a good deal of unnecessary shouting. Still, you managed admirably. How did you get your guns into so many positions?"

The Captain, who had found a piece of chalk, wrote on a sabretache, "I cannot speak—I am so hoarse. I got the guns into so many positions by harnessing my men to the pieces, and treating them like horses."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Officer Commanding. "Capital! Well, great credit attaches to the Royal Artillery. What? You protest! Why?" Then the young Captain wrote with his chalk these generous words:—"We—my men and I—have been shouting all day long, that we might become hoarse. We *are* hoarse!"

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed the General, wiping away a tear. "You have done this that the glory might belong to the Royal *Hoarse* Artillery." And they had.

NOTES AND VOTES.

THE Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage certainly put forth an excellent programme at their last Saturday's Concert at Prince's Hall, and must have been gratified at the favourable reception accorded to their efforts by the numerous and fashionable audience that attended on the occasion. Where everything was so good, it is perhaps invidious to select, but a special word of praise is due to Miss HILDA WILSON and to Miss DAMIAN for their respective rendering of Mr. COWEN's two charming songs, "*Absence*," and "*Tears*," as also to Miss AGNES LARKCOM, who, accompanied by the Composer, Herr WILHELM GANZ, gave the pretty ballad, "*Sing, sweet Bird*" with much effect. Capital, too, was the playing of Miss AGNES ZIMMERMAN, while Mr. MAYBRICK was entirely in his element with his effective "*A Little Hero*." Altogether, the Central Committee's Concert may be said to have come off with flying colours, the which they need not be ashamed to fasten to the mast of Woman's Suffrage, a task for which they might possibly requisition the services of Mr. SYDNEY NAYLOR, who acted most efficiently as one of the Conductors.

WHAT BACKERS OF THE DERBY FAVOURITE HOPE THE REST OF THE FIELD WILL DO.—"*Follow The Baron.*"

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

Madame La République. "HERR GERMANY HAS REFUSED, AND MRS. ENGLAND DECLINES MY INVITATION FOR 1889. SHALL I PUT IT OFF?"
General B-l-ng-r. "1889? AHEM! NO; LEAVE IT AS IT IS. A GOOD DEAL MAY HAPPEN BEFORE THAT DATE!"

The Usual Thing.

MAKING excuse as of affairs of State,
Down straight to Epsom MUGGINS, M.P., scampered;
And his excuse for being home so late
Was that his business had been (Derby) "hampered."

AN EASTERN IDEA. — The Architectural style of the People's Palace ought to be "BESANTINE."

THE DOUBLE FLORIN.—Call this a Jubilee coin! This; a stingy substitute for the old Crown!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.—ARTHUR BALFOUR enjoyed to-night a pretty wild half-hour. House in Committee of Supply. Chief Secretary's salary before Committee for approval. JOHN DILLON blandly, but firmly, moved to reduce the amount by £1,000. Opportunity taken by Irish Members to "go for" CHIEF SECRETARY. Seems he gives them too little of his company. Strolls in after questions are over, sits on his back, and languidly asks KING-HARMAN how he 's getting on? As a rule, KING-HARMAN has got on very badly. BALFOUR hands over to him difficult duty of answering Irish questions. Irish Members howl at him throughout; make delicate inquiries as to his relations with his tenants; hint that he 's been grinding them down for years; and triumphantly recite return of Commissioners showing peremptory and considerable reduction of rent enforced upon him. Parnellites a little tired of monotony of KING-HARMAN.

"Toodjour Perdricks."

"It 's like toodjour perdricks," says GILLHOOLY, thrusting hands into his pockets, and staring gloomily across the House.

Having buffeted KING-HARMAN till they 're worn out, hunger and thirst for blood of ARTHUR BALFOUR. All very well attacks of Irish Members; it is their nature to when CHIEF SECRETARY in question. More serious when CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN gets up, and joins his protest against the self-effacement of CHIEF SECRETARY. Points out that FORSTER, TREVELYAN, JOHN MORLEY (and might have added himself), when successively Chief Secretaries, did not delegate work at question-time to other hands. SMITH came to rescue of his colleague, but was knocked over by HENRY FOWLER. Then KING-HARMAN valiantly butted the assailants, and was set upon in full cry.

Committee thoroughly excited. Controversy might have lasted till morning, but BALFOUR, with unwonted adroitness, incidentally mentioned that he would in due course have to bring in a Bill authorising payment of the salary of KING-HARMAN. This had remarkable effect. Irish Members foresaw opportunity of going over the matter again. Foolish to spoil good sport by wearisomely prolonging bout. So Committee divided, and BALFOUR's salary preserved intact by majority of two to one.

Business done at Twenty-five Minutes past Three in the morning.

Tuesday.—KING-HARMAN visibly fading under sympathetic gaze. A deathlike pallor displacing his ancient ruddiness; a haggard look about the eyes; a stoop at the shoulder; and a growing lassitude of manner.

"I wish I 'd never done it, TOBY, dear boy," he said, in a hollow whisper. "I was happy enough below the Gangway, where I could howl at TIM HEALY, and shake my fist at TANNER. Now I daren't open my mouth, except to answer a question; and if I so much as insert my forefinger in the collar of GILLHOOLY, and lift him up, they 'd move the Adjournment, in order to discuss a matter of urgent public importance. To be sure, there was some talk of a salary. But I haven't got a penny yet; and when a Bill is introduced to authorise salary there 'll be an all-night sitting."

Cause of KING-HARMAN's added distress, discovery of a little incident that took place at Margate. A week or two ago KING-HARMAN taking rest from State cares in the congenial company of Licensed Victuallers in hotel at Margate. Closing-hour approached. Company must needs break up. General consternation. Law inexorable; Chief Constable in room to see it enforced. Happy thought struck KING-HARMAN.

"Gentlemen," he said, "from this moment consider yourselves my guests."

Stood drinks all round. Cloud lifted; hilarity set in; Licensed Victuallers spent happiest evening of their life; voted KING-HARMAN a jolly good fellow. WILFRID LAWSON wants to know whether this story is true. STUART WORTLEY admits it, and Ministers prouder than ever of their new colleague.

Coercion debate on again. HARCOURT moved what was hailed as important Amendment. But Members held off till Division-bell rang. At one moment only five Members on Ministerial Benches. Attempt made to Count Out. TIM HEALY proof against prevailing depression. More than ever like *Miss Miggs* in her ejaculatory mood. State Ball to-night, and many Members thither bound. "Go to the Ball," TIM snarled across the House, when Member in evening dress arose to continue discussion. "I see the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY is on the pounce," he observed, later, when SMITH, according to his wont, sat on edge of Bench, and looked as if he were going to move Closure. Accused Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL of being ready to "sling his wig" at him. By these and many other idiomatic expressions, helped to keep debate going till far into night.

Business done.—More conversation around Coercion Bill.

Wednesday.—"Well!" said ROBERT UNIACKE PENROSE FITZGERALD, sinking into a chair, crossing his legs, and lighting a cigarette, "these fellows *are* hard to please. Not content with a Bill specially designed to put them into prison, they insist upon the clauses being drafted in correct English."

R-b-ns-n Cr-s-e, M.P.

ROBERT UNIACKE one of most retiring men in House. When at home, near Cork, lives on an island, like *Robinson Crusoe*. Would like to be there now, but kept in Town by Whips. So retires to corner of smoking-room, and makes his moan.

His complaint not without foundation. Positively Irish Members raising debate on literary style of first paragraph, second clause Coercion Bill! TIM HEALY, as he once told House, doesn't care a row of pins whether he is in prison or in the House of Commons; still insists if he is to go to prison it shall be under a statute framed in unexceptionable English.

ARTHUR BALFOUR pleads that Clause comes up to ordinary standard of legal English. "It is good enough English," he urged, "for an Act of Parliament."

Irish Members inexorable. Insist to the length of taking division, in which the purists of style are beaten.

Clause discussed all through afternoon. SMITH again "on the pounce." Divisions showed not enough Ministerialists present to carry Closure. Whips threw messengers out in all directions. Principal object of Ministers to-day is to have two hundred Members on the premises. Slowly they came in, and it was Four o'Clock before SMITH felt himself in position to "pounce." Once successfully done, however, position assured. Pounced again at Twenty Minutes to Six, with curious results. According to Standing Order, debate must on Wednesdays close at Quarter to Six, House rising at or before Six o'Clock. Division on Closure brought proceedings close upon Six o'Clock. House had agreed that question should be put. Could it be put at this hour? COURTNEY said Yes. So second Division took place, and House, for the first time in recollection of oldest inhabitant, sat till Ten Minutes after Six on a Wednesday afternoon. *Business done.*—Very little.

Friday Morning.—House getting so accustomed to Closure, might have been thought nothing would astonish it. But SMITH managed to surprise it last night. Questions over, Sage of Queen Anne's Gate interposed, and, with assistance of some hundred Members, managed to launch debate on Zululand. In good old times this would have lasted all night. Looked as if it would certainly last over dinner-hour. Under-Secretary for the Colonies followed the Sage, and made usual kind of speech. Then came GEORGE CAMPBELL and OSBORNE MORGAN. CLARK next rose to his feet, and proceeded to give Scotch accent to debate. As OSBORNE MORGAN sat down, watchful eyes from opposite Benches observed Old Morality advancing nearer and nearer edge of Bench. A hushed whisper passed from mouth to mouth in Irish Camp.

"He 's going to pounce!"

And pounce he did before CLARK had finished his first sentence. Angry cries from Irish Camp. Division challenged. Closure carried; by Seven o'Clock decks cleared for resumption of discussion on Coercion Bill. Things went on till One o'Clock this morning. Then Supply promptly turned into Irish debate. So we sat and wrangled till dawn. *Business done.*—Hardly any.

FROM all accounts, it appears that Her MAJESTY need not have gone to West Kensington to witness a war-dance of Wild Indians, as the Dowagers of her own Buckingham Palace, in their paint and feathers, could have provided her with a much fiercer and more savage entertainment on the spot, on a recent occasion. Duelling will come in fashion for ladies if this sort of thing is allowed, and a Drawing-Room will be worse than the House in debate on the Irish Crimes Bill.

"SHU

THE OLD JOCKEY (*sotto voce*). "HAN

GL-DST-NE ON "*HOME RULE.*" CH-MB-RL-N ON "*RADICAL UNIONIST.*"

IN!!"

L! I CAN'T GET THROUGH!"

-L-SB-RY on "*GOVERNMENT.*" H-RT-NGT-N on "*LIBERAL UNIONIST.*"

BAD LANGUAGE.

Miss Betsy Primme. "He really is such an ugly-looking Devil, you know." *The Vicar.* "Well, he *is*!" *Hostess (who overhears).* "My goodness, gracious me!"

[*They were only discussing the Mephistopheles of a Provincial Dramatic Company.*

"SHUT IN!"

A DERBY DILEMMA.

Grand Old Jockey, loquitur:—

Humph! A capital mount, and, what's more, my own choice.
A last win, on its back, my old heart would rejoice,
Now I draw to the end of my tether.
My record is good, it must soon be made up.
Ah! how often we've pulled off a plate or a cup,
Myself and a good horse together?

Eheu! The old days, the excitement, the pace!
The jocks I have rivalled in many a race!
The starts, and the blood-stirring finishes!
Have I lost in *finesse*? Am I failing in force?
By Jove! there's a rapture for rider and horse
The age very little diminishes.

The beat of the hoofs, and the pulse of the stride,
The lash of the wind, the quick gasp at one's side,
The spectators' tumultuous shouting—
These, known from of old, have a charm for me still;
The old eager hope, the old passionate thrill,
Still move me, yes, that is past doubting.

And now? Well, I've scarcely a popular mount,
At least so they say, though I fancy they count
The least little bit prematurely,
The Ring's *cognoscenti*. How often before
Have I saddled in face of a dissident roar,
And won at the finish securely!

They didn't much fancy my crack *Irish Church*,
They muttered that luck left Old Will in the lurch
When *Land Bill the Second* he stuck to.
Well, well, we shall see. I then rode against Ben,
Now I'll tackle less skilful and resolute men,
In defiance of liking and luck too.

Ah! Ben *was* a Jock! What a seat, what a hand!
What an eye for an opening! Yes, it was grand
To fight out a finish with Dizzy.
Bob Cecil, Bill Smith? Why, they're not in the hunt.
If once with *Home Rule* I can forge to the front,
Once more the old Jock will be busy.

But can I? The field has been running all wrong,
And to make a straight dash through the clustering throng
Is a task that might puzzle a topper;
Going round loses time, and that game often fails;
I don't want to be driven on to the rails,
At the risk of a crush or a cropper.

Smith's right in the road, stolid Harty close by;
I fear I shall not "split" the pair if I try,
And a smasher would follow misjudging.
Then Joe—a raw hand with more rattle than stay.
Great Scott, if he'd only get out of the way!—
But you won't catch young Brummagem budging.

Shut in! Yes, by Jingo! They're all in the swim.
Were it Bill Smith alone, I would soon settle *him*,
But the other two back him—confound 'em!
Home Rule's full of running, the post is in view,
But they're all in a cluster, I *cannot* get through,
And I fear there's not time to go round 'em!

At the Lyceum.—No, no, not Warner at the Lyceum, but *Werner*, a light-hearted Play, by Byron,—not H. J., playwright, but Lord Byron, poet. It is, or was, originally, in five Acts. But Mr. F. A. Marshall has been at work at it, and it may be in ten Acts by this time—or it may be in three. "It may be for years, or it may be for ever"—but, anyhow, it is going to be played on the afternoon of Wednesday June 1, with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and a brilliant cast for the benefit of Dr. Westland Marston. Sad that charity should be required for authors—but it is always the same story, and probably always will be, to the end of the Literary and Dramatic chapter; and there will always be friendly hands ready to do their utmost to aid distress. "The poor we have always with us," and the charitable too, thank Heaven, and indeed where would be the charity if it weren't for the poverty? "There's a providence in it all," said *Mr. Weller*, Junior, "O course there is, Sammy," replied his father, "or what would become o' the undertakers?" Apart from the special object of this occasion, the performance will be one of the greatest interest.

Epigram on a Party Hack.

Whenever, however his Party gets in,
He 's sure to be entered for every good race;
And, though Premier honours he never will win,
He may always be backed for *a Place!*

The Pleasures of Hope.—To the numerous protesters against the meddlesome "New Thames Bye-Laws" it is pleasantly suggested that they shall try them for a year or two, and see how they work. In fact, our only comfort under the infliction of these "Bye-Laws" is a certain faintly hopeful looking forward to "By-and-by Laws," which may be more endurable when they come.

THE NEW DOUBLE FLORIN.

George. "Call yourself a Coin—bah! Why, I can see a Double Flaw in you already!"

A Book-Maker's Manual.—Sir J. Lubbock has republished a series of Letters to the *Times*, entitled *The Races of the British Empire*. Is Lubbock among the (Racing) Prophets?

The Latest Betting.—Against Decimal Coinage. 10 to 1.

"THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE"!

Mamma (to her Daughter, who had just entered). "MABEL, DEAR, COME AND SIT WITH ME. WE'VE HAD ENOUGH WAGNER FOR THIS MORNING. I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF IT."

Mabel. "M'A, DEAR, I HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHING THE PIANO. IT'S NURSE AND BABY!"

STARTERS. (FROM UNPUBLISHED LIST.)

LORD SALISBURY'S Ultimate Triumph, by Hammering Away out of Majority.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule Cry, by Wild Manœuvres out of Office.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Radical Unionist, by Disappointed Statesman out of Pique.

Lord HARTINGTON'S Tory Support, by Liberal Principles out of Gear.

Mr. HEALY'S Lively Debate, by Frequent Interruptions out of Order.

The SPEAKER'S Shattered Constitution, by All Night Sittings out of Bed.

Mr. W. H. SMITH'S Closure, by Weary House out of Patience.

Sir W. HARCOURT'S Acrimonious Opposition, by Amiable Politician out of Temper.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Sir George Trevelyan's Consistency, by Selected Quotations out of his own Speeches.

BUFFALO BILL'S Earl's Court Success, by Big Circus Effects out of The Common.

Prince BISMARCK'S Continued War Scare, by General BOULANGER'S Supposed Preparations out of Sight.

Lord LANSDOWNE'S Canadian Victory, by Mr. O'BRIEN'S Ill-judged Attack out of Spite.

Sir H. D. WOLFF'S Egyptian Fiasco, by Recent Negociations Carried On out of Hearing.

THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES' Literary Flourish, by Mr. PARNELL'S Silence out of Cautious Discretion.

M. GOBLET'S Graceful Retirement, by Inexperienced Statesman out of His Element.

JOHN BULL'S Swelling Jubilee Fund, by Subscriptions of Grumbling British Taxpayer *out of Pocket.*

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

(*Adapted from Herrick.*)

"THERE is nothing in the pit-brow work, nor in the costume necessitated, that tells against modesty. It makes fine, healthy, strapping women—not exactly after the pattern of *Fenella* or *Miranda*—but women who are the fit mates for the men whose wives and mothers they are."—*Mrs. Lynn Linton on the "Pit-Brow Women."*

A FINE frank roughness in the dress,
Is better than *La Mode's* excess;
Flannel about the shoulders thrown,
A stayless bodice and loose zone;
Stout clogs or highlows and a pair
Of coarse hose much the worse for wear;
A kerchief-cap, and trailed thereby,
Wild locks that flow confusedly;
A dual garb deserving note,
As more—or less—than petticoat;
A leathern shoe-string in whose tie
The slattern speaks to every eye,
Do more bewitch me, for my part,
Than Regent Street with all its Art.

THERE is no sort of truth in the report that after the London Season, Mrs. BROWN POTTER is going to join Mrs. BERNARD BEERE'S *troupe*, and that their party of touring comedians is to be known as the "POTTER-BEERE Company."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that an elderly lady of her acquaintance has bothered her so for Jubilee subscriptions that she now describes her as quite like the parallel of the Impertinent Widow.

DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS.

DURING the six weeks' season of Italian Opera at Drury Lane under the direction of AUGUSTUS IMPERATOR, the Last Act of *The Huguenots* is to be given in its entirety. Everybody is requested to remain in their seats till the fall of the curtain, which follows the fall of *Marcel*, *Raoul*, and *Valentine*. Old Opera-goers will remain out of sheer curiosity, for who of the *habitués* ever remained in the theatre, *consule* COSTA, after MARIO and GRISI had sung the great duet, and the former had leapt out of the window? The ladies heard firearms going off, and used to think that the best thing they could do was to imitate the firearms, and go off too. So the Last Act of *The Huguenots* was all "go-bang," and no one cared how it ended, as they could look in the book when they got home, and imagine the rest.

Imperator Jubilator DRURIOLANUS promises us a brisk season, commencing June 13, and the Jubilee Public will avail themselves of the popular operas at popular prices. By the way, as CARL ROSA and AUGUSTUS have set this good example, why not follow it up at all shows with popular entertainments at popular prices? And why limit it to shows in this Jubilee Year? Why not a Popular Free Gratis Day or two at Burlington House? And why shouldn't tailors, dressmakers, butchers, bakers, &c., give us Jubilee clothes, costumes, butcheries, and bakeries at popular Jubilee prices? Why pay anything in Jubilee Year?

A MATTER OF (DERBY) COURSE.—The Dog.

No. 39.
An Early Caller. "Sweep! Sweep!"

IT was easier last week to purchase French Regalia in Paris than it was to buy a real Havannah Regalia there.

RULES FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY. JUNE 21.—Orders not admitted after 2·30. No Bonnets allowed in the Stalls.

GROSVENOR GEMS.

No. 49.
Necks of Mutton produced by the new Sheep Stretching process.

No. 151. New Locomotive Machine for going straight across country as the crow flies.

No. 31. His Hobby.

A GENEROUS EXCHANGE.

A GENIAL host wrote to a friend, "You give me a date, and I 'll give you a dinner."

THE TWO GREAT RACES.

(*From Our Own Special Tout.*)

I HAVE just left my old friends TATTENHAM CORNER and ANCASTER MILE, and they both agree with me in saying that this year's Derby and Oaks will be two events not likely to be forgotten for many a day by the majority of sporting men and of amateurs also. It would be unfair to non-subscribers were I to name in plain bold language the winners, and so I write only for the initiated who will appreciate every word at its real value. To them then I put the question, Who forgets the old proverb that *a Baird in the hand is worth two to one in the bush?* A Taylor may make a scarlet *Whistle Jacket* fit. The telegram last week about the scratching of *Whistle Jacket* was a hoax for the Derby, as our old sporting friend JOE MILLER says. What Sporting Novelist wrote *Bound to Win?* There's something Hawley-*Smartleyish* about one of the horses, isn't there? Think it over: I am writing with a dash of the "Attic" qualification, as the Mayor of Garrett would have observed, and my information must be taken *cum grano*, that is with a pinch of Epsom salts.

Timothy to the Rescue, was a piece by H. J. BYRON. Did it have a long run? O Timpora! O more ease! If *Timothy* were obstreperous, wouldn't BUFFALO BILL exclaim, "What! Tim-buck-too!!" Which *jeu de mots* I present to Mr. D. CRAMBO. Does anyone want a piece of intelligence? Well, for a piece would you go to Waugh? Perhaps so, I say nothing.

The Derby Day of 1887 will not be barren of results, for, mind you, he WOOD if he could. I know a gentleman who has taken a small house near Epsom, and is singing daily "in my cottage near C. WOOD,"—and he whistles the rest, not being acquainted with the correct words. *Porcelain* is very valuable just now, and the rage for crockery is not on the decline. Brown Pottery was not much run after at the Haymarket it is true; but this is not for the Haymarket stakes, nor for Newmarket, but for the Oaks. *Porcelain!* and not a crack!

Merry Hampton is a better name than *'Appy Ampton*. But a word in your ear, is *Merry Hampton* caught? Aha! Think this out, and, if you don't *love gold* too much, you're pretty sure to make your money, and perhaps you'll have a *rêve d'or* for the Oaks, though it will be well to bear in mind that "dreams go by contraries," which you'll remember too late if you've *raved o'er* any horse that doesn't win, or get placed.

Place aux Dames means that, on Derby Day, strong language is for once allowable if you 've been heavily let in when you thought you were on a good thing. ANSON is as Anson does, at least so says *Lady Muncaster*; and, before parting—I trust none of us will have to part—I quaff a pint of Porter to *Freedom*. *Vive la Liberté!*

Last Look Round. Tuesday.

I have looked as round as possible, and see every reason for altering many of the remarks made above, but haven't time to do it; from which it will be clearly gathered by the *cognoscenti* that I have no doubt as to the winners of the Derby and the Oaks in my own mind; and I only trust that those who don't run, but do read, may avail themselves of the tips which I have bestowed with no lavish hand, and, when the sovs. come in their thousands and tens of thousands into the pockets of my readers, they will send a handsome per-centage,—French pennies not taken, but double florins at six to the pound negociable,—to their honest tipster, "*The Tout*" *à tous*, LARGESSE.

A Balfour Ballad.

AIR—"*The Young May Moon.*"

MOST Irish questions are about
A Peeler, a Pauper, or Carman, O!
They 're quite beneath *me*,
As Chief Se-cre-ta-*ree*—
I hand 'em all o'er to KING-HARMAN, O!

CRUMMLES AGAIN!

THE *Daily News* of Friday last gave an account of the reception of Mr. WILSON BARRETT by a "large crowd of professional friends and admirers." By the way, what a pleasant and lucrative calling must be that of a "professional admirer." And for our part we should prefer a real friend to a "professional friend." However, this is a matter of taste. Mr. BARRETT was "escorted to the Midland Hotel," and here Mrs. BERNARD BEERE greeted him gracefully, and handed to him "a beautiful wreath."

Then Mr. BARRETT replied, that all this came upon him "almost as a surprise." Note the "almost." The professional admirers lost an opportunity here of striking up, "*O what a surprise!*" but perhaps they did not like to interrupt Mr. BARRETT, who went on to tell them how "that morning, for the first time for many months, he caught sight of the green fields of Old England,"—well, of course, not much to be seen of them in America—"and it seemed to him that these words were about as welcome to him as were (*sic*) a draught of water to the traveller"—the commercial traveller?—"in the desert." "Draught of water" indeed! had he not been so taken by surprise, he would have said, "draught of BEERE." Then he repeated that he "had been so taken by surprise, and did not yet exactly know how it had all come about." Did he mean, "*What* they had all come about"? However, it is too much to inquire the meaning of words uttered by a BARRETT *à surprise*. Yet his *naïveté* is charming. *Mr. Crummles* wondered "how these things get into the papers," but that eminent provincial Manager, if now alive, wouldn't be "in it," with our astonished BARRETT. The deponent doesn't say what Mr. BARRETT did with the wreath. Did he put it round his hat, or into it, and so quietly home? Perhaps there are some more little surprises in store for the ingenuous youth.

VERY ORIGINAL GREEK AT OXFORD.

(By an Untutored Correspondent.)

I WAS on a visit to the Junior Warden of No Bodies College, when my eye was caught by an announcement of the second night of a play at the New Theatre. It was *Alcestis*. Though I have not had a classical education, yet I have had a very fair theatrical one, and I remembered the title years ago at, I think, the Haymarket. I procured a stall. The house was crowded, and I could not obtain a programme or a book of the play, and so I was dependent on my neighbour, a very pleasant young Undergraduate, for my information, which, in the shape of notes taken at the time, I now send to you.

Classic Costume revived at Oxford.

8·30.—We are looking at a most original act-drop, painted expressly (so my neighbour tells me) by Professor HERKOMER. "A sonnet has been written on it," said my informant,—though, for the life of me, as I had no opera-glasses, I couldn't see it,—"by Mr. COURTENAY, a new fellow." My informant speaks of the Author of the Sonnet as old boys do of a young chap just come up. I mention this because it is really an encouraging sign. For "a new fellow" to have written a sonnet on Professor HERKOMER'S "drop," proves him to be of considerable promise. The drop, my young friend thinks, might possibly be a drop too much in any but a Classical Theatre, and he explains that the bold and beautiful figure seated on a gigantic soap-bubble is intended to represent an ideal form of mural decoration as known to the advertising ancient Greeks, on whom to gaze long and lovingly on this would have had a soapyrific effect. "At least," adds my youthful but well-informed companion, "so it ap-pears." I fancy, from the twinkle in his eye, that he intends a pun somewhere, but at this moment three strokes of the hammer, as in French Theatres, give the signal to take up the drop; and as the lights are lowered, my young friend's twinkle, like "all worldly shapes" in the poem, is "lost in gloom."

The Play.—A House on a raised platform on the principle of a show in a Fair. Country landscape in the distance. In front of the stage is a property stone table on which is a dessert of apples, oranges, (no bills of the play) bananas, and grapes, with a spirit-lamp to keep the coffee hot when it comes, or for lighting cigarettes. *Apollo* (I know he is *Apollo*, having seen him frequently in classical burlesques) enters and speaks. My young friend asks me "if I understand what he's saying." I reply, "Perfectly." "It's Greek," says my young friend, looking at me with an expression implying a vote of want of confidence in my statement. I listen to it for a few seconds, as if I were catching a tune, and then reply, "He is not very distinct, but it does sound like Greek to me." This is strictly true. I follow it at a more respectful distance than I should an Opera in German.

My young friend further whispers to me, that the piece was, when first written, an exact model of the old Classic Greek Farce, but that the Vice-Chancellor had refused to license it, unless it was considerably altered and cut down. The result seems to have been, that most of the fun has been taken out of it, which however, I think, could not originally have been screamingly humorous.

"Did the new fellow you mentioned just now write it?" I ask. My youthful informant pauses a second or so,—he cannot have a very good memory—and he answers "No, it was another fellow." He forgets his name at the moment, but is sure it is something like Mr. HUGH RIPPITES; and, do I know him? No I do not. Is he an Oxford man? "Oh, yes," replies my young friend with certainty. "He's an Undergraduate here." Really! Now this *is* encouraging. That an Undergraduate, Mr. HUGH RIPPITES, should have written a play in Greek, is an excellent sign of the revival of learning. I regret my want of a classical education, and contemplate going to Oxford as a student. Never too old to learn. I do not blame Mr. HUGH RIPPITES for having introduced many English words which every now and then caught my ear—and indeed they were pointed out to me by my neighbour—because, after all, as a first attempt, it is most creditable.

Apollo talks. My young friend nudges me whenever there is a *double entendre* in Greek, and laughs behind his hand. "Rather strong that," he whispers occasionally. I reply in an undertone, as if I were with difficulty stifling my laughter, "Hush! be quiet!"—but this only makes him laugh the more. The audience, I notice, scarcely smile once. Being in Greek, perhaps the ladies don't understand the "hits" in the dialogue. I don't, but this I keep to myself. Then steam arises (an anachronism, of course, but "symbolical of progress," as my friend assures me), and an old woman in grey muslin, with a knife, appears. "It's the Demon of SOCRATES," my companion tells me. Very good. *Apollo* and the *Demon* have a dialogue, during which my companion is perpetually nudging me, so I suppose it's full of good jokes which I don't exactly catch. Again I pretend to be restraining my laughter, and beg him to be decorous. Off trips *Apollo*, and the *Demon* goes through some pantomimic action, then goes through a door, and disappears. Enter a lot of melancholy young-old men—with very evident beards of every description. They gather round the dessert and the cigarette spirit-lamp. No one touches so much as a grape. Then on the raised platform appears a classically costumed gentleman. My young friend tells me that he is the show proprietor, and is called by a very appropriate name, "*Admittus*." The showman, *Admittus*, tells the young-old men what is to be seen inside, in a speech, which my companion (who knows the play by heart) tells me is "immensely witty." His audience do not seem to appreciate it, but evidently there is no great attraction, as the young-elders show no sign of even wishing to "Walk up, walk up!" but, instead, stay outside, and commence singing an Irish dirge as they once more group themselves about the dessert and the cigarette spirit-lamp.

Enter a lady on the platform, evidently very ill. "This," whispers my informant, "is *Alcestis*." Of course I remember her name perfectly, many years ago. She is in great pain, and *Admittus*, the showman, suggests something about "toddy." But whether she is to take it, or whether she has taken too much of it already, I cannot clearly make out, and don't like to bother my young friend with too many questions. He whispers to me that it is this part of the piece which the VICE-CHANCELLOR has spoilt by cutting, and that, therefore, it is rather heavy. It certainly is.

Then come on two very pretty children, named, as I gather from what I can catch of the words, "Tommy" and "Kitty." Subsequently I find I am wrong, and that "Kitty" is "Sukey."

Admittus talks about a "Se-gar," which is also an anachronism pardonable in a young Author's first work, but in keeping with the spirit-lamp and dessert. Then *Alcestis* gets worse, and cries, "Ow! ow! ow!" and *Admittus*, whose mind seems to run upon nothing but eating and drinking, offers her "ducks and gunaiky," which, my young friend tells me, is very old Attic for green peas cooked in a certain way. I catch the plot now; she is suffering from having eaten "ducks and gunaiky," and having tried to correct the effects with "toddy" and a "se-gar." *Admittus* addresses her tenderly as "Molly." I thought her name was *Alcestis*. "Her family name is *Alcestis*," my companion whispers, apparently annoyed at my tone of momentary doubt. "She is *Molly Alcestis*." I beg pardon. I see perfectly. "Molly" the *petit nom*. Well, Molly expires. Everyone is broken-hearted, and one of the leaders of the Chorus, addressed by *Admittus* as "Mr. Martin," leads a walk round the dessert and cigarette-lamp.

Enter *Hercules*, with all the strength in his legs, which are enormous (and were probably provided by the costumier), but with no "power to his elbow," as his arms are comparatively very slight, which accounts for his not doing the usual strong-man business of lifting weights, &c. He belongs to the Show, and goes in with *Admittus*, who has upbraided him for not being there at the commencement of the performance. The young-old men then break out into a classic hunting chorus, with a refrain that sounds like "Tiddy ti! who cares?" They finish with a "walk round," and *exeunt*, leaving the dessert untouched and the spirit-lamp still burning. This ends the First Part.

My young friend bids me good-night, as he has to go to supper, and has seen it all before. I thank him heartily for his assistance, and post this to you.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.—Dean KITCHIN, so the *St. James's Gazette* informed us last week, has announced that on certain days he will himself, *in propriâ personâ*, show visitors over Winchester Cathedral. "No Fees!" Will his example be followed by Lord SALISBURY, or the LORD CHANCELLOR, personally conducting country cousins over the House of Lords, while the SPEAKER will do the same for "Strangers" in the House of Commons, illustrating every object of interest with "the SPEAKER'S commentary" on it? It is quite a "new departure." Dean KITCHIN, telling the same stories over and over again, may be known as a "Winchester Repeater;" but, at all events, for the benefit of tourists, a most useful *Servus Servorum* will be found in this KITCHIN. During the Dean's special Show Service, the Organist might play variations on "*In Verdure clad*," with new words for the choir, commencing "As Verger clad."

DUET FOR SIR REGINALD HANSON, BART., AND SIR ROBERT CARDEN, BART.—"*Barty, Barty!*"

A SPOTLESS CAREER.—That of an unsuccessful Tipster. (Must be, if he has never "spotted a winner.")

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

Apropos de Bottes.

IT is confidently hoped that any pupil who has followed this course with attention will be now sufficiently advanced to undertake a Recitation demanding powers of the highest order, and, acting under this conviction, *Mr. Punch* has set his very best Bard to construct a poem that shall provide the panting amateur with even greener laurels than before.

In presenting his readers with an opportunity for attaining distinction which may not occur again, the Author would merely observe that the key-note of the piece is a vaguely voluptuous melancholy, dominated by the approaching shadow of impending calamity. If the Student feels any doubt of his power to convey all this, he had far better employ his abilities upon something of an easier and less exalted character than the following, which we will call

APROPOS DE BOTTES.

In a bow-window on the Esplanade BELINDA with her BERTRAM breakfasted;
But while with outward calm the tea she made, within was all uncertainty and dread:
What though the toast was crisp, the eggs new-laid, when, in its envelope of dull brick-red,
The missive that had forced her heart to flutter, lay, yet unopened, by the bread-and-butter?
(*Pause, until the curiosity of your audience is thoroughly aroused—then continue with deeper intensity.*)
Fleet is pursuing Fate when most she limps! So BERTRAM, having put away his ham,
Upon his letters cast a careless glimpse, selecting first the ruthless telegram [lamb!"
Which tore him from felicity and shrimps. He muttered words which sounded like "My
The while he in despair the carpet stamped on, "My own," he cried, "I must leave Littlehampton!"
(*Second pause. Turn your head slowly round to left, and then to right again; assume a look of petrified despair: hand pressed to side, as if in pain; level tone.*)
Her face she turned all piteously drawn, and gazed upon him apprehensively,
With eyes dilating, like a startled fawn; one crystal tear fell flashing in her tea,
Nor did she heed the appetising prawn, nor amber marmalade from far Dundee; [City!"
"BERTRAM," she gasped, "leave me not thus, in pity—they *cannot* really want you in the
(*This entreaty very tragic. If your hands are not liable to grow red under influence of emotion, clasp them.*)
But he—"Alack that I must answer yes! Who could foretell the dream would end so soon?
Or deem the envious cloud of busi-ness would drift across our radiant honeymoon?
But I must catch the Ten o'Clock express, which gets me up to London Bridge by noon!
Nay, sweetest one, give not the reins to sorrow—I shall be back ere dinner-time to-morrow!"
[*With a fictitious cheerfulness.*
And hearing, she forebore to make a fuss, but sought, with packing, her despair to drug;
Then, seated in the Hotel omnibus, she strapped with dainty hands his railway rug;
Till at the Littlehampton terminus they parted, with one last hysteric hug,
And he, his manifest emotion choking, entered a first-class carriage labelled "Smoking."
(*Pause again; then cast your eyes down, and continue in a tone of chastened melancholy.*)
Now, feeling that her well of joy is dried, her lotus-tree all withered to its roots,
Back to her lonely lodgings she has hied—and here a pang through all her being shoots!
(*Bend forward here with outstretched arms, and smile of infinite tenderness.*)
For—basking on the hearthrug, side by side—she finds her best beloved BERTRAM'S boots;
His patent leathers he had gone to Town in—so this must be the pair he'd travelled down in!
(*Gently.*) There is a pathos in the mute appeal of objects that have shared a bygone bliss;
And even these dumb boots are down at heel—seeming their absent master now to miss!
Which, as BELINDA notes, she fain must kneel, and cheer them with a sympathetic kiss,
But now a carmine tide o'erflows her neck fast—the maid comes in to clear away the breakfast!
Anon a fantasy BELINDA thrills, and both the boots she on the table sets:
Full lovingly each vacancy she fills, with freshly gathered sweet March violets,
And heavy-headed saffron daffodils—nor necessary moisture she forgets. [such chalices?"
"To sigh," she whispers, "for your native valley, cease—for when were flowers honoured by
And she forgets the grim Teutonic bands: and she forgets the donkeys on the green:
And she forgets the sea-gull haunted sands: and she forgets the fashions in *The Queen*:
Seated before those boots with folded hands, she feels no yearning for a change of scene.
Content to linger by her flowers fragrant, and yield herself to recollections vagrant.
(*Hands behind you for this last stanza, head slightly to left, eyes half closed, speak with a dreamy musical lingering intonation.*)
And all day long she keeps them in her sight, and murmurs to them tender little phrases,
Imagining they comprehend her quite—conduct that her old landlord much amazes,
Who overhears her bidding them "good-night," (*kiss your fingers here*) and open-mouthed
upon the threshold gazes, [*Raise both hands.*
Holding, perchance, that such proceedings can well entitle her to residence at Hanwell.
BELINDA seeks her couch—but ere she sinks into the brief oblivion of sleep.
Her dewy eyes shine brighter as she thinks how those stout boots will o'er her slumber keep,
A ward as unremitting as the lynx; then trembles—for the silence grows more deep,
And now (O, portent passing understanding!) she hears them creaking towards the second landing
(*Raise your index finger here, and imbue the last line with a weird suggestiveness.*)
So in the morning early she descends—to find her flowers scattered far and faded— [shaded,
And the boots—*gone!* Her perfect head she bends, her fair low brow with sweet distress is
Marvelling much what evil this portends—can BERTRAM, too, have perished—just when *they* did? [*In a hushed awe-stricken whisper.*
And were his boots, as Death secured this last trophy, tramping upstairs to break the sad catastrophe?
Nor may she know whither those twain have fled, having achieved their automatic climb,
Or whether BERTRAM now be lying dead—the victim of some secret midnight crime!
She can but hide her grief-distracted head, and blame the leaden-footed lounge of Time.
About the Supernatural no *man* knew all—
So much she 's learned from many a Christmas annual!
In restless dread the worst she must await,
Hearing on every breeze her BERTRAM'S knell!
(*Start, and point off in tone of fullest alarm.*)
Hark! is there not a clanging at the gate?
A feverish ringing at the front-door bell?
Lo! 'tis her BERTRAM! Wondrous to relate,
He looks most unromantically well!
Finding his Club a dreary place to stay at, he
Had spent the previous evening at the Gaiety!
But, ah! BELINDA'S mind not yet at ease is—
Specks will appear upon the fairest fruits!
She dare not speak (for BERTRAM such a tease is)—
But she has learnt that those were *not his boots!* [sneezes,
And every time she hears the landlord's
She blushes to remember past pursuits.
Keen self-reproach recurs with each cadenza
—Wet feet alone could cause *that* influenza!
[*Shake your head, and sigh compassionately, then bow, and retire in graceful pre-occupation. If you are recalled,—*DON'T GO!

"The 'Roses' that Bloom, tra la!"

LOHENGRIN went well here, and MARIE ROZE was a better *Elsa* than probably anybody else, Sir, at present. Mr. GOOSENS conducted in first-rate style. He was deservedly applauded. Poor *Lohengrin* got too much "Goosins" in Paris. The Roses appeared early, and are leaving us. Too short a season.

Marie rose to receive Mr. Punch.

BOHEMIAN BALLAD

Of the Society-Variety-Artiste.

(BY BEN TROVATO JONSON.)

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy the eye,
(Perhaps it would not be polite
The ladies' names to specify,)
Where are you when my love is nigh?

Ye wallflowers that first appear,
That first appear and latest go,
Striking the surging crowd with fear
At your insipid anxious row,
What wonder that you find it slow?

Ye chanters of the drawing-room,
That warble ballads of the day
So that you well deserve the doom
Of the weak heroes of your lay,
Wait till my love comes round your way!

For when my mistress shall appear
In the new playhouse I've designed,
A serio-tragi-comic Queen,
With all the latest fads combined,
Out of all sails she 'll take the wind.

A CLASSICAL critic remarked of an amateur Actor who was not particularly successful in his delineation, "*Laudatur ab his*,—but I don't say how the last word ought to be spelt."

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

Mr. Punch. "BRAVO, MR. LAWSON! SUCCESS TO YOU! GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE PLAYING YOUR ORGAN TO THE TUNE OF A THOUSAND POUNDS TO BEGIN WITH. THE PUBLIC WILL PUT IN THEIR MONEY, AND THE CHILDREN WILL—PLAY, IN HYDE PARK."

MIDST volleying cheers from street to steeple,
They opened a Palace for toiling people;
All the flags were out, and the bands were played,
'et the advance of the cavalcade,
QUEEN and PRINCE from East to West,
rne wherever the crowds liked best.

The Court had its pomp, and the City its feast,
And the rich West smiled on the starving East;
The Lords and Commons, each woman and man,
Had all their own beautiful Jubilee plan,
When at last the face of the Nation smiled,
For Charity thought of the London Child!

Oh! men who toil, and women who weep,
The cry of the London Child strikes deep!
Do you ever reflect in the hurrying street,
On their pavement games 'neath the horses' feet!
Do you ever descend from carriage or cars,
And peep just once through the prison-bars,

That are circled around this city of sin,
And fasten the poor little children in!
How little they share, as the world goes round,
In the green of the grass of our garden ground!
The London birds as they upward fly,
Have a larger portion of God's blue sky!

Ah! men so tender, and women so true,
These pitiful faces pierce you through!
Like spectre-forms from the grave they rise,
And tempt the tears from the calmest eyes!
When sunshine softens our winter's moan,
We are off and away!—but the Child alone,
Alone in the alley, alone in the court,
With their dismal day, and their sunless sport.
The music maddens them—off they steal—
The procession is passing! so down they kneel,
At the feet of the crowd, where they cringe and creep,
And dream of a Queen in their feverish sleep,
At Charity's call give an answering cheer,
"No Child shall forget the Queen's Jubilee Year!"

Go tell it abroad! let them all understand,
This message of love from the heart of the land,
Let it soothe the sad pillow with vision of song,
That the sick Child in Hospital soon may be strong!
Let it echo in cheers, as they rush down the stair,
From the school where they toil, to the light of the air;
Let them dream it at night, and shout it at play,
That the Park of the People is theirs for a day!
Then Fashion will yield, that the children may pass,
To feast on the green, and to romp on the grass,
The earth will spring gladly to tramp of young feet,
When the revels of old, all our youngsters repeat!
May the day be the brightest that ever was seen!
When the cheer of our children is raised for their QUEEN!

"FIRST-RATE RECEIPTS."—Such an announcement is always satisfactory to the receiver. Everybody can participate in such receipts by laying out one shilling on a little book by "CORDON-BLEU," called *Economical French Cookery for Ladies*. There's no speculation about it. It's a certainty. The Authoress "*ne fait pas une bonne farce*" with her readers, though she does with some of her dishes. "Plates" and "Cuts" will be supplied by the readers. The book is treated with as light a touch as a Cook should employ in making good pastry, and will be substantially useful to the Household Brigade generally.

SNOB-SNUBBING.

The Vicar's Wife. "AND SO YOU FIND OUR SUBURB A PLEASANT CHANGE AFTER LONDON, MR. SNOGGINS!"

Snoggins. "YA-AS—PRETTY LITTLE PLACE—A—CAN'T SAY I CARE VERY MUCH FOR *SUBURBAN SOCIETY*, YOU KNOW!"

The Vicar's Wife. "AH—YOU FIND THEM A LITTLE *HIGH AND MIGHTY*, I SUPPOSE!" [*Disgust of Snoggins, who thinks himself no end of a Swell!*

MR. PUNCH'S OWN TIPSTER RIGHT AGAIN!

ALWAYS Right. What did I say last week about *Merry Hampton* and *Rêve d'Or?* I refer you to FACTS. I said of *Merry Hampton* "is *Merry Hampton* caught?" And how clear was my decision about *Rêve d'Or*. I quaffed a pint of porter to *Freedom*, and it was *the third horse* I named for the Oaks. Send in your fivers, pay the per-centage on your winnings! Put in your sovs. and the oracle will work! No French pennies taken for the Grand Prix! Look out for my Ascot tip, and don't forget your own "*Tout*" *à vous*. LARGESSE.

SOMETHING LIKE BYE-LAWS!

IT is said—with what truth remains to be seen—that the Thames Conservators, not content with their absurd Bye-Laws in respect to House-Boats and Steam-Launches, have under their serious consideration the desirability of strictly enforcing the following equally sensible and equally necessary regulations:—

Bye-Law No. 1437. From and after the 1st day of April next, no Swans shall be allowed to swim in the River Thames unless properly attired, and no Bathing shall be allowed under any circumstances whatever, unless the person bathing be clothed by Mr. MACINTOSH from head to foot.

Bye-Law No. 1438. No Coal-Barge shall be allowed to navigate the Thames above Teddington Lock, unless supplied with a properly authenticated certificate that the said Barge has been thoroughly cleansed with soap and water before entering the River. Any coals falling overboard to be carefully dredged for, on pain of imprisonment. The use of soap on a House-Boat or Steam-Launch is strictly prohibited, except in the case of Barristers of seven years' standing.

Bye-Law No. 1439. No field or meadow within a quarter of a mile from the river, as the King-fisher flies, shall ever be manured, unless a guarantee be given that no rain shall be allowed to fall on such field or meadow within a lunar month of its being so manured. Any infraction of this Bye-Law to be punished with six months' hard labour on somebody else's land, and a fine of £10 per acre to the nearest Cricket Club.

Bye-Law No. 1440. That no Fish of any description, except minnows under age, shall be allowed, under any pretence whatever, to be in the River Thames during the close season.

Bye-Law No. 1441. No one shall be allowed under any circumstances to wash his hands or face in the River, except when passing over a Weir. The Lock-keepers are ordered to see this regulation strictly carried out. Whenever Cattle are permitted to drink of the River, a Notice-Board must be placed, bearing the following device in white letters on a black ground, and not less than four inches by three in diameter:—"One Minute for Refreshment."

Bye-Law No. 1442. All oars, sculls, and poles intended to be used in the River to be carefully washed with soap and warm water before being allowed to be so used. No sculls to be of more than the ordinary thickness, or they will be treated as being infractions of the patent rights of certain influential persons.

Bye-Law No. 1443. No Water Rats are allowed to enter the River between sunset and sunrise, unless in the enjoyment of robust health, and under no circumstances whatsoever are Eels sufficiently small to enter the pipes of the Water Companies to be permitted to remain in the River more than one calendar week.

* * * * * *

The Conservators having given their whole minds to the calm consideration of these important Bye-Laws, can scarcely consider it possible that they can ever require alteration or amendment; but should that be the case, such proposed alterations or amendments will have to be submitted first to the Board of Inland Revenue, then to the Court of Chancery, and finally to the QUEEN in Council, which will not occupy more than about two years, or cost more than a few thousand pounds, so the remedy will be as simple as it is inexpensive.

N.B.—It is proposed, after every heavy shower during the approaching season, to pour a pipe of Rose-water and a butt of Eau de Cologne into the River, at Silly Bridge, to assist in its purification.

RACY SKETCHES.

By D. Crambo, Junior.

The Course was somewhat heavy.

A Horse showing some notable Racing Points.

Sire (Sigher) and

Dam!

Maiden Allowance.

Settling at the Clubs.

An objection on the ground of "Boring."

Winning by a Clever Head.

A PUZZLER.—Abbreviated Advertisements are economical, if not always intelligible to the uninitiated. Here is one, extracted from the *Guardian*:—

ASS.-CURE, or S. C., by expd. Pt. Young, active. Cath. mus. Married. Oxon pref., but not essen. Address, &c.

We thought at first that it was a new cure by donkey-riding, but have been informed, by a reader of mysteries, "Ass." stands for "Assistant," "Cure" for "Curate," and so on. But at first sight it is not "language understanded of the people."

MOTTO FOR THE ROUVIER CABINET.—"*Pas aujourd'hui, Boulanger.*" *Anglicé*—"Not to-day, Baker."

WHAT is to be gathered from the CROWN PRINCE'S illness, now that he is on the royal road to perfect recovery? Why,—"*Morell*"—MACKENZIE.

THE *City Press* informed us, about ten days ago, that Dr. R. TURTLE PIGOTT, D.C.L., had been unanimously elected Master of the Turners' Company. With such a name why isn't he perpetual Lord Mayor?

A "WISE" APPOINTMENT.—The Attorney-General of South Wales. The Colonists have already got Wisdom in their Councils. The Government has been werry well

THE LATEST THING IN ORGANISATION;

Or, the Ordnance Department remodelled.

SCENE—*Interior of the War Office, with the Council of the* Master-General of the Ordnance *sitting.*

Master-General (*after looking round*). Now I think I have got a pretty fair representative Committee together. I really do. Most gratifying.

Poet-Laureate (*complacently*). Yes. I think on the whole you may take it that we are "men of the highest eminence and authority," as recommended by the Royal Commission. Also that you are a General of the greatest celebrity. Quite what they want. And that reminds me of the lines of my *Promise of May*, which run as follow——

President of the Royal Academy. Pardon me, my Lord, but—*Carambo!* this is too much! Surely we are here not to quote poetry, but to consider stores. Yea, to lay down a standard about them. If you will allow me, I will sketch my notion of some potatoes——

Archbishop of Canterbury. They would be too waxy, Sir FREDERICK! I do not use the word in the schoolboy sense of "angry," but rather as to their texture. That reminds me in my scholastic days I——

Editor of the "Times." Quite so. But we might take it as read. I rather fancy that our present object is, or should be, to consider the character of "soup."

Lord Chancellor. "Soup!" When I was at the Bar "soup" used to mean——

Mr. George Grossmith. Yes, I explained that, either in *Trial by Jury* or *Iolanthe.*

Poet-Laureate. Iolanthe! Surely that was *my* piece——

Mr. Henry Irving (*putting on his pince-nez leisurely*). No, my dear TENNYSON, you are thinking of *The Cup.*

Speaker of the House of Commons (*mechanically*). Are we not wandering from the subject?

First Lord of the Treasury (*promptly—after waking abruptly from his sleep*). Certainly! I am sorry to say that I fear it is my duty to move that the question be now put.

Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn (*querulously*). What question?

The Lord Mayor (*smiling*). He is thinking of the Jubilee. But about this soup—why not have turtle? It is not so much more expensive than anything else, and——

Chairman of the Army and Navy Stores (*producing a Prospectus*). That depends upon where you buy it.

Mr. Whiteley (*sarcastically*). Hear, hear!

Master-General (*waking up*). Order, order! I fear, My Lords and Gentlemen, we do not seem to be approaching a conclusion.

Duke of Cambridge (*with hauteur*). Yes, because my opinion isn't consulted!

Secretary of State for War (*angrily*). Nor mine! Oh yes, I know what you would say. You would quote from the Report of the Commission, and observe, "you are sensible of the difficulty of arranging your relations with us." Well, we are both dumb!

President of the Royal College of Physicians (*blandly*). That seems to me wrong, not only physically, but morally. You and H.R.H. are as much men of "eminence and authority" as ourselves.

Captain of the Oxford Eleven (*lighting a cigarette*). Why, certainly!

Librarian of the British Museum (*with conviction*). And are equally able to judge of the quality of soups as any one else.

Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company (*glad of a chance of speaking*). Exactly.

Headmaster of Westminster School (*pompously*). I don't approve of soup myself. I don't approve of anything. I——

Master-General (*again interrupting*). All this is most interesting, but do you know I do not think we are progressing.

Mr. Augustus Harris (*pondering*). "Do you know" comes from the *Private Secretary*, and is very funny. This, by the way. But now as to my Italian Opera Season——

Lord Chief Justice (*in silvery tones*). I cannot help fancying that we are wandering from the subject. Now this reminds me of a story I heard in America——

Buffalo Bill (*not too cordially*). I beg pardon for interrupting, but I feel very proud of being allowed to join this Committee. I do, indeed. It's very gratifying. That is so?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger (*to Master-General*). Please, my Lord, news has just arrived that war is declared between England and Timbuctoo!

Master-General (*jumping*). What! I am sure you will forgive me, but as I am the Only General in England, if not the world, I must hurry off to the front! This kind of thing may do very well in times of peace, but now that we have a row, the "Ordnance" must shift for itself. Ta-ta, I am off!

(*Committee adjourned sine die.*) [*Exit hurriedly.*

THE BURNT BUILDER DOES NOT DREAD THE FIRE.—The Commune did a vast amount of evil in Paris, and Communists were guilty of wanton destruction. If they had destroyed all the Theatres, and if, which is more important, Architects could have been found to construct new ones with comfortable seats, wide staircases, and many means of easy ingress and egress, something might have been forgiven to the Commune. But let us look at home. How many of our Theatres, which are comfortable enough as far as seats go, will stand the test of a panic? And how about the Churches?

WITH THE INDIANS ON THE DERBY DAY.

(From a North-East Windian Contributor.)

FOR many weeks past, go where I will, I have been unable to escape from a variety of highly and biliously coloured advertisement-pictures of savage Indians and picturesque persons in a sort of Mexican hunter's costume, riding recklessly among prairies, shooting everything and everybody—and of other gallant sportsmen, riding wild buffaloes or bisons, which were represented by the artist as uncommonly spirited animals, all of them like "Old Jo" in the nigger song, "kicking up ahind and afore."

Besides these, I had been haunted by the portrait of the leader of the troupe, BUFFALO BILL himself, who is represented as a sort of wild TENNYSON, of thirty or forty years ago, with a moustache, and a fixed stony stare, suggestive of wool-gathering, which, by the way, may account for the length of his flowing locks. I had heard that BUFFALO BILL, in private, was the Hon. Something CODY, American Senator, who preferred this style of sporting Showman's life to attending in his place in Congress,—just as if Mr. GLADSTONE, led away by his enthusiastic passion for tree-chopping, should chuck up his Parliamentary career, let his hair grow long, assume a picturesque dress, and make a tour of the world, on his own axes, with a company illustrating English life at Hawarden, and calling himself "Woodchopping WILL," or "Crimes BILL"—this having been the distasteful measure which had driven him to go about with a Show.

I was told that BUFFALO BILL's Show at Earl's Court gave a vivid and truthful representation of Life in the Far West—that is a West much farther than Kensington. And so, ever anxious to complete a neglected education, and, from my youth upward, devotedly attached to the novels of FENIMORE COOPER, it occurred to me that the Derby Day offered a chance of seeing BUFFALO BILL's Show in comparative quiet. I don't know to what temperature the Noble Savages and the Cowboys and Cowgirls are accustomed, but on this occasion, the unfortunate spectators in the two-shilling seats, who could not career about, sat in the most piercing draughts that the Wild North-East could provide, a few protecting themselves with huddling together underneath their umbrellas (I personally huddled) while others were turning up their coat-collars, and regretting the absence of wraps. If the weather continues like this, a good trade might be done by the programme-sellers at BUFFALO BILL's in hot-water bottles and foot-warmers.

From what I saw there, I gather that Life in the Wild West is a theatrical, circus-like sort of existence; that everyone dresses in a fancifully embroidered costume, somewhat complicated by its arrangement of leather straps and loose tags; that there is a good deal of tan about, and that there are highly-coloured canvas mountains, trees, and blue sky all round up to a certain height, above which can be seen the attic-windows of the neighbouring houses; that Noble Savages ride in at full gallop to the accompaniment of airs from *La Grande Duchesse*, and other popular tunes, that they swoop and whoop, and squeak and shriek, in all the bravery of their paint and feathers; and that this, as far as I could understand it, is the only "bravery" they display, as there is nothing particularly daring in coming out, some forty or fifty of them, to attack four harmless travellers riding in a tumble-down old ramshackle vehicle—well named the "Dead-wood Coach"—and, on the appearance of BUFFALO BILL and the Cowboys, to gallop away again in abject terror. Nor is it remarkably courageous for the same number of savages, representing the entire tribe, to come out to steal a solitary horse which is quietly grazing on the sawdust plain in front of a log-hut where a man and his wife and a chance traveller, the owner of the aforesaid horse, are taking a little refreshment, with the blinds down. Two Indian scouts stealthily approach the horse, one appropriates it, and the other, in burglarious fashion, climbs on to the roof of the log-hut in order to shoot anyone coming out at the door, which he could have done just as well if he had remained, like a sort of Indian *Chevy Slyme*, "round the corner," without taking this extra trouble. In the meantime "the Braves" are in ambush behind some property trees and rocks. Suddenly, bang go rifles, the Cowboys, headed by BUFFALO BILL, appear; more wild banging; the Indians ride round and round, and, with screams and shouts and more war-whooping, scuttle off as hard as they can in the direction of the painted trees and rocks, behind which is their encampment. In fact, whenever the Noble Savages come into collision with the Cowboys, they get the worst of it.

But is this the true story of Wild West life? Why should the Noble Savages be always beaten by the Cowboys? It is a fight between Cowboys and Cow-ards. One day the Indians will turn sulky, and refuse to play any more, unless the Cowboys agree to be alternately the defeated party.

Then there was a scene showing how one Indian tribe, out for a pleasant pic-nic party, are just settling down comfortably, when up come a hostile tribe. There was a sort of Donnybrook fair of whooping and sham-fighting, and when the pic-nickers had been evicted, the new occupiers of the sawdust indulged in a most unimpressive, ungraceful, and generally idiotic terpsichorean performance, which the programme tells us is a War-dance.

Taken altogether, I should say that these Noble Savages are born circus-riders, and have a fine natural aptitude for equestrian performances, but are somewhat deficient in humour. I saw one of the younger warriors attempting some comic business, but he was immediately suppressed. Yet what a feature a tribe of wild Clowns might be, in all their paint, with, of course, their Pantaloons, and a few extra cockscombs and feathers! The Honble. CODY, who, as BUFFALO BILL, doesn't do much except career about, take off his hat gracefully, and shoot at glass balls, which, though clever, is not quite a novelty, might discover a Pantomime Tribe in time for Christmas.

The buck-jumping is the only thing that doesn't seem to me to smell of the footlights and sawdust. It is a decidedly exciting, and really dangerous, performance. It struck me that the "Wild West" on the cold, North-easterly Derby Day, seemed to be rather a Tame West, the depression being, perhaps, attributable to a natural feeling of resentment on the part of the Cowboys and Indians at being kept at work instead of being taken for a holiday to see the Derby. But B. B. knows best; and if the Noble Savages had once got a sniff of freedom and the fresh air of the Downs, they might have gone for a lark all over Surrey, have attacked the Dorking Coach, driven the donkey-boys off the sands of Margate, won all the nuts at shooting, scalped the Nigger Minstrels, frightened the Nurserymaids, seized the bathing-machines, and used them as an encampment in the plains of Thanet, set the local police at defiance, and at last, after refusing to return to the Honble. CODY, they might have come to terms with the other BILL—Albert Palace BILL, the People's Caterer—or arranged for a Show with GUS-SI-HA-RIS, the great White Chief of the Pan-to-mi-mis. Only one word in the Honble. CODY's ear,—I should let the Indians win now and then, just for a treat. Also, what's the use of that gallant sportsman who ascends a pulpit and makes continual harangues, presumably descriptive of the Show, but scarcely one word of which could I, or those about me, catch on that lamentably cold Derby Day? I hope somebody hears him, as otherwise, if he is doing this twice every day, he is rather wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Tame West Kensington.

"Our Turn Next."

ALL AT SEA.

THE column of "Naval Intelligence" has, during the last few days, been supplying the inquisitive portion of the public who refer to it, with some lively, if not encouraging, reading.

The Torpedo Channel Fleet appears to have been coming to grief. Out of the twenty-four vessels that took part in the recent manœuvres, eleven are reported as having returned disabled. The fatal disaster that overtook No. 47 is already well known, and No. 57 seems only just to have escaped a similar fate. Nos. 43 and 66 "came into collison," while Nos. 27, 41, 42, 44, 50, and 56 are all posted as having been "temporarily disabled by breakdowns" in their respective engine-rooms. No. 45 closes the list with the announcement of a "damaged screw." Indeed, that there is a screw loose somewhere, is evident from the above catalogue of catastrophes. One of the firms who supplied most of the faulty vessels in question, writes to the *Times* to clear their character, and charges the Admiralty with creating the fiasco by handing their management over to uninstructed crews and inefficient officers. If this is the case, the Naval Intelligence Department should lose no time in sharpening its wits and looking into the matter. The Review at Spithead is to come off shortly; but if nearly 50 per cent. of Her Majesty's ships present on the occasion are going to collide, blunder, and break down, from any cause whatever, it had certainly better be postponed.

ADVICE TO DHULEEP SINGH IN RUSSIA.—"Do look before you do leap, SINGH." The British Lion is quiet, but wide-awake.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "NO! I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE. BUT I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM!"
He. "BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO DANCE WITH THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE ROOM. I WANT TO DANCE WITH *YOU!*"

A (LATE) "SPRING CLEANING."

(*At St. Stephen's.*)

MR. PUNCH (*to the Laundress of the House of Commons*) *loquitur*:—

AH! Scrub! scrub! scrub!
And squirt! squirt! squirt!
But there is a foulness filling the House,
That clingeth closer than dirt.
It is all very well, my industrious friend,
With brush, and mop, and pail,
To labour away, but you'll find in the end,
That your arduous efforts will fail.
It is not the remnants of Winter's fog,
Which the cushions stain and the carvings clog,
It is not the traces of London smoke,
Which the corners dim and the crevices choke,
Your detergent skill will defeat.
It is not lodgments of March's dust,
Which the ledges clog and the draperies crust,
That shame the House,
And defy your *nous*,
To make it clean and sweet.
Verily no,—there's a deadlier stain,
To wash away which you will labour in vain.

"'Tis a dirty House!" Long long ago,
Sham-penitent SHERIDAN muttered his *mot*.
As with insolence airy he rose from his knees,
And flicked with a gesture of indolent ease
The dust of the floor from his breeches.
A dirty House! It is dirtier now,
In the sense subtle SHERIDAN hinted, I trow,
With Tory rudeness, with Radical row,
And the heat of Hibernian speeches.
Who was it said there was no better plan
Than hitting a man with a frying-pan,
Because if it failed your opponent to hurt
It was certain at least to administer—dirt?
A cynical saying, but true as it's smart,
And St. Stephen's has certainly laid it to heart.
With weary persistency night after night
The Members indulge in a frying-pan fight
Quite worthy the slums of old Drury.
No pair of viragos half-maddened with rage
In Billingsgate's purlieus their warfare could wage
With more indiscriminate fury
Than "gentlemen" fresh from their Chambers and Clubs,
With the garb of Pall Mall and the manners of "Pubs."
Ah! shame on the recreants, Madam,
Who give you this work! When men meet in the fray,
Whatever the sides, and whenever the day,
A contest *will* raise the old Adam;
But stoop to foul blows and foul language? Let fly
The vulgarian oath? Give each other the lie
Like a lot of inebriate costers?
No, Ma'am, Tory bloods or Hibernian boors,
Or Radical tag-rag prolific in roars,
As gentlemen all are impostors!

How long? Young patricians who think it a joke
Coarse provocative fun at mad Paddies to poke,
Mad Paddies who fancy a patriot's fame
Is brightened by speech that a bargee would shame,
How long will your mutual madness
Be borne by a much sickened land? *Punch* reproves
Both Benches, all sides, for the shame of it moves
His soul to revolt and to sadness.
What better the shouting young swell in his manners
Than CONYBEARES coarse or than insolent TANNERS?
Shame on them all round, for they're all bringing shame
On a glorious scene, an illustrious name.
Scrub on, Ma'am, a people expectant
Demand something more, for the country's aware
That your mop, and your pail, and your housewifely care,
Although they may tackle foul paint and foul air,
Can't deal with foul language! Alas, Ma'am, that there,
Where patriots have thundered, these traitors should dare
To degrade and defile, till the besom you bear
Is helpless, and England will have to prepare
For the House, once her pride, now her shame and despair,
A pump and a strong disinfectant!

WILL the Children's Three Weeks in the Country take place in the merry month of Jeune? *Vive La Jeunesse!*

"THE LIBERAL SPLIT."—A Brandy-and-Soda between two, when one drinks for both and the other pays.

A (LATE) "SPRING CLEANING."

MR. P. (*to Charwoman of House of Commons*). "PUMP AWAY, OLD LADY! 'TISN'T THE FOUL AIR,—IT'S THE *FOUL LANGUAGE* WE WANT TO GET RID OF!!"

REFLECTIONS—"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

Mr. Punch. It is not a play at all. It is a study of character, of one character, *Lena Despard*, admirably portrayed by Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

Mr. Nibbs. You have read Mr. PHILLIPS' novel, of course.

Mr. Punch. Yes. The Diary of a Bad Girl—of a *Becky Sharp*, in fact—decidedly clever, and interesting, but as lacking in construction as is the dramatic version of it; that is, if this can be called a dramatic version, which is only the novel unstitched, and the leaves distributed among a certain number of actors.

Beere not Stout, but rather Lena.

Mr. Nibbs. There are the materials for a good play in the novel.

Mr. Punch. Certainly there are. The novel suggests an idea for a good play, but Mr. GROVE has done nothing with it. An audience should have been told at first of the connection between *Captain Jack Fortinbras* (a part for which the management ought not to have chosen Mr. STANDING, whom it doesn't suit in the least) and the Chief of the Russian Police, who is brought in as the *deus ex machinâ*, without rhyme or reason, whenever there is a knot to be untied. M. MARIUS plays *Count Dromiroff* very amusingly, the only fault about his performance being, that his bearing and manner convey the idea that he is only a superior Head-Detective masquerading as a Russian Nobleman. If this view is correct, then the *Dromiroff* of M. MARIUS is an excellent performance, but if *Dromiroff* is really a Russian Nobleman, then I think M. MARIUS's impersonation is a mistake.

Mr. Nibbs. The other parts are weak as water.

Mr. Punch. Partly the fault of the Actors and of the characters. Mr. DENISON's representation of *Sir Thomas Gage* as a Punch Doll, with a joint or two loose, and an imitation of Mr. BANCROFT's peculiar high note, by way of a squeaky chuckle, is a praiseworthy attempt at giving a little relief to rather tedious scenes. The fact is, the success of the piece is Mrs. BERNARD BEERE as *Lena Despard*, and I have never seen SARA's pupil more worthy of her talented teacher than is Mrs. BEERE in this character. Not that in this piece Mrs. BEERE owes anything directly to SARA, except the death-scene—(doesn't *Fedora* call out that "It burns! It burns!" and doesn't she writhe in agonies? I think so, if I remember aright)—and, indirectly, the impersonation seemed to me, to owe something to SARA's *L'Etrangère*, a *rôle* that would suit Mrs. BEERE down to the ground, though no doubt she would prefer the original part of *Lena Despard*, in order to have the merit of "creating," and to avoid comparisons.

Mr. Nibbs. Your remarks do not detract in any way from the excellence of her performance.

Mr. Punch. No; on the contrary, there is no reason why the pupil should not improve upon the teacher, and in this play Mrs. BEERE has done more, for she has improved on herself. Her affectations and low notes are discarded, and if the character were only more developed than it is, if it were a well-constructed play with strong situations, her *Lena Despard* would probably merit the description of a really fine performance, of which it now just falls short. But I shall rejoice in the success of this piece for several reasons.

Lena and Supporter.

Mr. Nibbs. Well, Sir, it seems to me that the permission of the Licenser of Plays having been given to this, it could not logically be refused to an English play on the model of *Françillon*, for example.

Mr. Punch. Exactly. And I was pleased to notice the audience patiently listening to dialogue, which, though good, and frequently witty, failed to develop, or even illustrate, character. The scenes dragged, but the audience listened and though wearied, were on the whole interested, and ready to appreciate any touch of sentiment or humour. I do not say it is a piece for *Mr. Podsnap's* "young person" to see. No; it is not, most decidedly, any more than the novel, *As in a Looking-Glass*, is for "the young person's" perusal.

Mr. Nibbs. A Bad Girl's Diary placed on the stage is rather unwholesome food, Sir? Don't you think so?

Mr. Punch. To some, not to others. It is a story of the seamy-side of life, vice is not rendered attractive, and there is no reality whatever about the suicide,—(though there is great reality in Mrs. BEERE's acting in the death-scene, which I should think was the *raison d'être* of the play)—which only serves the dramatist and the novelist just as the Russian detective served them,—as a means for getting rid of a troublesome character, and as a happy thought for stifling all inquiries as to any other personages in whose fate readers, or spectators, might have felt some interest. Critics who can accept and praise this as a model play, must be ignorant of the essential canons of dramatic composition. If this is a good play, then construction is a mere waste of time. Let us to an opera. [*Exeunt.*

"NEW WORDS FOR OLD TUNES."

MR. PUNCH has noticed that there is a decided want of novelty in the baritone and bass songs of the day. They do not march with the times. The same old "Pirates," "Scouts," "Vagabonds," &c., are still to the fore. The same old monks are still quaffing and laughing ha! ha! and ho! ho! *Mr. Punch*, therefore, begs to submit the following—written up to date in choice Pink'unese—with Glossary annexed.

THE JUBILEE JUGGINS.

Song for Baritone or Bass,—in one flat.

In the Major. Oh! "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "oof,"
To shout and to yell at the "Pav." and the "Troc."
Regardless of "writters" and "taking the knock,"
To join in the choruses night after night,
In every key but the one that is right,
To nod to the singers and call them by name,
It 's thus that the Juggins seeks glory and fame.
To climb up a lamp-post and "paint the town red,"
Then "run in" by "bobbies" to Vine Street to bed.
Then knock up a "pal" for the requisite bail,
Off to Marlborough Street the next day without fail,
A Magistrate's caution, a fine of five bob,
A head never ceasing to ache and to throb,
Oh! "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "oof."

In the Minor. But, Jubilee Juggins, beware of the day,
When the golden-egg'd "oof-bird" no longer can lay.
When the "writters" grow rampant and run you to ground,
And the gay little "stumer" no longer goes round.
When the "fiver" has ceased to be ready to hand,
And the humble half-crown e'en is scarce in the land.
Where then are your friends of the "Pav." and the "Troc."
They are off with the "oof-bird," you 've "taken the knock,"
Then the clothes run to seed, and the linen grows dim,
And the hat grows more flabby each day in the brim,
Then the boots which were always so natty and neat,
Only cling in despair to the poor weary feet—
Those feet grown so weary in searching around,
For those fair-weather friends—never more to be found.
(*With a devil-may-care expression.*)

In the Major. Still "rippin'" it is thus to sport and to "spoof,"
As a Jubilee Juggins with plenty of "oof!"

GLOSSARY OF TERMS.

Rippin'. A term much used in the upper circles. The final *g* is never sounded by the best people.

Spoof. From the Dutch—a merry game or pastime—see Dr. ARTHUR ROBERTS' Philological Dictionary. (Very rare and scarce.)

Jubilee Juggins. A Juggins—amplification of Jug. A vessel you soon get to the bottom of. *Jubilee* Juggins—an exceptional Juggins.

Pav. and Troc. Homes of classical music.

Writters. Time-servers.

Taking the knock. Derived from *Nox et præterea nihil:* hence "making a night of it,"

"If you always are 'making a night of it,'
There is nothing much left for the day!"

Paint the town red. A custom derived from the Romans, who after their orgies would often sally forth and paint the town red till all was blue.

Run in. You are generally "run in" after being "found out."

Oof-bird. A new edition of the Goose with the Golden Eggs. Nearly extinct.

Stumer. A badly executed drawing—wanting in balance and effects.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Our County Member (attending Church during the Recess). "I BEG TO MOVE, SIR, THAT THE QUESTION BE NOW PUT!"

WANTED—THE INSTITUTE!

SCENE—*Underground Railway Carriage.* TIME—10 A.M. *Train going Citywards.*

Vivacious and Well-Informed Passenger (trying to get up a conversation, cheerily). What's this about English troops evacuating Egypt, eh?

[*Stony silence among occupants of a crowded compartment. The Gentleman in the corner opposite* Vivacious Passenger *examines the top of his umbrella carefully.*

Vivacious Passenger (not to be denied, addressing Cornerman *pointedly).* Eh, Sir? What do *you* think about evacuating Egypt, that we've taken so much trouble and spent such a deal of blood and treasure to conquer?

Cornerman (trying to be polite). What place is it you said—er—that our troops were going to—er—to evacuate?

Vivacious Passenger (heartily). Egypt, Egypt!

Cornerman. Oh,—Egypt, of course. I didn't know we had any troops there—er—that is——

[*Grins feebly towards fellow-passengers, as if expecting moral support in an unpleasant predicament.*

Disputatious Party (laying down his newspaper). Nor did I. Blessed if I think we have,—there!

acious Passenger (surprised). What! No British soldiers in Egypt?

Disputatious Party (getting angry). No; I don't believe there's one, not since General GORDON was killed; what business have British troops there, eh? Don't Egypt belong to the—the—(*feels doubtful, but decides to risk it*)—the Italians? That's what I want to know?

[*Resumes study of Newspaper savagely.*

Vivacious Passenger. Italians! My dear——

Cornerman (as an exceptionally happy thought, suddenly). Haven't we just annexed Egypt?

Vivacious Passenger (pityingly). No, no! You're thinking of *Zululand!* We've annexed Zululand, that's all.

Cornerman (relieved). Ah! that's it, is it? Well, then, how about the Ameer? What'll *he* do, as we've annexed his country?

Vivacious Passenger (worried). Ameer! Why, that's Afghanistan you're thinking of.

Hitherto Silent Listener (interposing with air of helping Cornerman *out of a difficulty).* Yes, that's right; and KETCHWAYO's King of the Zulus. *He'll* come to England sharp enough, now his country's annexed! It'll be a case of Melbury Road. You trust old KETCH!

[*Goes off into convulsions of mysterious merriment.*

Vivacious Passenger (still more annoyed). KETCHWAYO! Why, he's been dead several years. He was killed by USIBEPU, you know, after Lord WOLSELEY made the settlement which——

[*Jumps out hurriedly, having caught the name of his Station just in time. Exit upstairs pensively, and determines to subscribe to the Imperial Institute forthwith, hoping that when established it will make Englishmen understand rather more about the Empire which they are supposed to govern.*

BOGEY!

"DURING the three years which have to elapse before the proposed date (of the English evacuation of Egypt) is reached, England will be constantly conspiring against us, not only in Egypt, but in Europe, and indeed throughout the whole world, on sea and on land."—*M. John Lemoine in the "Matin."*

O JOHN LEMOINE! O JOHN LEMOINE!
From what mad farce did you purloin,
This wild conceit of phrenzy full,
About the Frenchman's bogey, BULL?
"Throughout the world on sea and land?"
Ah! JOHN stay not that sweeping hand,
But add—why not?—that we'll conspire,
In air, in water, and in fire,
Man of the semi-English name,
JOHN, why another JOHN defame,
In this wild way? They call you sage,
Then why disgrace your sober page,
With frantic fustian which might do,
For ROCHEFORT and his rabid crew?
The JOHN BULL of your foolish fear,
Is simply a JOHN BULL *pour rire:*
A man of straw, a dream, a figment,
Of race distrust and party pigment.
There's no such person, my dear JOHN,
Take this your *Punch's* word upon.
In fact, old friend, it's all my eye
And petty "*Matin!*" Twig? *Do* try!

WHAT Weather!—The Jubilee Year, too! Does Jubilee Pluvius—no we mean Jupiter Pluvius,—consider himself the Raining Favourite? But there is no Jupiter Pluvius now. "The Old Gods are dead." Exactly. Jupiter Pluvius has kicked the bucket, and its contents are still being poured out on us poor mortals.

THE ACADEMY GUY'D.

No. 46. Poor thing! "Hi! here! Where are my clothes?"

No. 76. The Baffled Bather. "What with the Police-boat outside, and the Sea-gulls here, and somebody, I 'm sure, looking over the cliff, a quiet bathe is impossible."

No. 14. Drawing a Check on his Trousers.

No. 899. The Grey of the Morning. Time, 5 A.M. "Just com'ome. Been hearing Corn Grain play 'n shing. Wish I could play 'n shing like Corngrai. Wonder what I 'm doing. Can't get up, 'cos think my brashesh got brok'n."

No. 924. "Bring up the boat! I can't jump on to that thing!"

"*Sell's Dictionary*," sounds like a sort of Practical Joker's Guide. It is a most useful compilation, full of interesting material about Journalism all over the world. We should doubt whether any book can give complete information on such a subject,—but of course we say this with the schoolboys' ancient reservation of "Bar Sell's."

No. 658. Mr. Phunky. "Think I won't wear this hunting-coat. I 'm sure I shall be off at the first fence."

THE FUTURE IN THE CRYSTAL.

(A Legend of Sydenham.)

Mr. Ripvan Winkle found the Meeting very wearisome. The Chairman was full of statistics, proving conclusively that unless the Debenture-holders sacrificed some of their interest, the Institution must collapse.

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed Mr. Winkle as he rose from his seat, and hurried away to the Refreshment Department. To his surprise, on leaving the Lecture-room, he was met by a hideous-looking waiter who beckoned him to carry a barrel of whiskey. Naturally good-natured, Ripvan shouldered the cask and marched to the bar. A pale silent young woman opened the barrel, poured some of the whiskey into a large glass, added a little Apollinaris water to the draft, and invited Winkle to drink. Nothing loth, he obeyed. Scarcely had the liquid passed his lips ere, amidst the sounds of demon laughter, he fell asleep. Such a sleep, it seemed to last for centuries! When Ripvan awoke he was alone. His umbrella (nearly new before his slumber) crumbled away in his hand from extreme old age. His white beard reached his knees, his clothes were in tatters. He looked round—the refreshment bar—the glass roof—all had disappeared, and apparently he was in a railway arch. He rose from the ground, and determined to pass through the Courts and then get into the Gardens. But, alas! There was no Crystal Palace. It had entirely disappeared! In the place of the Alhambra Court there was a Furniture Warehouse—where the Rosary had been he found a hideous terrace of stucco-faced cottages.

"And has it come to this?" he exclaimed, with a sigh.

"Come to what, old man?" asked a Policeman, who was wearing a garb entirely unfamiliar to him.

"Where is the Crystal Palace?" said Ripvan, answering one question by putting another.

"The Crystal Palace!" responded the Constable, after some consideration. "I fancy it used to lie in the direction of West Kensington, as they call Reading nowadays."

"Then where are we now?"

"Why, in South-East Kensington, to be sure, stoopid!" exclaimed the custodian, impatiently. "Every fool can see that."

Ripvan hesitated to put the next query. At length he mustered up courage to ask "whether in its new shape the Crystal Palace paid?"

"Paid! Why, in course not! London's overbuilt, and there isn't much chance of house property paying! And now I come to think of it, I do remember the Crystal Palace. I thought I knew the name! It was on this very site! Why, to be sure, I have heard a lot about the shareholders."

"What?" Ripvan asked, eagerly.

"Why, that they were all buried in one grave, having died of broken hearts."

"Oh, no, no!"

"But I say, yes, yes! It all comes back to me! They would do nothing, so the ground was sold at an enormous sacrifice, and built over. It has never paid, and the purchase-money barely met existing liabilities. It was a pity, as ever since the disappearance of the poor old place the Alexandra Palace has thriven wonderfully."

Ripvan burst into tears—and woke. He was still at the Meeting. It was breaking up, having decided nothing. "There is only one thing to be done!" he murmured earnestly. "I must write to the *Times*. The Palace *must* be saved." And so it must!

"The Promise of May"-er.—Sara Bernhardt for a French Play season in July.

The Hazard of the Die.—The New Coinage.

ITALIANO IN COVENTO GARDENO.

IT is still apparently undecided whether to call him Signor GAYARRE or GAYARRÉ—printers and pronouncers differ; but about one thing there is no doubt, that he has never been in finer voice than he was for *La Favorita* last Tuesday—an excellent Opera, by the way, to give on the eve of the Derby; and *Mr. Punch's* Operatic tip is, to go for the Favourite if it is given again during the season, and back GAYARRÉ for a tenor.

Conducting himself in the most Perfect Manner.

Rigoletto was given on Thursday. Miss ELLA RUSSELL, as *Gilda*, received an enthusiastic call after the "*Caro nome*," when she disappears up the ladder, and goes for change of air to the upper C. The *Rigoletto* Signor DEVOYOD was a decided success, and the duet between *Rigoletto* and *Gilda* was one of the hits of a first-rate performance.

Signor FIGUER took the part of the Duke at short notice, and of course it is quite intelligible that to be figuering as a Duke at short notice is very trying. He was not a self-supporting tenor, but contributed his fair share to the concerted pieces. Signor BEVIGNANI was the Conductor. By the way, is the Omnibus Box so called because it is in a line with the Conductor? Mr. WAGSTAFF was present and asked us this Conundrum: If *Rigoletto's* house were in London, in what part would it be situated? The curtain was just rising on the last Act as he whispered the answer,—"In the Fool'em Road, S.W." Then WAGSTAFF left.

Fine performance of *Faust* on Saturday night, with Madame ALBANI as *Margherita*. Signor GAYARRÉ came out uncommonly strong in vocalisation as *Faust*, but left the acting to Madame ALBANI. No one can accuse Signor DEVOYOD of being devoyod of rare acting and singing powers. His *Valentine* was a very powerful impersonation. Madame SCALCHI admirable, as usual, as the ill-used *Siebel;* but "Signor" LORRAIN'S *Mephisto* was made up rather like a French clown, and he was perpetually attitudinising as if arranging a series of *poses plastiques*. His laugh in the serenade was too Christy Minstrellish. Chorus and Orchestra first-rate, house brilliant. *Mr. Punch* wishes every success to the three Italian Operatic Managers, Signor LAGO, Signor MAPLESONIO, and Signor HARRIZIO. As Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD used to sing, "O are we not a musical nation!"

FREE SPEECH.

A SPECIAL Committee having been appointed to inquire into the "conduct of Debate," for the purpose of framing some new rules that may be found serviceable in enabling Parliamentary discussion to be carried on in future, more in accordance with the entire liberty of speech and freedom from hampering restrictions that have recently developed themselves in the House of Commons, the following preliminary tentative regulations to meet the requirements of the case have already been drawn up, and will be put in force upon the re-assembling of Members after the Recess:—

No Member making use of the language of a bargee, coal-heaver, coster-monger, or drayman, or indulging in any number of popular adjectives, shall be regarded as offending against the good taste of the House. The words "cur," "liar," "scoundrel," "hippopotamus," "thief," and the like, may be freely used in the course of debate, and applied by one Member to another, and they may be strengthened by the addition of any number of opprobrious epithets without calling for any intervention on the part of the Chair.

Cat-calling, yelling, whistling, shouting, swearing, and shrieking, shall be accepted as a legitimate interruption to the progress of any discussion, and if there is any attempt to stifle this unrestricted and free expression of opinion, a dead set may be made at the Chair.

The SPEAKER, or Chairman of Committees, if rendering himself, by his interference, obnoxious to any section of the House, may be pelted with rotten eggs, bags of flour, the lighter sorts of street refuse, and orange-peel, and, if endeavouring to protect himself with an open umbrella, may be hooted at persistently until he be compelled, in self-defence, to leave the Chair.

In any attempt to enforce the "Closure," brickbats, stout-bottles, and dead cats may be added to the above-mentioned missiles.

An American drinking-bar will be opened inside the House, under the Strangers' Gallery, for the use of those Obstructionist Members who wish to stimulate their jaded spirits on the spot, and "Chair Tickler," "Speaker's Nettle," "Constitution Smasher," and other appropriate beverages, will be obtainable at all hours.

Horse-whips and six-shooters will be procurable in the lobbies and be at the disposal of all Members who wish actively to prolong any further any discussion commenced within the House in the progress of debate.

A THEATRICAL "PROPERTY."

UNDER the heading "Stage," an advertisement has recently appeared in the *Times*, announcing that the third term of a certain "dramatic class" has commenced, and that fees paid for it will include one of the parts (several of which are not yet filled) in the next public performance. It is probable that this announcement reveals a revival of the old amateur theatre system of half a century since, when anyone could play *Macbeth*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, or *Charles* (*his friend*) for a consideration regulated in amount by the importance of the part purchased for performance. This may be, or may not be, the case, but if the latter, there is no reason why the omission should not be at once supplied. A little training would do no harm to our amateur friends, who take to the Stage with as little hesitation as a duck takes to water, but, as a rule, with a very different result. To make our meaning plainer, we append a Table which might be furnished to every Student on matriculation:—

FEES FOR THE ROCKET-STICK DRAMATIC CLASS.

	£	s.	d.
Course of Six Lectures upon the Works of TERENCE .	£1	1	0
Ditto, with public performance of Third Officer in *Lady of Lyons*	2	15	6
The Plays of SHAKSPEARE—four Addresses . . .	0	10	6
Ditto, with privilege of reading to Class a One-Act original Farce	4	10	6
An Address on Mimicry, as practised before the Christian Era	1	1	1
Ditto, with public performance of Monkey in comic *ballet d'action*	5	5	0
First Lecture on "The Art of Acting in Ten Minutes"	1	1	0
Ditto, with privilege of playing *Claudius* at a real London theatre in a version of *Hamlet* with the title *rôle* omitted	3	3	0
Second Lecture on "The Art of Acting in Ten Minutes"	0	10	6
Ditto, with Lesseeship of third-rate West-End Theatre, with the right to play any and everything, supported by a company of fellow-students, per month . .	2,000	0	0

N.B.—All money must be paid in advance. No particular success guaranteed.

ÆSOP IN PARLIAMENT.

(*Suggested as a Development of Lord Salisbury's Fable of the Ulster Rabbit and the Parnellite Bore Obstructor.*)

No. I.—THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN.

A CONSERVATIVE Lion, with shaggy mane and an irreproachable tail, was roaming on the political sea-shore, when seeing a Liberal-Unionist Dolphin basking lazily on the surface of the water, he invited him to form an alliance with him; "for," said he, "as I am the King of the Tory Beasts, and you are the King of the Fishy Amphibians, we ought to be the greatest friends and allies possible." The Dolphin readily assented; and the Lion not long after having a fight with an Irish Bull, called upon the Dolphin for his promised support, which as the Bull rushed bellowing into the water, the Dolphin was enabled to give. But when the Lion subsequently had a contest with a strong Midlothian Tiger over an exclusively English bone of contention, and the Dolphin found himself unable to go out of the sea to assist, the Conservative Lion accused him of having betrayed him. "Do not blame me," said the Liberal-Unionist Dolphin in reply, "but blame my Constituents, who, however much they may approve of my helping to tackle an Irish Bull, forbid my assisting you in Tory schemes for domestic legislation."

Moral.—In choosing allies we must look to their power as well as their will to help us. We must also remember that there is another WILL, a Grand Old Will, to be considered.

THE First Year of a Silken Reign, by Messrs. TUER and FAGAN, would be an interesting book at any time, and is specially so for this Jubilee Year. The illustrations are most valuable for reference, and the hungriest student will own that rarely has he come across such platefuls of excellent material. Taking the *pabulum* served with these plates, the work results in "a dish to set before a Queen"—and her loving subjects.

"DISTURBED DISTRICTS."—Neighbourhoods full of Quiet Streets where Organ-fiends, Street-singers, and Inharmonious minstrels revel.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Draw[illegible] Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when* accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed [illegible]per. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

AN INTERVIEW WITH A SINGH-ULAR INDIVIDUAL.

(*By Our Quite Abroad Contributor.*)

ON receiving your instructions to follow the Doo (as DHULEEP is familiarly called in Russia) to Moscow, I hurriedly left Folkestone at noon by the *Mary Beatrice*, and after a prosperous voyage, arrived at my destination in time for lunch. As Moscow is not so well

"FILLALOO! OULD INDIA FOR EVER!"

known as it should be in England, I venture to send you a few notes that may enable you to form some conception of its characteristics. It has an excellent harbour from which the luxurious steamboats of the South-Eastern Railway can depart or arrive at any hour. This harbour will soon be replaced by one even more commodious, permitting the use of larger boats driven at a greater speed, and thus still further reducing the time in travelling from England to Russia. Boolongsurmerikoff (as the subjects of the CZAR call Moscow) is very lively. It has an excellent Casino where capital concerts and theatrical representations are given twice a day, an unrivalled *plage* with admirable sea-bathing and any number of pretty country drives. The hotels are of the first quality, the Meuriceski in the Rue Victorhugokoff being unquestionably the best of them. For the rest Boolongsurmerikoff is filled with the cheeriest of Englishmen and the most amiable of Muscovites.

As I drove through the Rue Victorhugokoff to the Hotel Meuriceski, I found the street almost blocked with enthusiastic parents who were marching after their sons garbed as athletes. It appeared that the athletes (lads of eighteen or thereabouts) were going to engage in many feats of strength, including the "boxe Anglaise," in an adjacent suburb, and consequently that it was necessary that they should parade the city to the music of a band of children before starting forth on their adventures. During the day I ran across the procession breaking out in various parts of the city.

Once established in comfortable quarters, I made inquiries, and learned that I was likely to find the Doo in the Haute Ville, or high town. Warned by the want of success of the Representative of the *Times*, that strategy would be necessary to obtain an interview, I assumed an appropriate disguise. I put on a long-tail coat, enormous collars, gigantic boots, and singularly-patterned trousers. I wore an unusually high hat, carried a banjo, and darkened my face and hands to the tint of a Hottentot. The Doo, I was told, was got up as a stage Irishman—I would visit him in the garb of a music-hall nigger. I walked through the streets of Boolongsurmerikoff without attracting much attention—Englishmen are accustomed abroad to dress rather strangely—and was soon in the court-yard of the house in which the Doo was residing. A few Indians, in the costumes of British tourists, were lounging about. Upon seeing me, they immediately threw off their outer garments and boots, seized tom-toms, and began to dance and sing. The force of nature impelled them to welcome in me not only a man but a brother.

"Golly, golly!—dat you, SAMBO?" said I, in the purest Hindustani. "Is de poor iddle SING in de house?"

The Indians, still beating their drums with their hands, and jumping about as they sang a sort of dirge, nodded their heads affirmatively, and, by their gestures, invited me to enter. Nothing loth, I acted upon their suggestion, and found their master on the first-floor. The swarthy and portly Doo was wearing grey stockings, buff breeches, a tail-coat, a red waistcoat, a hat with a pipe stuck in it, and a shillelagh.

"Golly, golly!—dat you, SAMBO?" I repeated.

"Yah, yah!—dat is me, Sar!" replied the Doo, for a moment off his guard; then, recollecting his assumed character, he continued, "Bedad, what de ye mane? Is it myself that ye 're afther, Masther dear?"

Pleased at this friendly reception, I explained to the Doo that I had come over expressly to see him, to ascertain if he really was in receipt of Russian gold.

"Look at that, now!" he exclaimed, with indignation that I trust was not assumed. "Is it myself that would so demane myself as to take the dhirty gould of the Saxon?—I mane the Muscovite!"

"I am heartily glad to learn this, your Highness," I observed. "After all the kindness you received in England, it would be a sad return were you to number yourself amongst our enemies."

"What are ye spaking about?" cried the Doo. "Why do ye call me out of my name? Shure I am PAT CASEY."

Without a moment's hesitation I struck up a plantation song on my banjo, and began to walk round the apartment. The Doo tried hard to restrain himself, but nature once more was too many for him. After a struggle he got up, and joined me in my quaint promenade; and when I indulged in a wild, joyous break-down, he followed my example. As he did this the Acting Edition of the *Colleen Bawn* fell from his pocket, and I became aware of the source of his Irish inspiration.

When we were both exhausted with our energetic capers, we sat down and rested. I told the Doo that disguise was no longer possible—that I had recognised him.

"Yah! yah! De ole niggar am found dis niggar out! Yah! yah!" returned His Highness, smilingly, speaking his native Hindustani for the first time, in token of submission.

I explained that a great many injurious reports were afloat, thanks chiefly to his own reticence in concealing his motives. He assured me that he would have been only too pleased to have seen the Representative of the *Times*, if he had only approached him in the right manner, *as I had done*. He then promised to give me the fullest information on the morrow, if I called before twelve o'clock. With this we parted, with a second national dance, indicative of mutual esteem and goodwill.

I had scarcely returned to the street when I was seized by members of the Third Section of the Russian Police, gagged, bound hand and foot and sent back to England.

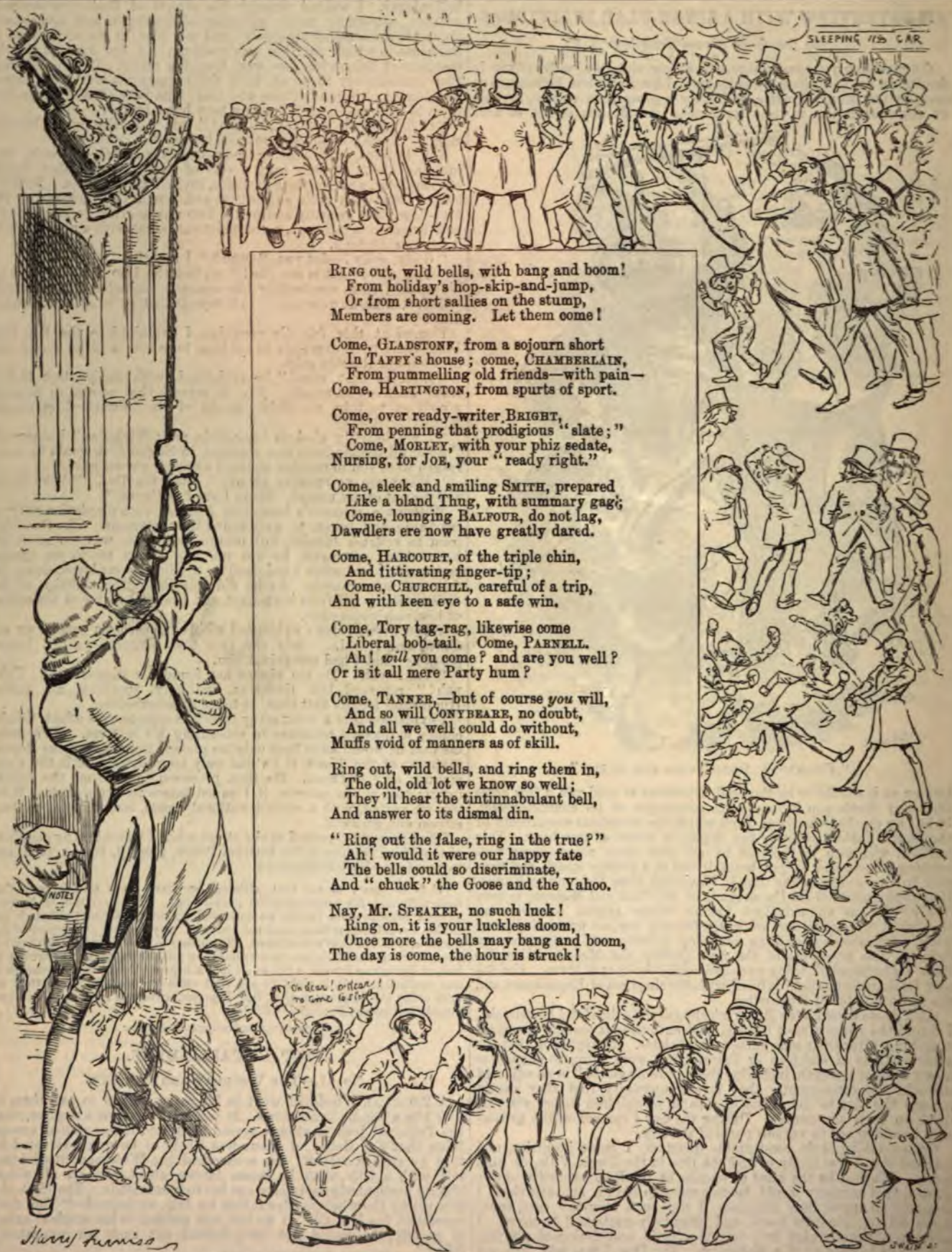
[It is necessary to say that, although we have every confidence in Our Representative, his communication puzzles us. His description of Moscow under a Russian name (which we now read for the first time) although not altogether unfamiliar to us, does not convey a very distinct impression of the second city of the Czar's dominions. He appears to have found the Maharajah a specimen of the Ethiopian race rather than an Asiatic, which is contrary to fact, as DHULEEP SINGH is not at all like a negro. The abrupt conclusion is also confusing. It is right to add that until we received this letter, we were under the impression that Our Representative was spending the Whitsuntide holidays at Boulogne.—ED.]

ÆSOP IN PARLIAMENT.

No. II.—THE WOODMAN AND THE AXE.

A POLITICAL Woodman went to his party-leaders to axe them to give him a handle to his name. It seemed so modest a request, that the Principal leaders at once agreed to it, and it was settled among them that the House of Peers was likely to be much elevated in tone by such a recruit. No sooner had the Woodman fitted himself with a title, than he began laying about him on all sides, aiming particularly nasty blows at his former friends. The G.O.M., now seeing the whole matter rather too late, exclaimed—"The first concession has lost all. If we had not yielded to his original axing so readily, he would not have turned out such an ungrateful feller."

Moral.—Morals don't apply to politics.



RING out, wild bells, with bang and boom!
From holiday's hop-skip-and-jump,
Or from short sallies on the stump,
Members are coming. Let them come!

Come, GLADSTONE, from a sojourn short
In TAFFY'S house; come, CHAMBERLAIN,
From pummelling old friends—with pain—
Come, HARTINGTON, from spurts of sport.

Come, over ready-writer BRIGHT,
From penning that prodigious "slate;"
Come, MORLEY, with your phiz sedate,
Nursing, for JOE, your "ready right."

Come, sleek and smiling SMITH, prepared
Like a bland Thug, with summary gag;
Come, lounging BALFOUR, do not lag,
Dawdlers ere now have greatly dared.

Come, HARCOURT, of the triple chin,
And tittivating finger-tip;
Come, CHURCHILL, careful of a trip,
And with keen eye to a safe win.

Come, Tory tag-rag, likewise come
Liberal bob-tail. Come, PARNELL.
Ah! *will* you come? and are you well?
Or is it all mere Party hum?

Come, TANNER,—but of course *you* will,
And so will CONYBEARE, no doubt,
And all we well could do without,
Muffs void of manners as of skill.

Ring out, wild bells, and ring them in,
The old, old lot we know so well;
They 'll hear the tintinnabulant bell,
And answer to its dismal din.

"Ring out the false, ring in the true?"
Ah! would it were our happy fate
The bells could so discriminate,
And "chuck" the Goose and the Yahoo.

Nay, Mr. SPEAKER, no such luck!
Ring on, it is your luckless doom,
Once more the bells may bang and boom,
The day is come, the hour is struck!

PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS. NO. II. "RINGING THEM IN."

A TOUR DE FORCE.

Thursday.—Leave Hawarden. No Whitsuntide trippers about, thank Heaven! Park, however, still full of sandwich-papers and discarded bottles, as mementoes of their visit. Take axe with me to Swansea. May come in useful, if I'm mistaken for bailiff who wants to distrain for tithes.

En route.—Made what I flatter myself was a successful introductory speech at Mwrclg-y-Pllwhistle. (N.B. — Must look up Welsh etymology when I get back. Should certainly have made some allusion to ancestor of mine having been probably born at Mwrclg-y-Pllwhistle if I had been able to come anywhere near a correct pronunciation of the name.) Effect of speech admirable. Crowd ducked five policemen and a bailiff in horse-pond at end of it, and chivied a tithe-supported parson fifteen miles across country. There is something very *racy* about this latter method of showing approval of my remarks.

Llanfwrlchrg. — *Query;* could I have been born *here?* Never saw such enthusiasm. AP-WILLIAMS (President of Local Liberal Association) *chants* an address! He's a Bard, and distinguished at the Eisteddfod. Find crowd expect me to sing in reply! Explain how hoarse I am. Shall I give 'em "*Home Sweet Home?*" Mrs. GLADSTONE says, very decidedly, "No." They don't seem to care much about Home-Rule for Ireland. Want it for Wales—and especially Disestablishment of Welsh Church. *Query*—rather selfish?

Afternoon. — Passing through disturbed districts. They don't want *me* to "fire the heather here"—it's already alight. Notice armed sentinels on hills waiting for bailiffs. *Query*—isn't this a little lawless? Wish MORLEY was with me—he'd prove in no time that the attitude of the people is quite defensible—indeed, strictly legal.

Later. — Shunted at a rural junction. Population of adjoining districts lying in wait for me. Ask me—*am* I ready to disestablish Welsh Church? Awkward. Wish they'd stick to Ireland. Tell 'em "Ireland blocks the way." They want to know how long it will block it. Refer them to AP-HARTINGTON. Glad when train moves on.

Swansea.—At last! Enthusiasm quite indescribable. Should uncommonly like to examine parish registers *here.* Could my parents have made a mistake about my place of birth, after all? Hoarse. Make slight speech, denouncing tithes. Reserve myself for great gathering on Saturday.

Saturday. — STEPHEN, who accompanies me, rather inclined to be nasty. Threatens to give up Hawarden living if I continue to incite "the ignorant rabble" against what he calls "a perfectly legitimate demand for a legal impost." He means tithes. Have to explain to him that legality and morality are two different things. For example, it would be perfectly *legal* for him to preach a two-hours' sermon every Sunday, and to decline to give me the use of his lectern—but would it be moral? Decidedly *not.* Think the personal illustration has somewhat mollified him.

Afternoon.—Gathering has taken place. Awkward to have Cambrian interpreter at one's elbow to translate remarks into Welsh as one goes along. Populace don't seem to care as much about Ireland as I expected. Have never heard of the complaints about obstruction, either. Mentioned TANNER incidentally, and they thought I was alluding to scheme for new coinage.

Deputation waits on me after speech. Say they've something very important to communicate. Their arguments start with tithes, and come round again to same point in a sort of Druids' circle. Spokesman, AP-JONES this time, says, "as Ireland blocks the way, *would I mind dropping that question, and taking up Welsh Disestablishment instead!!*" Ask them, hoarsely, if they want to turn my tour into a "*tour de farce*"? They don't understand the joke. On second thoughts, feel almost certain I could not have been born anywhere in Wales.

7 P.M.—Well, thank Goodness! the journey is over. Glorious triumph, though lucky it didn't last much longer. Hoarse as a crow. Saloon carriage too full of presents to the roof as it is. Couldn't have held much more. Splendid haul. Three suits of tweed complete, seventeen shawls, one hundred and fifty yards of stair-carpet, two feather beds, bolsters and pillows to match, five sacks of dog biscuit, wash-hand-stand, six bicycles, a dray-horse, two hundredweight of cabbages, and a waggon-load of laurel-wreaths. Took 'em all in through the window. Excellent happy thought of mine, drinking "their very good healths" in that cup of tea; for when, on Mrs. G. showing herself, five thousand fresh Welsh voices struck up in unison, "*And He's a Jolly Good Fellow!*" the scene was quite touching. But here we are in the station. Where's HUSSEY VIVIAN? He'll never make me out, smothered as I am, up to my shirt-collar, in floral tributes; and I can't shout to him, for I've no voice. Hi! Here!—Ha—he has heard me. Rescued at last, and off in carriage. Presents following in fifteen waggons. Enthusiasm tremendous. A sea of surging umbrellas as far as the eye can reach. Mustn't say a word to them, though. Must keep what I've got left me of my voice for Saturday. Ah! here's Singleton Abbey!

THE WELSH HARPOONIST.

THE RETURN OF WILLIAM THE WHALER FROM AN ATTEMPT AT CATCHING WALES DURING THE RECESS.

ROYAL ASCOT.

A Skit by Dumb Crambo, Junior.

Royal Ass—caught.

Alexandra Plait.

Hardwicke.

NewS takes.

Woke—king—ham—handy cap.

Hunt Cup.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

IT having been reported that, spite the profession of the Intelligence Department that they will have complements equal to all demands, there will be great pressure on the occasion of the forthcoming Naval Review, and that the crews of the Indian troopships will be depleted, that Marine Artillery will be largely employed as blue-jackets, and that the officers and men of the gunnery and torpedo schools, which will be temporarily closed, will be distributed among the Fleet, it is now announced that still further efforts will be made by the Authorities to grapple with the necessities of the occasion. It is rumoured that three of Her Majesty's ironclads, for which no crews can be found, will be manned entirely by members of the Metropolitan Police Force, who, for the purpose of putting them thoroughly on their sea-legs, will meantime be taken several passages to Boulogne and back by the long sea-route. Arrangements have also been entered into by the Admiralty Authorities with Messrs. GATTI for the loan of the principal naval characters out of *Harbour Lights*, to whom, on their joining, important posts will be at once assigned. It is contemplated, also, to supply the deficiency of hands experienced in the torpedo fleet by calling out all the half-pay Admirals on the Retired List, which it is calculated will supply a reserved force of veterans who, if a little new to the work, will still be found of considerable use in the contemplated emergency.

Leading commands have been offered to, and accepted by, several Captains of the London Penny Steamboat Company, and it is understood that the Stewards of the Channel Services have volunteered in large numbers to fill the higher officers' grades that would otherwise have had, of necessity, to have been left vacant. Altogether, strenuous efforts are being made at head-quarters, and it is confidently hoped that, though the crews of the respective ships may prove to be of rather a cosmopolitan character, yet the Fleet as a whole will, if matters progress favourably, be found to be nearly fully half manned by the date fixed for the holding of the Review.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—"Where shall I see the *Procession from?*"

A "BIG 'BEN.'"

IT would be difficult to find a gloomier play, and one less worthy of the genius of its author, than *Werner*, and it is therefore a great tribute to the dramatic ability of Mr. FRANK MARSHALL, who arranged this version for Mr. IRVING, and to the genius of the actor that *Werner* should have deeply interested a crowded, critical, and representative audience for over two hours, and should have achieved an undeniable success. Played as it was last Wednesday, at a *matinée*, only once in the season now rapidly drawing to a close, for the benefit of Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON, dramatic author, the piece was as perfectly placed on the stage as if it had been intended for a run of three hundred nights.

There is nothing in it for Miss ELLEN TERRY, who strengthened the cast by taking the part of *Josephine*, "the wife of *Werner*," as explained in the bills, "for this occasion only." Miss EMERY played *Ida*. Mr. ALEXANDER deserved the enthusiastic approbation of the audience by his powerful performance of *Ulric*, a difficult and ungracious part. It is interesting to note the influence of the master mind on the imitative faculty, as over and over again we see Mr. ALEXANDER unconsciously reproducing the gait, tone, and manner of Mr. IRVING, and Miss EMERY reflecting Miss TERRY—"as in a looking-glass,"—with a difference. No better man than Mr. WENMAN could be found for *Gabor*, the rough, honest, but unlucky soldier of fortune, who spends a considerable portion of his brief hour on the stage in wandering about dark subterranean passages, as if he were on a sanitary expedition examining the London sewers, and had taken a wrong turning by mistake. As the "'Aughty Baron," who is described in the playbill as "Usurping *Werner's* rights," Mr. GLENNY took care to remind us that this was not a modern melodrama, but one of the good old sort, of which *The Castle Spectre* may be taken as a type.

"GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO—PLAY!"

[Mr. Irving opens his Theatre for a Jubilee performance to the London Children.]

Mr. IRVING'S Weird *Werner* was wonderful. It is a figure that will haunt us whenever we venture on a hearty supper of lobster, Welsh-rabbit and BISMARCK'S mixture of Champagne and stout "in a moog." As we do not often indulge in this, the weird figure, will not haunt us much. But his performance was a memorable one, and what was weary reading became absorbing beyond all anticipation in action.

After the play Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON came before the curtain and in a clear and perfectly audible voice, made one of the most graceful touching and unaffected speeches we ever heard from the stage on any similar occasion. It is a sad thing to have to send round the hat, but it is lucky to have a hat to send round, and still more so to possess so generous and thorough-going a friend to urge the appeal as Mr. HENRY IRVING. The result must have been most gratifying.

LIGHTING UP.

SIR,—Excellent, in a measure, from an economical point of view, as is the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S suggestion of a house-to-house "candle-in-window" illumination, it seems to me that the effect of a general rejoicing could be just as readily conceived at an infinitely reduced outlay. Surely the display of a night-light over the hall-door, say, of every sixth house, would answer all the purpose, and be, moreover, a worthy and appropriate commemoration of those royal domestic savings for which the fifty years of HER MAJESTY'S glorious reign have been so justly celebrated. The effect, perhaps, would not be very great, but the expense would be confined within reasonable limits, which, even at the zenith of a Royal Jubilee, is a matter for the consideration of

Your obedient Servant, A HALFPENNY SAVED.

SIR,—What is wanted in London on the night of the 21st is a universal blaze everywhere; and this can only be insured by the permanent installation of the electric light. Gigantic search-lights should be at once planted in all directions, dynamos set up in every street, and squares, thoroughfares, and parks flooded simultaneously with the brightness of day. To give the display its full moral effect, the whole gas supply of the Metropolis should be entirely cut off. Thus the Illumination would be symbolical of the material progress effected during the fifty eventful years of HER MAJESTY'S glorious reign—a circumstance that would much gratify

Yours, obediently,
A SHAREHOLDER IN FIVE "ELECTRIC" COMPANIES.

SIR,—There is only one legitimate way of illuminating the Metropolis, and that is obviously by gas. And this should be done regardless of cost. Every street should be festooned with jets, and every monument and public building

GROSVENOR GEMS.

No. 24. Design for Moderator Lamp.

No. 25. A Blow Out; or, Out for a Blow.

No. 66.

"Two's company, three 's none." Illustration of Homely Proverb.

No. 166.

The Latest Illusion at Maskelyne and Cook.

out-lined. Colossal reflecting lamps might also be set up in the Parks. The outlay could be charged to the rates. No electric lighting should be for a moment allowed to interfere with the effect, and this would be in harmony with the traditions of the Royal Jubilee Year crowning the glorious fifty during which the Great Gas Companies have so luxuriantly flourished to their own benefit and that of the public. At least, Sir, that is the opinion of

Yours faithfully, A DIRECTOR OF THREE.

SIR,—Here is an imperial idea. Why should not the entire male population of the Metropolis turn out on the night of the 21st inst, in *illuminated hats*. These could be obtained cheaply wholesale, and might be embellished on one side with the Royal Arms, and on the reverse with the programme of the six weeks Italian Opera Season now about to commence at Drury Lane. Take my word for it, the effect of such a crowd would be enormous. It would make a real big thing of the Jubilee festivities. Yours confidently,

AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

SIR,—I have been thinking that no more effective, and, I should say, popular, method of illumination could be devised for the celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee, than the erection of a series of colossal transparencies, portraying in historical picture the progress of those great Liberal principles the triumphant development of which are universally accepted as its most distinguishing feature. The subject matter for these might be drawn freely from the public career of a prominent statesman, whom I feel I need not further indicate. I might add that the incidents of a recent journey to Wales would be alone sufficient to line one side of Piccadilly, and, indeed, the material I could supply to the artists engaged on the work would in effect prove inexhaustible. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

SIR,—A few tons of dynamite judiciously distributed between Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the various Government Offices, and Public Buildings, and fired simultaneously by electricity from College Green, would probably recommend itself as the most popular way of celebrating the Jubilee to those who take any interest in the movement on this side of the Irish Channel. However, I don't suppose the idea will be adopted; but I merely throw it out for wha' it is worth. Yours nationally, A DUBLIN BOY.

SIR,—Any proposal to illuminate London will be incomplete without the ascent of a fire-balloon. Why should not several ascend from the Royal Exchange at midnight, and take up, in turns, the LORD MAYOR and several of the leading Aldermen? The effect, as an apotheosis, would be striking, and it would not matter where they came down. Such, I am sure, would be the judgment of those who, like your Correspondent, are able to subscribe themselves as members of THE MUNICIPAL REFORM LEAGUE.

SIR,—Bonfires will be wanted on the Twenty-First, and what more appropriate sites could be found than those occupied by the London Statues? Let these then be tarred and feathered forthwith, surrounded by pitch and fagots, and kindled on the evening in question at a given signal. I can conceive no blaze more symbolic of the progress of HER MAJESTY'S reign than that which would hand over to destruction the hideous effigies that have so long defaced it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., ARS LONGA.

SIR,—Do you want a general illumination? On the evening of the 21st, after dark, give every house-front, cab, omnibus, policeman, and pedestrian in the Metropolis a thorough good coat of *luminous paint*. Then turn out the gas—and there you are.

Yours thoughtfully, COLNEY HATCH.

TO PHŒBUS APOLLO.

AN EXPOSTULATION, JUNE 3RD, 1887.

"I WILL remember and express the praise
Of Heaven's far-darter, the fair King of days."—
So sings great Homer of the great Apollo.
But in this current Eighteen Eighty Seven,
His panegyric on the "light of Heaven,"
Seems hard to follow.

Where *is* the bright far-darter? That's our *crux*,
About the house of earth there is no *lux*
That could bring Phœbus credit; there's no doubt of it.
Our dim June daylight rival to a "Brush" light?
Great Scott! The flaring of a farthing rushlight,
Takes the shine out of it.

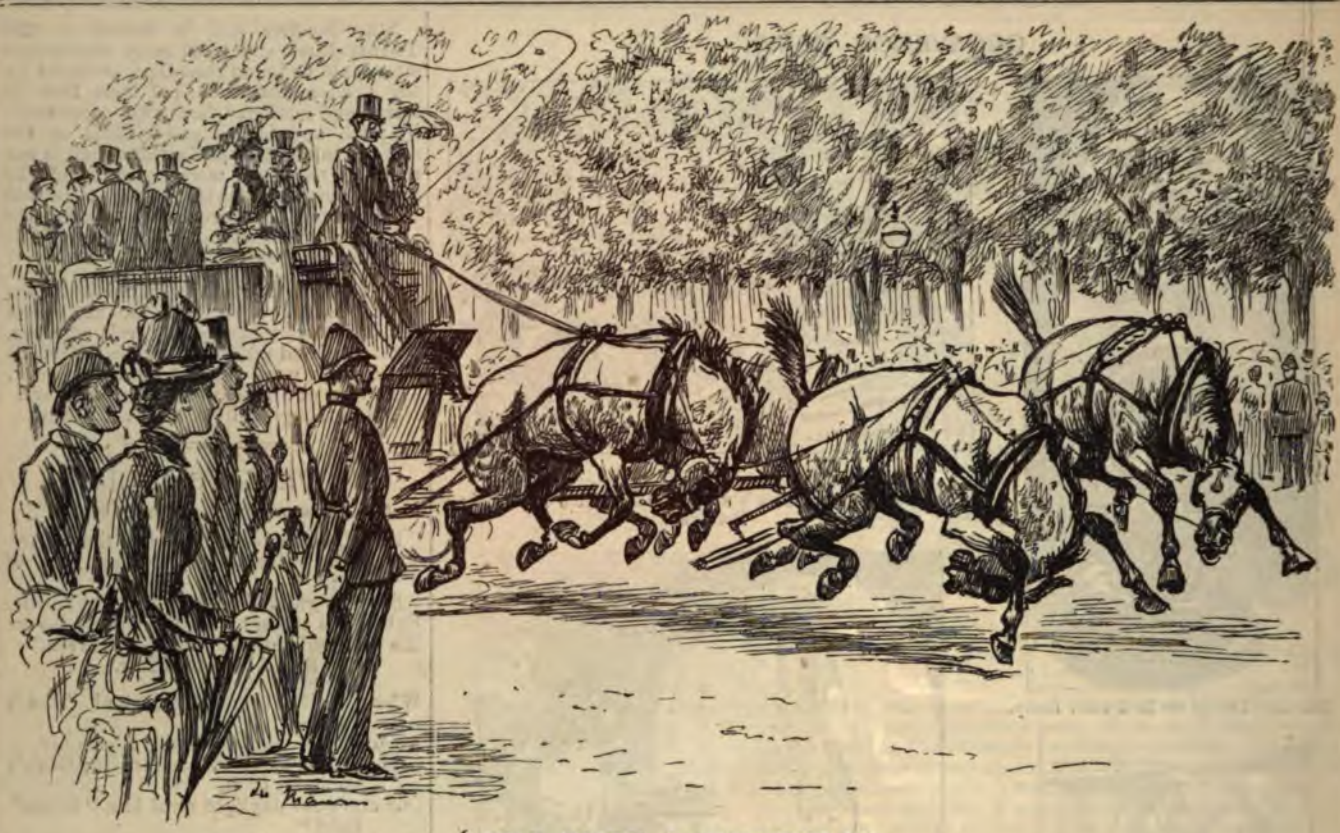
'Tis June, and in the year of Jubilee,
And yet at noonday we can scarcely see
To paint a picture or to read a paper.
A pretty state of things, O Pythian, truly!
Our sky is worthy of some frigid Thule,
Our Sun's a taper.

You're a nice sort of chap to build a myth on!
Cannot the god who spifflicated Python,
Tackle this monster who doth now invade us,—
I mean this demon of perpetual gloom?
We must go darkling down unto our doom,
Unless you aid us.

They're nonsense, don't you know, games of this sort.
If that's contempt of the Olympian Court
Sore provocation justifies free pardon.
When we should joy in skies like those of Venice
Dulness still spreads its pall, spoils cricket, tennis,
House, field, and garden.

Do turn it up, this long, long bout of sulking.
Achilles, the Greek hero, hot and hulking,
Whom you loved not, kept not his tent for ever.
Come out! come out! Eh? What's that? Smoke-Prevention?
Now, Phœbus, that, you know, *in June*, to mention
Is mean—though clever!

THE PITY OF IT.—Mr. RUSKIN, in his best Mentor-martinet style, says:—"You hear a great deal nowadays of the worst nonsense ever uttered since men were born on earth." We do. Alas! that so much of it should come from—Mr. RUSKIN!



"OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!"

SIR DE LA POER BLAZENBY DROVE UP HIS WELL-MATCHED TEAM OF SQUEALING AMERICAN BUCKJUMPERS IN SPLENDID STYLE,—AFFORDING A WELCOME RELIEF FROM THE OLD-FASHIONED AND SOMEWHAT MONOTONOUS REGULARITY THAT DISTINGUISHES THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK.

"THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE."

A Farce of the Pharmacopœia.

SCENE — *An Apothecary's Shop at Westminster. Present, a certain Drug-Dispenser, one* SM-TH. *To him enter* Doctor GL-DST-NE.

Apothecary (*aside*). Aha! Whom see I with impetuous step
Swift hitherward approaching? An old man,
And obviously, as ribald RANDOLPH put it,
Still "in a hurry." Dr. GL-DST-NE's self,
By all that's wonderful! Seeking a dose—
He, the great Medico! Yes, verily,
The whirligig of Time *doth* bring revenges.
Now, do you know, that there is none to whom
I would more readily administer
Pride's Purge, or an astringent antidote
To vocal flux,—drugs his diathesis
Doth most invite,—than to this same grand old
Dealer in drenches. But I must dissemble.
[*Busies himself with his bottles.*
Doctor (*aside*). "I do remember an apothecary."
By GALEN, yes; and I'll remember him
Whilst memory holds its seat—"remember" him
In such a sort he shall remember *me*.
How sleek the drug-compounding varlet looks!
He'd pestle death in doses with a smile,
And poison a sick pussy or a Pat,—
So it were in the way of "law and order,"
As he would put it in his pedant jargon,—
With equal pleasure and complacency.
Physic him. (Aloud.) Give you good-day, good man!

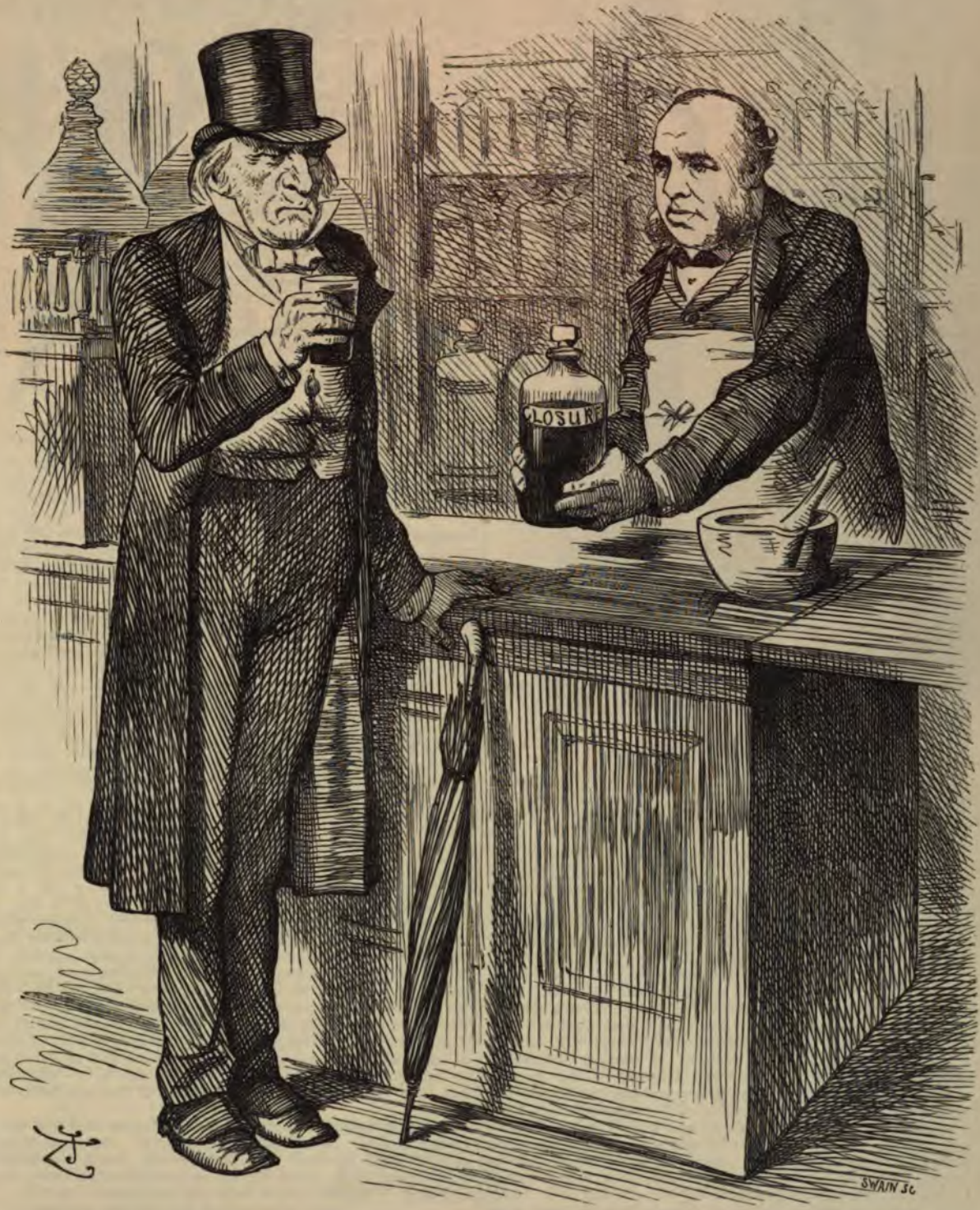
Apothecary. And you, fair Sir. And—yet—I would you *could*
Give us good days. Good days, meseem, are gone,
With sunny skies, sound cheese, and ribstone pippins,
From poor old England. But you doubtless come
Not for discussion, but a dose.
Doctor (*drily*). Most true.
A dose, and no discussion! How that sums
Your modern practice!
Apothecary (*humbly*). *Ours*, Sir, *ours*. You shirk
Your share of honour,—'tis the largest slice,
And the first cut.
Doctor (*aside*). Confound his courtesy!
'Tis a sleek serpent with a subtle sting.
(*Aloud.*) *Distinguo*, friend.
Apothecary. Yes, you were always good
At that at least.
Doctor. 'Tis our profession's pride.
Apothecary. But when the formula's the same good Sir?
Doctor. 'Twixt homœopath and allopath, methinks,
The difference is no casuistic dream,
But a great gulf.
Apothecary. That betwixt quack and *savant*?
Doctor. Pooh! pooh! I spake but in comparison.
It is the error of your kind to run
A chance analogy right off its legs,
Then wonder that the argument should halt.
Apothecary. Well, well, Sir, it is not for me to wrangle,
But to dispense. The dose! [*Hands it.*
Doctor (*sniffing it with much disfavour*). 'Tis *very* nasty!
Apothecary (*with feigned astonishment*)—Nasty? This dose? Your own prescription?
Doctor (*haughtily*). Nay!
'Tis none of mine.
Apothecary. I do assure you, Sir!
Here is the document.
Doctor. It hath been doctored;
Doctored in fashion unprofessional
By charlatans and sciolists. Sangrados
Fit but to bleed a pig, or drench a horse,
Or bolus a sick elephant. The ingredients
Perchance remain, but the proportions? Pah!
A coarse, and crude, and ill-compacted jorum,
Nose-nauseous, tongue-tormenting, stomach-sickening.
Call this *my* recipe? [not.
Apothecary (*aside, chuckling*). He likes it
But, argue as he will, *he'll have to take it!*
[*Scene closes.*

Charles and the Children.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM gives a Children's Jubilee Benefit on the 17th, at the Criterion. "Cri, Baby, Cri!" The popular representative of *David Garrick* will be known as "CHARLES, *their* Friend." "The 'Cri' is still" (only the "Cri" never is still—'tis always going on), but the remainder of the quotation is true—"they come"—every night till further notice.

Simple!

WE "have not the ear of the people," they say, [obey.
And that's why the Pats will not love and
Our Parliament's duty of course then is clear,
'Tis but "getting the right (Irish) pig by the ear."



"THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE."

DOCTOR W. E. G. "UGH! NASTY STUFF!"

APOTHECARY. "NASTY, DOCTOR! WHY, IT'S YOUR OWN PRESCRIPTION!!"

"OPERA OMNIA."

THOUGH *Dinorah* at Covent Garden is so associated with the name of PATTI as to make it odds against anyone else being accepted in the part, no matter how charming her appearance or perfect her vocalisation, yet Miss ELLA RUSSELL did undoubtedly score a distinct success as *Dinorah* last week—a success which, considering the difficulties to be contended with, amounted to a triumph. We trembled for the Shadow Scene, for PATTI *was* the Shadow, and ELLA RUSSELL is the Substance; and though the acting was no great shakes, yet the singing was, and her last note, far away, up in the air (the air she was singing, of course), took us, and everybody else, by surprise, and after an enthusiastic encore, which could have been trebled, we found ourselves wisely preferring the present substance to the absent shadow. After all, this is only a question of figure; and if PATTI's figure is four hundred a night, no Management can stand it. Signor STAGI, as the comic *Cosentino*, was rather Singer Stagey in his humour. D'ANDRADE was an excellent *Hoel*. Madame SCALCHI was the Goatherd, "with song," and the quartette of prayerful peasants was one of the hits of the evening.

"The Shadow Dance."

What a boy Madame SCALCHI is! When Signor LAGO engaged her as his contralto, he was not out in his SCALCHI-lation. To see her as *Maffeo Orsini*, the gay young mashing and impetuous page in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and above all to hear her, is a real treat. Strange that our old friend *Lucrezia Borgia* should attract a bigger house than *Dinorah*, but so it was, as anyone conversant with Covent Garden Opera for the last any number of years might have told at once on entering the Theatre, and beholding the radiant appearance of the Hall,—the Covent Garden HALL we mean, so long associated with "the front of the House," who on this occasion looked like one of the "Halls of dazzling delight," with an orchid (*Chamberlainia Unionensis*) in his button-hole, and an extra chair in his hand which he was ordering to be taken immediately into the stalls where there was no more room.

The "But" of the argument.

It was a fine performance. Madame CEPEDA was the wicked *Lucrezia*, and GAYARRÉ with an extra song, charmingly given and vociferously encored—(did it matter what it was about being sung in Italian and unintelligible to a majority, so long as the audience were happy?)—was the hero who is so unhospitably treated by the bad Duke, whose representative on this occasion, Signor LORRAIN, was worse than the *Duke* was ever intended to be. Yet there was something artistically suggestive of a quivering of conscience in the perpetual tremor of his voice (an effect that can be also artificially produced by beating your breast penitentially while you are singing); and when in his lowest notes, so typical of the basest motives, he was occasionally out of tune, why was this but to subtly remind us that his conduct was not in harmony with all that was good and true?

From this it will be seen that one at least in that audience appreciated Signor LORRAIN. What a charming Opera! Full of melody and melodrama! Away, ye Wagnerites! Give us DONIZETTI in the present, and let the future take care of itself. But, fancy, three Operas!! We are impartial—but what's the betting? Which is to win? Personally we select all three—for a place.

Lohengrin was the success of last week at Drury Lane. The Prince and Princess of WALES patronised both houses—*Lohengrin* one night, and *Lucrezia* in the next. The Rose season is just finishing.

Saturday, at Covent Garden.—A magnificent performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Quite "old times revived"—for they are playing a rival *Lucia* at Her Majesty's, and people are already taking sides with Signor LAGO or Colonel MAPLESON, as in the historic days when JENNY LIND was at Her Majesty's and MARIO and GRISI at Covent Garden. Nothing like competition. Signor AUGUSTUS HARRIZI will be saying, "A plague o' both your houses" to them. ALBANI was never in better voice than to-night as *Lucia;* GAYARRÉ surpassed himself, Signor DEVOYOD was an excellent *Enrico* (looking rather like Professor HERKOMER), and Signor BELTRAMO as the bass, but sympathetic, *Raimondo*, completed a first-rate cast. Signor CORSI did as much with the unhappy and much-snubbed Bridegroom *Arturo* as could be expected of anyone under such trying circumstances, and the old nobility of Scotland, kindly, but somewhat prim in their manners, came out effectively in the chorus which chimes in with the septette in the Second Act, and keeping their eye on Signor BEVIGNANI's beat—this is to speak of the Conductor as if he were a policeman—assisted in winning an enthusiastic *encore*. A great success, difficult to equal, much more to beat. Now let us hear what our Other Chap has to say of *Lucia* in the Haymarket.

At Her Majesty's.—The Other Chap says *Lucia* was being played while Another Fellow was at Covent Garden. The house was not unpleasantly crowded—the orchestra was quite full, but there were several vacant places elsewhere. The performance was interesting. Signor DE ANNA as *Ashton* scored a success, both as a singer and an actor. He has a powerful voice well under control, and a fund of quiet humour that should be useful to him in lighter parts. His calm contempt for the miserable guests (apparently poor relations) he had invited to his sister's wedding was most amusing. The great feature of the occasion (barring my own presence in the theatre) was the *début* of Mlle. JENNY BROCH, who created a favourable impression by her well-intentioned execution of the very trying passages of the Mad Scene. The chief fault of this young lady's acting was her proneness to express extreme agitation by suddenly falling flat on her back; but this embarrassing habit found ample compensation in her musical athletics—the "vocal fireworks" were quite worthy of BROCH.

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

Fubsby. "A—EVERYBODY'S GETTING TOO CLEVER NOWADAYS. I ASSURE YOU, *MY* CHIEF OBJECT IN SOCIETY IS TO CONCEAL MY IGNORANCE, AND PREVENT PEOPLE FROM FINDING OUT WHAT AN ABJECT FOOL I REALLY AM!"

Miss Towers. "AND DO YOU SUCCEED?"

"TO BE QUITE ACCURATE."

Counsel. "MARRIED?" *Witness* "NO." *Counsel.* "SINGLE?" *Witness.* "NO!"
Counsel. "AH—WIDOW?" *Witness.* "NO!"
Counsel. "BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, SURELY YOU MUST BE ONE OR——"
Witness (sharply). "NO—ENGAGED!"

FLOWERS OF PLAIN SPEECH. [*An apology by an Optimist.*]—Why take a pessimist view of House of Commons language? You can't call it un-English. Isn't even the worst of it, at any rate, somewhat of the Vulgar Tongue? Grant the fastidious Tory and finical Aristocrat that vituperation, invective, aspersion, and the application of forcible expressions to obnoxious opponents may perhaps have resulted from the popular election of Men of the People—Manhood Suffrage. A man's a man for a' that. Rough diamonds are still diamonds, and diamonds that shouldn't be out. Opprobrious epithets may be allowed, as the natural utterances of roisterers in a rage. Everybody when in a rage is in earnest. Earnestness means sincerity. Indignant, passionate, and infuriated assailants bespeak themselves sincere. Of course they sometimes vent their animosity in terms such as cold-blooded scribes can only indicate by blanks, dashes and stars. Well, but the latter do but serve to suggest luminous points. Let us evermore look at the bright, not the dark side of things, and of words also, which, from a one-sided view, may seem just a little shady. "No abuse that, no abuse."

"THEY'RE ALL VERY POOR AND SMALL."

A Comic Song for all Companies.

AIR—"*They're all very fine and large.*"

To be magnanimous in these times
Is not a thing that pays,
Largeness of soul is the worst of crimes
In our self-seeking days.
The great to belittle is to be great,
And spite alone is strong;
It is the mainspring of the State,
The soul of Art and Song.

Chorus.

We're all very poor and small,
We revel in reptile slime!
We aim to rise by another's fall,
We sneer at a hope sublime.
We're the crawlers of creation,
And proud of our power to crawl,
Save a limited few, say a dozen or two,
We're all very poor and small.

If our lives to love we dedicate,
Or pipe of its power in verse,
Our souls we cannot emancipate
From the old *Tannhäuser* curse.
We sing the sensual sweets of shame,
From a selfless love we shrink; ["weed?"
What is love but greed, as for wine or
Is a damsel dearer than drink?

Chorus.

We are all very poor and small,
Cynical, sordid, coarse,
To Courts of Love man once was thrall,
Our Court is—that of Divorce.
Cheap freedom, hot sensation,
It furnishes to us all,
Which no modern Muse will dare refuse,
They are all very poor and small.

That man must be a maudlin dunce,
What wise men term a "mug,"
Who hears of "chivalry"—actual once—
Without a cynic shrug.
Magnanimous muffs perchance exist,
Rare dodos, here and there;
But love is moonshine, loyalty mist.
To the most who breathe earth's air.

Chorus.

They're all very poor and small,
They're faithless, sordid, mean;
For honour's honey they've envy's gall,
For sentiment, cynical spleen.
If you want to whip creation,
To soar you first must crawl;
Think less of wings than fangs and stings;
Men are all very poor and small.

A NEW "Mystic Story," entitled *The Day Ghost*, is announced for "immediate publication." Should it be successful, no doubt it will be followed, as companion volumes, by *The Afternoon Phantom*, *The Five o'Clock Tea Shade*, and *The Supper Spectre*, which again would suggest a further "Tale of Terror," *The Luncheon Bogey*.

RHYMES ON A HOME-RULER.

A MAN there is of noted name,
Which all men don't pronounce the same,
But if you would the question sift,
You only need to read your SWIFT.
Thus, after HORACE, in a parley
With OXFORD, to the Dean says HARLEY—

"Or, have you nothing new to-day
From POPE, from PARNELL, or from GAY?"

So wrote the Dean, as also spake he,
Not as iambus, but a trochee.
Henceforth you 'll please the accent right,
And thank us for this PARNELL light.

IN STATU QUO.

A MEETING of the London Statues was held at midnight (the exact date of which has not yet transpired) to consider the best mode of celebrating HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee. The Duke of WELLINGTON (late of Hyde Park Corner), who came up specially from Aldershott to be present on the occasion, presided.

The CHAIRMAN said that he felt very much flattered at being asked to take the Chair, or, rather, to retain his seat on his horse—(*laughter*)—at so interesting a gathering. No doubt it was considered by many he saw before him that he, who did not claim kindred with the QUEEN, was better fitted to preside than those who were bound to her by ties of relationship. ("*Hear, hear!*") However, he begged to remind them that he had the honour of being the godfather of H.R.H. Lieutenant-General the Duke of CONNAUGHT, C.B., who, as Treasurer of Gray's Inn, was most worthily commemorating the Jubilee. (*Cheers.*) He would be glad to receive any suggestion, as, being now an absentee from London, he was scarcely fitted to take the lead in any plan affecting the Metropolis. ("*Hear, hear!*")

A Statue who said he was the Duke of WELLINGTON, and who gave an address somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, here created a disturbance by claiming to be the "real London Hero of Waterloo." By order of the Chairman, the person, who wore a very eccentric costume, was promptly removed.

GEORGE THE THIRD then rose amidst some applause, and said that he had taken the liberty of convening the meeting, as he had had a Jubilee himself. ("*Hear, hear!*") There had recently appeared a suggestion that St. Paul's should be completely washed. Why should not they have the same advantage? ("*Hear, hear!*") He might add that his hat required a thorough renovation. The speaker was here entering into further details concerning the condition of his costume, when he was suppressed by the Closure at the instigation of

GEORGE THE FOURTH, who complained piteously that he cut a very ridiculous figure in Trafalgar Square in a wig and Roman toga.

RICHARD THE FIRST (Westminster) said it was no use to lament their personal appearances. ("*Hear, hear!*") The matter had been thoroughly threshed out by the Press a score of times, and, although he was a favourable specimen of a statue ("*Hear, hear!*" *and* "*No, no!*"), there was no doubt that it was universally admitted that, as a whole, they disgraced the Metropolis. (*Cheers.*) He would suggest that they should all be removed to Westminster Abbey, where they would have the advantage of witnessing the ceremony. ("*Hear, hear!*")

It was objected that there would not be room, and, after a suggestion (from CHARLES THE FIRST, who quoted a precedent) that they should all be buried, it was agreed that it would be better to remove them *en bloc* from London to some unfrequented part of the country, in honour of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee. It was asserted that this plan would be received by the public at large with the most lively satisfaction.

Cock-crow having sounded, the Meeting separated rather hurriedly.

NOT IN THE CAST OF THE PIECE.

B-l-ng-r. "AHA! THEY HAVE NOT GIVEN ME A PART! NO MATTER! A TIME WILL COME!"

A CORONER'S unpleasant duty is to "sit on a body." Mr. VULLIAMY, the Suffolk Coroner, seems to have found a pleasure in sitting on every body.

THE APPLE-CART.

(*An Original Poetical Fancy, by A New Bard in his Calmour Moments.*)

TIME—*Autumn.* SCENE—*The Orchard.*

PERSONAGES—A Gentleman (*of weak head*). A Lady (*of tender heart*).

Gentleman (*gloomily*). Why, what a rogue and peasant-slave am I!
Lady (*soothingly*). Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so *yet.*
(*Impatiently.*) Angels and ministers of grace defend us! [*He groans.*
The quality of mercy is not *strained,*
And *all* the men and women merely players,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!
G. (*curiously*). Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned?
L. (*nervously*). Neither, sweet Saint, if either thee displease.
G. (*thoughtfully*). I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
Which droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Let Hercules himself do what he may.
(*Apple-cart upset in the background. Æsthetic Sunset.* [*Soft music.*)
L. (*romantically*). Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubin;
When they are fretted with the gusts of Heaven!
(*Anxiously.*) How dost thou, CHARLES?
G. (*inattentively*). Now—*is* the winter of our discontent
To be, or *not* to be? That is the question.
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends
(*Excitedly.*) To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault!
(*Frantically.*) I am *not* mad! this hair I tear is mine!
L. (*promptly*). For ever and for ever farewell, CASSIUS!
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content—
And deeper than did ever plummet sound!
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me! [*Exit precipitately.*
G. (*triumphantly*). And d—d be he who first cries, Hold, enough!
[*Seats himself on stump of Apple-tree.*
This is my Throne. Bid Kings come bow to it. [*Curtain.*

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

IT ought to be very consolatory, and even highly gratifying to me, to learn what a very large number of friends I have in our grand old City. But it somehow scarcely seems to have that effect. I am utterly unacquainted with them, never having seen their several names previously, and yet they favour me with minute details, not of mere probabilities but of absolute certainties of making a large fortune by the investment of a comparatively very small sum.

I received last week five of such generous offers, rather more than my weekly average. The very lowest return for my suggested investment was 17 per cent. per annum, but that was spoken of in a rather depressed tone as if 17 per cent. was scarcely worthy of my attention in comparison with so many others that were probably being offered to me.

And my unknown friend was perfectly right in his supposition. What is 17 per cent. per annum compared to the offer of a few shares in a gold mine, of such almost incredible richness, that the gold was shining in the surrounding rocks in such abundance, that the Directors were only waiting for the means for purchasing the necessarily rather expensive plant, to make every shareholder "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," which means, according to the illustrious SAMUEL JOHNSON, rich as a Brewer—and how rich that is we learned the other day from Sir SOMEBODY GUINNESS. The one matter that prevented me immediately rushing into this realised El Dorado, was the trifling circumstance that it was situate in the very uttermost parts of the earth, and my stupid Atlas utterly failed to describe its locality.

I have a few friends on the Stock Exchange, and on talking these several matters over with them, I find my statements invariably produce the same results. They first laugh quietly at what they call my charming simplicity, and then strongly recommended me not to mention generally what I thought was the complimentary manner in which I seemed to be selected by my unknown friends, lest it should be thought to be a sign that my knowledge upon these particular matters was not quite so great as it doubtless is upon all others. This may of course be mere jealousy, but it has had the

effect of making me refuse to lend a most gentlemanly man, though a perfect stranger, a sum of £3,500, for which I was to receive a nice little comfortable revenue of one thousand a-year, payable quarterly, secured on his own personal guarantee, the first quarter's revenue to be paid in advance, a mark of confidence that I thoroughly appreciated, but somehow did not reciprocate.

I certainly feel rather ashamed of myself for my want of faith in my fellow man, and also for my apparent want of courtesy in not writing to my several unknown friends thanking them for their extremely generous offers to allow me to share in their good fortune; but, having done so on one or two occasions, I found myself so overwhelmed with explanatory correspondence, that I was compelled to seek refuge in dogged silence. JOSEPH GREENHORN.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXVII.—MRS. SKINNER, THE LANDLADY.

THAT "*Todgers* could do it when it liked," we have high authority for believing; but it may be taken as equally indisputable that *Todgers* when she betakes herself to the letting of lodgings, can *do* you when she likes and that she invariably *does like*.

Some years ago there was a picture in this paper of the old lady who delighted in organs. She was represented as performing a wild jig to the melody of one of those instruments, and in Megs Terrace, the first sunshine and West wind of the Jubilee Year was doubtless hailed with similar saltatory exultation. Those veteran spiders pictured flies from afar off with well-filled pockets fluttering into their webs and being promptly phlebotomised. Was it not the Jubilee Year? Were not Her Majesty's subjects from all ends of the earth coming to see the show, and take part in "the kick up," and was not gold galore to be scattered wide by these "innocents." Were they not to be made to remember the Jubilee Year. Had not such chances on a smaller scale come before, but was ever such an opportunity as this. Lodgings, cab-fares, provisions &c., would be doubled, nay, trebled. A florin for a chop and a guinea a week for the privilege of sleeping in the dustbin.

Gather ye florins while ye may,
Your charges don't be shy in.

Sang, or rather would have sung, Mrs. SKINNER, had she been given that way, as she marshalled her forces and prepared for the campaign. "Put plenty of fire-bricks into the grates, JEMIMA,—our little scuttles seem to go further when they can't put 'em all on at once, and coals is profitable when you retail 'em by the lump."

JEMIMA is Mrs. SKINNER'S niece, a most affable young lady, who condescends to officiate as parlour-maid. There is no false delicacy about JEMIMA. She puts herself at once upon the most friendly footing with her Aunt's lodgers, and volunteers her advice upon any subject that may be discussed in her presence, with a freedom that is well nigh maddening. Complaints JEMIMA treats in a jocular way. That the dinner should be half an hour late, or the sitting-room fire out seems to amuse her excessively. She beams all over at your indignant remonstrance, and smilingly responds "Lor'! so it is, Mum!"

On the answering of bells Megs Terrace generally shows a lofty indifference, holding that lodgers must be kept in their places, and not pampered by too much attention. "If you want a thing done, do it yourself; and there 's nobody can brush clothes like them as is going to wear 'em," is an established creed in Megs Terrace, and that attendance is meant to be paid for, not rendered, a subject that admits of no dispute. Megs Terrace is in a great state of exultation as the April sun shines out upon it. The impenetrable gloom in which its denizens have dwelt of late has slightly dashed their spirits. When one lives by gaslight, and even loses that extensive prospect of "over the way" so eulogised by *Mr. Swiveller*, it is difficult to take a cheerful view of life. Moreover, the early sight-seers were no more to be looked for than swallows in such weather. But with the West wind Megs Terrace began to furbish itself up, and look more hopefully at that bait of "Apartments" with which its windows were so plentifully bespattered. Surely this would lure the feminine population from the provinces with minds much exercised on the subject of Spring fashions; and when it became a question of *shopping*, Megs Terrace flattered itself it was "all there," and within a stone's-throw of all the noted emporiums of the West End.

Megs Terrace is regarded by its inhabitants as the very eye of the Metropolis, the very centre of the fashionable world. If you may believe Mrs. SKINNER, its locality is exceptionally favoured in the matter of provisions. A remark on your part that a wild duck is an uncertain bird, apt to be fishy, is immediately met by the rejoinder, "We never has 'em fishy in Megs Terrace." It appears, also, that in the case of butcher's meat and poultry this dingy-looking paradise is similarly favoured. "We never has anything but the best joints in Megs Terrace," reiterates Mrs. SKINNER with stony inflexible face that declines to discuss such a subject. When what she denominates a chicken *fricassee* arrives, your want of belief in the poultry of the neighbourhood is confirmed, mingled with the conviction that somebody dined upon that fowl before it was hashed up for you. Mrs. SKINNER has a way of brushing away all complaint or argument by simple assertion. When Mrs. SKINNER has once stated a thing, it is hopeless to suppose that the most glaring proofs of her being in the wrong would make the slightest difference in her opinion. She 's more autocratic than King THEBAW in the plenitude of his power; and the "Perhaps you would suit yourself elsewhere" with which she closes the conference, is a ukase from which there is no appeal.

Mrs. SKINNER is a woman who has let lodgings to some purpose—a hard woman, who has studied the subject and solved the extreme possibilities of indirect taxation. She has got a nice little bit of money laid by, and could retire from her vocation to-morrow if she chose, but she knows that she would weary of doing nothing. Without lodgers to plunder and browbeat, Mrs. SKINNER would find life tedious. She has her weaknesses, but never permits them to interfere with her business, any reference to which invariably calls up the stony stare. The first is her personal appearance. She dresses on high days and holidays in the most expensive fashion, not garishly but richly, and cherishes the belief that she is still a most attractive woman, and might speedily have her finger ringed if she could make up her mind to part with her independence. She is probably right upon this point, as there are plenty of idle men of her class who would ask no better than to so anchor themselves for life; but Mrs. SKINNER is not going to have her hard-earned money scattered in that wise. As for the defunct SKINNER, he is the most shadowy of shades, and the general impression is, that after some years of spinsterhood the good lady thought it advisable to assume brevet rank. Her second weakness is for a little something hot and strong in the evening, and under its influence she is wont to relax, and, with a little encouragement, recount to a sympathetic listener the *rôle* of her conquests. In an unguarded moment, she, upon one of these occasions, divulged some of the secrets of her calling, and rather opened the eyes of her lodger.

"Yes, potatoes, Ma'am. I always send them up potatoes, whether they want 'em or not. You see I buy them by the sack, and sell 'em top price, by the pound."

The little something hot and strong must have been wrongly estimated in regard to strength or quantity that evening, for Mrs. SKINNER went into further revelations that made that lodger's flesh creep. As to how she fed the second floor upon the *débris* of the first floor's dinner, and those second-floorers, poor innocents, wondered how it was that their dinner was always *half an hour late*.

"Thank you, my dear," continued Mrs. SKINNER, increasing in familiarity, and stealing her hand out towards the whiskey decanter; "it 's a hard life, but there are pickings to be had; and it 's not a bad *profession* when you understand it."

To do her justice, it was rarely Mrs. SKINNER was overtaken in this fashion; but that lodger remembered she, too, was "a second-floorer," that her dinners had been unaccountably late, and beat a hasty retreat from Megs Terrace.

But Mrs. SKINNER is high of heart about the profits that will be made over this Jubilee Year. Like all her class, she is impressed with the idea that the rush to celebrate the fiftieth year of Her MAJESTY'S reign from all parts of the world will resemble that to the gold-fields some quarter of a century ago, and that the providers of food and lodging will be paid in similar royal fashion. Keeping a grocery store in those days was as good in Australia or California as having hit off a most successful "claim." Poor Mrs. SKINNER, she works hard, and grinds persistently at her mill both late and early; and if she increases her store by a little peculation, are there not many others who are getting their living by doing the same on a grander scale, and who live and die much respected? May she have plenty of victims, and not succumb to the wiles of man in the decline of life, but wear silks and peddle potatoes to the last.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, *will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

YOUNG Amateur Reciter, pardon the apparent abruptness of the question—but have you ever loved and been rejected? Because, if you have not, the following Poem is beyond your scope. It is dedicated exclusively to the Blighted, for it deals with a tragic misunderstanding between two fond young hearts, which to some will doubtless appear trivial enough—although *Mr. Punch* has read many a novel in which two lives were shipwrecked upon a rock far less substantial. Yes, there is genuine tragedy in the subject, which can only be properly developed by that insight which comes from bitter experience.

Most young Male Reciters are persuaded that it has been peculiarly given to them to represent the varying phases of feminine emotion in a pleasing and dramatic manner. Far be it from *Mr. Punch*, or his Poet, to gainsay their possession of this talent, for the display of which exceptional facilities have been provided in:—

THE WOOING OF THE LADY AMABEL.

In her boudoir, faintly perfumed by some sweet and subtle vapour,
With the grace of lissome indolence lies Lady AMABEL;
And from time to time her taper fingers plunge within a paper,
Whence they carry to her coral lips the happy caramel.
'Tis a dainty well adapted to induce a sentimental
Train of thought, and soon her fancy fleets to young Sir PEVERIL:
He is handsome, highbred, gentle, (figures five express his rental)
[*Tone of dreamy reverie.*
And—although he has not spoken yet—she little doubts he *will!*
(*Give this line with a kind of maidenly archness. It is more difficult to render this than you perhaps imagine, and we should strongly advise you to rehearse it carefully before a mirror.*)
Now she drops in charming girlish guilt the last romance from MUDIE'S—
For Sir PEVERIL has entered! all his goodly face aglow
With reluctance to intrude—he 's quite aware his conduct rude is,
But the Countess has assured him that he will not be *de trop!*
(*With concerned wonder.*) She whose mien would grace Princesses, now embodied awkwardness is!
And conceals, as might a village maid, the blush she cannot quell;
Well his object here she guesses, but—although her answer "Yes" is—
(*Confidential aside.*) Like a limèd bird her fluttering tongue is clogged with caramel! [reading,
(*Pause; light narrative tone.*) After many a lame apology for cutting short her
Young Sir PEVERIL has summoned all his courage to begin,
And with passion now is pleading. From his tone of interceding
She can gather that he fears her hand is difficult to win!
[*Air of dainty amusement for this.*
So he all his eloquence employs—his eyes with ardour glisten:
(All unconscious he 's besieging a surrendered citadel!) [*Confidential aside again.*
But she cannot tell him *this*—un-happily, she can but listen,
[*Here you should indicate slight facial contortion.*
Making frantic furtive efforts to absorb her caramel! [are——
(*Manly passion.*) "Oh, deem not that my burning words a boy's extravagance
For I love you with a passion that my tongue would fail to tell! [*Hand on heart.*
Do I not deserve an answer?" (*Rapid change to confidential aside.*) How his rhapsodies entrance her!
(*Regretfully.*) But the pearly portals of her speech are barred by caramel!
Sir P. (*growing anxiety*). "Have I been but over-confident—and can I be distasteful
To the one whose guide and stay through life I thought to have become?
(*Desperately.*) Then in pity let me *know* it!" (*Pause; then sadly.*) But with too cohesive paste full
Is her dewy mouth; and so, perforce, fair AMABEL is dumb!
"Is it *time* you need?" he questions, with humility pathetic,
"Never fear that I by sudden scare your judgment would compel!"
(*Business here.*) She makes efforts energetic to resolve the seal hermetic
Of involuntary silence—but 'tis set in caramel! [cigar lit,
Sir P (*again reproachful*). "There was a time when graciously for me you my
And you hovered near me as I smoked, and said you 'loved' the smell—
Were you but trifling with me then?—(*with painful conviction*)—or why that sudden scarlet?"
(*Aside.*) But she 's flushing with *vexation* at her stubborn caramel.
(*Grieved dignity.*) From your silence I must gather you have acted insincerely,
And your little feet a bleeding heart have trampled in the dust!
(*Broken accents.*) For I loved you, ah, so dearly!—but at last I see too clearly
That I 've centred all my hopes on one unworthy of my trust!
Can you no word of answer deign—encouraging or chilling?
Thrice a fool is he who seeks to touch the heart of a coquette! [*Bitterly.*
Since you 're obviously unwilling, I—(*dawning hope*)—but stay, your eyes are filling!
Only whisper one shy syllable, in sign you love me yet?" [*Tender invitation.*
(*Tragic recitative.*) And she 's writhing in her anguish, with a dreary wonder whether [spell;
She is under the benumbing blight of some enchanter's
For a link of honied leather locks her ruby lips together,
And the pent emotion cannot pass that gag of caramel!
Then Sir PEVERIL, with an agony he vainly seeks to smother,
Says: "Your silence I interpret now—you are no longer free! [*Nod head with mournful knowingness.*
But are plighted to Another, and regard me "as a brother,"
(Which I cannot say I care about!) then—there 's no hope for me?" [*Extend hands, palms upward.*
Still this silence! Then I leave you—though you care not to be *my* mate, [good-bye,
Though you do not hold me worth the boon of e'en a brief
Should the cannibals some time eat me in Afric's sultry climate,
I may win a posthumous regard entombed within a pie!
(*Bitter emphasis on "posthumous" of a man who feels himself unappreciated in life.*)
Thus he leaves her: Down the corridor his heavy footstep echoes, [a knell;
While his parting words are ringing in her singing ears
And 'tis hers for evermore to feel her life its dismal wreck owes
To immoderate indulgence in the tempting caramel!

This is the legitimate and only really artistic finale; but the Poet, on reciting it to two of his Aunts, found that they wept so uncontrollably, that he was obliged to compose a sedative stanza, which he appends here as an alternative ending by way of concession to those who resent too heavy a demand upon their tear-ducts.

Then the caramel relents at last!—(you find the phrase fantastic? [kind)—
But it melts—although from motives not intentionally
As she manages to masticate the morsel so elastic,
As she murmurs: "Though I 've been so dumb—need *you* have been so blind?" (*Bring in your maidenly archness again for last line; rainbow effect.*)

One last caution; the two concluding stanzas are strictly alternative—*so, don't recite them both!*

CRICKET CATCHES.

By D. Crambo, Junior.

A Forward Style.

Out with a Beautiful Bailer.

Collaring the Bowling.

A Prominent Player.

Sent Back with a Shooter.

A Difficult Wicket.

HUMAN NATURE.

Angelina. "WHATEVER MADE YOU TELL UNCLE HARPAGON YOU 'RE MAKING £5000 A YEAR—WHEN, WITH ALL YOUR HARD WORK AND ALL MY ECONOMY, WE CAN SCARCELY MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET?"

Edwin. "MY LOVE, HE 'S WORTH HALF A MILLION, AND IF HE THINKS WE DON'T WANT IT, HE 'LL VERY LIKELY LEAVE IT ALL TO US!"

A ROYAL HOUSE-WARMING.

IT was a question what should be done with them. There was such a lot of them. And each of them had a suite. Of course if they had come unattended, bringing only a valet or a maid, it would have been possible to put them all up at Buckingham Palace—with a little crowding. But not at all. This man had his chamberlain, that a master of the horse, or somebody. So they had to be spread over as large an area as possible.

There was not much question as to whom should be housed at Pimlico. The kings of course had the call, although some of them (for family reasons) preferred Marlborough House. The Belgians, the Portuguese, Saxony and all the Berlin contingent, with the gentleman from Vienna, had absolutely a right to reside in the Palace of Pimlico. Then there was the Italian Duke who had been a King once upon a time in Spain (he retired after he had had quite enough of it)—well, he might expect to be put up in Buckingham House. And these, with the members of "the Family" quite exhausted the accommodation in Pimlico.

Marlborough House, always hospitable, opened its doors to anyone, but especially to anyone more intimately connected with Denmark. "Only too pleased to see anybody," was the idea, but the central notion was "Denmark." Lucky *voyageurs* who got to Marlborough House. Quite sure of a very good time. Theatres, operas, everything! A real good time! Clarence House drew the line at Russia. In Edinburgh a bawbee *is* a bawbee, and, even when guns don't go off, a "saxpence" is sometimes capable of "banging." So the line was drawn at Russia. The inhabitants of the Wild North are no doubt an admirable race, but not too amusing. So perhaps they were a trifle *triste*. It is to be hoped, if this was indeed the case, that dark moments were chased away by fiddling, and there was some one at hand to compensate the fiddler. And, for the rest, there were hotels. One opposite Buckingham Palace, most conveniently situated. "Sleep out, and take meals in the house." That was the idea. And then there were private lodgings. So, when all is said and done, why should they not be comfortable? Even the Siamese and other darkies were appropriately put up. Yes, and this last feat was performed without asking for accommodation at the Hall of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels!

ROYAL JUBILEE CRICKET SCORE.

"50! Not Out."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR PLEASURE-SEEKERS.

Question. Did you see the *Amber Heart* at the Lyceum?

Answer. I did, at a crowded *Matinée*, in a temperature apparently of several hundreds in the shade.

Q. Did you find it a "poetic fancy"?

A. I found it rather dry. It reminded me of the *Palace of Truth*, with the "GILBERT squeak" left out.

Q. Was it well played?

A. By Miss ELLEN TERRY to admiration. Mr. WILLARD was also very good. But the piece was dreary.

Q. Where there no comic characters?

A. Mr. KEMBLE was intended to be mirth-provoking, as a fat old man desirous of marriage; and Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE, on the whole, amused me as a troubadour.

Q. Were Miss ELLEN TERRY omitted from the caste, would you go to a second performance of the *Amber Heart*?

A. Certainly, if dragged thither by wild omnibus horses.

Q. But not otherwise? *A.* Not otherwise.

Q. You have also been to Mr. CUSINS'—he will be Sir CUSINS soon—Annual Concert. Did anything surprise you thereat?

A. I was certainly astonished and grieved to learn that Mr. SIMS REEVES was unable to sing on account of indisposition.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL give a recitation?

A. Of passages from *The Hunchback*? Yes. Modern morning dress in lieu of ruffs, doublets, and farthingales, was a little embarrassing—especially to the gentlemen.

Q. Was there any good singing?

A. Some admirable singing. Mr. SANTLEY was in excellent voice, Mme. TREBELLI perfect, and Signor CIAMPI the Chee-ampion Comique.

Q. Have there been any other morning performances?

A. Certainly—a great many. But I have not been to any of them.

Q. Really—why not? *A.* Because I am a pleasure-seeker!

EN PASSANT.

THIS fashion of having sunshades with a number of ribs terminating in sharp pointed spikes all round, is no doubt a pretty one, but could not ladies contrive to wield their weapons so as to make the peril to passers-by somewhat less?

No, it's not so much the fact that the whole of my left cheek has been laid open down to the bone by a lady's sunshade, which causes me irritation, as the desire expressed by the lady that I should apologise for my awkwardness in getting in her way!

This is the third new hat that I have had knocked off into the gutter this week by a passing parasol.

Policeman! Would you be so kind as to call a cab to take me to the nearest Eye-Hospital? And you might perhaps speak to that nice-looking young lady with the red parasol over there, who has just sent one of the prongs deep into my eye-socket, in case her evidence may be required at the Inquest.

As I am invited to three garden-parties this week, perhaps I had better insure my life before going to any of them.

No doubt a poke in the small of the back by a spike, shaped like a miniature javelin is exhilarating; but I prefer going to my doctor when I want something to give my constitution a fillip.

Why do not the young ladies who insist on twirling their sunshades, take out patents for a new kind of circular saw?

When can a lady be said to give the cut direct to a gentleman she has never set eyes on before?—When she lacerates his face by an adroit and unexpected movement of her parasol.

Considering that, as has been truly observed, "the edges of a sunshade carried by a lady of ordinary height are just about the level of a gentleman's hat or eyes," could not a law be passed to compel damsels with parasols to walk on stilts?

If carriages may be said to obey the rule of the road, ladies in summer-time certainly enjoy the rule of the pavement.

RED SHIRT says:—"If I had only had a modern sunshade with me in the Far West, I should have been able to do a great deal more scalping than I ever actually accomplished, and in about half the time."

May the spikes of a fashionable parasol be properly described as a new kind of "facing points"?

JUBILEE GUESTS.

Lord Chamberlain. "ALL RIGHT, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES. YOU'LL ALL BE ATTENDED TO IN YOUR TURNS."

PITY the sorrows of a Chamberlain, [*door!*)
(*Ah, yes, your Royal Highness, that's your door!*)
Filled with perplexity and courtly pain.
(*A Jubilee's a bore.*)

'Midst pleasures and 'midst palaces to roam,
Is nice for foreign dignities, no doubt;
But then they've lots of palaces at home,
Which we are quite without.

A cab-full of Serenities, to "place"
In Grand Hotels, their grumbling mouths to muzzle, [*Grace!*)
Is what I call (*Number Fourteen, Your*
The real "Jubilee Puzzle."

The Turks now! How I envy the snug posts of them.
Civilisation is but pain and loss for us.

(*At six, Sire?*) Palaces? Why they have lots of them
All round about the Bosphorus.

Well, I must do my best. (*All in good time, Serene Transparencies!*) The post of "Boots"
My office, which I used to think sublime,
This sort of thing scarce suits.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 6th.—House of Commons back again, after Whitsun recess. Lords defer their coming. In meantime British Constitution must try to drag along without them. Effort to-night rather melancholy. Benches nearly empty. GLADSTONE "still in Wales' belly," as CAVENDISH BENTINCK (who is here) says; "and precious glad it 'll be to get rid of him," he adds, rumpling his hair wrong way. HARTINGTON strolled in at question-time, but presently decamped. CHAMBERLAIN didn't look in at all. These deficiencies made up by presence of HARCOURT, who spread himself over seat of Leader of Opposition, and smiled in patronising manner on the Mace.

Fuller gathering on Treasury Bench. SMITH in familiar attitude, with hands on knees, ready to "pounce." To him enter AKERS-DOUGLAS, who has been counting noses in House and ante-rooms. "Can't muster more than a hundred," he reported. "No chance of pouncing to-night." Old Morality sat back disappointed. Temper evidently ruffled. Snapped at BRADLAUGH when he wanted to know about Burmah Ruby Mines, and scowled on DIXON HARTLAND when he asked for facilities to proceed with his Bill for Regulation of Theatres. Only six questions on paper, after which, House resolved itself into Committee of Supply, and pounded away on Civil Service Estimates till Two o'Clock in the morning.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Coercion Bill on to-night, but not even its powerful attraction sufficient to draw House. GLADSTONE, on his way home from Wales, made a speech hundreds of miles long—all the way from Cardiff to Paddington. Occasional application of Clôture on the part of Guard in charge of train. CHAMBERLAIN looked in for few minutes. Very little here now. Less even than HARTINGTON. SMITH at the opening of sitting vaguely hinted at pending Closure. "I am not in a position to do it at this moment," he plaintively remarked, looking round at his supporters, who did not number a hundred. "But will see by-and-by," he added, pulling himself together, and assuming air of jollity in painful circumstances.

Soon as House got into Committee of Supply, BALFOUR wanted to make statement. At this stage can be done only by general consent. TIM HEALY objected. HARCOURT patronisingly told BALFOUR to go on. Tried to go on accordingly. TIM HEALY on his legs again. BALFOUR pettishly said if that was the way he was to be received, wouldn't make statement at all, and so sat down. Irish Members laughed to see such fun. Got just what they wanted.

"On the Pounce."

PARNELL turned up, looking like a ghost. Urged his friends not to linger over immaterial Amendments. A cloud of Amendments accordingly brushed off the paper. This looked promising, but truce only temporary. TIM HEALY having discovered sore place with ARTHUR BALFOUR, kept prodding him till at last he declined to discuss amendment with him. Irish Members more than ever delighted with this evidence of weakness. TIM joyously returned to attack. Might have gone on for half an hour,

> "When comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
> And slits the long-drawn speech."

That's OSBORNE MORGAN'S way of putting it, having been down among the Welsh Bards. In plain English, SMITH having ascertained that two hundred supporters were present "pounced," and TIM shut up. Encouraged by success, pounced again, half an hour later, but was pulled up by Chairman.

After this rebuff O. M. went to sleep. Debate went on till nearly Three in the morning.

Business done.—Coercion Bill.

Wednesday.—GLADSTONE back in House to-day. In high spirits; delighted with his trip to Wales; wears a leek in button-hole, and speaks with decidedly Welsh accent. Is engaged in studying parish records of Llanymnech. Has a strong suspicion that either he was himself born there, or that one of his mother's aunts was a Welshwoman by birth. Shall hear more of this by-and-by. In meantime, he tells me he intends to take rank as a Bard. Has been teaching HERBERT to call him by his Bardic name, *Ddu*. HERBERT says that 's not the way to spell the word. GLADSTONE explains that it 's Welsh, and has historic associations. Wonderful the enthusiasm of the old man. Shouldn't be at all surprised to find him some night sitting at the Bar in Bardic costume with harp, singing the dirge of the Government.

The Welsh Harpist.

Business done.—Coercion Bill.

Thursday.—Red letter night for TIM. Began early with accusing ARTHUR BALFOUR of making a statement which was "a mere quibble." No doubt of accuracy of description; but SPEAKER objected to phrase adopted. In conversation which followed, TIM proposed to cross-examine SPEAKER. Did he, he wanted to know, rule that the word "quibble" was unparliamentary? SPEAKER wouldn't commit himself and finally having gained his point, TIM consented to withdraw.

"'Our allies are at least gentlemen,'" said HARCOURT, glancing at CHAMBERLAIN'S empty seat. "But gentlemen don't usually answer a plain question by a paltry quibble."

"I beg your pardon?" asked BALFOUR across the table.

"Oh, nothing!" said HARCOURT.

TIM ran amuck all night in Committee on Coercion Bill. It was One o'Clock in the morning when his great opportunity came. BALFOUR moved to omit Sub-Section providing for Change of Venue. Promised to introduce another Bill, substituting a Commission of Judges. HARCOURT made unusually effective speech. Old Morality appeared at table to reply. Just started when TIM interposed.

"I claim, Sir," he shouted, "that the question be now put."

Old Morality stood aghast. Hour or two earlier had moved the Closure himself. Had done it once or twice every evening since Rule passed. Now, when rising to counteract damaging speech from Front Opposition Bench, had the Closure put on him! Slowly sank into a seat; gazed straight before him with parted lips. Nothing for Chairman to do but put the question. SMITH still speechless. Party didn't know what to do. Before they had recovered self-possession, Chairman declared Closure agreed to, and SMITH'S great speech remains unspoken.

"10 to 1 on Urgency!"

Business done.—Mr. SMITH Closured.

Saturday, 3 A.M.—House still sitting. Proceedings since Eleven last night very lively. Old Morality pouncing right and left, "like a kangaroo," as JOSEPH GILLIS says. Closure all very well as far as it goes. What we really want is, power to move the Closure of the House. All going down to Ports-

MORE LITERAL THAN GALLANT.

Miss Hypatia. "YES, NOW THAT WE ARE GRADUALLY EDUCATING OURSELVES UP TO YOUR LEVEL, YOU MEN OUGHT AT LEAST TO MEET US HALF-WAY!"

The Professor. "MEET YOU HALF-WAY? HOW? BY GRADUALLY *UN*EDUCATING OURSELVES DOWN TO YOURS?"

---

mouth to-day with CHARLIE BERESFORD. Have to be on the move at Eight o'Clock, and here we are.

GLADSTONE gone home long ago. So has HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN, and most respectable people not pressed for the Closure Brigade. CHAMBERLAIN, fresh from Ascot, created quite a sensation. Figure him in white hat, with green veil, smartly-cut light-brown dust-coat, lavender kid gloves (slightly soiled), and field-glass slung over his shoulder. Wanted to make a book on Urgency Resolution passing before House rose. Offered 10 to 1, but found no takers. General opinion is that he's too much in the swim.

Business done.—Urgency Rule passed.

"AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY."

TESTY old gentlemen are rather fond of informing us that "there are no *boys* now, Sir!" and these *laudatores temporis acti* will be gratified to hear that a boy of the good old sort seems to have been discovered at Dartford lately. The Superintendent of Police stated for the information of the Bench that a certain DAVID COLLINS, who was charged before them with stealing "a quantity of wheat," was "an old-fashioned boy." Master COLLINS had been awarded a season of hard labour (it's too apt to be nothing but play with your modern boy!) a few years ago for the same offence, when the young gentleman stated that he was thirteen, and turned out to be "nearly thirty." When being charged and searched on the present occasion, "six or eight live mice sprang out from the inside of his shirt," says the *Daily Telegraph*, sympathetic ally, "much to the consternation of the police officers." Any old gentleman who would like to adopt this nice little boy, and the six or eight live mice, (which of course are all old-fashioned too) is hereby informed that "Master DAVID," will be at liberty to entertain proposals for adoption (Millers where no cats are kept preferred!) at the end of a period of twenty-one days, during which he will be unavoidably detained by an engagement of a pressing nature. The chance may not occur again!

SOMETHING MORE LIKE IT.

SIR,—I have read with consternation that HER MAJESTY intends, on the occasion of her Royal Progress to the Abbey on the 21st, to proceed merely in "semi-state." Now this must not be. The idea is preposterous. Why, Sir, I have just paid fifteen guineas for a third-floor window in Regent Street, and I should like to know, if the QUEEN is going to wear an ordinary bonnet, and the whole procession is going to consist of a dozen carriages of notables in mere morning dress, just following one another, what I am going to get for my money? However, it is not too late to set matters right. I subjoin below a sketch of what the Procession ought to be, and the sooner the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, or whoever it is who has to see to the matter, takes it in hand the better it will be for the sight-seeing public. Here it is:—

PROGRAMME OF PROCESSION.

(*Amended to suit the Popular Taste.*)

THE LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND CITY OFFICIALS MOUNTED ON BUCK-JUMPERS,
(Specially hired from BUFFALO BILL'S Wild West Show,) to clear the way.

ONE OF THE LONDON ROAD-CAR COMPANY'S OMNIBUSES,
Filled inside and out with Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England in Full Canonicals.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR,
On the Woolsack, carried by Four Officials of the Upper House.

EIGHTY-SIX IRISH MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Dressed in National Costume, dancing a jig as they proceed.

TWO FOREIGN KINGS,
In full Gala Coronation Dress, walking abreast.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE HOTEL,
On Horseback.

FIVE FOUR-WHEELED CABS
(Handsomely gilt with Dutch metal), containing Continental Royalties in brand-new uniforms.

THE SPEAKER IN HIS CHAIR,
On a Brewers'-dray festooned with Roses, drawn by Clerks of the House in harness.

THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF PEERS,
In their Robes and Coronets, dancing backwards, and scattering flowers as they retire.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
THE QUEEN,
Attired in her Coronation Robes and wearing the Imperial Crown, seated on her Throne in the centre of a colossal Car on a Revolving Twelfth Cake, surrounded by appropriate Court characters.

INDIAN MAHARAJAHS
(In a Pleasure-Van), arrayed in their best Jewels, and personally conducted by Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN.

THE ENTIRE COLLECTION OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MODELS,
Arranged in groups on the tops of a series of tastefully decorated Furniture-vans, containing inside respectively the Bands of the three rival Italian Opera Companies, the Life Guards, Marines, and Royal Artillery.

THE POET LAUREATE,
Clad in Bardic Costume, singing his Jubilee Ode, and accompanying himself on a harp on the top of the "Dead-wood Coach," the interior of which will be occupied by distinguished Literary and Artistic Celebrities, Musicians, Dramatic Authors, Actors, Dentists, and leading Members of all the Learned Professions.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY,
In full Court Dress, riding in various attitudes on one of the new 101-ton Guns, and forming an Allegorical *Tableau*.

CHAIRMEN OF GAS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES
Decked out in suits of Tower armour, mounted on omnibus horses.

BUFFALO BILL.

Now, Sir, the above scheme may be capable of improvement, but I maintain that if something simple of the sort is set on foot on these lines there will be a comprehensive show at least somewhat worthy of the occasion. If, on the other hand, the Authorities stick to their meagre programme, and go in for this "semi-State" business, I will undertake to say there will not be a single member of that extensive body, the sight-seeing British public, who won't be prepared to subscribe himself, like

Your outraged and protesting Correspondent,
A JUBILEE GROWLER.

"A REUTER'S Telegram from Bombay, dated June 6," read out Miss RAMSBOTTOM to her parent, "announces that the Monsoon has burst!"—"Well, I call it disgustin', my dear, so far away from his kingdom too," was the severe comment; "and I've always understood as them Japanese was such little eaters!"

A JUBILEE PRIVATE VIEW.

(*Turning an Honest Penny-a-Line.*)

The Duchess of Dilwater (*Art-Critic to the South Pentonville Gazette*) *writes in her Note-book*:—"THE FUNDAMENTAL THEME OR *LEIT-MOTIF* OF MR. SOAPLEY'S EXQUISITE PORTRAIT OF MRS. BLAZER, IS AN IMPASSIONED *ADAGIO* IN THE MINOR KEY OF BLUE, TENDERLY EMBROIDERED WITH A SUB-DOMINANT FUGUE IN GREEN AND GRAY AND GOLD!" &c., &c.

Lady Slangboro (*Purveyor of Social pars to the Bermondsey Figaro*):—"IT 'S ALL TOMMY ROT ABOUT THE DUCHESS OF DILWATER NOT BEING ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH HER LEARY OLD BLOKE OF A SPOUSE. BOTH THEIR GRACES WERE PRESENT, DARBY-AND-JOANING IT ALL OVER THE SHOP." &c., &c.

Viscountess Crewelstown (*who does the Fashions for the Barnes and Putney Express*):—"LADY SLANGBORO WAS THERE, LOOKING LOVELY IN A RICH SALMON ÉCRU POULT DE SOIE MATELOTTE RUCHÉE À LA BARIGOULE, WITH POINTES D'ESTRAGON PANACHÉ, AND BOUILLONAISES OF THON MARINÉ EN JARDINIERE, FROM MADAM ALDEGONDE'S (719, PICCADILLY)." &c., &c.

PREPARING FOR THE JUBILEE.

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

YES, of course it 's a bit of a bother,
And puts one a trifle about,
All this Jubilee pageant and pother,
This huge anniversary rout;
But then there 's a something that we owe
To impulses born of the heart,
And even a work-burdened Leo
Must dress for the part.

So I put my best tail-coat and tie on,
And brush-up my bellicose mane,
The looking-glass says the old Lion
Wears well, which I hope isn't vain.
I 've had but few holidays lately,
'Tis long since I went for a frisk;
I 've been learning to trot most sedately,
For once I 'll be brisk.

I suppose in the light of pure reason
It 's all just a trifle absurd,
But to-day that reflection were treason,
Its utterer would not be heard.
KANT is all very well in his way, Ma'am,
But [illegible] of place sounds like cant;
[illegible]gic to-day, Ma'am.
I shan't.

Yes; I do look a bit like a poodle,
Rigged out and brushed up in this style.
Prigs and pedants will call me "old noodle,"
That 's certain, at which I shall smile.
In spite of my Jingoes abusive,
The sagest of leonine laws
Is—don't make too cheap or intrusive
Your teeth or your claws.

Mine at present are trimmed down as neatly
As those of the Lion in love.
Yet the idiots err most completely
Who deem me a mere sucking-dove.
To prove that to each self-deceiver
Were rather too much of a bore;
But—it 's only fool *Bottom the Weaver*
Who 's always all roar.

No, the Lion's part, just for to-day, Ma'am,
Is simply to play and to purr.
BRITTANNIA, come, what do *you* say, Ma'am?
Of course I 'm aware you prefer
My mane freely tossing and flowing,
My caput not topped by a "tile;"
But you do not imagine I 'm going
To stick to this style.

'Tis only a gala-day get-up,
I 've lots of stern business on hand.
My leonine back is not *yet* up;
But—ah! Ma'am, you quite understand.

There are things to set straight at St. Ste-
My Army, my Fleet, and my Laws [phen's,
Seem rather at sixes and sevens.
Well—'ware Leo's claws!

But to-day I 'm not stern, nay, nor thrifty.
My motto is, "Oh! what a larks!"
They come only one year in fifty,
These scenes in our streets and our parks.
One thing, though, my bosom to ire works,—
The job seems imperfectly done.
Why could not the people have fireworks
To finish the fun?

There 's a dash of the dowdy and dingy
About Metropolitan plans;
Even poor GEORGE THE THIRD was less stingy.
Roast oxen and loud rataplans
May not be entirely in keeping
With these high æsthetical times,
But rocket-rains whirling and weeping
Are surely not crimes.

However, dear Madam, I 'm ready
To frisk with the rest of the crowd.
Only hope that old Sol will keep steady,
And not lap the land in a shroud.
In June in the Jubilee Year, Ma'am,
E'en town should look sunny and green,
And then what a shout we shall hear, Ma'am,
Of "God save the QUEEN!!!"

THE BRITISH LION PREPARES FOR THE JUBILEE.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXVIII.—SIR BARNABAS BUTLER.

SIR BARNABAS BUTLER is the greatest citizen we have. He is ahead of all the other citizens by twenty-five churches, 180 public-houses, two hospitals, and a museum. No other citizen has built more than three or four churches, or owns more than twenty public-houses, no other citizen has ever built a museum. No other citizen has encouraged vice, or art, or religion, to half the extent of Sir BARNABAS. His statue stands in the market-place, where he is represented mounted on a handsome coal-black charger, which has been endeavouring to throw him off for the last five years, and cannot manage it. It is opposite Queen VICTORIA in bronze, and only a few yards from the Duke of WELLINGTON, on a simple six foot pedestal. Sir BARNABAS subscribed largely to the erection of his statue, and he has his reward, for it really leaves the other statues far behind.

I have just been to see Sir BARNABAS lay the foundation-stone of his last church—the fiftieth. He is very frequently laying foundation-stones.

He has forty-nine silver-trowels up at the Hall already, and this will make fifty. There is a huge sideboard charged with minor trophies in his drawing-room, with a full-length portrait of himself in oils hung above it. There are the forty-nine trowels in a row; there are invaluable keepsakes, and mementos, from numbers of Dukes and Marquises; there are testimonials and written addresses from all the colleges, and museums, and churches, and hospitals, even from half the chapels in the neighbourhood, and very many others. He takes them down and reads them on a Sunday afternoon in an arm-chair, under the great stained window, (it is a huge piece, representing St. Martin sharing his cloak with the beggar) with coloured light falling on the blue and gold colours of the illuminated addresses. New ones are always coming in; the last was from the Society for the support of Confirmed Inebriates, to which he had subscribed liberally.

There is also a ledger bound in red morocco, with a list of the subscriptions he has given to various charitable objects—their name is legion. He will have it buried with him, it is popularly supposed.

He is a remarkable man, with a curious magnetic influence about him, and an inscrutable bland face. When he opens his lips at a public meeting, a vibration seems to pass through the assembly, and they watch him as if physically constrained to note his every action. He stirred me like the *Mephistopheles* in BERLIOZ'S *Faust*, with mingled fascination and repugnance. His tone is essentially false, but resonant and piercing, with a peculiar swaying cadence that compels attention. When he rose, to-day, which he did with a certain unction, everyone of the audience knew that he had risen. That was after the Bishop's speech. The Bishop, by the way, had referred very prettily to the fact of its being Sir BARNABAS'S fiftieth foundation-stone. He said it was his dearest hope that if the Church prospered in the City, as under the auspices of Sir BARNABAS it was almost certain to do, he might live to see Sir BARNABAS lay a hundredth foundation-stone. "If not," continued the Bishop, rising to enthusiasm, "the hundred and fiftieth."

Sir BARNABAS heaved a sigh before he began to speak—it was a way he had. A sigh that conveyed at once humility and candour, humour and benevolence, and the faint reproachfulness of one who feels that his labours on behalf of humanity cannot be adequately recompensed, even by silver trowels. He fixed his eyes upon the Bishop, who became at once utterly unable to glance away from him, and commenced:—"I have never looked for fame at the hands of my fellow-citizens, nor have my visions been of worldly compensation. Had my labour blushed unseen, I trust that I should still have dedicated that labour to the service of humanity. But, Sir, my labour has not blushed unseen. My modest and unpretending efforts have been, I may say, proclaimed upon the house-tops. I have sounded no trumpet before me; but the most sensitive spirit may feel a pang of pride, when others take up the instrument his modesty has refused to handle. And, Sir, when yesterday I passed yonder image in the market-place, the noble expression of a too partial appreciation of my poor efforts for humanity,—then I am not ashamed to confess it, the tears sprang to my eyes." He released the Bishop from his gaze. The Bishop, relieved, but disconcerted could only murmur, "Reflects great credit."

"The tears," repeated Sir BARNABAS, more slowly and impressively, "sprang to my eyes. It was not the beauty of the marble, Sir, it was not the grandeur of those sculptured lineaments. No, it was the knowledge that the hearts of the people had dictated that majestic offering. I felt that I had a place in the hearts of the people, that I would exchange for no palatial mansion, Sir,—for no palatial mansion." Vigorous applause, during which Sir BARNABAS gathered himself together for a fresh flight of rhetoric.

"I consider myself a Steward," he resumed, "merely a Steward. Riches take wing and fly away. Ah! But a faithful stewardship, will never take wing. Services rendered to Art, to Science, to Philanthropy, to Culture, to Religion—these will never fly away. A place in the heart of the people, this, Sir, is my aspiration. This is, I may say, my prayer. Let my wealth perish. Let those marble features crumble—but let my image remain stamped on the memories of our citizens, in characters more enduring than can be graven by the sculptor's chisel. I ask no more."

Amid vigorous applause, Sir BARNABAS proceeded to lay the foundation-stone. I did not stay to witness the conclusion, preferring rather to walk home by some of the slums of the city, and deepen my strong conviction of the tremendous extent to which humanity found itself indebted to Sir BARNABAS.

JUBILEE JOTTINGS.

SIR,—If it is not too late, I must utter a protest against the *route* chosen for the Jubilee Procession which seems calculated merely to satisfy the classes in the Clubs. I would propose that the *route* should be as follows:—From Buckingham Palace down the Buckingham Palace Road, Sloane Square, King's Road, Walham Green, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith Broadway, and thence into the Lavender Terrace, Chiswick, in which I have a window and which ends in a *cul de sac*. The procession might then get to the Abbey by Kensington, Knightsbridge, &c.,—but that is a matter of detail.

Lavender Terrace, Chiswick. Yours faithfully, JUSTICE.

SIR,—As there is to be no firework display on the occasion of the celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee, may I be permitted to suggest an excellent substitute. I can scarcely imagine anything more appropriate than a fire-balloon. If they were dispatched by hundreds and thousands the effect would be magnificent. Fire-balloons are not expensive—I myself can supply an excellent article at one-and-sixpence.

Yours truly,

Toy Warehouse. MONTGOLFIER, JUNIOR.

SIR,—At the Review at Aldershott there is one branch of the Land Forces of HER MAJESTY that will not be represented at all except by its individual members. I allude to that fine body of men the Metropolitan Police. Why should not every division in the three Kingdoms march down the Long Valley? The effect would be very fine, and in the opinion of experts certain branches of industry would revive during the absence of such a force from London,

Yours most truly, WILLIAM JEREMIAH DIDDLER SIKES.

SIR,—Why is there not a Summary Law passed, compelling some of the Irish Members to walk in the procession, or ride with green rosettes on, and the others to be seated in various parts of the Abbey? Let Mr. PARNELL be in the Abbey. SCAREM.

SIR,—I am going to Central Africa next week, when the Jubilee will be at its fullest. May I ask you kindly to wire to me when it is all over? As my objection to the celebration is shared by the Irish Members, do you think you could get them to accompany me? If they did, not only should I please myself by escaping from the present excitement, but do a distinct service to my beloved country.

Cape House, Ulster. Yours faithfully, ANNE O'RANGE.

DUMB-CRAMBO'S STRANGER'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

The Tower. The Monument. The Mint.

(Is this the Mon you meant?)

ECONOMY!

Pater. "TOM, TOM!—THIS 'LL NEVER DO! PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK!—AND YOU 'VE BEEN IN BED FIFTEEN HOURS OUT O' THE TWENTY-FOUR!"

Tom. "BUT IT 'S CHEAP, GOV'NOUR—'COSTS NOTHING. WH'N'AS DIRECTLY A FELLOW 'S UP AND DRESSED, EXPENSES BEGIN!"

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

GRAND Old GLADSTONE night at the Covent Garden Opera last Thursday. "Mr. G."—quite "the Upper G" on this operatic occasion, was delighted, and looked it. He was received by Mr. J. D. MCLAREN and Mr. E. HALL, who was more radiant than ever with a Covent-Gardenia in his button-hole, and, in a general way, "Hall there." The performance was better than ever. But M. LORRAIN has not improved, and he is far from being a satisfactory *Mephistopheles*. We don't learn what "Mr. G.'s" opinion was, but he beamed on ALBANI, and talked Italian to GAYARRÉ (who is a Spaniard) as glibly as if he had been born Signor GLADSTONIO. Did he hum to them the tunes of happier days—he can hum very well—or did he give vent to that touching lyric, "*I cannot sing the Old Song!*" Or was it "*Home Rule, Sweet Home Rule!*" No matter. Everybody was delighted at seeing him so brisk, and in such excellent spirits. He was doing much more good at the Opera than in the House.

On Saturday there was a fine performance—the fine performances here have come in with the fine weather—of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Signor GAYARRÉ was admirable as the Duke, and Madame DE CEPEDA sung and acted her best as *Amelia*. The hit of the evening was Mlle. VALDA as *Oscar*—not WILD, of course, but the very reverse of a tame impersonation. Signor D'ANDRADE's "*Eri tu*" created a *furore*, and the amusing parts for SAMMY and TOMMY (*Samuele* and *Tom*)—so characteristic of Italian Opera, couldn't have been in better hands, and mouths, than those of Signori POVOLERI and DE SERIZIL. Chorus, *mise-en-scène*, and orchestra under the watchful eye of Signor BEVIGNANI, who, like a conscientious policeman, is always on the beat, all contributed to make *Un Ballo* quite a Jubilee success. Up to Saturday, for the Italian Opera Stakes, Covent Garden has been an easy first. We shall see whether Signor AUGUSTUS HARRISII will have collared the favourite by the time this appears with his *Aïda*.

Madame PATTI had a good house at the Albert Hall on Saturday, and sung "*Home, Sweet Home*," as an *encore*. She also sang "*Darling Mine!*"—a mine in which L. ENGEL has a share. Mr. ABBEY's second venture was a success, we are abbey to say. Miss WICKHAM, solo violinist, is quite first fiddle.

WILLIAMS REDIVIVUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR interest in all that is good in literature is as strong as your encouragement to latent talent is judicious. This consideration must be my excuse for troubling you about my literary efforts. I have determined to reform the modern Stage by reviving the Shakspearian Drama. This is not to be effected by writing five-act tragedies on historical subjects, whose interest, for cultured people, has evaporated about the time that they have finished their education; and for the masses is non-existent. It is to be done only by applying the Shakspearian method to subjects of present interest. Our ordinary nineteenth-century affairs—newspaper reports, or what not—treated with the genius of SHAKSPEARE, would produce distinctly Shakspearian results. This, then, Sir, is what I have determined to accomplish. My first attempt is a tragedy, called *The Lodger*. I send herewith an extract from the great scene in the Fourth Act, where the Poet, who has found his lodgings incompatible with his culture, is haled before the Doge. Will you give me your candid opinion, and suggest the best plan for getting the play acted? RODERICK TWEDDLE.

The Poet is here giving an account of his incompatible lodgings:—

Poet. Beneath a shade of glass was posed a Thing,
A dreadful Thing of feathers; the stuff'd soul
Of a lost Parrot; grey, with varnish'd beak,
A varnish'd horror, on a grey despair.
One eye, rebellious to the dry, shrunk frame,
Follow'd with glassy dread intelligence
All movements and all looks. The other eye
Took yet more awful heed of the still room,
Where in the mirror every action liv'd
Without the life of sound. The mirror's edge
Was swathed in yellow gauze—amorphous folds—
That might have eddied on the leathern limbs
Of nautching mummies. Two glass candlesticks,
With tinkling ringlets, flank'd the mouldering bird;
And shells, that breathed not of the sea, but kept
Some smack of fish defunct, the shelf adorn'd.
Two cups, whose claim to beauty was the crack
That made them poor for use; two vases blotched
By the coarse hand of vile machinery—
For each a woollen mat, a parasite
That stuck and clung, and on the easy chairs
Unstable housings; on the table round
Long folds of staring cloth, that caught the knees,
And hung about, and slid whene'er you moved—
And mats where there was never need of mats,
And maple-framed engravings of the QUEEN,
Of the Last Judgment, and the Plains of Heaven,
The Exhibition of Eighteen-Fifty-One,
Clifton Suspension Bridge, the Death of WESLEY,
And of a blunt-nosed Woodman's fiat return.
The Baresark mood came on me. Right and left
I hack'd and cleft. Th' affrighted landlady,
Coming, suburban trim, all householder,
I slew upon her splinter'd furniture,
Then fired the pile, and fled with lightened heart!

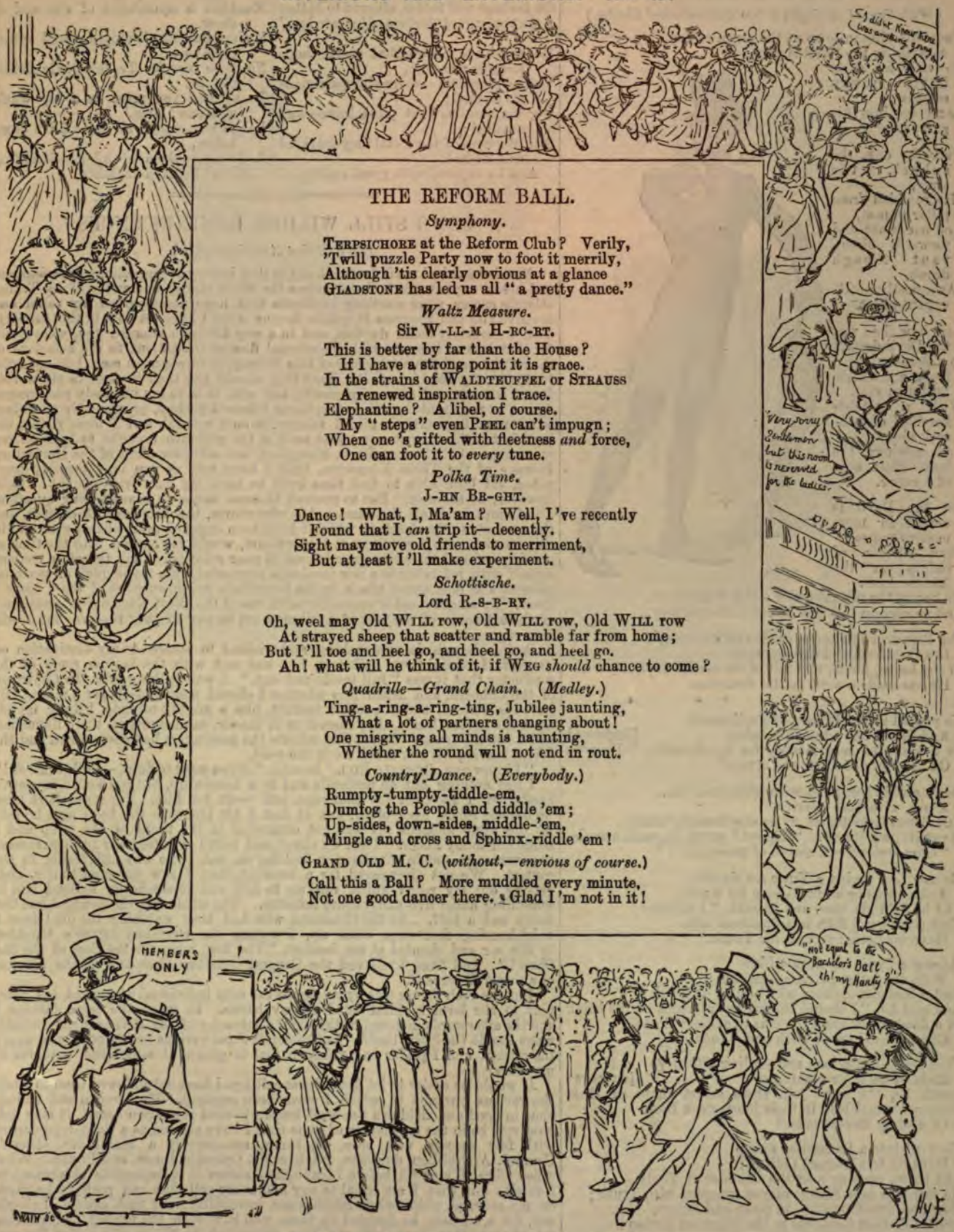
Polonius. Although it be a little out of fashion,
There is much taste and valour in this Welshman.

Doge. Take him away and hang him!

Poet. Oh, I say!

THE PLATFORM OF THE EX-PREMIER.—A Railway Platform.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 49.



THE REFORM BALL.

Symphony.

TERPSICHORE at the Reform Club? Verily,
'Twill puzzle Party now to foot it merrily,
Although 'tis clearly obvious at a glance
GLADSTONE has led us all "a pretty dance."

Waltz Measure.

Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT.

This is better by far than the House?
If I have a strong point it is grace.
In the strains of WALDTEUFFEL or STRAUSS
A renewed inspiration I trace.
Elephantine? A libel, of course.
My "steps" even PEEL can't impugn;
When one's gifted with fleetness *and* force,
One can foot it to *every* tune.

Polka Time.

J-HN BR-GHT.

Dance! What, I, Ma'am? Well, I've recently
Found that I *can* trip it—decently.
Sight may move old friends to merriment,
But at least I'll make experiment.

Schottische.

Lord R-S-B-RY.

Oh, weel may Old WILL row, Old WILL row, Old WILL row
At strayed sheep that scatter and ramble far from home;
But I'll toe and heel go, and heel go, and heel go.
Ah! what will he think of it, if WEG *should* chance to come?

Quadrille—Grand Chain. (*Medley.*)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-ting, Jubilee jaunting,
What a lot of partners changing about!
One misgiving all minds is haunting,
Whether the round will not end in rout.

Country Dance. (*Everybody.*)

Rumpty-tumpty-tiddle-em,
Dumfog the People and diddle 'em;
Up-sides, down-sides, middle-'em,
Mingle and cross and Sphinx-riddle 'em!

GRAND OLD M. C. (*without,—envious of course.*)

Call this a Ball? More muddled every minute,
Not one good dancer there. Glad I'm not in it!

REFORM CLUB, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.

THE DEVIL'S LATEST WALK.

(With Special Apologies to two Distinguished Shades.)

From his villa in town at the dawn of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little urban estates,
And see how his game goes on.

Over the city, the suburb, the slum,
He rambled from pillar to post,
And backward and forward, observant though dumb,
As a fleetly motivagrant ghost.

And how then was the Devil dress'd?
In a close-buttoned frock, and a high-buttoned vest,
With a pocket-kerchief of pea-soup blue,
And nowhere the least little sign of a queue.

For the Devil is versed in more modern pages
Than stories of Saints in the Middle Ages.
He knows the advantage of social conformity,
And an obvious tail now esteems an enormity.

The Prince of Darkness, as SHAKESPEARE says,
Is a Gentleman—in appearance.
Of the horns, hoofs, and tail of his earlier days
He has made a most politic clearance.

* * * * *

He peeped in the Houses of Parliament,
And found but a factious Babel.
To a smile he was moved, for he thought, [improved
"They 've
On the story of CAIN and ABEL."

Down a red river piled with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity,
And Satan looked wise, as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he, with a smile,
"Goes Ireland—in search of prosperity!"

He saw Law trying a Viper for slander,
And searching a musk-heap for truth;
And he held his nose, and he said, "I suppose
That poison and filth in a duplicate dose
Have medicinal virtues for Youth."

He saw a Cynic regaling a Club
With the latest patrician scandal;
And a Socialist spouter who howled on a tub;
And said he, "I should think they're about on the brink
Of a flood which shall come as to ancient Rome
Came the deluge of Goth and Vandal."

Then smug Physicians and smiling attorneys
Rode by on their vocations. [journeys;
Quoth he, "I must join these smart chaps in their
Unseen I would look in their joint-stock Book
Of Society Revelations."

He went into a Bookseller's shop
Hard by to a learned College;
And there, peeping over the shoulder of Youth,
He saw how new Pilates played ninepins with Truth;
How neo-Greek noodles, in poem and fiction,
Draped dirtiest thoughts in the daintiest diction;
How Art uninspired sought some stimulant fresh
In charnel conceits, and the lust of the flesh.

Cried he, "This is culture! The gauntest vulture
On garbage will fatten, allowed to batten
On the fruit of *this* tree of knowledge."

He saw huge Stores that small shopkeepers smashed,
To whose portals cash-paying patricians up dashed;
Big Companies, that piled lucre—and crashed;
And the eyes of the Devil they sparkled and flashed,
And he capered with great agility.

Said he, "Big Monopoly's now all the go;
Mankind is enamoured of size and of show,
Modest industry's stupid, small enterprise slow,
No room now for Trade's little fishes, oh! no.
To succeed you must be a big whale who can 'blow.'
I shall re-arrange all my affairs down below,
And convert them into a Joint-Stock Co.,
With 'Limited Liability.'"

SOME STILL WILDER REMINISCENCES.

(By a Modest Autobiographer.)

You have asked me if I cannot add to that history of marvellous, superhuman, and heroic exploit which characterises the whole stretch and sweep of my Transatlantic career, some startling incidents that have accompanied my rapid and decisive rise and progress in public favour since I have set foot in this country. Yes, I certainly could do this, and in a way fairly to astonish you, were it not for that lack of leisure which a continual flow of invitations to the mansions of the nobility and the aristocracy of this Metropolis forces upon me. I do not refer to this in any boastful spirit. That they should pay their homage to my world-famed courage and accomplishments, and wish to have my intensely picturesque figure, as represented on the advertising coloured posters, prominently adorning, as a central figure, their gilded saloons, is only natural, and I merely state the bare fact without comment. But such is the pressure brought to bear on my spare moments by Dukes, Earls, Marquises, and other members of the Hereditary Peerage of the Three Kingdoms, that I have not, as you may possibly have noted, yet been able to find time even to have my hair properly cut! This, however, by the way. But to proceed in some sense to answer your question. To attempt to detail the remarkable adventures, the hair-breadth escapes, and the combats to the death in which I have been engaged even since my arrival in this country with my *troupe* at Earl's Court, would far exceed both the time at my disposal and the space accorded me in your columns. I will therefore content myself with referring to a few incidents connected with my display of personal prowess and undaunted pluck in the immediate neighbourhood of the "Show" itself. My single-handed encounter with one of the West Kensington omnibuses on the afternoon of the first of April may not be new to your readers, but it will bear repeating.

Seeing the vehicle approaching, and wishing to proceed to my destination on its roof, I straightway hailed it, but was met with the laconic reply of the conductor that it was "full inside and out." I was walking with the Chairman of the Concern, and asked him whether I should make a dash for a place. He gave his consent, and in another instant, like a mighty tornado, I flung myself upon the horses' heads, they reared up in the air, came down on their haunches, and I cut the traces. In another minute the passengers had dismounted and the driver leaving his box faced me in the road.

"I know you, BUFFALO BILL," he said, "if you want to fight,—well, come on!"

I had nothing but an umbrella and he a horsewhip, but without a moment's hesitation, I accepted his challenge, and went for him. For some short time we danced round each other, but at last I hit him over the head and he fell. At the same moment my legs got entangled in the thong of the whip and I stumbled to my knees. Then we closed and rolled over together from pavement to pavement a couple of policemen looking on, but in no way interfering in the contest. We got disengaged for a moment, then I saw my opportunity, and, getting out my ready knife, ran up to him and scientifically scalped him in something under five-and-twenty minutes. The whole episode occupied but two hours and a half. As the Chairman who had been watching the duel from a neighbouring door-step, came up, I swung the Omnibus driver's top-knot in the air and shouted at my loudest, "The first scalp for the Boss of the Big Show!" And thus I relieved the General Omnibus Company of the services of an unwilling servant.

But the rash driver was by no means the only individual who owed his passport to the local hospital ward to my hands. In much the same fashion I shortly afterwards disposed of the Chief Contractor of the Refreshment Department inside the Show itself. But to detail these various feats would only weary the reader, and I prefer in conclusion just to glance at some other features in my career.

It would be easier to jot down those callings I have not followed than to relate the various pursuits in which I have been engaged. My heroism and endurance in flood and field are too well known to need repetition here. It may not, however, be in the cognizance of some that I have starred as a tight-rope dancer with fair success, and been, in turns, successively a coalheaver, Queen's Counsel, Archbishop, dustman, greengrocer, Operatic Tenor, and Pirate. What other *rôles* I may fill before I leave these shores it is impossible at present to foretell; but that I am equal to any and every call that can possibly be made on my courage, philosophy, intelligence, intrepidity, and tact, cannot, I should say, for a moment be doubted by those who have read the modest and retiring manifestoes that have hitherto been submitted to the public under the unassuming title of

BUFFALO BILL.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

TWO JUBILEES.

(A SCENE ON THE EVE OF THE SECOND.)

"WHAT?—what? How?—how? Hay?—hay?" sounded a faint and flurried voice in *Mr. Punch's sanctum*.

"Pray be seated, Sire," said *Mr. Punch*, with a calm courtliness well calculated to put even a hurried and embarrassed Royal Shade entirely at his ease.

"Farmer GEORGE" sank into a chair, with a sigh of relief. Only the queue of his shadowy wig seemed to wobble a little, as he gazed inquiringly around him.

"Well, well," he murmured, "I never expected—never—to find myself in a Satirist's den—um, ah!—I mean chamber, study, what d'ye call it, hay? But, but—I—eh—I suppose even Satirists and—ha!—Caricaturists have changed—for the better, I trust, for the worse they couldn't—since the days of that rascal, PETER PINDAR, and that scoundrel, GILLRAY, hay?—hay?"

"*Most* things have changed, and for the better, since the last Jubilee—your Majesty's own—on the 25th of October, 1809," replied *Mr. Punch*, with dignified decisiveness.

"Ah! happy to hear it—happy to hear it," muttered GEORGE THE THIRD. "You don't *look* an insolent and disloyal knave, I must allow."

"They were not all such, even in 1809," responded the Sage, smiling.

"Why, no—no," spluttered the King. "PYE, my Poet-Laureate, put my case very prettily."

> "'They bless the halcyon hours that gave,
> To rule a people free and brave,
> A patriot Monarch all their own,
> Their swords his bulwark, and their hearts his throne,'"

quoted the All-Knowing One.

"*What* a memory!" cried "Grandfather GEORGE," amazedly. "Why—why—I'd even forgotten the lines myself. But I—a—cannot help thinking that PYE, and FITZGERALD, and—a—SOUTHEY did this sort of thing better, that is more dutifully, than your own TENNYSONS and SWINBURNES."

"Hyperbolical lyrical panegyric may perhaps be counted among the lost arts. And no great loss either." So the Sage.

"Humph!" said His Majesty, dubiously. "I—I trust my Royal Granddaughter agrees with you."

"Our Sovereign Lady is far too sensible not to do so," responded *Mr. Punch*. "Her place in the affections of her people is much too solidly assured to need the sham support of sycophantish adulation."

"Well, well, times *have* changed—times *have* changed, indeed," said the King, stooping to pat the Dog of Dogs.

"Praise is no longer servile, blame no longer brutal, and even caricature no longer coarse, your Majesty," responded TOBY'S Master, pleasantly.

"Ah, well," cried Farmer GEORGE, "I never did understand Caricatures, as I said concerning the impertinent prints of that ribald rascal, GILLRAY."

"And so made an enemy of him for life, Sire," said *Mr. Punch*. "PASQUIN now, if pungent, is polite, and appreciated even in Courts and Cabinets. He is free, and therefore fair; fearless, and consequently decorous. The Jester at VICTORIA'S Jubilee will carry a loyal heart beneath his motley, and will bear himself as differently from the scurril Satirist at *yours*, as from the cockscombed Clown at EDWARD THE THIRD'S, or the baubled buffoon at that of the Third HENRY."

"Happy VICTORIA!" cried the Kingly Shade, wagging his wigged head with enthusiasm. "And her Colonies, hay? No insolent insubordination, no rascally rebellion—hay?—hay?—hay?"

"Their representatives will be most willing, and the most welcome adornments of the Jubilee Pageants," replied his companion, with cheerful conviction.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Solomon of Britain. "More wonderful than the apples in the dumplings. How *do* you do it?"

"Well," said the Sage, "we have BEACONSFIELDS and GLADSTONES instead of GRENVILLES and NORTHS; and we have VICTORIA—her health, your Gracious Ex-Majesty!—in place of——"

Here TOBY yapped exultantly, and the Royal Shade stooped over him, whether to soothe the Dog or to recover his own composure need not be too closely inquired.

"Moreover," pursued Mr. PUNCH, courteously unobservant of the Royal perturbation, "moreover, Sire, we have a just-minded and generous-hearted People in power, with freedom for an inspiration, and for a Mentor—Myself!!!"

"Hay?—hay? What?—what?" exclaimed the Shade, excitedly. "Freedom?—Power?—for the People? Prodigious!! And—and

THE JUBILEE OF KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

(Gathered from the John Hollingshead Chronicles.)

ON the morning of the 25th of January, 1377, the King was early astir. He sent for the Poet Laureate and invited him to partake of breakfast. The meal of the period was composed of an infusion of herb and hot water, sweetened with a sort of sugar and mixed with milk. His Majesty was merry.

"Gadzooks," he exclaimed, using the strange idiom of the century, "but this concoction suits me to a T! Come, CHAUCER, can you not think of some food particularly toothsome for this auspicious occasion?"

"Ay, that can I," replied the Poet, dreamily, "I have a fancy that the flesh of a pig fried with a crushed egg would be most palatable."

"Be it so," returned the Monarch, heartily, and a few minutes later King and Trobadour were discussing a dish that for many years afterwards was known as "*Iggs and Bakun.*"

"And now, CHAUCER, what shall I do next? Beshrew me, I am a needy one! So—look you—let not thy plan cost me a silver penny. I want something cheap and popular."

"Why not confirm *Magna Charta?*' suggested the poet, who was inhaling a vapour that passed from a bowl full of smouldering dried cabbage-stalks through a tube into his mouth, "why not confirm *Magna Charta?*"

"I have done this kind of thing several times before," replied the King, musingly, "but as thou sayest it costeth me nothing. So here goes."

With this the aged Sovereign taking a feather from a goose that happened to be passing, made a large cross upon the palladium of British Liberty, and smiled graciously.

"So much for the people, and now for myself. Canst not hit upon some plan for my entertainment?"

"That indeed can I?" returned the Poet, putting his hand in his pocket, "knowing O King, thou wouldst wish to be amused, I have brought with me a little thing of my own composition, which I will now read to thee, after indeed I have refreshed my bowl with dried cabbage-stalks and set it a smouldering."

Illuminations.

The Monarch sighed, and leaving the breakfast-table, threw himself on a couch which had recently been sent to him by the POPE from Italy. This couch, which was gallantly furnished with a padded seat and a sort of cushion, was called a sofa.

"I can always listen better with a covering over my head," observed the Sovereign suiting the action to the word.

"I call my little effort *The Canterbury Tales*," commenced CHAUCER, spreading out his manuscript. "I think you will like them."

Then he read for the space of three hours while EDWARD THE THIRD expressed his great satisfaction by breathing loudly at regular intervals. At the end of the third hour the King sat up with a start.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed, and then quickly added, "I mean to say Capital! Excellent! You should send them to a comic journal."

"I will," replied CHAUCER. "I have long intended to start one. I should like it to be called, *The London Charivari.*"

"Why not call it *Punch?*" asked the King.

"*Or the London Charivari,*" persisted CHAUCER, who was an obstinate kind of person when contradicted. "And so thou art indeed needy, O King," continued the Poet. "I am sorry for that, as, had it been quite convenient to thee, I should have asked for the payment of my own salary, now three quarters in arrears."

"It is thine own fault, old word-jigger," returned the Monarch. "Thou art fond of inhaling the vapour of cabbage-stalks—why dost thou not discover tobacco? Did thou invent it, thou shouldst have the monopoly of its sale, which wouldst pay thy salary a hundredfold."

"By my halidom, I have it!" exclaimed CHAUCER.

"Have what?" asked the King. "And halidom is an anachronism, and will not be used until a later century than that in *thou* and I exist."

"Good, my lord," cried CHAUCER, excitedly. "I have it. Put on thy crown and royal robes, and go to Westminster Abbey."

"Certainly—but wherefore?"

"To celebrate thy Jubilee, to be sure! Go by as long a route as possible there, and leave the rest to me. I see my way to realising a fine profit."

"An thou dost," replied the Sovereign, "gadzooks, thy salary shall be in arrears no longer."

The crowds were immense. Never had there been seen so fine a procession. First came three vehicles (scarcely carriages, because

Omnibus.

they had not then been invented), containing some of the nobility—then followed the King himself. The cheers were continuous, and the enthusiasm immense. In those days there were no houses along the line of route, which extended to Kensington, Knightsbridge, South Belgravia, Piccadilly, Leicester Fields, and the Mary le Bone Gardens, and thus the people were forced to stand on the ground. Some of them derived an advantage over others by standing on a plank supported by two barrels. A man coarsely attired, but whose language spoke a gentler calling (it was as flowery as that of any Poet), collected the money. This man was here, there, and everywhere. For a portion of the time he drove a sort of conveyance (not an omnibus, because omnibuses were not in vogue for many a long

Coster's Stand.

year afterwards), and was extortionate in his fares. However, the good citizens paid merrily themselves, saying, "By our troth, but a Jubilee cometh but once in fifty years!"

The day ended, and once more Troubadour and Sovereign were closeted together. They were enjoying the illuminations. CHAUCER poured into his Master's hands vast sums of copper money.

"Of a verity this is a brave display!" exclaimed his Majesty.

"Sire, thou hast not forgotten the terms?" questioned the Poet. "That thou, O King, were to have the takings of the stands after my salary had been paid in full."

"A goodly arrangement and a just one—now have I no more to receive?"

The Poet shook his head signifying that he had paid over all that he had received, and then putting forth his hand exclaimed, "And now, O King, my salary?"

"Shall be paid in full out of the tobacco monopoly when that next is discovered," replied the Monarch locking up the cash, "say, old friend, what thinkest thou?"

"That if my salary depends upon tobacco, it will end in 'smoke.'"

The King laughed long at this quaint conceit. The Poet also smiled, but whether the smile was intended for the quibble (which truth to say, was not a very new one) or was caused by a recollection that out of the stand-lettings he had already paid himself his salary told a hundred-fold, the Chronicles do not testify.

'ARRY ON THE JUBILEE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

You *are* a old 'ermit! Did think as you'd trot up to town,
To jine this 'ere Juberlee gammock and back hup the Court and the Crown.
I'd as soon be a bloomin' old Blue-Point deep down in the briny, dear boy,
As be mugged up in medders and mangolds with nothink to do or enjoy.

The town's painted red I can tell yer, a reglar flare-up and no kid;
Got a seat for the Ryal Percession for which I'd to blue arf a quid;
Pooty stiff, but then 'ARRY's a patriot, the scene 'll be somethink immense,
And when larks and loyalty jine, *I* say wire in, and bust the expense!

We shan't see sech another dust-up, CHARLIE; Juberlees ain't like green peas,
Or Derbies or centenny—wotsits, and that's wy I'm in for the squeeze.
A fifty years' stretch on the throne is a record as ain't often made,
Pertikler in times like these 'ere, as is bad for the Ryalty trade.

Wot with dynimite, CHARLIE, and duffers like HYNDMAN, KRAPOTKIN & Co.,
And dashed traitors like GLADSTONE and MORLEY, kings' cribs are not wuth arf a blow.
They seem always a gitting kicked out or blown up, mate, and suddent at that,
Jest as though they wos tram-car conductors, without no more rights than a rat.

But HER MADGESTY—bless 'er!—'as bested 'em. No one, dear CHARLIE, can't say
She ain't 'ad a fair run for *'er* money. And now it's 'er Juberlee Day;
And I mean bein' in it, I tell yer. I shan't shy at blueing a bob,
For my patriot soul 's hup at pop-pint, and 'ARRY is fair on the job.

It's a rare fillaloo, and no error, Q. J. is all over the shop;
Heard a bloke cryin' "Juberlee Winkles," and arter that where *will* they stop?
Fact is, Trade is still so dashed bad, and there 's bin sech a run on the tin,
That most heveryone takes up the cry on the horf chance of jest a look in.

I am hup in the sterrups jest now, as you know, my dear CHARLIE, thanks be!
And since I've bin "hinterviewed"—well, even V. R. 'erself must know Me.
So I've togged myself up to the nines, mate, and if I *should* ketch the QUEEN's heyes,
Well, she won't be ashamed of 'er subjeck, that's poz, dear old pal, and no flies!

It's in me, my pippin, it's in me, and, 'ang it, it's bound to come out, [lout;
That there *jenny say quor*, dontcher know, as divides the true gent from the
And if Mrs. GUELPH, as we call 'er, should spot me—well, there I won't blow
Like that BUFFALER BILL, but by Jingo she 'll see as I'm fair in the know.

I did 'ope to git into the Habbey; I ought to 'ave bin there, you see,
As a true repprysentative man, wich is wot I'm admitted to be.
But there *is* sech a lot of red-tape, CHARLIE. Fancy wot *might* 'ave bin done
With this Juberlee Day if the Bigwigs 'ad only been fly to true fun!

Wy ain't there no Fireworks, for instance? That there Dook of WESTMINSTER
Of candle-ends stuck in the winders is like that close-fisted old codge. [dodge,
Wy didn't he stump up the ochre? He rolls in it, CHARLIE, old man,
And yet *his* contrybution to Toosday is this mangy taller-dip plan.

Wy when GEORGIE THE THIRD, poor old buffer!—was playin' *'is* Juberlee game,
They 'ad larks with roast oxes and rockets, and wy shouldn't we do the same?
Primrose 'Ill all ablaze with set-pieces, and bonfires all over the shop.
That's wot *I* should call doin' it prime, and 'twould catch the B. P. on the 'op.

If our toppers mean stickin' up top, mate, and not coming down with a run,
They must ladle the ochre out freer, and give us a little more fun.
They may be jest as rich as old Creeses, and none on us won't care a bob;
But if they turn *stingy*, old pal, they may jest as well turn up the job.

We 'll pervide 'em with L. S. D., CHARLIE, with palaces, pensions, and parks;
But if we supply the canaries, the toppers must let us 'ave larks.
That 's a moral, old man, trust yours truly. Their game is a trifle too steep,
And if there 's one thing as *won't* wash, it is Ryalty done on the cheap.

'Owsomever, that 's jest by the way, mate. I've wolfed lots of jujubes, old man,
For I mean to hooray till I 'm hoarse, and I want to be heard if I can.
Can't yer run up to town for the evening, and take a all-rounder with me
To see London light up for VICTORIA? I tell yer it will be a spree.

POLLY PECKHAM will be on my arm, I can furnish you out with a gal
As will suit you right down to the ground, CHARLIE. *Do* make a heffort, old pal.
It 's a thing as we all oughter see; I 'll mount all the topsail *I* can carry,
And if you 'll shove in your jib-boom, you 'll oblige yours right loyally,

'ARRY.

IT is said that Mr. DAVITT depends largely upon supply from American funds. The Irish-American party are fond of Mr. DAVITT, and he of them. Strong affection between the parties. Quite—(no, not quite)—"DAVITT and JONATHAN."

"THE FLÔ REVELATIONS."—We've heard the last of them. They are now the "Over-Flô."

THE BUFFALO BILLERIES.

By Dumb Crambo Junior.

The Wild *West* Show.

Boss and "Bos."

King of the Cowboys and Duke of Bucking 'em.

See-you Chief combing his Wig-wam.

A Lass-o with a Lasso.

Squaws and Squawls.

Injin-earring Department.

Our Artist is persuaded to try a mount. When last seen he was still soaring toward the setting sun.

THE ISLINGTON CAMPAIGN.

No better Show than the Military Tournament, with Major TULLY in command, and Captain DANN—the "hoarse soldier," as *Mr. Punch* first christened him years ago—as Master of the Ring. The building the bridge, the crossing it, and the assault on the fort gallantly defended by the Military Band under the noble old flag of "Refreshment Contractors" waving above their heads, were more exciting than last year, owing to the Armed Train, which runs in screaming like a wild Injine, and with Blue Jackets in front to work the gun with a handle, as if it were a common street-organ. The stage arrangements, the carrying off of the wounded boy, and the ambulance lending assistance, reflected the greatest credit on Colonel ONSLOW. The dead men acted their parts to the life. The audience was crowded, hot, and enthusiastic. The welcome given to the Princess of WALES's Own Hussars (or Lancers, we forget which) was spontaneously hearty. Altogether a great success; and BUFFALO BILL's Show (except the Buckers) not "in it" with the Military Tournament, which, it is to be regretted, lasts only one week.

THE Reform Club Ball was a splendid affair last Wednesday. The dancers were plucky, and, in spite of crush and heat, formed and re-formed over and over again.

CAUTION TO LADY CHAMPIONESSES.

(*Match between Miss Harriet de Vere Talboys and the Hon. Emily Vavasour.*)

Chorus of Bookmakers. "GO IT, 'ARRIET! THREE TO ONE ON HEMILY!" &c., &c., &c.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

MR. PUNCH had quite set his heart upon furnishing his pupils with a Jubilee Ode which should afford the fullest scope both to their loyalty and elocution; and he had given an early order to his regular Poet to furnish him with a piece of superior quality and finish. The Bard, however, yielding to an unworthy diffidence, has shrunk from competing with singers of stronger pinions than his own, and had it not been for a gifted native gentleman of Bengal, a Mr. CHATTERJEE MOOKERBHOY, who rushed gallantly in to fill the gap with a composition that is, on the whole, equally creditable to his head and heart (though perhaps a little unfortunate here and there, from a not unnatural want of familiarity with the nicer *nuances* of the language)—had it not been for enterprising Mr. MOOKERBHOY — the Amateur Reciter would have had no Jubilee Recitation upon which to expend his energies. Here, then, is the Baboo's spirited effort, which, from its extreme simplicity, can be rendered with comparative ease by even a beginner:—

JUBILEE ODE.

Compounded by Baboo Chatterjee Mookerbhoy, as token of loyalty.

In the groves of calorific India,
Stands a pillar, stamped with two initials;
And the Ryot bows himself before it,
Making a poojah.
(" *The recitationer,*" *says the Baboo,* "*should manifest here before the audience the alluded mechanism.*")
Next he crowns it with a wreath of champak,
And, on tiptoe gingerly approaching,
Down its mouth, that gapes, as if expectant,
Pops in a sweetmeat.
(*Imitate a popping gesture, and skip back with a salaam.*)
Then he lays his letter down before it,
Hoping for the notice of the Demon,
Who resides within the little column—
V. R. the viewless!
(*Fold your arms across your stomach, with a transit to cultivated compassion and quiet inflatedness.*)
We are blessed with better education
Than to kneel in front of pillar-boxes,
Though they all are symbols of a Sov'reign,
Splendidly tip-top!
No malignant deity is V. R.
To be wooed by long propitiation!
But a kind, good-natured-looking lady—
Judging by portraits.
So 'tis not with superstitious motives
That we 've ornamented all the lamp-posts
With festoons of flowers made of paper,
Finer than fivepence!
For we greet the fiftieth recurrence
Of the day our QUEEN the throne ascended
With a solemn universal high jinks,
Painting the town red!
On this rompish Day of Jubilation
Let there be no sign of any snip-snap!
Let the bells ring out a merry welkin!
(" *The practice of making the welkin ring on public rejoicings is remarked at,*" *says* Mr. MOOKERBHOY, *learnedly,* "*by all the number-one poets and best-quality warblers.*")
Flourish the trombones!
(*With an exalted raptness of one who has got a dazzlement on his Horatio, or mind's eye.*)
Here she comes, the Governess of Albion!
Let us all draw in our horns before her,
Make a leg, and greet her with a curtsey,
Shout "Lackadaisy!"
Now we bend, respectfully collapsing,
For her stately caravan advances,
Through the festive crowd of cockahoopers,
All of a twitter!
O VICTORIA, we thy loving subjects
Raise for thee the clamorous *cui bono!*
Deign to jerk us, in retaliation,
One little simper!
(*With an action of imploration, you should retire backward, avoiding the emotional displays of feeling which are likely to proceed from those by whom you may be audited.*)

MR. DAVITT has made a few mistakes lately. When MR. PARNELL is inclined to use strong language, he says "O DAVITT!"

"GOD SAVE

HE QUEEN!"

"GOD SAVE

HE QUEEN!"

"GOD SAVE

HE QUEEN!"

PEACEFUL TRIUMPHS OF THE REIGN.

LANE AND GARDEN.

COLONEL MAPLESON wisely retired with his Company on Monday last rather than incur a disastrous loss. The Colonel is an old soldier, and his plan of campaign included the probability of such a mischance when there were in the field two distinct antagonistic forces, in the operatic army of

OH, THE JUBILEE!
"Per te d'Immenso Giubilo," &c.
Lucia di Lammermoor, Chorus, Act II.

Signor LAGO—already victorious—and the vast forces at the disposition of General AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. But the Colonel, though he has warily retreated, is still undefeated, and sounds the trumpet for another attack, which is announced for Thursday next. Success to the veteran warrior! Whether AUGUSTUS intended to take the town by storm with *Aïda*, is a matter which the result has left uncertain. The Orchestra, under the *bâton* of Field-Marshal MANCINELLI was grand, glorious, and enough to blow off the heads of an audience. Of course *Aïda* is a noisy opera, and when the voices aren't sufficiently powerful, it is as well to make up for quality with a quantity of wind and string. But here there was quality—good quality, too, as far as the chorus and most of the principals went, and even the weakest of these came out uncommonly well in a chorus.

If *ensemble* were to be the strength of Opera Druriolana, then the public will say to AUGUSTUS IMPERATOR, what *Box* said to *Cox*, "Then give us a chorus." But this should not be so, as in his Signori PANDOLFINI, MIRANDA, NAVARRINI, and the French *Tenore Robusto*—"*Robusto, toi que j'aime!*"—JEAN DE RESZKE,—romantic name—quite the title of an Opera in itself—he has what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would call "The Elephants of success."

Signora (why "*Signora?*" as she's German?—but no matter) MILA KÜPFER-BERGER may be all that is required as a "Prima Donna Drammatica" by the audience of the Teatro Real at Madrid, but the audience of the still more real Theatre at Drury Lane, want something more than dramatic talent,—which didn't seem very over-powering,—in an Opera. The make-up and costume of the Donna Drammatica as *Aïda* was curiously suggestive of one of the Huntresses of the Wild West Show, and some ignoramuses seeing Mr. FOLEY—we mean Signor FOLI—in the stalls, mistook him, on account of the length of his locks and his drooping moustache, for BUFFALO BILL himself, who they thought was present to encourage the performance of one of his *troupe*.

On the same night, at Covent Garden, was given, with ALBANI and -d though the Opera to non- mewhat tedious (and the heat -es everywhere), yet there 'hat the Covent Garden Company, having got the start, has kept well ahead, and that ALBANI and GAYARRÉ are the favourites, and will bring in Covent Garden first at the end of the season. One Opera will pay, two won't. Why doesn't the Musical Millionnaire, Madame PATTI, come forward, and, out of mere love of Music, start a Company of her own, paying first-rate salaries, and being a naturalised Welsh-woman, ready to show what "gallant little Wales" can do, ready to take the profits as her share, or nothing, since she is well able to stand the loss of a few thousands, if loss there could ever be with the proverbially lucky *diva*. That she, our *Dinorah*, our *Aïda*, our *Rosina*, our several other things, should be out of it, is "the pity of it," and, if she liked, she could put it all right. This is a suggestion from T'OTHER FELLOW.

P.S.—"In this hot weather, after the Opera is over, a cold something in *aspic*, or a deliciously fresh lobster, washed down with whatever your particular weakness may be——" "But one of my rules is never to sup." "Then," we say, "go to our RULE'S for an exception." It's worth the last quarter of an hour of any Opera. *Verb. sap.*

A PEACEFUL TRIUMPH.

Punch's Ode on the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, June 21, 1887.

Not with the ruthless Roman's proud parade
Of flaunting ensigns and of fettered foes,
Nor radiantly arrayed
In pomp of purple, such as fitly flows
From the stern Conqueror's shoulders, comes our QUEEN
Whilst England's ways with June's glad garniture are green.

Not with the scent of battle, or the taint
Of cruel carnage round about her car,
Making the sick air faint
With the dread breath of devastating war,
Rolls on our Royal Lady, whilst the shout
Of a free people's love compasses her about.

The pageantry that every step attends
Is not the martial pomp that tyrants love,
No purchased shout of slaves the shamed air rends;
Peace's white-pinion'd dove
Might perch upon those banners unafraid,
The shackled forces here are thralls of Art and Trade.

Titans beneficent that in the train
Of peaceful progress walk with willing feet,
In the proud service of the conquering brain,
Loyally strong and fleet;
With calm-eyed Science, and with white-robed Health,
The unarmed champions of the new Commonwealth.

Unarmed with tools of slaughter, yet of strength
To shake the phalanx and to blunt the spear.
O QUEEN! the loyal land through all its length
Breaks into one wide cheer
Of patriot rejoicing on this day,
And hails your Peaceful Triumph winding its calm way.

Triumph! Shall we not triumph who have seen
Those fifty years round on from sun to snow
From snow to sun, since when, a girlish QUEEN
In that far June-tide's glow,
Your brow first felt that golden weight, well-worn,
Which tried the Woman's heart, but hath not overborne?

Fifty fair years which, like to all things fair,
Are flecked with shadow, yet whereon the sun
Hath never set in shame or in despair,
Their changeful course have run.
And we who saw the dawn now flock to see
June's noonday light illume VICTORIA'S Jubilee.

Triumph! No brainless, loud thrasonic boast
Of indiscriminate self-eulogy
Rings from our lips, or from the loyal host
From every land and sea
Who gather, drawn by kinship's gentle cords,
As heroes flocked of old to the fierce feast of swords.

The hands that wave in jubilant acclaim
Could, at stern need, clench close upon the hilt;
But England yearns to build a nobler name
Not on the conqueror's guilt,
The iron ruler's raw and ruthless might,
But on the patient potent faith in love and right.

That were a triumph which might fire our souls
And shake our steeples with the joy-bells' din.
Straining to that most glorious of goals
Which once to near, to win
Were the realm's olive-crown of deathless fame,
We lift our shouts to-day, O QUEEN, in your loved name!

Is not this Peaceful Triumph foretaste fair
Of Honour's full fruition yet to be?
The music round you is no martial blare
But voices of the free
Ring unconstrained rejoicing on your way,
Symbol of England's might and ocean-girdling sway.

Just, pure, and gentle, yet of steadfast will
When high occasion calls and honour pricks!
With such a soul our Commonwealth should thrill,
That, that alone shall fix
Our rule in rock-like safety, and maintain
Free way for England's flag o'er the wind-winnowed main.

Clang bells, cheer Britons, clamour voices sweet
Of English womanhood in chorus clear!
Flood with a sea of faces the grey street,
Of Babylon the drear!
The flower-pied meadow-world is scarce more gay,
Than the thronged city vistas on this festal day.

A galaxy of girlish eyes gleams bright
And blue as hyacinth clumps amidst the grass,
Where'er in the huge Capital's full sight,
This pageantry shall pass.
Man's ringing cheer and woman's radiant smile,
Speak love for England's QUEEN and our dear sea-girt Isle.

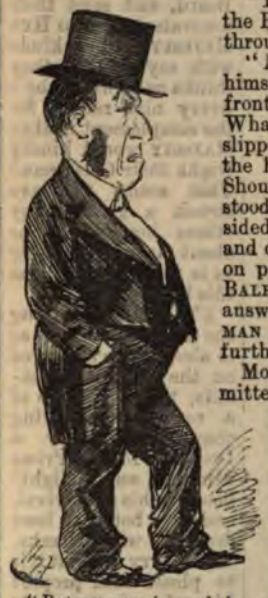
And *Punch* whose memory scans those fifty years,
Whose patriot forecast broods o'er coming days,
Smiles with the smiling throngs, and lifts his cheers,
With those the people raise,
And prays that firmer faith, spirit more free,
May date from this proud day of jocund Jubilee.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 13.—When new office created for KING-HARMAN in connection with Irish Government, everybody wanted to know Why? Nobody answered. Now secret out. KING-HARMAN made Parliamentary Secretary to Irish Government in order that he might deliver the perfectly delicious answer about ambulatory crowbar which convulsed House to-night.



"Put a penny in, and the figure will move."

"Is it true," CONYBEARE asked, "that at the Bodyke Evictions a bailiff threw a crowbar through a wall?"

"No, Sir," said KING-HARMAN, drawing himself up to full height, and steadily confronting querist, "no such occurrence happened. What is true is, that on one occasion a crowbar slipped from the bailiff's hand, and entered the house through an aperture in the wall." Shouts of laughter, amid which KING-HARMAN stood immovable. When uproar partially subsided, he added, "It was purely accidental, and did not occur a second time." Disposition on part of Irish Members to resent ARTHUR BALFOUR'S practice of leaving questions to be answered by his subordinate. If KING-HARMAN can go on this way, there will be no further question of the arrangement.

More pegging away at Coercion Bill in Committee. Settled that at Ten o'Clock on Friday, whatever Amendments to whatever number of Clauses remain unsettled shall be run through forthwith, and Committee stage accomplished. That being so, BARTLEY, who looks in on his way home after having founded another Penny Bank, wants to know what's the use of wasting time? TIM HEALY, who has discovered in facial aspect of the Member for Islington resemblance to one of those automatic figures which moves when a penny is inserted in the open mouth, tells him to go away and mind his own business. As for Irish Members, they intend to ignore Resolution of Saturday morning. Will discuss Clauses line by line and word by word as before. If on Friday Government like to rush through without discussion any Clauses that may remain, the consequence be on their head. Penny Bank BARTLEY is conjured to "put that in his pipe and smoke it;" which he, metaphorically, does, and goes his way.

JOHN MANNERS back to-night, after a bout of illness. House delighted to see him. Cheer enthusiastically when he rises, blushing, to answer question. House justly proud of the picturesque old man, almost last surviving link with Young England days.

Business done.—Coercion Bill in Committee.

"Smiles audibly."

Tuesday.—Shadow of the coming Jubilee lies heavy on House. Various questions discussed; but Jubilee always reasserts itself. Many questions about Grand Stand in Parliament Square. Seats not to be reserved and numbered, it appears. GEORGE CAMPBELL sternly asks, "Are we to understand that Ladies are to scramble for their places?"

"I hope," said that *preux chevalier*, PLUNKET, with a pained look at the enormity of the suggestion, "that Ladies do not scramble."

Clear through the grating in the cage over the Press Gallery, came the whisper, "What a nice man!"

GARDNER wanted to know how long the streets would be kept open for Members' carriages, and Alderman FOWLER, twice Lord Mayor of London, posed PLUNKET with inquiry as to what was to be done with Members' carriages when they had arrived and set down their fare? JOHN DILLON gave new turn to conversation by suggesting that House should sit on Jubilee Day; at which suggestion WINTERBOTHAM, Q.C., with a rose in his button-hole, audibly smiled.

At last House resumed Committee on Coercion Bill, the movement being signal for general Exodus. Almost alone GLADSTONE sat on Front Bench with Bill in one hand and copy of Amendments in other, eagerly comparing them. Everyone else, not excluding the indomitable TIM, wearied with the worn-out theme. Leaders of the Government abdicated, leaving Treasury Bench in possession of Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and CHIEF SECRETARY. Even JOHN MORLEY, most assiduous attendant upon House, had given himself rest. The Irish Camp half empty, and the Benches opposite tenantless. And here was GLADSTONE, leaning forward, with elbows on knees, Bill in one hand, and Amendments in the other, as eagerly scanning them as if he had but just discovered this new fount of delight. ARTHUR BALFOUR looked across the table at him with perceptible increase of interest.

"What on earth can he find interesting in the beastly Bill?" he muttered, and, settling himself forward another inch, went to sleep.

"Curious thing," says WILFRID LAWSON, "how Irish Secretaryship diversely affects different men. It ruined FORSTER'S health and temper; it turned TREVELYAN'S hair grey; it gave an added tone of placidity to CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S imperturbability; and it makes ARTHUR BALFOUR sit more and more recklessly on his spine. Fancy, before Bill is reported, he'll have accomplished his heart's desire, and be able to sit upon the blades of his shoulders."

Business done.—Very little. No prospect of more pending compulsory conclusion of Committee Stage on Friday. All owing to the Jubilee. So, till Jubilee is over, shall move my own Adjournment.

"SHADES OF EVENING."—"What to do with your hands," is always a difficulty for amateurs, for *débutants* in Society, and for nervous persons. If anyone would learn what to do with his hands, let him call in one evening at the Pavilion and see Professor TREWEY (he used to exhibit at the Alhambra) make a "galanty show," out of his two hands. Wonderful and immensely amusing, especially on a hot evening, which is warm in the well-ventilated Pavilion. It is well worth seeing, and anyone visiting the place will find our words verified, we mean Trewey-fied.

ROBERT ON THE JUBILEE.

WELL, all I can say is, if we're to have many more Jewbillys such as this here one during the nex year or two, they will have to get a rayther younger Head Waiter than me to look after matters, so as to keep 'em strate. With all my long xperience, I never know'd sitch a time for eating and drinking and speechifying. First it's a grand lunch, hot and hurley, at a Livery Company's All; then it's sitch a dinner as few people as ewer had the chance of heating, at the Grand Metropoll; and then a Ball and supper for a few thousand gesteses, at which they all eats and drinks as if they had nothink to speak of all day! Thems wot had occurd, and will occur again has on Thurssday nex; and as we has to prepare for about five thousand wisiters to a Ball at Gildhall, and sitch a supper as nobody carnt give except the honerd Copperashun, at what time can I reasonably expec to reach my downy and wirtuous couch? And ewen that isn't all, for my old friends the Jiners has fixt on the werry next day for a heckscursion, on bord the "*Maria Wood*" City Barge, and of course they insists on having me as ushal, coz I knows their little ways, and the partickler brands of Shampane as they likes. Well, if sum of us tumbles asleep, and falls overboard, and is drownded in the foaming billers off Monkey Iland, all I can say is, it won't be suicide, but overdun dooty.

Of all the warious ways of sillybrating a Jewbilly as I've herd on up to now, I thinks as the Livery Company's is about the best. They not only asks lots of people to cum to dinner, and gives lots of money to their Poor, but they presents theirselves with bootiful reel Gold deckorations to show their loyalty to the QUEEN in a sensserble sort of way. One company has given theirselves all butifool gold pencil-cases, another has given theirselves butifool gold deckorations to wear in their coats on Sherrymonial occasions, and then has a grand Lady's party on purpos to show 'em off; wile a third has given theirselves, ewery one of 'em, butiful gold five-pound pieces as has just been made in the Mint. Ah, that's what I calls common sense, and no nonsense; for wen it's all over, and the luminations have all been put out, and the fireworks all gorn off, and the werry last grand dinner eaten and thoroly digested, and paid for, they will still have sumthink left, of that loveliest of all colours, pure gold of 15 carrots, to keep the Jewbilly in their fond remembrance.

I shood think if there's one class of people more than another, who ought to cash up pretty hansum for all the warious ways as kind frends suggests for sillybrating the Jewbilly, it's the Doctors, for I raythor thinks as they'll be having a high time of it both at the West End and in the City, for the nex munth or so. What we jolly waiters calls the Livery complaint, will be pretty nearly universal.

But a trewse to such sollem professys on this festiv occashun. If there must be a skeleton in the cupboard, look in him and lose the key, and forget all about him. There's one thing as seems rayther hard upon us perfeshnal gents. Ewerybody is to be made appy and cumferal for a hole fortnite, princes and princesses, and perlicemen and poor paupers, and ewen prisoners, all alike is to rejoice, and be happy and to be thankfull, all, all, with ony one xceptiion, and what a xception! Hus! Yes, we as is so necessary a part of a bankwet, that it wood be simply ridicklus to attempt to have one without us, we, as has so much to do during the nex few weeks as, when I ony thinks of it, fills me with haw! we who is the loyalest and most conservatiffest of men, are to sillybrate the QUEEN'S Jewbilly by workin arder than ever! The ony one peace of sunshine as I have heard on to briten us up to the performance ef our hextra duties is the roomer that all our fees is to be dubbled, and shabby sixpences is for the nex few weeks, to be reserved for Charity Sermons.

As there ain't enuff room in Buckenham Palace for all HER MAJESTY'S Royal Gests, I'm harf promised a engagement at wun of the Hotels where sum on em is a going for to stop, so I may posserbly realise the one great wish of my art, and have to hand a dish of taters or sumthink to a King! The simple thort busts me out into a perfuse prespiration, speshally when I remember that His Majesty may praps say summut to me in Russian or Austrian—and then where shood I be?

We waiters held a privet and confidenshal meeting larst week to consult about matters that ain't nothink to noboddy till they is rewealed, as they will wun day be. Well, at that Meeting, one of our most risingest young chaps, not above forty, acshally had the wulgar bad taste to say, as he wondered, as amost everybody was a doing sumthink for the QUEEN, what the QUEEN was a going to do for amost everybody! Well, the skream of horror with which his owdacious sentiment was received was somethink as he won't soon forget. How sad it seems to see a yung feller, as mite one day praps become an Hed Waiter, a running off the line, and a kicking over the traces and taking the downward path as most suttenly leads to a Corffee Shop! Well, after the Meeting, BROWN and me was a warking home together, when says to me, says he, "Do you know, ROBERT, I've bin told as the [illegible] of doing what that yung donkey surgested, [illegible]s as ewerybody ows which is under £5 a peace, witch I s'pose is about as much as anybody will trust you." I bent my heagle glance upon him, but he didn't shrink, and so we parted; and I don't mind confessing as I have hacted on his hint; for though of course it carnt be true, yet it might be, and my xcuse for not paying my little bills is, what I hear everybody else say, namely, that times is so bad that I find it difficult to make both ends meet, speshally when one is so werry much shorter than the other.

I hears as a good many other Boards is a going to foller the bold xample of the Assylums Board, and send their congraterlations to HER MAJESTY, and conklude with saying that they thinks as it would be a werry nice return for the complement if HER MAJESTY would kindly Night their Cheerman! That seems to have struck a good many others besides me as about as cool a thing as is to be heard of in this hot weather.

I'm told that among the shoals of honners as is about to be showered on the hungry xpectants, there was two of a rayther staggering character, namely a Dookdom for the Prime Minister, and a Nighthood for his great rival, and that both has been declined with thanks. How werry difficult it is to please sum people! I have found, strange to say, a werry great difference of opinion about the Jewbilly. All stingy people, and all quiet people, as hates what they calls a fuss, and all the sneerin and illnatured people, which is a werry numerous body, is ded against it, but on the hother hand, all the hopefool, and all the jolly fellers, and all the Ladies, bless 'em! and all their dressmakers, and all the Shampain people is dead for it. The shining loyalty of the Gas Shareholders is werry creditable to 'em, and the efferwessing loyalty of the Pollynaris people is quite refreshing.

I don't know when the nex one is to be held, but I spose it will be sum time fust, for when I wentured to surgest as the elumination gasfittings should be kep up till that time, to save xpense, there was quite a roar of larfter, and BROWN acshally said as he thort that I was a rum un, tho I'm sure I don't know why he shood have made such a werry imperent remark. However there's one thing as is clear enuff to my mind, wiz., that whether they bees of one sort or of the other, favorable or the rewerse to Eluminations and Fireworks, stingy or liberal, good or bad or middling in all other matters, they all jines hartily, and sincerely and ewen effecshunately, in the one grand prayer, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

ROBERT.

JUBILEE TIME.

Sweeper (surprised at receiving a Shilling). "'THANK YER 'ONOUR, AN' MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS PAY YER BACK A THOUSAND THOIMES!"

City Crœsus (having "done the sum"). "PHOOUGH! ON'Y FIFTY POUNDS!"

A JUBILEE COUNCIL OF "PAST MASTERS."

OUR ADVERTISERS.—SEASONABLE AND OTHER.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP is a detergent and astringent cleanser.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP creates a terrific lather.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP will remove the rust from chain armour.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP is a veritable toilet gem.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP is more efficient than scouring-paper.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP takes the skin off the face wholesale.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP completely annihilates the complexion.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP has the stimulating effect of a curry-comb.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP will clean a cart-wheel.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP will flay an infant.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP has been supplied by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to all Her Majesty's illustrious foreign guests.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP.—An Indian Maharajah writes:—"I have used it only once, but the effect has been truly marvellous. My face which was a dusky brown is now a creamy white. Nobody knows me."

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY SOAP.—A German Potentate writes:—"It is a composition most truly astonishing. Yesterday I was pale. To-day I have all the appearance of a Red Indian. No clothes-brush could have produced such a result. I am hooted at wherever I show myself."

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL is not a popular medicine.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL should be approached cautiously by the invalid.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL is better out of every household.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL is composed entirely of dangerous and deleterious drugs.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL effectively instals influenza.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL instantly sets up lumbago.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL rapidly increases neuralgia.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL quickly renovates toothache.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL developes constant rheumatism.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL induces aggravated sciatica.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL will be found a most excellent substitute for Jungle fever.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL will give a passing ailment a chronic character.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL utterly destroys all sleep.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE PILL.—A Country Curate writes:—"I purchased a box, and persuaded an aged Uncle and Aunt, both in a feeble state of health, to try them, with the result that one had a paralytic stroke, and the other became afflicted with permanent convulsions. They are both now inmates of the County Lunatic Asylum. Don't send me any more."

JUBILICON is an entirely New and Startling Digestive Preparation.

JUBILICON may be regarded as a Universal food.

JUBILICON contains all the Nutritive Properties of Soup, Fish, Joint, two *Entrées*, Sweets, Vegetables, and Cheese.

JUBILICON creates a perfect furore in a *menagerie*.

JUBILICON is immensely relished by the Rhinoceros.

JUBILICON infallibly delights the Baby.

JUBILICON forms an excellent Dog Biscuit.

JUBILICON can, with confidence, be set before Epicures.

JUBILICON may be taken before daybreak.

JUBILICON can be swallowed after midnight.

JUBILICON should be served at all hours.

JUBILICON, mixed with Dublin Stout, affords an admirable Porridge.

JUBILICON mingled with Ink, produces an efficient Boot-Blacking.

JUBILICON, gives a wonderfully fresh appearance to brass candlesticks.

JUBILICON will Restore the Appetite of the jaded Invalid.

JUBILICON can be regarded as a Serviceable Furniture Polish.

JUBILICON can be utilised as a fuel in a quick-drawing Kitchener.

JUBILICON may be taken as a cough lozenge.

JUBILICON, if scattered freely on the pavement, will prevent accidents in slippery weather.

JUBILICON.—A Country Squire writes: "At a hunting breakfast last season, acting on the advice of a friend, I set nothing before each of my guests but a bowl of JUBILICON, made, according to the directions, with hot water. I have never seen any of their faces again, and I am now cut by the whole county."

PROCESSION.—OPPORTUNITY TO VIEW. A few excellent seats to witness HER MAJESTY'S progress to the Abbey on the 21st, are still to be had on the chimney-pots of a Nobleman's Mansion commanding a fine view of one of the leading thoroughfares. Price, Five guineas a seat, except for that on the kitchen chimney, for which, as there will be necessarily a fire lighted below, only Three guineas will be charged. Early application desirable to Earl of ——, 417, Piccadilly.

ILLUMINATION.—SUGGESTION WANTED. A Royal Enthusiast, who is desirous of contributing to the general gala rejoicing at the proposed universal illumination, on the occasion of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY'S Jubilee, and has purchased a box containing ten of Price's Night Lights, one of which he intends to utilise for the purpose, would be thankful to anyone who would advise him how to display it to the best advantage. Whether it should be over the hall-door, or in the drawing-room balcony, or placed conspicuously in the attic-window. Advertiser will be thankful for any hints to guide him in the settlement of his problem. Address, BLAZER, Flare St., Hackney Wick.

JUBILEE REJOICINGS.—A Rural Dean, who has undertaken, on behalf of a Local Bankrupt Committee, to celebrate the occasion of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY'S Jubilee by roasting an ox, giving a dinner to 300 aged people, and providing tea and fireworks for 5,000 children, will be obliged by any Expert, who has had a similar experience, informing him how he is to set about the undertaking with the sum of £4 13*s.* 7*d.*, all the available capital he has in hand subscribed for the purpose. He will also be obliged for any information that will enlighten him as to the proper method of roasting an entire ox at once, if he finds himself in a position to purchase one. The Advertiser is ignorant as to the proper method of proceeding with the performance. He wishes particularly to be informed whether the creature should be cooked in its skin over a bonfire, which he opines must cause a good deal of waste, or trimmed by a Butcher, and spitted on a traction-engine, and exposed to the heat of several kitchen ranges temporarily set up on the Vicarage lawn for the purpose. Any solution of the above rather disquieting problems will be gratefully received by the Revd. X., The Vicarage, Swampham-on-Stroke, Herts.

JUBILEE BOARDER.—A Member of a Central Reception Committee, who finds he has left on his hands a distinguished Indian Chief, who has somehow not been included in the list of Royal Invitations to Buckingham Palace, is desirous of finding a quiet home for him for a fortnight, where he could enjoy the advantages of domestic supervision, coupled with such liberty in seeing the chief sights of the Metropolis as might be found compatible with his social proclivities. As he enters a Drawing-room with a double back somersault, descends the stairs with a war-dance, and would like, if possible, the run of a neighbouring square on a Buck-jumping cab-horse, an aged and lonely couple, living in a retired suburb, who wished to enliven their declining years by the introduction of a little novelty and excitement into their household arrangements, would find this an eligible opportunity. As the Chief's food consists of a raw tripe breakfast, an early lunch-dinner of Bison steak, while he takes five o'clock tea in a watering-pot, the character of the *cuisine* would be no great object. Is quite contented with a shake-down on a couple of coal-sacks in the front area. The Advertiser will supply strait-waistcoat, handcuffs, leg-chains and padlock complete, for taking him out to dinner, which can always be managed most conveniently in an empty furniture-van. Five 3-lb. pots of paint for full-dress purposes, would also be thrown in. Might, with a little humouring, be introduced as a feature into some local Music Hall entertainment. Apply to "Red Tailed Fire Escape" care of Agent, Bagstone's Menagerie, Mile End.

JUBILEE SONG. Patriotic composition entitled "*Victoria's Encore*," by the author of the "*West End Tradesmen's Anthem*," "*We hail thee, gorgeous Institute*," &c., &c., &c.

Refrain.

Then to her year of Jubilee,
We shout a glad "*encore*,"
For, fifty seen, we ask why she,
Should not see fifty more!

To be had of all Music-sellers in the United Kingdom.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ROBERT AT THE PERSESSHUN.

I HAVE offen remarked that for downright furmness, not to say obsternacy, there 's nothink to compare to a fond, loving wife, who 's made up her mind to see a Royal Persesshun wen she appens to ha' got a new Bonnet! So, finding my orful pictur of the dredfull dangers of the streets on a reel Jewbilly Day, as don't come werry offen, treated with derision, if not contemp, I submitted at larst, as I mite jest as well have dun at fust, and descended with my beloved but firm partner into the orfully scrowged streets. I must confess as I did wentur to suggest that praps High Park mite be about the best place for a safe, tho' distant, view, but my beloved had made up her mind to git as near the Abby as posserbel, and was quite surprised to find

as both sojers and perlice objekted werry strongly to our going up to the front door and waiting there quite cumferal for our Sovverain and her Princes and Princesses, and cream-cullerd ponys. So we had to push our way back jest as hard as we had before to push our way forred, but with raythor wuss tempers; and at one part, where the sojers was werry thick, one of 'em backed his horse at the rong time, and came bump against my beloved. Fortunately the wild hannimal didn't kick, and that wunderfool woman was quite ekal to the occashun, for seeing sum grey-looking sojers with a plank reddy to assist any one as feinted, she squealed out, tho' she wasn't hurt a bit, and frowed herself in my arms; so they carried her into the Abby for change of hair, and, strange to say, she wood not recover herself till HER MAJESTY had cum, when she opened her eyes, and saw everythink! witch, strange to say, I didn't, as I wasn't there, but was a being pushed about by the dredful crowd, quite orful! ROBERT.

A BLAZE OF GLORY.

THE unanimous chorus of acclamation with which the recently published announcement of Jubilee Honours has been greeted by the general public has inspired "those in authority," to make some still further additions to it on the same lines, and the following names will probably be submitted to HER MAJESTY for her approval:—

To be raised to the Peerage.—Mr. SMITH, Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES, Mr. ROBINSON.

To be Members of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.—Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, Mr. W. HOLLAND, the Author, Singer, and Composer of "*Oh, what a Surprise!*"

To be made Baronets.—Mr. SWAN, Mr. EDGAR, Mr. HOWELL, Mr. JAMES, Mr. CROSSE, Mr. BLACKWELL, Mr. SPIERS, Mr. POND.

To be Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Hot Bath.—BUFFALO BILL, Mr. D'OYLY CARTE, Mr. BIGGAR.

To receive the honour of Knighthood.—Mr. ENO, Mr. BEECHAM, Mr. COCKLE, the Proprietor of Hop Bitters, Mr. KEATING, Mr. PEARS.

ETON NOTES.

SPLENDID sight. Guard of "2nd Bucks" all "1st Swells."

Rector of Upton-cum-Chaffey read a comic address. At every joke, roars of artillery.

The Eton Boys lighted up torchers, and executed figures. The figures were unhurt. The QUEEN suffered torchers in the Home Park. In spite of this, the celebration of the Day After The Fair was a great success. "Yes, it Warre." Inclosed is the real Jubilee Ode, only rejected because it came late:—

Jubilee Regina,
Salve! Etonenses,
Salve! Cunctæ Formæ
Sextâ (Salve!) ad primam
Te salutant forte,
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Pueri loyales,
Iterum vocantes,
Jubilem Reginam
Pueri Etonenses,
Te nos apellamus.

Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina!
Unâ voce chorum
Fortiter canamus,
Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina
Ibimus domum
Non nos dum videtur
Splendida et Aurora.
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Jubilee Regina!

Ego TOMMY scripsi, and I don't know why it wasn't sung. Id erat justum ut bonum ut illud alteri chappi. Salve!

ECHOES FROM THE JUBILEE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is not very likely that we shall have another Jubilee for some little while; still, as it is always as well to be ready for any eventuality, I send you a few notes that may be of service to Londoners during the next celebration.

How to get a Seat to View the Procession—Some people say that getting up at 5 A.M., and waiting in a brougham outside the stand in which that seat is situated, is "out and away the best mode." Many of my friends tried this method, caught severe colds, and then were so weary when the moment arrived for the *cortège* to pass, that they slumbered the sleep of the just. Mine was a far simpler process, and had the advantage of being perfectly successful. I did not worry myself to secure a voucher, but merely waited outside a jealously guarded public office until the cheering of the multitude distracted the attention of the messengers set to watch the approaches. As I anticipated, in a moment of extreme excitement the guardians turned their heads to see what they could see. It was then that I seized my opportunity, and, walking in as if the place belonged to me, selected the best stand, mounted into it, and cheered while my voice lasted. After this I was a little hoarse, and consequently got back home without fatigue.

Why not Goschen's head for a Jubilee Coin? Conservative profile on one side, Liberal ditto for reverse.

How to Illuminate cheaply and effectively.—Chinese lanterns are all very well in their way, and so are Fairy lamps, but the first are apt to "catch" in a high wind, the second to topple over, and both cost money. A great deal may be done with a ream of tissue-paper, and a seven-pence halfpenny worth of chamber candles. Cut out some loyal sentiment on the paper, place a light behind it, and there you are. If by any chance your house should burst into flames, you ought to make a good deal out of your insurance. Of course you will have taken the precaution to be on the right side with the insurance people. Another method is to burn down your neighbours' houses, but this is not so profitable as burning down your own, although it gives just as much pleasure and costs infinitely less trouble.

How to Entertain Country Cousins.—Write to say you will be only too delighted to see them, and arrange to secure good places for them for the ceremonial. Having done this, engage the largest room in the best hotel on the line of *route*, and meet them there on their arrival, spend the day with them, and delicately leave before the waiter appears with the bill for the expenses. You should not do this with a very rich uncle (from whom you have expectations) unless you are quite sure of his temper.

How to Keep your Health during the Jubilee.—Leave town until it is all over.

Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*, always at your service,

A WITNESS OF THE TRUTH.

AFTER the experience of the 21st of June, the Metropolitan Constables may be safely Warrented.

"HOSPITAL SUNDAY."—Order of the Day, "Present Alms!"

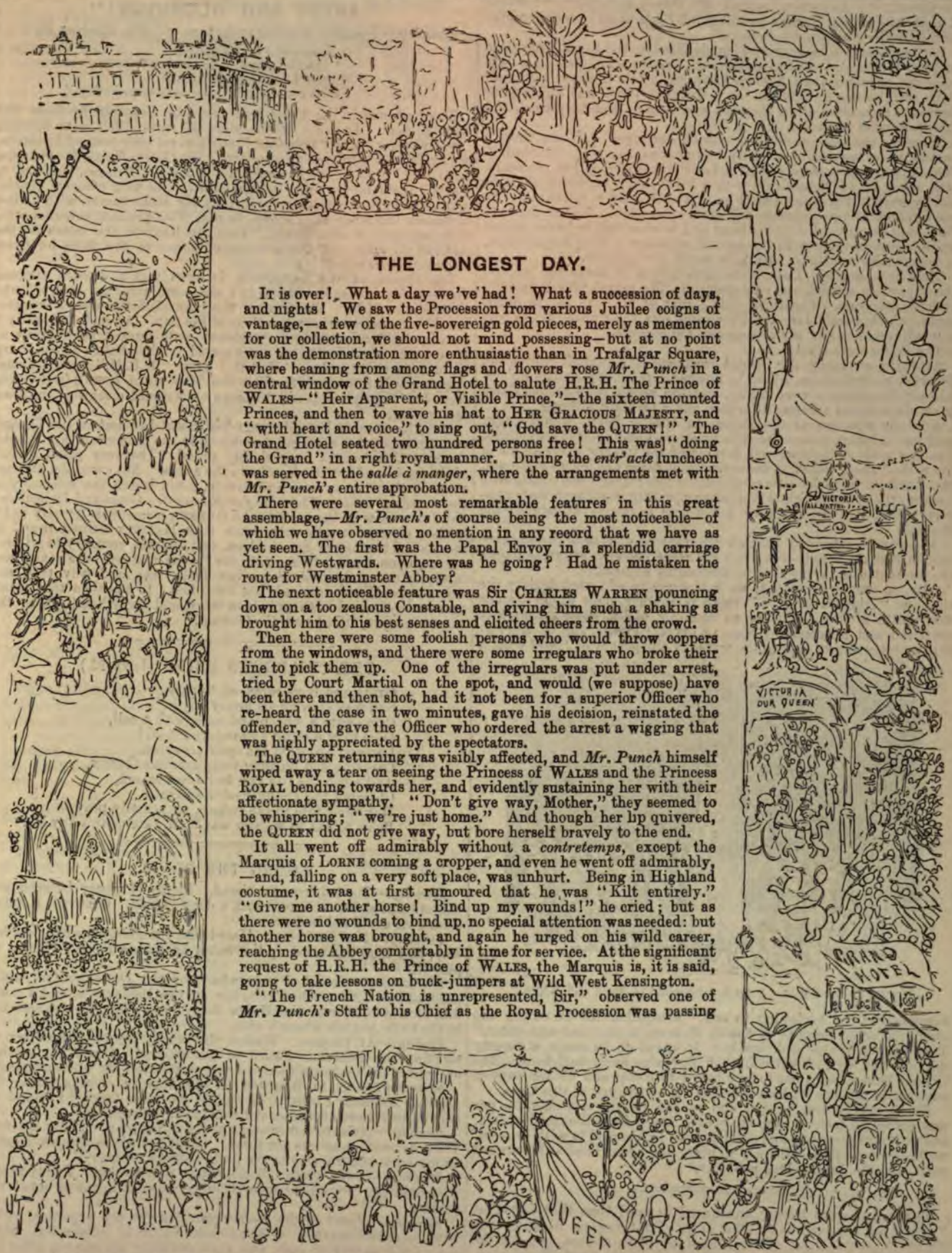
PUNCH TO THE PEELERS.

ALL honour to your management, my WARREN
All honour to the Force you featly led!
And that honour, *Punch* opines, should not be barren
(May he bear hereafter more upon *that* head).
'Midst the Jubilee's joyous pageantry and pother,
(Though 'tis common of our Bobbies to make fun)
"Taking one consideration with another,"
The Policemen's work was excellently done.

Mr. Punch from post of vantage proudly viewed them;
They combined unshrinking toil with ready tact,
Whilst the sultry summer sunshine broiled and stewed them,
Showing judgment when to act or not to act.
Their thin blue line kept order; firm yet kindly,
...ood with faces flushed, but pulses cool,
...multitude around them crowded blindly,
...f a free people's civic rule!

By Jingo, how they worked amidst the jostle
With steady backs and ever ready hands!
When the whistle sounded, mellow as a throstle,
How they helped the Ambulance's helpful hands!
Fainting woman, shrieking girl, or panting 'ARRY,
All with equal care and courtesy they served,
With ready arm to cover or to carry
From the press where the packed people swayed and swerved.

How many lives and limbs they saved, those Peelers,
And the Ambulance with which they worked so well,
Unless the rescued all should turn revealers,
No record will declare, no story tell.
But *Mr. Punch's* vigilant observation
Marked their hard toil amidst the mob's wild fun,
And, filled with genuine pride and admiration,
He publicly awards his warm "Well done!"



THE LONGEST DAY.

IT is over! What a day we've had! What a succession of days, and nights! We saw the Procession from various Jubilee coigns of vantage,—a few of the five-sovereign gold pieces, merely as mementos for our collection, we should not mind possessing—but at no point was the demonstration more enthusiastic than in Trafalgar Square, where beaming from among flags and flowers rose *Mr. Punch* in a central window of the Grand Hotel to salute H.R.H. The Prince of WALES—"Heir Apparent, or Visible Prince,"—the sixteen mounted Princes, and then to wave his hat to HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, and "with heart and voice," to sing out, "God save the QUEEN!" The Grand Hotel seated two hundred persons free! This was] "doing the Grand" in a right royal manner. During the *entr'acte* luncheon was served in the *salle à manger*, where the arrangements met with *Mr. Punch's* entire approbation.

There were several most remarkable features in this great assemblage,—*Mr. Punch's* of course being the most noticeable—of which we have observed no mention in any record that we have as yet seen. The first was the Papal Envoy in a splendid carriage driving Westwards. Where was he going? Had he mistaken the route for Westminster Abbey?

The next noticeable feature was Sir CHARLES WARREN pouncing down on a too zealous Constable, and giving him such a shaking as brought him to his best senses and elicited cheers from the crowd.

Then there were some foolish persons who would throw coppers from the windows, and there were some irregulars who broke their line to pick them up. One of the irregulars was put under arrest, tried by Court Martial on the spot, and would (we suppose) have been there and then shot, had it not been for a superior Officer who re-heard the case in two minutes, gave his decision, reinstated the offender, and gave the Officer who ordered the arrest a wigging that was highly appreciated by the spectators.

The QUEEN returning was visibly affected, and *Mr. Punch* himself wiped away a tear on seeing the Princess of WALES and the Princess ROYAL bending towards her, and evidently sustaining her with their affectionate sympathy. "Don't give way, Mother," they seemed to be whispering; "we're just home." And though her lip quivered, the QUEEN did not give way, but bore herself bravely to the end.

It all went off admirably without a *contretemps*, except the Marquis of LORNE coming a cropper, and even he went off admirably,—and, falling on a very soft place, was unhurt. Being in Highland costume, it was at first rumoured that he was "Kilt entirely." "Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" he cried; but as there were no wounds to bind up, no special attention was needed: but another horse was brought, and again he urged on his wild career, reaching the Abbey comfortably in time for service. At the significant request of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, the Marquis is, it is said, going to take lessons on buck-jumpers at Wild West Kensington.

"The French Nation is unrepresented, Sir," observed one of *Mr. Punch's* Staff to his Chief as the Royal Procession was passing

JUBILEE PROCESSION BY OUR JUVENILE IMPRESSIONIST. A "GRAND" SITE.

the Grand. "Not exactly," replied *Mr. Punch*, as he pointed towards H.R.H. and all the Princes mounted; "Paris at all events is represented by the *Passage des Princes*."

For impressive splendour and simple dignity, the Royal Procession couldn't be beaten. But as a Pageant—(by the way, Mrs. RAM. was delighted at seeing Lord ALFRED PAGEANT in full uniform riding all alone with no one to talk to)—as a Pageant there was much to be desired. But, after all, a Pageant would have been theatrical, and this Procession was solid.

What a mistake were those closed carriages! When there's another show we should strongly recommend the plan (adopted in Pantomimes and to some extent in Lord Mayor's Shows) of preceding each fresh lot of Notabilities with a big banner, on which shall be lucidly written the styles and titles of the characters following. No one can look at a programme and see a procession. No one can take glances at a printed list in his hand and be sure that he hasn't mixed up the third carriage with the second, mistaken a King for a Prince, or gone wrong somehow. Banners would obviate this.

Then as to music. There were three bands in Trafalgar Square. One played on arrival, and on departure. The second played drearily at long intervals. The third didn't play at all. As far as music went—which wasn't far—the Procession was the dullest of its sort ever witnessed in any big city on any big occasion.

The Police were all A 1.

After the ceremony, *Mr. Punch* proceeded by Vauxhall Bridge and Dulwich to Sydenham, where he finished a royal day at The Palace. Already the grounds were filling, and the people were coming down in shoals to spend a happy afternoon and a brilliant evening.

Anybody who was at the Palace on Jubilee Night would augur well for its future success, in spite of all past and present difficulties. The new mode of lighting and decorating the interior gives an air of life to the Palace, which, in the evenings, it never has before possessed. Mr. RUSSELL is to be congratulated on this; and if the public only back up the show, which is just now eminently worthy of their support, the C. P. Company may yet behold a Happy Future in the Crystal.

Mr. Punch witnessed BROCK'S magnificent display of fireworks—quite a Brocken night—and from the smile upon his countenance we are warranted in saying that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Also, on our own account, we can honestly add that besides the startling "Niagara of Fire," there is another show which is alone well worth a visit. This is an open-air ballet, most ingeniously contrived and arranged by Mme. KATTIE LANNER, full of marvellously pretty effects, and in the words of the poet it is, "Oh, what a

Crystal Palace Ballet. "An Arrangement in Black and White."

surprise!" from beginning to end. Altogether for an outing the combined entertainment at the C. P. is quite an "out-and-outer." The Rhododendrons look lovely. It ought to be made a twenty minutes run by rail with L. C. & D. trains every half-hour. The Crystal Palace ought not to be allowed to droop and die for want of support, as any one will say who pays it a visit just at this time.

The fireworks had banged and popped for the last time, the gas was going out fast, so were the people, about forty thousand of 'em, and as "mid pleasures and palaces," we had ceased to wish to roam, we began to consider "there's no place like home," and so homeward went, and the Jubilee Day was over.

THE daily papers having announced in good time that June 21st "would be observed as a Collar Day," Sir CHARLES WARREN was enabled to provide an efficient staff of plain-clothes men for the occasion. It is remarkable, from the Police Reports of Wednesday, how very few were actually collared.

"ABBEY AND GLORIOUS!"

Tuesday.—Up early. Singing to the tune of "*The Mocking Bird*"—

"O, I am going to the Abbey,
To the Abbey, to the Abbey!
If there I don't see Mr. LABBY,
I shall know that he must have stayed away."

The ceremony in the Abbey will never be forgotten by those who were present. In spite of the tiers of seats filled with fighting "everybodies" and "nobodies," and several very comical incidents, the function was intensely impressive. The Court officials did not seem to be well "up" in the names of the Kings and Princes, and had to "sort" them before apportioning seats. One very officious gentleman seemingly was asking Sovereigns for their names, with a view to finding out where they should be put. This pleasant person seemed to be saying to a subordinate, "Pass one King to the bench on the right of the altar, and find a couple of places in the stalls for these be-jewelled Nabobs."

The Queen of the SANDWICH ISLANDS was a decided success. *But—Abbey Thoughts*—why didn't she come attended with a corps of Sandwich Men? The bows of the Court Officials were a welcome relief to the more serious functions of the day. As each "Royalty" passed, the Gentlemen in embroidered coats ducked their heads as if to avoid the blow of an unexpected cricket-ball. These sharp little nods continued as "H.R.H." after "H.R.H." passed along, stopping only a moment to allow the Marquis of LORNE (recovering from his "nasty cropper") to move on without clockwork-bobbing recognition.

But the moment HER MAJESTY had taken her seat on the Throne, surrounded by her sons and daughters, in the presence of her People, the situation became unspeakably grand. The very place, so full of memories, added its dignity to the scene. Not even the strange robes of the Clergy, worn awkwardly, could lessen the solemnity of the occasion. *Abbey Thoughts for Ritualists*—Copes and Dalmatics! Until the close of the Service the QUEEN represented Royalty in its noblest sense. It was only when HER MAJESTY turned round to receive the homage of her children, and insisted, contrary to all precedent, upon kissing them, that the People realised once again how intensely womanly their Sovereign Lady was, and why they not only respected and admired, but loved her. It was then that many eyes were dimmed with unbidden tears, and every heart echoed the earnest prayer, "God save the QUEEN!"

THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE. (JUNE 22.)

GIRLS and Boys came out to play,
Sun was shining—a lovely day!
Came with a whoop and came with a call,
How they romped and enjoyed it all!
Dancing about on the spacious green,
Cheering and blessing their gracious QUEEN,
And when the fun and frolic had ceased,
Cheering the Founder of the Feast.
May their fate in the future, we heartily pray,
Be as bright as we saw was their Fête of this day!

RACING THE BOATS.

Monday.—Started from Southend. Plenty of money for expenses. Magnificent sight. *Genesta* took a decided lead. Granville Hotel at Ramsgate could not be better.

Tuesday.—Nasty sea-fog. Heard that the *Dauntless* had lost her way, and had wandered up the Seine as far as Paris. Started in pursuit.

Wednesday.—Searched everywhere for the *Dauntless*, but could not find her. No one had seen her on the Boulevards, and I could find no trace of her in the Folies Bergères. They had not seen her in the Café Anglais where I dine.

Friday.—At Dieppe. Waited the whole day on the chance of sighting the *Genesta*. Failed in the attempt. Could not see her even from the Casino, although I was on the alert the whole evening.

Saturday.—Got to Brighton in the hope of coming across the *Dawn*. *Atlantis*, I believe, all right. Some one fancied I should be able to hear more about her if I went to Littlehampton.

Sunday.—*Atlantis* not in sight at Littlehampton. Dense sea-fog. Tried Arundel—she was not there. Spent the whole afternoon lying on my back under a tree in the park, looking for her.

Monday.—Away again. Ran down to Scarborough. Pretty place. Nice bathing. Swam out some distance, but did not come across the yachts.

Tuesday.—Spent all the money provided for my expenses, which have been considerable. Coming back to town in a dense fog. Shall get a fresh supply of cash, and then continue my journey after the race with increased determination. [No, you don't.—ED.]

THE WEEK.

THE Foreign Office a marvellous sight with all the ladies' costumes, uniforms naval and military, all the pretty Ladies, and the Cardinals and purple Monsignori. The Austro-Hungarian Ball, at the Metropole, also a splendid sight. But everything everywhere was a splendid sight; and what with illuminations and jubilations,

A little lamp here,
A little lamp there,
Here a lamp and there a lamp,
And everywhere a lamp,

it was what the late lamented *Captain Crosstree* used to call "quite confoozlum." And what weather! The Head Clerk of this department, *in nubibus*, must be congratulated on his meteorological arrangements. No "depression" anywhere.

WELL-EARNED REPOSE.

Lord L-th-m. "MY LAST SOVEREIGN GONE! NOW I WANT A LITTLE CHANGE."
[*Goes to bed for a fortnight.*

THE EGYPTIAN PUZZLE.

Official Revelations extracted from a forthcoming Blue Book.

TELEGRAM I.

Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople.

COME, bustle up! Can't think why you keep us waiting so long. Awkward questions asked in both Houses every night. Send us at least something to go on upon. Why isn't Convention signed? If any palace intrigue stops the way, force yourself into SULTAN'S presence. Bother etiquette. Threaten him. Frighten him. Make him understand we won't stand any more humbug. Wire reply at once.

TELEGRAM II.

Sir William White, Constantinople, to Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London.

Telegram to hand. Situation perplexing. At my wits' end. Am celebrating Jubilee nicely. Please be patient. Letter on way will explain.

LETTER I. (*with Inclosures.*)

British Embassy, Constantinople,
June 23rd, 1887.

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,

I NEED not say that immediately on receipt of your telegram I did my very best to carry out its instructions without further delay. It reached me when I was busily employed trimming some oil-lamps for our Jubilee celebration here, which promises, I am glad to say, to be a very successful affair; but I at once abandoned my occupation, changed my coat, put on my best hat, and hurried off to the palace. On presenting my card I was, as I expected, at once declined admittance. However, the tone of your telegram, hinting, as it did, that I should have the support of Her Majesty's Government if I found myself compelled by untoward circumstances to have recourse to unusual measures, inspired me with the happy idea of tripping up the sentry on duty, and making a dash for the grand marble staircase, which mounting five steps at a time, I was enabled to reach the long series of antechambers that lead to the SULTAN'S private *sanctum*. These were filled with high Court officials, who were too much taken aback by my sudden appearance to bar my progress, and so, by knocking over a few who did, and bonneting a Grand Vizier, who stood immediately in my way, with a Union Jack pocket-handkerchief (a portion of our Jubilee decorations) that I had purposely brought with me in case of need to emphasise my nationality, I made a bound at the curtained entrance, and after a slight scuffle that can not have lasted more than a quarter of an hour, found myself at length in the presence of His Majesty. He was sipping a cup of cold coffee, and was seated huddled up on an ottoman, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and as I slid into the room and produced the "Convention" from my pocket, I noticed that he visibly turned pale, and returned my official salutation with an uneasy smile.

"If it is for *me* to sign that paper that you have come," he commenced nervously in bad French, "I cannot do it. It is not possible."

"I'm very sorry, your Majesty," was my prompt reply, "but I've had my orders from my Government, and they are, that I'm not to leave this room till the thing is settled. So there; make up your mind to it, for you'll have to do it."

I dipped a pen in ink as I spoke, and courteously approached him with a winning grimace.

"I tell you, I cannot," was his plaintive reply. "I dare not. See, what I have just received from the Russian and the Frenchman. Read for yourself."

He took a couple of despatches from a table-drawer as he spoke, and burst into tears; then apparently overcome by his emotion, he made a bound past me, and before I could stop him fled from the room. I halloo'd after him, but he had got a good start down the next two corridors, and, as chace was useless, I let him go. I then turned to the two documents. I make no comment on them, but enclose them herewith for your inspection. Need I add that after reading them, I saw nothing for it but to return the unsigned Convention to my pocket, and get back to the Embassy as quickly as possible to continue our preparations for the celebration of the Jubilee, which I am sure it will gratify you to hear was a remarkable success. The Fireworks were a great hit. I have just let off the last rocket. Waiting your further instructions, I am, my dear Lord SALISBURY, Faithfully Yours, WILLIAM WHITE.

ENCLOSURE A. (*Translation.*)

SIRE,—I am instructed by my Government to inform you that, if you put your hand to the document prepared for your signature by perfidious Albion, the whole grand French Nation will consider that you have meditated to insult it through Egypt, and will regard your action as a direct *casus belli*. I need not, therefore, point out to you the necessity under which you lie of altogether ignoring Sir WOLFF'S infamous and corrupt document.

Assuring you of my distinguished consideration,
I am, Sir, Yours with all spontaneity,
DUC DE MONTEBELLO.

ENCLOSURE B. (*Translation.*)

M. DE NELIDOFF presents his compliments to His Majesty the SULTAN, and begs to inform him that he has received instructions from his August Master to notify to His Majesty that he declines to allow him to sign the so-called "Convention" recently arranged with England. M. DE NELIDOFF has further to add that, as disobedience to this command will involve the immediate despatch of 500,000 troops to Constantinople, together with all the undesirable consequences that would naturally result from such a step, he trusts that the SULTAN will see the necessity of giving orders that, if the British Ambassador presents himself at the Palace, he may be summarily kicked out.

TELEGRAM III.

From Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople.

Your letter with enclosures received. Nonsense! Stuff! He must sign. Go at him again. Don't let him alone till he has done it. Follow him up. Shall expect to hear from you within twenty-four hours that the thing is settled.

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

(*Nursery Rhyme.*)

* * * * * *

"The Coronation Chair, perhaps to most Englishmen the most precious of all the precious relics in the Abbey, was handed over to some barbarian to be smartened up, and he has daubed it the orthodox Warwick Street brown, and varnished it."—*Athenæum, June* 25.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT,
Where have you been?
I to the Abbey went
To see the QUEEN.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT,
What did you there?
Sneezed, smelling varnish
Upon the old Chair.

PAID BY "COMMISSION."—Second Lieutenant DANIEL GODFREY, of the Grenadier Guards.

THE SPEAKER'S SONG.—"*Bidmead Discourse.*" (Six quavers to the Bar.)

OUR DRAWING-ROOM PETS.

(*We give the Colonies a Turn.*)

KANGAROO JIM, THE CHAMPION AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG-THROWER, IS RAPIDLY BECOMING THE IDOL OF OUR MOST EXCLUSIVE LONDON CIRCLES (TO THE INTENSE AMUSEMENT OF HIS NATIVE MELBOURNE, WHERE HE IS ONLY KNOWN TO SOCIETY IN HIS PUBLIC CAPACITY OF PROFESSIONAL STREET ACROBAT.)

N.B.—KANGAROO JIM'S ADVENTUROUS YOUTH WAS SPENT IN THE COOKABOO ISLANDS, AND HE OWNS TO HAVING FREQUENTLY PARTAKEN OF ROAST MISSIONARY THERE; INDEED HE DESCRIBES THESE BANQUETS WITH INIMITABLE GUSTO, AND SEEMS NOT A LITTLE PROUD OF HIS CULINARY SKILL.

BACK TO BUSINESS.

Leo Britannicus loquitur :—

WHOOP! Well, I am glad it 's all over,
Well over, and over so well.
It *was* worth while abandoning "clover"
For Trafalgar Square or Pall Mall.
By thunder, I hadn't a notion
How youthful I was, and how green,
Till I thrilled with contagious emotion
To "*God Save the Queen!*"

A cynical coldness the vogue is,
And yet my most dandified cubs
Combined with the buffers and fogies
Who thronged the hotels and the Clubs
To crowd for the handiest places
On that the great Jubilee Day,
And yell, until red in their faces,
A British "Hooray!!!"

Let pedants make mock of the yellers,
I fancy the Jubilee shows
The town is more full of "good fellers"
Than modish omniscience knows.
Their notions nubibustic,
But this is abundantly clear,
That Britishers, urban or rustic,
Still know how to cheer.

We good-tempered and jolly
Hour after hour,
With scarcely a sun-shade or "brolly,"
Beneath a broad sun at full power.
The help those brave "Bobbies" afforded
Was noble, and free from all blame,
And if *they* are not fitly rewarded,
I say it 's a shame.

Those Ambulance chaps, too, were splendid!
The gentle and vigilant way
In which on the crowd they attended
Was one of *the* sights of the day.
Bravo, Sirs! When multitudes muster,
Such help, unconstrained and unfee'd,
Prompt, kind, without red-tape or fluster,
Is service indeed.

Illuminate? Rather! My pockets
Were plumbed pretty well. What a sight,
When lanterns, and beacons and rockets
Made brilliant the Jubilee night!
Big bonfires, the lavish employment
Of fireworks, some dolts deem a bore;
With a view to the people's enjoyment,
I wish there 'd been more!

However, it 's over, and now, Sirs,
To business I 'm going to see,
I must doff my fine Jubilee trousers,
My mane and my tail must flow free.
These frolics have been "a big order,"
Which statecraft and trade did not shirk,
(E'en the *Times* flourished forth with a
But now, boys—to work! [border)

A PRESCRIPTION.

To those who are becoming rather tired of hearing "*Oh, what a Surprise!*" and "*Oh, the Jubilee!*" we would suggest some Fresh Air. There are two Jubilee Stations—"Queenborough," whence you can reach the Continent *viâ* Holland, Flushing with delight *en route*. But nearer and cheaper are Westgate, Margate, and Ramsgate, the first of which (*Mr. Punch's* own seaside resort) can be reached by the jaded Londoner on Sunday morning in one hour and a half, starting from Victoria (L. C. & D. Line) at the reasonable hour of 10·30 A.M., and Holborn Viaduct 10·25, Margate in an hour and three-quarters, and Ramsgate in two hours. Lovely! No air ever composed by MOZART, HAYDN (the original of "*Oh, what a Surprise!*" called "*Haydn's Surprise*"), BEETHOVEN, MEYERBEER or LESSERBEER, or BALFE, or any other genius, can ever equal the exhilarating, recuperating air of the Isle of Thanet. *Dr. Punch's* advice is not to be neglected with impunity. Try it.

A CARD-PLAYER'S NOTE. — "Never saw such a lot of Kings! What a pack! The Heralds held the Trumps! With the QUEEN, the Princesses, the Prince, and the Crown Prince, Honours were easy."

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

BRITISH LION (*rather limp*). "WELL, IT HAS BEEN A SPLENDID SUCCESS!! AND NOW—A—WE MUST REALLY GET *BACK TO BUSINESS!!!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 20.—Very few here to-night. Majority away, either trying on their new clothes for Jubilee to-morrow, or, happier still, fled away from Town till Jubilee over. PICKERSGILL hears that Publichouses to remain open till Two o'Clock in morning, by way of honouring QUEEN'S Jubilee. Wants to know if it 's true? HOME SECRETARY practically admits the soft impeachment. Police been instructed not to take proceedings against Licensed Victuallers keeping open house till Two in the morning. "But," he added, in stern voice, looking for approval to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, "licensed persons have been cautioned that, notwithstanding, they will be held responsible for drunkenness or disorder taking place on their premises."

On the prowl.

WILFRID LAWSON not to be caught in net of that kind. Declared that Publicans keeping house open till Two in the morning would be liable to prosecution. More than hinted that steps would be taken to prosecute them.

Rumour current of arrangements made for night out to-morrow. WILFRID LAWSON, PICKERSGILL, ELLIS, PICTON, and SAM SMITH (in new Ulster for the occasion), made up little party to patrol the streets after midnight to-morrow. Will take note of Publichouses unlawfully open, and institute prosecutions. Quite a pleasant way of spending Jubilee evening.

Bogus Petition on Coal and Wine Dues up again. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, in eloquent though inaudible speech, moved that "REGINALD BIDMEAD, having fabricated signatures to certain petitions presented to the House, has been guilty of contempt and breach of privilege." This Motion, if carried, involved imprisonment of BIDMEAD. BRADLAUGH wouldn't have thing settled that way. "BIDMEAD only a tool," he said, carefully avoiding glancing at Alderman FOWLER. "If he 's sent to prison, what shall be done to those who employed him?" Enough if BIDMEAD were brought to Bar, and reprimanded.

"The question is," said SPEAKER, "that BIDMEAD 'iscourse at the Bar."

After long conversation, Motion agreed to; House got into Committee of Supply, and having resolved to make it a short sitting, didn't adjourn till Two in the morning. "As bad as a Publichouse on Jubilee Day," said WILFRID LAWSON.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

Called to the Bar.

Thursday.—Full to-night. Every seat secured at prayer-time. No Ministerial Crisis threatening, no critical division anticipated. Arrangements being made to bring BIDMEAD to Bar, there to be reprimanded by the SPEAKER. Members not surfeited with excitement of Tuesday, crowded in to see the fun. Preliminary skirmish between BRADLAUGH and Ex-Lord Mayor FOWLER, in which Alderman came off decidedly second best. This over, silence and attitude of strained expectation fill over-crowded benches.

"Now 's your time," said GENT-DAVIS, nervously rubbing his hands. "Cry Haddock! and let slip the dogs of War." G. D.'s knowledge of SHAKSPEARE, as CAINE says, is extensive and peculiar.

"Sergeant-at-Arms," cried SPEAKER, in tragic tones, "is REGINALD BIDMEAD in attendance?"

Sergeant-at-Arms, (leaving chair, standing at Bar). "Yes, Sir."

SPEAKER, (with deeper tragedy in his voice.) "Then bring him up."

House shuddered. "Bring him up!" In what depths was he held in thraldom, and in what form would the Sergeant-at-Arms bring him up? In fragments—now a leg, then a head, and anon an arm? Members began to feel uncomfortable. Glanced with alarm at SPEAKER, who sat in Chair with pale face set in sternest lines. Silence broken by approach of Sergeant-at-Arms; at his side small pale-faced man with immature whiskers fringing face of death-like pallor. Both advanced to the Bar. Sergeant-at-Arms gripped the Mace on his shoulder, ready at moment's notice to brain the offender, who trembled at his side.

"REGINALD BIDMEAD!"

It was the voice of the SPEAKER. Terrible voice, to which the knees of the prisoner at the Bar knocked in audible response.

"Very sorry, Sir, but that 's me," they seemed to say.

SPEAKER proceeded, in tones of gathering solemnity, to recite brief history of the case, lapsing into exhortation, thundering into reproof, and concluding with the abrupt command, "You may quit the Bar."

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," was the involuntary response that fell from several Members whose feelings had been uncontrollably wrought up by the scene.

BIDMEAD did not wait for repetition of instructions. Turned to flee, when he observed that his escort was retiring backwards, making obeissance to the Chair. Quickly turned about; commenced forlorn process of ducking, which happily landed him at the open glass-door, through which he darted.

"Must keep up dignity of Parliament."

"Hard upon the poor fellow, but must keep up dignity of Parliament," said H. J. WILSON, throwing himself into attitude suitable to the sentiment. And this is how we do it.

Business done.—Dignity of Parliament maintained. Some Votes in Supply.

Friday.—House of Lords met to-day, with accustomed pomp and ceremony. LORD CHANCELLOR'S stately presence adorned the Woolsack. The Mace on the Table, and so was the Purse, with, as usual, nothing in it. Seven Peers all told, majority sitting on Ministerial Benches, gave to gloomy Chamber a thronged appearance. At Half-past Four, the hour of commencing public business, LORD CHANCELLOR discovered that there was no business to transact. Accordingly proposed that House should forthwith adjourn. No one objected. LORD CHANCELLOR left Woolsack, and, preceded by Mace and the Purse, marched in procession down the House, his lithesome figure disappearing under the Gallery from the glances that lingeringly rested on it.

House of Commons a little more fully occupied. But they, too, had cessation from incessant labour. Pounded away through morning sitting at Mines Regulation Bill; Counted Out when met again at Nine o'Clock. A great day this for British Constitution.

Business done.—Got home early.

A PHENOMENON.—"Dat leetle JOSEF" HOFFMANN is a wonderful boy. He is always playing—happy child!—and yet when he is playing he is working.

DUMB CRAMBO AT HENLEY.

"Easy 'All."

Taking a Run on the Bank.

HONOUR TO AGNETA FRANCES RAMSAY!

(CAMBRIDGE, JUNE, 1887.)

GARDEN, LANE, AND MARKET.

THE Jubilee Week was a bad one for Theatres and Operas. At Covent Garden there was another splendid performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Quality was present, Quantity was absent. Enthusiasm great. Signor GAYARRÉ first-rate, and Mme. VALDA charming. Mme. SCALCHI could not appear, but she had an excellent substitute. In the Operatic Record of the Season, the Garden is still to the front.

At the Lane AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS leads his hosts with undefeated energy. So much for his hosts, but how about his guests? Well, they did not care much about his "Prima Donna Drammatica," and wished that she were more of the Prima Donna, and less of the Drammatica.

Then the weather being warmer,
MR. HARRIS brought out *Norma;*

in which Miss ENGLE (is she Engle-ish?) was very nice as *Adalgisa*, and her pretty face quite explained *Pollio's* little flirtation. In *Don Giovanni* the HAUK as *Zerlina*, came out as the Nightingale. Mlle. ARNOLDSON appeared as *Rosina* in *Il Barbiere*, and, if she is not yet a JENNY LIND or an ADELINA PATTI, she is, at all events, *The* success of the Drury Lane Season. She has everything in her favour, especially youth. May we have an Italian Opera House next year with Mlle. ARNOLDSON as one of the principals. *Mr. Punch* welcomes her, and thinks that she will obtain the ear and voice of the public; not of course in exchange for her own.

Les Huguenots was given at Covent Garden on Saturday. GAYARRÉ superb in Duel 'Scene; SCALCHI said appropriately, "No, No, No, No, No, NO!" to an enthusiastic *encore;* ELLA RUSSELL, as *Margherita di Valois*, electrified the audience with a high note; there never was a better *Conte di Nevers* than DEVOYOD; Mlle. SANDRA was nervous as *Valentina;* and (here comes poetry) CAMPELLO as *Marcello*, wasn't good, but didn't bellow. BEVIGNANI'S band and chorus excellent, and Music HALL, with a *buttonholia gladstonensis* in his coat, beamed on Royalty and a brilliant house.

The same evening, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS was very much to the front,—"called" vociferously,—with his Walpurgis) Night Ballet in *Faust*. Mr. IRVING was there to assist, if necessary.

At Her Majesty's, revival of *The Colonel*—(MAPLESON). PATTI is announced for next Friday. She's a dear creature, a very dear creature. Still, if she "draws" as well as she sings, the piper may be satisfactorily paid.

WHAT THEY ALL THINK OF IT.

Justin McCarthy.—Just been proposed to me that I should take "Titular Leadership of Irish Party in House of Commons!" PARNELL (whose health we all hope to see improve) wishes it, it appears. Feel utterly staggered by suggestion. Proud position, no doubt, but still—am I the sort of person to lead TANNER, TIM HEALY, SEXTON, T. P. O'CONNOR, not to mention MICHAEL DAVITT, and the rest of the "boys" outside Parliament. And what does "titular" leader mean? Strikes me the word is suspicious. PARNELL says, "I should make such a respectable figure-head." *Query*—is this complimentary or the reverse? I am sure it's *meant* to be flattering, but somehow it doesn't sound so. Then if I accepted position, it would be positively necessary that I should do something which would force Authorities to put me in prison, as this is a *sine quâ non* for obtaining confidence of Irish people. Question is, what is the very mildest illegal act for which Government would be safe to lock me up? Might arrange matter amicably with BALFOUR, perhaps. Awkward if he refused me ink and paper in Kilmainham. Where would my novels be then? Yet Kilmainham would certainly give me some useful "local colour.' Yes, but then if I had to go a tour like O'BRIEN first, might get the local colour somewhere else—all over my body, for example. On the whole think I'm like lamented IDDESLEIGH—haven't sufficient "go," —would rather write History than make it, any day of the week.

Davitt.—Not good at game of "follow my leader," under any circumstances. Now PARNELL'S shelved, think I might take his place, out of Parliament. Circumstances of course prevent my being leader *in* Parliament. Besides, I *am* so volatile—violent, I mean, and can't help breaking out now and then; and that would be awkward for G.O.M. Perhaps on the whole JUSTIN'S the man. HEALY'S name is TIM, which is fatal for a leader.

Dillon.—As disinterested Patriot, of course don't care twopence about Leadership. Still, PARNELL might have *asked* me, I think. Does he forget how often I've led the Forty Thieves—I mean Forty Members, necessary to support motion for adjournment? Not sure, though, if it isn't more comfortable to be the "BAYARD of the League," than Leader;—it would ba yard on me, to expect me to cut my hair and to cultivate compromise! MCCARTHY an inoffensive fellow. Much better than HEALY. Yes, decidedly—"*Aut Justin, aut nullus.*"

T. P. O'Connor.—It strikes me PARNELL has forgotten *my* services to the Party; how I won 'em a seat at Liverpool, for instance. Feel I'm cut out for a revolutionary leader. Don't mind what I say, and not much what I do. JUSTIN not the *only* man in the world who can write books. Would back my *Gladstone's Parliament* against his inflated *History of Our Own Times*, any day, both for style and accuracy. Fancy a Novelist at head of Clan-na-Gael! Still, better to have *him* than that bellowing bull, TANNER, or that straw-splitting limb of the law, HEALY. PARNELL says that JUSTIN "divides the least." Yes, but oughtn't Nationalist leader in Parliament to "divide" the most?

Tim Healy.—Ridiculous to think of "T. P." as *my* leader! Don't mind JUSTIN, at least not so much, but there's something blatant and even vulgar about the other one. In fact can't think what PARNELL'S about if he does not recommend *me* for Leadership. Haven't I fought Crimes Bill inch by inch? Who's got so much legal—or perhaps I ought to say illegal—acumen as I? Can't help being called TIM; besides, it's a Biblical name, and ought to commend me to hierarchy. Think I've a real gift for leading. So had PARNELL—it was thirty thousand in his case, I remember—mustn't say *this* to anybody, however.

Dr. Tanner.—Nobody seems to have thought of *me* to succeed PARNELL! Yet nothing succeeds like success, and I flatter myself I've gained a unique reputation in House for language that would disgrace a bargee. HEALY! A quibbling pettifogger. SEXTON! A rhetorical prig. T. P. O'CONNOR! Feeble imitator of *my* style. As for JUSTIN—well, he's less objectionable than rest, perhaps; but didn't he write *History of Our Own Times*. Never read the book, but strikes me a Nationalist who would act as chronicler of that blood-thirsty British organ is out of the running for leading Patriots. If it had been a "History of our own *P.M.G.*," now, that would have been different.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not* even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

"ABBEY and Glorious!" 320
Academy Banquet (The), 222
Academy Guy'd (The), 226
Advice Gratis, 10
Advice to Singers, 194
Ad Reginam Jubilantem, 158
Æsop in Parliament, 276, 277
Alimentary Education, 132
All about it, 230
All at Sea, 269
All in the Wrong, 166, 169
All of a Piece, 243
American Song-Birds, 153
Another One, 158
Anticyclonic Ode (An), 82
Appeal to Apollo (An), 58
Apple-Cart (The), 287
'Arry in the Witness-Box, 61
'Arry on the Jubilee, 305
Art Hesperides (The), 218
Aspiring Amateurs, 221
At the Bier of Beer, 232
At the Haymarket Theatre, 150
At the Lyceum, 261
Author's Meeting (The), 144
Automata-super-Springs, 73
Awake with the Sleeping Beauty, 125
BACCHUS in Iowa, 109
Back to Business, 322
Balfour Ballad (A), 263
Ballad of the Broken Baronet (The), 113
Barker, P.C., 173
"Belgravia Bob's" Show, 193
Better Late than Never, 3
"Big 'Ben'" (A), 280
Black Assizes (The), 136
Blaze of Glory (A), 317
Blowing the Furniss, 210
Blunderbore at Bow Street, 197
Boating after Church-time, 117
Bogey! 274
Bohemian Ballad, 265
Bookmakers in France (The), 149
Bounder (The), 34
Bumble at Bay, 25
"Business of the Nation" (The), 250
CAMMING it Strong, 206
Case of Champagne (A), 46
Catechism for Londoners, 219
Cause and Effect, 240
Challenge (The), 210
Chance (A), 157
Charles and the Children, 282
"Chicken and Champagne," 111
Chiefs in Council, 227
Children's Choice (The), 60
Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Manshun House (The), 53
Children's Fête, (The), 320
Children's Jubilee (The), 266
Choir-Boy (The), 209
Christmas "Carroll" (A), 17
Churchillius, 78
Classic Advice, 217
Clown's Lament (The), 25
Cold Water Cure at Berlin, 65
Colonial Pressure, 191
Comfort for a Royal Academician, 197
Confused Crocodile (The), 99
Cook brought to Book (The) 123
County Chorus (A), 190
Cricketer's Carol (The), 238
"Crocodile" (The), 4
Crummles again! 263
Cry from Ambleside (A), 145
Curiosities of Journalistic Literature, 137
"D," 225
Dainty Dish to set before the Queen, 206
Delight in Disorder, 262
Demmon Orator (The), 198
Despair! 206
Detective's Triumph (The), 98
Devil's Latest Walk (The), 300
Dismal D. C. L (A), 233
Domestic Melodies, 10, 42, 190
Doubts, 157
Draft Hound (A), 27
Drama in Oxford Street (The), 16
Driving Duke (The), 216
Druriolanus Operaticus, 262
Dunraven, 93
EARLY Closing, 114
Echoes from the Jubilee, 317
Education Made Easy, 118, 130, 142, &c.
Egyptian Puzzle (The), 321
Elementary Teachers, 240
Eloquence and Wisdom, 231
"Emergency-Man" (The), 54
En Passant, 290
Epigram on a Party Hack, 261
Epitaph (An), 29
Essence of Parliament, 59, 71, 83, &c.
Eton Notes, 317
Everywhere Jubilee Year (The), 147
FAIR Start (A), 65
"Farjeon smiles upon us!" 17
Father Christmas and the Child, 5
"Father William," 150
Fine Fellows, 125
First Round, 173
Fishing Question (A), 225
Flat Contradiction (A), 167
Flowers of Plain Speech, 286
Foreigner at the Tooleries (A), 145
France and Savoy, 76
Free Speech, 276
"From Mozart to Mario," 40
Funny Law in a Comic Court of Justice, 57
Future in the Crystal (The), 275
GETTING it Pat, 165
"Give us bold Advertisement," 240
Going Courting, 81
Good Butler in the Right Place (A), 4
Good-bye, Old Friend! 132
Good Evening (A), 250
Goschen to the Rescue, 203
Grammar of Dissent (The), 205
"Great 'Globe' itself" (The), 245
Great Little "Random" (The), 18
"'HARRIS' in Wonderland," 17
"Hars est celare hartem," 122
Harsh-Deacon of Westminster (The), 98
Hee! Hee! 100
"Here we are again!" 54
Her First Appearance, 173
Herrick in the House, 65
High (Court) Jinks, 234
His Birthday Presents, 156
"His Highness," 64
Holiday Charges, 202
Honours Easy, 106
How does it look this Way? 181
How much more of it? 77
How the R.H.A. was saved, 254
How to Preserve the Palace, 117
How Wars are got up, 16
In Reduced Circumstances, 86
In Statu Quo, 287
Interviewing à la Mode, 60, 69
Interview with a Singh-ular Individual (An), 277
In the Court of Common Sense 157
In the Crackers, 6
In the First Olympiad, 22
In their Easter Eggs, 182
In the Spring, 205
Involuntary Contributions, 206
Islington Campaign (The), 305
"Is the Old Min Friendly?" 3;"
Italiano in Covento Gardeno, 276
JACK'S Rejoinder, 77
Jacobites at St. James's, 129
Jolly Commissioners (The), 110
Jottings for Journalists, 145
Jubilee George, 148
Jubilee Guests, 291
Jubilee Jottings, 11, 297
Jubilee "Meet" (The), 6
Jubilee of King Edward the Third, 304
Just in Time, 76
KATERING for the Public, 157
Keats Improved, 98
Keeping Up the Classics, 39
Knighthood at Birmingham, 167
LANE and the Garden (The), 228, 312, 326
Laou-lai-Tsze, 62
Lapsus Calami, 25
Larks! 51
Last Straw (The), 33
(Late) "Spring Cleaning" (A), 270
Latest Fashion in Parliamentary Cards (The), 240
Latest Medical Advice (The), 181
Latest Thing in Organisation (The), 268
Law of the Letter (The), 171
Leek-age of Loyalty, 150
Letter-Bag of Toby, M.P. (The), 13
Lighting Up, 280
"Litteræ Humaniores," 70
Little Miss Budget, 186
Little Prophecy about a Big Thing (A), 52
Longest Day (The), 319
Long Shot at the Future (A), 111
Lord Iddesleigh, 45
Lubbock's National Race Dictionary, 162
Lunatic Law, 121
MAC-SMITH in the Witches' Cave, 246
Mammon the Mendicant, 126
May Fair Nursery Rhymes, 243
May Meeting (A), 249
May Memory (A), 239
Mem. by a Married Man, 125
Mem. by a Midlander, 167
Memoirs of a Secret Mission, 4
"Merry in Hall," 40
Micro-Telephone Push-Button (The), 144
"Mixture as Before" (The), 282
Model Manchester! 233
Modern Sintram and his Companion, 114
Monty Cristy's Minstrels, 35
More Latino and More Latin, 243
"More Light! More Light!" 253
Mostly Smoke, 197
Mother and Me, 185
M.P.'s Aspiration (The), 90
Mr. Greenhorn's Experiences, 287
Mr. Punch's Manual for Young Reciters, 109, 134, 161, &c.
Mr. Punch's Moral Fairy Tales, 117, 125, 133, &c.
Mr. Punch's Own Tipster right again! 267
Mr. Punch's Party, 2
Much in Point, 61
Much Lower Chamber (The), 182
"Music hath Charms," 298
Mystery of Great Printing-House Square (The), 1
NAVAL Manœuvres, 280
Nelson's Song, 102
New "Lilli Burlero" (The), 144
New Nuisance (A), 124
New Royal Jubilee Tike, 198
"News!" 205
News for the New Year, 3
News from the Theatres, 97
News of the Sleeping Man, 171
"New Words for Old Tunes," 273
Nobody, 178
No Danger, 94
No Demand for Indian Bonds, 184
"No Order!" 87
Nordisa, 237
No Rose without a Thorn(eycroft), 219
Notes and Gold, 171
Notes and Votes, 254
"Novel-Sunday," 177
No Work to do! 13
OBVIOUS, 189
Official Minutes, 18
"Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!" 29
Oh, what a Surprise! 205
Oldest Ale (The), 171
"Old-fashioned Boy" (An), 293
Old Hand (The), 162
"Old Rowley!" 97
Olympians (The), 5
One Way to Cure a Rank Abuse, 186
Only a Roose, 69
On the Towing-Path, 158
"Opera Omnia," 285
Opinions of "Red Shirt," 225
Oracles in Council, 213
Order, Order! 33
"O She!" 34
Our Advertisers, 101, 201, 316
Our "Notes and Queries," 47, 50
"Our Own Celestial," 119
Our Royal "Hamlet," 42
Our Winter Garden, 23
Oversight in the Queen's Speech, 66
Oxonian's Week (The), 73
PEACEFUL Triumph (A), 312
Pearls of Price, 130
Peeler and the Poll (The), 215
Personally Conducted, 264
Picking up the Pieces, 64
Pilfering Peter the Patriot, 136
Pilgrim of Hate (The), 214
Pint in Port (A), 66
Plaint of the Minor Poet (The), 147
Playground of England (The), 102
"Poetry of Motion" (The), 97
Pot and Kettle, 245
Preparing for the Jubilee, 294
Privilege, 239
Privilege of Parliament, 203
Probable Invasion of London, 238
Proposition and a Rider (A), 188

Protest (A), 52
Protest from the Pedestal (A), 85
Publishing Paradox (A), 122
Puer Protestans, 49
Punch's Own Zadkiel for 18 7 9
Punch to John Bright, 111
Punch to the Peelers, 318
QUEEN at the Wild West (The), 250
Queen's Jubilee (The), 108
Questions and Answers for Pleasure-Seekers, 290
Quiet Sunday (A), 74
RACING the Boats, 320
Ramsbothamiana, 185
Rap for the Ravens (A), 171
Rather "Gashly," 174
"Rational Dress," 102
Real April Fools, 174
Real Grievance Office (The), 138, 153, 192
Real "Highway"-Man (A), 143
Reasons for and against Home-Rule, 251
Reason Why (The), 184
Re-assuring; or, Quite Pacific, 69
Reflections—"As in a Looking-Glass," 273
Reform Ball (The), 299
Remembering to Forget, 52
"Revenge" (The), 72
Revolt of the Review-Readers (The), 129
Rhymes on a Home-Ruler, 286
Riddle's Dictionary, 94
Rights and Writers, 154
"Ringing them in," 278
Robert at Hyde Park, 194
Robert at the American Exhibition, 252
Robert at the Persesshun, 317
Robert at the Royal Academy Dinner, 237
Robert on the Jubilee, 313
Robert to the Rescue! 122
Robert with the Loriners, 161
Romance and Reality, 149
Romanes Awry, 157
Roosters during an All-Night Sitting, 242
Roses in Bloom, 230
"Roses that bloom, tra la!" (The), 265
Round-Table Conference (The), 47
Round the Cauldron, 146
Royal House-Warming (A), 290
Royal Jubilee Cricket Score, 290
Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 214
"Running the Gauntlet," 222
SALISBURY Sisyphus, 174
Salvage Small-Talk, 21
Shelving Them, 215
Shillingsworth of Old Masters (A), 23
Ship and Turtle (The), 190
Shocking Outrage upon an Elderly Gentleman, 37
"Shut in!" 261
Simple! 282
Sir Percy and the Fearful Fogge, 141
Smith Scores, 97
Soldier's Fear, 210
Somebody's Engagements, 227
Some still Wilder Reminiscences, 300
Something like Bye-Laws, 267
Something More Like it, 293
Song and Shout, 239
Song for Mr. Goodallround, R.A., 207
Sonnet of Valentines (A), 85
Specimens of Mr. Punch's Signatures, 209
"Spider and the Fly" (The), 135, 148
Spring Song, 240
Starters, 262
"Storey of a House" (A), 93
Studies from Mr. Punch's Studio, 12, 24, 36, &c.
Sweets to the Sweet, 251
TABLE Talk, 252
Tactics, 186
Taking Stock, 122
Tappertit's Revolt, 14
Tellings of the Telephone, 84
Ten Years Hence, 149
Terrific Struggle with a Grand Piano, 82
Theatrical Chat (A), 137
Theatrical Property (A), 276
"They're all Very Poor and Small," 286
"Thomson's Seasons," 53
Thought-Reading Extraordinary, 154
Times to Mr. Gladstone (The), 156
To Lovers of a Good Dinner, 1
Tool of Trade (A), 202
To Phœbus Apollo, 281
To Sydenham, 166
Tour de Force (A), 279
Transpontine Study (A), 58
Triplet (A), 41
Turning in the Lane (A), 196
Turning over New Leaves, 5, 22, 39, &c.
Turning the Tables, 90
Two Chancellors (The), 161
Two Great Races (The), 263
[illegible] Tobogganers, 301
[illegible], 237
199
[illegible]ntest, 41
"Under Consideration,' 237
Unveiled Rebellion, 121
Unwelcome Guests, 26
Usual Thing (The), 255
VAN DYCK'S Visitors, 89
"Velvet and Iron!" 42
Veni, Verdi, Vici, 49
Very "Extraordinary Tithes," [230
Very Hard Lines, 186
Very Humble Petitioners, 249
Very Old Times at the Mansion House, 45
Very Original Greek at Oxford, 264
Victim (The), 66
Vultures (The), 198
WAITING Verification, 228
Wanted—the Institute! 274
Way to Stop it (The), 170
Weather, until further Notice (The), 49
What does he Mean by it? 137
What they all Think of it, 326
Which? or, Rather Puzzling, 46
"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?" 64
Who's to Have it? 50
Wild West-minster! 234
Williams Redivivus, 298
Winter Garden (A), 26
Wise Men in the East, 245
Wishes for the New Year, 1
"Within the Abbey Walls," 119
With the Indians on the Derby Day, 269
Wolff (The), 222
Woman and the Law (The), 96
Worth Consideration, 3
Wranglers at Oxford, 14

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

AFTER the Jubilee, 323
British Lion prepares for the Jubilee (The), 295
"Catchpenny" (The), 67
Challenge (The), 211
Churchillius, 79
"Emergency-Man" (The), 55
"Father William," 151
"God Save the Queen!" 308, 309
Great-Little "Random" (The), 19
"Hope I don't Intrude"!!! 103
"Is the Old Min Friendly?" 21
Jubilee "Meet" (The), 7
Knight and his Companion (The), 115
(Late) "Spring Cleaning" (A), 271
Little Miss Budget, 186
Mac-Smith in the Witches' Cave, 247
"Mixture as Before" (The), 283
"Old Hand" (The), 163
"Running the Gauntlet," 223
Salisbury Sisyphus, 175
Sending Round the Hat, 127
"Shut in!" 258, 259
"Sticking Place!" The), 139
Turning the Tables, 91
"Velvet and Iron!" 43
Vultures (The), 199
Wild Westminster! 235

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACADEMY Guy'd (The), 226, 251, 275, &c.
Æsthetic Critic and Cynical Bachelor, 202
American Drinks, 240
Angelina and Edwin's Wealthy Uncle, 290
Art Hesperides (The), 218
Artist and Scotch Paint-seller, 94
Artist, his Wife, and the Critic, 171
Assumption of Hamlet (An), 239
Athletics, 37
Automatic University Boat-Race, 153
Awkward Mistake in a Likeness, 206
Baby and the Piano, 262
Bare-backed Performances, 26
Baroness invites the Vicomte to Tea, 147
Basso with a Powerful Voice (A), 230
Behaving according to his Company, 158
Best Club for an All-Night Sitting, 159
Boating at Oxford, 121
Boatmen and the Milliner's Dummy, 102
Boulanger not in the Cast, 287
Boy Born for the Stables, 106
Bridegroom hooked at last, 250
British Tar and the Bent Cutlasses, 170
Brummagem Performing Elephants, 167
Buckjumper Four-in-hand, 282
Buffalo Billeries (The), 305
'Bus Conductor's Bad Sixpence (A), 130
Chamberlain Skylark (The), 195
Chaplin contemplating Looking-Glass, 13
Chiefs "Red Shirt" and "Strong Will," 227
Choosing a Friend's Photograph, 10
Christmas Games, 9
Churchill Jack-in-the-Box (The), 2
Churchill's Squibs and Crackers, 51
City Cœsus and Crossing-Sweeper, 314
"Collar'd Head," 33
Colonist appealing to John Bull, 231
Confirmed Bachelor's Reflections (A), 254
Confused Crocodile (The), 99
Countess's Carriage at Railway Crossing, 150
Counting her Husband's Hairs, 35
Cricket Catches, 289
Crystal Palace solicits Aid, 86
Cutting Acquaintances at a Picture Gallery, 198
Cycling, 33
Dachshorse (The), 203
Debtor's Real Jubilee Memorial (A), 97
"Division" Bell in the House (The), 131
Doubtful Compliment to Lady Pianist, 90
Drury Lane on Boxing-Night, 11
Duchess and the Letter "G" (The), 62
Dumb Crambo at Henley, 325
Dumb-Crambo's Stranger's Guide to London, 220, 297
El Dar-bé Hieroglyphic, 253
Fair Hostess and French Pianist, 174
Fashionable Lady Reporters, 294
Fenian Fiend troubling Canadian Waters, 75
Fits of the Blues, 141
Fowlerius to the Front! 126
Freddy, Grandpa, and Broken Wires, 58
French Count and Tame Stag, 30
French Count's Three Misses (The), 14
Gladstonian Spiders and Union Fly, 135
Gog and Magog's Rejoicing, 15
Goschen and the Cat, 161
Goschen Draft Hound (The), 27
Goschen's "Jubilee Budget," 207
Grosvenor Gems, 238, 263, 281, &c.
Guest invites his Host to Dine, 134
Guide to the London Theatres, 49, 61, 73
Handing Lady Glitter to her Carriage, 284
Hippodrome at Olympia (The), 22
Honour to Agneta Frances Ramsay, 326
Horse Dressed as a Masher, 243
Howard Vincent clearing the Gates, 143
Imperial Institute Working Model, 38
Jones prefers a Plain Woman, 45
Jubilee Procession, (The), 319
Jubilee Sightseers on Balcony, 303
Jubilee Temple of Art and Science, 311
Jury of Fair Women (A), 210
Kangaroo Jem in Society, 322
Kicking Cab Horse (A), 28
Knowing the "Heir of Redclyffe," 182
Knowing the Nature of an Oath, 122
Lady Godiva's Favourite Tree, 50
Lady's High Head-dress in a Hansom, 126
Lady with a Gauze Fan (A), 138
Lady Witness and the Counsel, 286
Lapdog taking Carriage Exercise, 66
Lawn-Tennis Championesses, 306
Lighthouse Commissioners Carousing, 110
Little Eva is Inattentive, 39
Little Girl and the Piper, 6
Lord Lathom takes some Rest, 321
Lord R. Churchill's Speech in Fog, 71
Lord Chamberlain acting as Boots, 291
Magazine Explosions, 185
Mary at the Open Air Service, 154
Members Losing their Heads, 83
Merchant and his New Clerk, 166
Miss Hypatia and the Professor, 293
Miss Primme's and Vicar's Language, 261
Mme. la République and Gen. Boulanger, 255
Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's Dollies, 252
Mr. Nobody wasting Commons' Time, 95
Mr. Punch's Political Party, 2
Mrs. Harcourt Gamp on Parnellism, 213
New Double Florin (The), 261
Not a Good Judge of a Gentleman, 87
Not a Soul in Rotten Row, 114
Not wanting to Dance with anyone else, 270
Nurse and the Therinometer, 70
Old Lady and Tramp, 219
Old Bore who likes Jones (The), 191
Old Lady and Toy Frogs, 118
Old Parson and Contemplative Rustic, 194
One of Allsopp's Fables, 119
Origin of Titles, 85, 109, 193
Our County Member in Church, 274
Palmistry and the Engaged Ques, 82
Past and Present Salutations, 18
Pencil Tips for the Derby, 241
Penny and the Sou! (The), 179
Police Clearing the Serpentine, 54
Policeman and Inebriated Citizen, 142
Political Harlequinade (A), 34
Political "Past Masters," 315
Political Witches round Cauldron, 146
Punch and George the Third, 301
Punch and Mr. Lawson's Children's Jubilee, 266
Punch and Time at Leapfrog, 1
Punch Complimenting the Police, 318
Punch's Essence Laboratory, 59
Racy Sketches, 268
Randolph, the Tipster, 183
Reading between the Lines, 98
Reciter at a Party (The), 78
Rector's Christmas Concert (The), 23
Reform Club Ball (The), 299
Refreshment-Room Sketch, 302
Re-opening of St. Stephen's Restaurant, 63
Return of William the Whaler, 279
"Ringing in" to Parliament, 278
Roosters during an All-night Sitting, 242
Royal Ascot, 280
Seaside Boa (A), 42
Season-Ticket-Holder and the Fresh Paint, 178
Seedy Dyspeptic and his Idle Friend, 190
Skating Boy's Rations (A), 49
Snapped Telegraph Wires, 21
Speaker slaying the Jabber-Talk, 107
Specimens from the Water-Colour Show, [illegible]
Statues in Westminster Abbey (The), 119
Stout Adonis and Fair Equestrian, 222
Stout Patient and Masseur, 225
Suspended Hats in Church, 52
Tenants' Ball (The), 215
Tenor's Pronunciation of "O" (The), 9
Three Hunting Heiresses, 40
Thrifty Old Lady's Luggage (A), 74
Tom's Excuse for Staying in Bed, 298
Toole and the Indians, 216
Triple Use of a Boa, 111
Trying to Conceal his Ignorance, 285
Unconvicted Prisoner (An), 133
Vicar's Wife Snubbing Snoggins, 267
Volunteers (The), 177
Waggon-Driver's Quiet Pipe (A), 162
Wanting more Hair on Top, 46
Why he Proposed, 76
Why the Country Boy left School, 129
Wishing to be Hospital Nurses, 246
Young German Accompanist (The), 186

LONDON; BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PUNCH

VOL. 93

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1887.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

SCENE—*A snug and sequestered if cloudy corner of the Elysian Fields. Present, the Shades of* SHAKSPEARE *and* BACON, *engaged in reading* Mr. DONELLY'S *egregious lucubrations, not without such mild and mitigated mirth as becomes the locality. To them enters a small and sprightly Personage, light-footed, but of seeming cis-Stygian solidity.*

Bacon
Shakspeare } (*together*). Hillo!

Mr. Punch. That sounds human. Savours rather of my own Fleet Street than of the realms of the *other* Rhadamanthus. What cheer, sweet WILL? How fare you, Brother FRANCIS? [*Salutes courteously.*

Bacon. 'Twere affectation to ask *who* you are, Sir. The question, "How gat you here?" may perchance be more pertinent—and pardonable.

Mr. P. (*airily*). Oh, I had been for—say, the *x*th time—to see "Our MARY" in *The Winter's Tale*, and being more inclined for profitable talk than for sleep, I just took you on my way home.

Bacon (*smiling*). Marry, Mr. PUNCH, were the statement of sequence equivalent to the explanation of causation, yours would be a most satisfactory answer.

Shaks. (*mildly*). Be not too scientifically scrutinising, Brother BACON. Mr. PUNCH, *Puck* and *Ariel* in one, is free of all places, lord of all latitudes, penetrator of all spheres, permeator of all elements.

Mr. P. True, sweet WILL! How much more catholic, in comprehension, as in charity, is the creative mind than the merely critical one!

Bacon. Humph! That sounds Sphinxian. HERACLITUS the Obscure was pellucid in comparison.

Mr. P. And yet, I warrant you, Master SHAKSPEARE here could play the "Diver of Delos" where your pundit's plummet should not find bottom. However, "broad-browed VERULAM," let not that brow's breadth cloud or corrugate in vexation at my persiflage. What do you read, Sir?

Shaks. "Words, words, words!"

Mr. P. "I mean the matter that you read."

Shaks. "Slanders, Sir." For the coney-catching rogue—one DONELLY—says here——but of course you know *what* he says. [*The trio laugh Homerically, until the asphodels wag their white heads and convulse their starry corollas in sheer sympathy.*

Bacon. By DEMOCRITUS, laughter in these latitudes is seldom enough of this sort and compass.

Mr. P. To succeed in shaking the sides—of BACON, *here*, is somewhat indeed, the greatest triumph, be sure, that awaits the incongruous Cryptogrammatist.

Shaks. Would that BEN JONSON were with us to join in the glorious guffaw.

Mr. P. Conceive Rare BEN being jockeyed into accepting *you*, his contemporary and tavern-companion, as the author of such "unconsidered trifles" as *Hamlet* and *Lear*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*, *The Tempest* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream!* Wer't ever at the "Mermaid," VERULAM?

Bacon. Verily, Mr. PUNCH, I should like mightily to have joined in that company, just for once, and to have discussed

the Cryptogram with the "Spanish great galleon" and the "English man-of-war" (as FULLER puts it), whom DONELLY now desires to knock, as it were, into one curiously composite craft. Did not this same maker of mare's-nests indite a fantastic tome, full of bottomless argument and visionary particularity, concerning that fabled island or continent of Atlantis, which the Egyptian priest told SOLON had been swallowed up by an earthquake?

Mr. P. Like enough, my Lord, like enough. Once a mare's-nester, always a mare's-nester. Nephelo-Coccygia was *terra firma* compared with the elaborate but evanescent Cloud-Cuckoolands of riddle-reading theory-mongers.

Shaks. When ŒDIPUS gets crotchet-ridden the sooner the Sphinx devours him the better.

Mr. P. True, O Swan! Let the Great Brethren of British Genius be brethren still—twins, if you please, but twain. Verily it might almost pass the might of Mother Nature to round two such splendid orbs into one. Rare BEN had his tribute for you also, my VERULAM. "No man ever spake more neatly, more purely, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered." Might have been said of ME!

Bacon. Praise shared with you is praise indeed! But the language of the Realm of Phantasy—WILL's own world—the speech of Arcady, of Arden, of shadowy Elsinore, of *Prospero's* enchanted Isle—WILL's native tongue—passeth many a league-long step beyond the "neatness" of the judgment-seat, or the "fulness" of the *Novum Organum Scientiarum.*

Mr. P. Well said, Wisdom!

Shaks. (*chortling softly*). Why, who knows? One day, perchance,—æons hence, of course,—some puzzle-headed pragmatist may propound the preposterous question, "Who wrote *Punch?*" From out the fathomless deeps of its many thousand wit-stored tomes the DONELLY of that dim and distant future may readily dip up, in his poor bucket, a Cryptogram, to show that they were produced by a scientific syndicate, including FARADAY and MILL, HUXLEY and HERBERT SPENCER, DARWIN and the Duke of ARGYLL. [*At the mention of the Olympian and autocratic Scottish Sciolist, Homeric laughter bursts forth anew in yet fuller force.*

Bacon. Prithee, sweet WILL, don't! Shadowy sides can ache, I find, and then, what will Rhadamanthus think?

Mr. P. As Jupiter did when the adventurous Ixion intruded into Olympus, perhaps. Well, well, put aside that preposterous book, which, as you, my Lord BACON, said of the Aristotelian method, is "only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of works for the benefit of the life of man," and, I may add, of immortals.

Shaks. (*yawning*). Not all reading, my FRANCIS, makes a full man—save in the sense in which one may be filled with the East wind. *My* books were men. Not much that is novel in Nature, human or otherwise, to study in these shadowy realms. I miss the "Mermaid," and the mazy world which was my stage. DONELLY's book *is* dull, however. Canst furnish us with a substitute, excellent Mr. PUNCH?

Mr. P. That can I, sweet WILL. To that end indeed came I hither. As a popular stage-character—not one of your own—saith, "I hope I don't intrude." Ah, I thought not; but you needn't try (ineffectually) to wring my hands off, the pair of you. Behold!!!!!!

As Mr. PUNCH reluctantly turned his back upon Elysium, he left the two Illustrious Shades, prone side by side and cheek by jowl upon an asphodel bank, eagerly and diligently perusing his

Ninety-Third Volume!

OPERATIC CONFUSION.

I WENT on Saturday to hear the three operatic novelties so liberally provided for us on the same night by Messrs. MAPLESON, LAGO and HARRIS. I do not mix my liquors, and I endeavour, as a rule, to keep to the same lyrical drama throughout the evening; nor is it my fault if a good dose of strong BEETHOVEN, sweetened with GOUNOD and flavoured with MEYERBEER had, on the occasion in question, a somewhat confusing effect on my brain. At Her Majesty's, LILLI LEHMANN was all right as *Leonora*; not *Leonora* of *La Favorita*, but *Leonora* the favourite wife of *Manrico*—no, not of *Manrico*, but of another personage who, like the unfortunate *Trovatore*, has to be rescued by his loving spouse from the tyranny of a powerful baritone; whether VERDI'S *Count di Luna* or SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*, I cannot just now call to mind. Mlle. LEHMANN is not only a fine singer, but also a serious dramatic artist; and the public was deeply impressed by her performance. She is a LEHMANN with all the earnestness of a good clergyman; not that she had taken orders as I (Box No. 70) had done.

From Her Majesty's Theatre, I drove in a rapid Hansom to Drury Lane. I had told the cabman to take me to the Royal Italian Opera, and I was about to remonstrate with him for conveying me to the wrong house, when he promptly explained that there were now two Royal Italian Operas, one at Covent Garden, the other at Drury Lane. New source of confusion! "Confusion worse confounded!" as MILTON observes.

"How far have they got?" I inquired as I entered the theatre.

"*Valentine's* death scene," replied my friend.

"*Valentine* does not die, my dear fellow; *Valentine* only faints," I answered, I was thinking of course, of the new dramatic soprano, Mlle. SANDRA, in *Les Huguenots*.

"You are evidently not an Opera-goer," I continued, "or you would know that no one dies in this work, except, of course, in the last Act. But that is always left out."

"Wrong again!" exclaimed JONES, with an amused look. "AUGUSTUS HARRIS restores the last Act. See his prospectus."

"Well, never mind that. Is ELLA RUSSELL singing the part of *Queen Margaret* as well as ever?"

"I did not know that *Margaret* was a Queen. I always thought she was of humble origin. The part in any case is being played by Mlle. NORDICA."

Determined to be no longer the victim of mystification, I wished JONES good-bye, and hurrying in, found the curtain down. Afraid now to ask what was being played, I waited patiently for the next Act, and when at last the curtain went up, I found to my astonishment that some representation entirely new to me was taking place. Will-o'-the-Wisps on a dark back-ground. That was all I saw. I asked myself whether I had gone mad, or whether the Drury Lane Pantomime was being played a little earlier than usual. Then the dark scene gave place to a scene of great brilliancy. There was a throne at the back of the stage, and again my thoughts reverted to the *Huguenots*, and I fancied I could recognise *Queen Margaret*. But her features were not the features of ELLA RUSSELL. Besides, ELLA RUSSELL does not dance, not at least on the Operatic stage; and this lady did.

"This is HELEN," said a gentleman in a stall on my right to a lady by his side. Here was at least a clue; and when at the same moment the baritone DE RESZKE stepped out of a group attired in the garb of *Mephistopheles*, I said to myself that the performance had been changed, and this was the last Act of BOÏTO'S *Mefistofele*, with new details, or at least details that I had not noticed when the work was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden. Now dancing began in earnest, and I wondered much at the never-failing ingenuity of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, who with a score of first-rate singers in his Company, had nevertheless found himself compelled (probably at five minutes' notice,) to change an Opera into a *ballet*. It reminded me of a certain operatic Manager, who, being suddenly deprived of the services of most of his vocalists, announced in his programme, that in consequence of the departure of his principal singers, the music of *Don Giovanni*, would be "replaced, for that night only, by lively and expressive pantomime."

When, however, *Mephistopheles* DE RESZKE and *Faust* DE RESZKE both began to sing, I saw that my supposition was untenable.

"What you have seen," said JONES, who meanwhile had come in, and who now occupied a seat on my left, "is not *Mefistofele* at all. It is GOUNOD'S additional Ballet Scene for *Faust*. 'Dramatic *Divertissement*' it ought to be called. Beautiful grouping, picturesque costumes, magnificent scenery, delightful dance music! But you ought not to have missed the new *Valentine*. That was a great mistake." I looked at my watch. "Time enough for the new *Valentine* even now," I reflected; and I went over as fast as I could to Covent Garden.

Here there was a new *Valentine* surely enough. A Russian lady, I was told. Not a bit like the Russian ladies one has seen in *Fedora*, the *Pink Pearl*, the *Red Lamp*, and other dramatic misrepresentations of Russian life. But Mlle. SANDRA, or Mlle. PANAEFF, or whatever her name may be, was not playing the part of a female Nihilist. She was impersonating a well-bred, Catholic young lady of the Sixteenth Century. JONES subsequently informed me that it was not Mlle. SANDRA'S *Valentine* that I ought to have seen, but VICTOR MAUREL'S, at the other house.

NOTE AT THE GUILDHALL.—Now we know what the City Marshal has to do. We saw him in his warlike costume, bareheaded, marshalling the carriages of the Great Personages on their departure, and capitally he did it. Not a single name was pronounced incorrectly. Everybody came up to time, and got away comfortably. On these occasions, the City Marshal is a sort of Glorified Linkman.

THE LATEST FROM LORD'S.

Land Bill. "WELL, ANYHOW, YOU CARRIED YOUR BAT."

Crimes Bill. "YES; BUT YOU'LL FIND HER BOWLING AWFULLY HOT."

SCENE—*The Cricket Field. The Bell has rung for the Second Innings. Mr.* LAND BILL *is just going to the wickets, and pauses to exchange a word or two with Mr.* CRIMES BILL, *who has had so long an innings in the earlier part of the match.*

Crimes Bill (*taking it easy on his bat*). Hillo, L. B. my lad, you're going in?

L. B. (*buttoning his gloves nervously*). Ye—s—s. Captain's orders!

C. B. Well, I hope you'll win.

L. B. I'll do my best; can Cricketer do more?

C. B. No. But, *by Jove!* you'll find it hard to score.

L. B. What? Bowling killing?

C. B. Beastly! Talk of "shying"? CROSSLAND's a lamb to HEALY.

L. B. Ah! that's trying. But then they haven't got a SHAW, Sir, surely?

C. B. No; but, by Jingo! they have more—a MORLEY! Straight on the middle stump. And then old GLAD Breaks awful, right and left, and shoots like mad. I say they ought to be disqualified For unfair bowling.

L. B. Humph! that game's been tried; But Umpire doesn't always seem to see it.

C. B. Ah! Umpires are such funkers.

L. B. Well, so be it.
Must do my best. What sort of wickets?
C. B. Crumbling.
Must meet the ball with a straight bat; no fumbling,
Or out you go!
L. B. And how's the fielding?
C. B. Dicky!
'Tis there you'll have the pull that wickets sticky
Or cut up, through the influence of weather,
Can't neutralise. *They're never all together.*
Some run like hares, some throw in like a Krupp;
But what they fail in is in "backing up."
L. B. Thanks be! I see my chance then. If they're loose
In fielding I can slog 'em to the doose.
C. B. But don't take liberties, my lad. No jumps
In for a drive; they're always on the stumps.
And then their wicket-keeper's like a cat.
L. B. Well, anyhow *you* carried out your bat,
Despite the lot of them. Can "crack" do more?
C. B. (*significantly*). Yes!—I kept up my stumps, but *could not score!*
A "Not out, nothing" may be meritorious,
And very useful, but 'tis hardly glorious.
A stolid SCOTTON's worth his salt, at need;
But, after all, he's not a GRACE or READ.
You 'll have to hit, as well as guard your wicket,
If you'd be popular. Blocking is not Cricket!
L. B. Humph! no, not quite. My orders are to score
And bring the House down.
C. B. That will cause a roar
When you take back your bat to the Pavilion.
A Cricketer must smite to please the Million.

ROUTLEDGE'S *Jubilee Guide to London*, is good, not only for such a "high old time" as the Jubilee Week, but for the next three years or so until the streets are re-named and a few new thoroughfares opened up. The illustrations are excellent. There is only one objection to this Guide as a companion, and that is it is rather too large. No Guide to be useful should be bigger than the Handy-Volume Shakspeare size, originally started at 85, Fleet Street. Some of the French Guides, not the regiment, but the little books, JOANNE'S Series, are models in this respect.

PHILIPS' *Handy Volume Atlas* is about the right size. "The World," it is often said, "is a small place;" but for all that, it does not go so easily in a tail-coat pocket, where Mr. PHILIPS' Atlas can be conveniently carried. It is an invaluable companion for everyday newspaper reading. *Happy Thought* for Travellers, to whom this little volume is recommended, "PHILIPS on his way through the World."

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Artist (*showing his last and most important Picture, the work of years*). "YES, I SHOULD LIKE TO *EXHIBIT* IT; BUT I DON'T WANT TO *SELL* IT, YOU KNOW—AT LEAST NOT TILL TIMES ARE BETTER."

Friend. "WELL, WHY NOT SEND IT TO THE EXHIBITION, AND PUT A PROHIBITIVE PRICE UPON IT—SAY TWENTY POUNDS?!"

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

(*Meteorological forecast for the Month.*)

6*th.*—Queen's Weather continues. Raspberry crop fails. Strawberries sold by auction in Covent Garden Market, and fetch two guineas each.

13*th.*—Queen's Weather still continues. All the grass in Hyde Park turns brown, and suddenly disappears. Vegetables generally sell at famine prices. Riot of Dukes attempting to secure a bundle of late asparagus from a fashionable West End greengrocer's, suppressed by the police.

17*th.*—Queen's Weather as settled as ever. Great drought commences. London Water Companies cut off their supply. Five o'clock tea in Belgravia made from boiled soda-water. Apollinaris supplied in buckets, for washing purposes, at the rate of twenty guineas the dozen pint bottles.

21*st.*—Queen's Weather showing no signs of departure, fifteen umbrella-manufacturers go through the Bankruptcy Court, and commit suicide. Dust in London becomes intolerable. A Nobleman in Mayfair has Piccadilly watered with BASS's India Pale Ale.

27*th.*—Queen's Weather established. The Thames runs dry between Vauxhall and Westminster. The SPEAKER gives a garden-party in the bed of the river. *Café noir*, made of ink, served as a refreshment.

31*st.*—Queen's Weather still continuing, seventeen ginger-beer manufacturers who have become *millionnaires*, are raised to the Peerage. The LORD MAYOR goes off his head, and, imagining that he is the Old Pump at Aldgate, is removed, by general consent, to Colney Hatch.

FLOREAT MASCHERA!

A GREAT deal of curiosity has been expressed about the Gray's Inn *Maske of Flowers*, which has puzzled a number of people. The better informed have replied, when asked, "What *was* it?" "Oh, don't you know what a Maske is? Why *Comus* was a Maske, don't you know?" To save time and temper, *Mr. Punch* begs to inform all inquirers that:—

1. "Gray's Inn" is the Inn where the poet GRAY always stopped when he came to town. It has always been associated with Poets.

2. This *Maske of Flowers* is not Mr. CYRIL FLOWER, M.P.'s.

3. It is highly improbable that the Benchers of the Four Inns of Court will appear in Fancy Costume at four o'clock in the morning, and serenade the occupants of the Western Face of Gray's Inn Square from the Gardens.

4. The Maske is not so called from everybody in Gray's Inn appearing in "big heads."

5. The LORD CHANCELLOR is not introduced as Harlequin, and does not dance a *pas seul* with "Mr. SOLICITOR," founded upon some of the more intricate steps of the *pavan*, or peacock's strut.

6. That it is not the duty of the Master of the Revels to teach the Masters of the Bench how to execute with spirit a Morisco.

Having said what the Maske will *not* be, *Mr. Punch* goes a step further—and stops, thinking it will be better to reserve particulars until after the Performance.

EVERY Etonian ought to go to the Gaiety and hear Mr. MERRIVALE's new piece, of which Mrs. BROWN-POTTER is the heroine. Why ought every Etonian to do this? We forgot to mention that the name of the play is Civil Wurre. (If it isn't so spelt, it ought to be.)

ROYALTY AT THE PALACE.

Cockney notion of A-making.

HARD-WORKING three weeks has H.R.H. had of it. Morning, noon, and night, here, there, and everywhere. *Mr. Punch* was glad to see that H.R.H. took his advice, given last week, and immediately visited the Crystal Palace. The Fireworks were first-rate. The Prospect was brilliant. Good omen for the C. P. If the R. P. could only get to the C. P. in twenty minutes from Victoria, by Palace trains every twenty-five minutes after a certain time in the afternoon, the future chances of prosperity for the Palace would be considerably increased. By the way, we thought we noticed some people, who had nothing to do with the fireworks, speaking to the Lighters—the do-lighters—while in the execution of their duty. If so, this ought to be stopped, and a notice put up,—"You are requested not to speak to the Man at the (Catherine) Wheel."

JILLS IN OFFICE.

SCENE—*Portion of a Stationer's Shop, used as Post Office. Two Young Ladies (let them be distinguished as* MISS CROSS *and* MISS OATTY) *discovered behind wire-screen. At opening of scene, the public is composed exclusively of the gentler sex, and the demeanour of* Miss C. *and* Miss O. *though firm, is not positively forbidding. Lady Customers having despatched their business, move away, leaving the coast clear to three* Mild Men, *who advance to screen with a meekness designed to propitiate. Instant transformation in both* Miss C. *and* Miss O., *who gaze at them through screen with air of visitors at the Zoo who are not fond of animals.*

First Mild Man (*with apologetic cough*). Oh, good-day! [*Slight pause.*

Miss Cross to Miss Orty (*in continuation of an interrupted anecdote*). Yes, I said it to him just like that—it made me so wild!

Miss Orty. I shouldn't have taken any notice if it had been me.

First M. M. Can you oblige me with six stamps, if you please?

[MISS OATTY, *without looking at him, opens drawer, tears off six stamps, and tosses them contemptuously underneath the screen.*

Second Mild Man. Oh, I beg your pardon, I just called in to inquire—— (*Miss C. and Miss O. regard him stonily, which has effect of disconcerting him to some extent*). I—I . . . . there were some books I sent off by Parcels Post from this Office the other day . . . . you may remember it?—they were all in white wrappers. (*Miss C. and Miss O. wear the resigned look of people who feel themselves in for a dull story.*) Some of my friends, er—I have been given to understand, that two of the parcels have—well, failed to arrive as yet . . . . Could you kindly——

Miss O. to Miss C. (*with lifted eyebrows*). Know anything about the books?

Miss C. shakes her head in scornful repudiation, whereupon Miss Orty selects a printed form, which she jerks towards Second M. M. Fill up that, and send it in to the Postmaster-General.

Second M. M. But are you quite sure they have not been mislaid *here*? You see they are small books, and it struck me perhaps—er——

Miss O. Any remarks you have to make can be put in the form.

Second M. M. Quite so—but if you could only tell me——

Miss O. Can't do any more than I have done. (*To First M. M.*) I gave you your stamps some time ago, didn't I?

First M. M. Oh, yes—yes, I had the stamps, thank you. But—but (*with manner of man who is compelled to enter on a painful subject*) there was my change—I—I gave you half a sovereign.

Miss O. (*with cold suspicion*). Don't remember it. You should have spoke about it at the time—but of course, if you *say* you haven't had it—I suppose——

[*Deals out his change as if it was more than he had any right to expect.*

Second M. M. One moment—am I to leave this form with you?

Miss C. No. Send it to the General Post Office in the regular way—they'll attend to it. You'll find all the directions there if you take the trouble to look.

Second M. M. Thank you *very* much. Good morning.

[*Miss C. and Miss O. naturally take no notice of this piece of familiarity, and Second M. M. departs crushed, and gradually realises that he is slightly annoyed.*

Third M. M. (*presenting a telegram*). Will you send this off at once, please?

Miss Orty (*takes the form, and runs a disparaging eye over it, rather as if it were an unwelcome love-letter from some detested adorer*). "Post mortem's" two words.

Third M. M. I have no objection—but it's rather important. I want it *delivered* soon.

Miss O. You must put the address more full than "Rumbo," then.

Third M. M. But the telegraphic address is registered "Rumbo."

Miss O. (*who seems to consider "Rumbo" somewhat too frivolous*). Well, if you like to leave it so, I can send it—it's at your risk. (*She leaves the form on the counter.*) Eightpence-halfpenny.

Enter Footman, *with parcel.*

Footman, How much to pay on this, Miss, please?

[*Miss Cross takes it reluctantly, slaps it down on scales with infinite contempt, flings in weights, and then tosses a stamp and label to* Footman, *with the brief remark,* "*Fourpence,*" *spoken oppressively. Footman, after paying his fourpence, and gazing from stamp to label in a hopeless manner, opens his mouth twice, and withdraws, too intimidated to ask for further instructions.*

Miss C. (*still occupied with her anecdote*). I *should* laugh if he came again next Sunday, just the same—shouldn't you?

Miss O. I'd let him see I wasn't going to put up with it, I know!

Miss C. Oh, he'll find out he won't have things all his way. (*Perceives First M. M. evidently awaiting her leisure.*) Was there anything else you were waiting for?

First M. M. Er—yes. Can you let me have a Postal Order for six-and-sixpence?

Miss C. (*with decision*). No, I can't!

First M. M. (*surprised*). But surely——!

Miss C. Give you two—one for five shillings, and one for eighteen-pence, if *that* will do?

First M. M. Of course, that's what I meant!

Miss Cross. It's not what you *said*—you said a order. (*Makes out the orders with much disdain.*) Three-halfpence to pay.

Second M. M. (*returning*). Oh, I quite forgot—will you kindly cash this order for me?

Miss O. Not till you've signed it.

Second M. M. Bless my heart, I quite forgot it ought to be signed! Could you oblige me with a pen for one moment?

Miss. O. There's a desk over there for all that.

Second M. M. I—I thought if you would let me sign it here, it would save time—the desk is occupied at present I observe.

Miss O. (*dabs a pen in the inkstand, and pushes it disdainfully through the wire net-work.*) Give it back when you've finished with it.

[*She is apparently alarmed lest it should be secured as a Souvenir.*

Enter Imperious Customer, *and approaches screen with hardly air.*

Imperious Customer (*blusterously*). Here you—one of you, let me have a penny stamp, and a packet of thin post-cards, and two half-penny wrappers, will you? and look sharp!

Miss C. and Miss O. (*becoming instantly all smiles.*) Certainly, Sir. (*They vie with one another in activity.*) Postcards in that drawer . . . I'll get the wrappers—ninepence-halfpenny, Sir, and thank you. Good morning, Sir.

[*Exit Imperious Stranger snatching up his purchases and ignoring parting smiles from behind the screen. Mild Men store up the lesson for use on future occasions. Scene closes in.*

How's That?

"THE A B C of Cricket you must get,"
Says a great Critic, "if you would succeed."
Punch then presumes 'tis by that Alphabet
A Cricketer may learn to (WALTER) READ!

COINS OF THE REALM.—'ARRY remarks that the Tories are led by a "Bob" (CECIL), the Parnellites can boast the possession of a "TANNER," whilst the Liberal Unionists make the most of their "JOEY."

ON THE JAR.—The French have a proverb, "*Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.*" This evidently does not apply to the Sublime Porte, which seems generally "neither one thing nor t' other."

IT was settled at the last meet of the Coaching Club that Mr. EATON, M.P., the new Peer, is to be crowned not with laurels, but with his own bays.

THE BARD AT HENLEY.

(A Reminiscence.)

OH, Friday was lovely! The Bard who now sings
Saw Princes, Princesses, a Duke, and two Kings,
His Indian Highness, called RAS KUTCH THAKORE,
NAWAB GAFFER JUNG and several more.

Retirement after the Jubilee Fortnight.
"Far from the Madding Crowd."

They saw the best racing, then went to lunch with
The Closuring Commoner, our Mr. SMITH.
'Twas Jubilee Weather! the Course was well kept!
Oh, champagne! and Oh, headache! I sighed—and then slept.

I awoke, to find all my companions gone,
And I, like the Rose, was left blooming alone.
So I plunged in the freshening stream—down, down, down
I dived, and I dived, then I came up—to town.

A CASE AGAINST THE POLICE.—This was Miss CASE, who being arrested by a Constable, was Miss-taken for somebody else. Gallant JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLANIUS of the Orchid Squad has come to the rescue, and the "MATTHEWS-at-Home" Secretary granted an inquiry. Before this paragraph appears, the Public may be in possession of the truth. Justice must be done, or the young woman may become Case-hardened. But whatever the result may be, the Magistrate should study and get by heart, *Newton's Principia*.

GARDEN, LANE, AND MARKET.

"MR. G."—the upper G.—went to hear *Puritani* on Thursday night. Of course he called on Madame ALBANI, and sang a few of the songs just to give "Signor G." a hint. When the First Act was over, and the Closure was moved by the Act-drop descending, Mr. G. went into the Lobby, and voted with the Government of Covent Garden. Mr. G. was seen to be several times in animated conversation with Mr. HALL, who was decorated with a Covent Garden Order, and was wearing a *Shirtcollerado Gladstonensis* in his button-hole. It is, we believe, quite untrue that Mr. HALL has refused to take office—box office—in the next Liberal Cabinet; but whether he will be made an Extra Knight or not is still uncertain. Mr. GYE is very Earnest about it, and at present we can say no more except that the performance of *I Puritani* was first-rate, as naturally it would be, with ALBANI, enthusiastically received, GAYARRÉ, and D'ANDRADE. There were numerous *encores*, and the applause was bestowed with a warmth which increased the temperature considerably.

"Approbation from Mr. P. is praise indeed!"

At Drury Lane.—A prettier and sweeter voiced *Zerlina* than Miss ARNOLDSON, has not been seen or heard for some time. We must not venture on comparisons, but in two respects Miss ARNOLDSON has the advantage over Madame PATTI (who was singing in *Traviata* on Friday night at the Colonel's Opera House) but one of these is not voice. M. MAUREL played and sang the im-Maurel *Don Giovanni* admirably, and CIAMPI as *Mazetto*, looked and acted like LIONEL BROUGH. A good performance.

"LONG EXPECTED COME AT LAST!"

THE Imperial Institute has commenced. The first stone has been laid by Her Gracious MAJESTY, and the Prince of WALES is sanguine as to the result. The Institute is to be a House and Home, with gardens attached, for special use of our Indian and Colonial cousins visiting England, and it is also intended to keep perpetually before the eyes of the British Public specimens of Indian and Colonial industry. To so useful a scheme *Mr. Punch* wishes every success.

Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in—Kensington.

The subjoined list of the Procession as it ought to have been, was probably altered at the last moment; but there is no doubt it would have been effective as it stood, or rather as it moved on:—

Australian Lambs. The Master of the Mint.	Organising Committee with various Organs.	Mr. BOEHM, R.A., and Mr. GOSCHEN with new coinage tossing heads.

Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., drawing himself.

Groom of the Bedchamber (on towel-horse).	"Lord's" in Waiting (Oxford and Cambridge Eleven).

The Rajah of SHAMPOOAH, with Order of the Turkish Bath.

THE QUEEN.

Her ROYAL HIGHNESS The Princess of WALES.	H.R.H. Prince of WALES, K.G. ("K.G.," *i.e.*, "Kensington Gained.")

Any Kings and Queens who may be left in Town.

Master of the Horse on a Buck-jumper.	Ladies in Waiting to be asked.	Mistress of the Robes ("dressing up.")
Lots of Sticks in Waiting (with banners of Advertisements in *Era*).	A Serene Grand Transparency (personally illuminated by Mr. BROCK.)	"Mr. G," as "Umbrella in Waiting." (N.B.—This is "Collar day.")

Any number of Trumpeters blowing their own Trumpets.

Little Indian Pickles, led, with taste, by Sir P. CUNLIFFE OWEN.	GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA, with "Echoes," and driving four Quills at once.	Australian Wines, headed by Sir "WILL SOMERS" VINE.

Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, with his Ode Colonial, accompanied by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, on a Grand Piano.

Mr. HENRY IRVING. (Last appearance in London previous to his departure for America.)	Mr. J. L. TOOLE. (Last appearance in London previous to his departure for Aix-les-Bains.

Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, with banner of "Closure."

At a signal from the Archbishop the Chorus will strike up—

The great Imperial Institoot,
In Kensington has taken root,
And as a tree up may it shoot!
Our Institoot, Our Institoot!

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was so overcome by this inspiration, that after reading it, he could not compose himself. "No," he exclaimed, "I cannot invent music which should be a worthy setting for so precious a gem! Give me something more simple," and so it came about that Mr. LEWIS MORRIS's poem was chosen. Whether the above-quoted beautiful *chorale* was written by the Earl of R-SSL-N, whose little Jubilee volume of poems has so enchanted a select circle, or by another titled and unprofessional poet, is a secret, which wild horses should not make us divulge. Hooray for the Institoot!

Note from "Mr. G." to Madame Albani.

GETTING ONE'S MONEY'S WORTH.

She. "WHAT 'S THE GOOD OF SPENDING ALL OUR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS IN WALKING ROUND THE SQUARE, WHERE THERE 'S NEVER A SOUL AND HARDLY A TREE TO SPEAK OF, AND WHEN THERE 'S THE PARK CLOSE BY!"

He. "WHAT 'S THE GOOD OF HAVING TO PAY A GUINEA A YEAR FOR THE USE OF THE SQUARE, IF WE DON'T USE IT AS OFTEN AS WE CAN, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW!"

THE NEW, AND BAD, "HATCH."

Mr. Punch loquitur :—

WELL, PARTLET, old hen, here 's a pretty fiasco!
The Poultry profession seems going to pot.
You might search the whole kingdom from Greenwich to Glasgow,
And never encounter an uglier lot.
They 're crooked, and cranky, and wry-neck'd, and lanky;
I cannot discover one point that is good.
What, join in your cackle of triumph? No, thankye!
We can't accept *this* as a Jubilee brood.

I did expect something a little bit better
From one some crack up as the pride of the House.
Of decentish broods you have been a begetter,
And, though you are dowdy, I thought you had *nous*.
But these scraggy scramblers, ill-fledged and ill-fashioned?
By Jingo, old bird, they 're a perfect disgrace.
No wonder the public disgust grows impassioned;
They simply degrade a respectable race.

Just think of the beauties, the silver and gold chicks,
That often have left that identical coop!
I 'm sure there 's not one of those comely, plump, bold chicks
That would not despise *this* contemptible troop.
They look like the work of a villainous vamper.
Just take a glance at 'em, my PARTLET, I beg;
They 've too much top-hamper, they scarcely can scamper.
A shabbier brood, PARTLET, never chipped egg.

Pray how do you think that the Fancy will class them,
So scraggy, and leggy, and bandy, and bald?
You 'll find it most difficult, PARTLET, to pass them;
In fact, 'tis a pity they can't be recalled.
I 'm really ashamed of 'em; so, Ma'am, should *you* be.
The kindliest hen-wife would banish the batch.
"What? *Say one word for 'em?* Now, don't be a booby:
You must be aware they 're a precious Bad Hatch!

RALEIGH TOO BAD.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S old house at Brixton Rise, *Punch* hears, "is about to be sold by public auction," and the surrounding twelve acres of "nobly-timbered park," given over—of course, like so much else in that once leafy suburb—to the untender mercies of the Jerry Builder. Too bad! In the olden days, QUEEN BESS used to be rowed in her barge up the Effra (which now, like the Mole, "runneth underground," hidden by earth and brickwork, but, not long since, was a visible stream) to visit Sir WALTER at what was *then* his Country House. There were no Interviewers in those happy days, else would a "Sir WALTER RALEIGH At Home," with "Gloriana" as his guest, be toothsome reading. And shall JUDSON, the Jerry-builder, with his mud-bricks and slime-mortar, his warped timber and his peeling stucco, banish even the memories of the great Elizabethans from their ancient haunts? Forbid it, O Spirit of the Jubilee Year! Let the Jubilators RALEIGH—we mean *rally*, round RALEIGH'S old Mansion,—

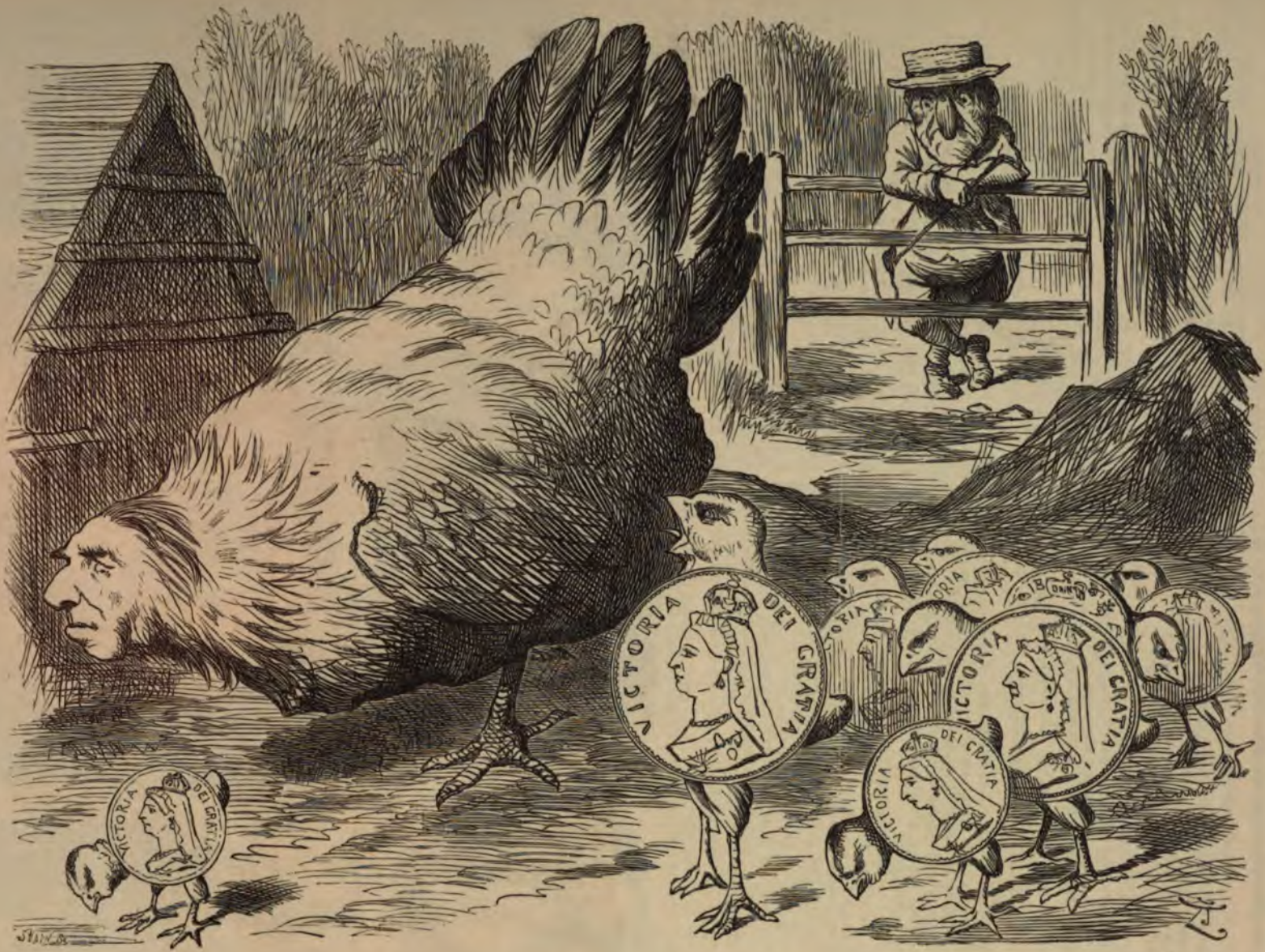
"Let not his house who witched Old England's eyes
Before base JUDSON fall on Brixton Rise."

BEN TROVATO AGAIN.—When the Papal Envoy arrived, His Eminence had several mansions placed at his disposal. The one he fancied most was that offered by Mr. H. LABOUCHERE, M.P., with the appropriate designation of "POPE'S Villa, Twickenham."

A Hard-worked Official.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN LATHOM, exhausted is he
After this season of Jubilee.
"Farewell to my cares at holiday-tide,"
Says LATHOM aloud, when he 'll *lay them aside*.

As to the Mission of Monsignor PERSICO to Ireland, an Horatian Nationalist wrote—"PERSICO 's odi." And he probably does dislike it.



THE NEW "HATCH."

MR. P. "AH! THEY'RE AN AWFULLY UGLY LOT! I *DID* THINK THE OLD GAUCHE-HEN—(AHEM!)—WOULD HA' DONE BETTER THAN THAT!!"

[*Exit sadly.*

THE LAST VISIT (BUT ONE) TO THE ACADEMY.

No. 518. Left Leg Shrunk.

No. 624. Her Serene Transparency.

No. 413. Hard Hit in a Town and Gown Row.

No. 647. What can we do with the Baby?

o. 628. Warming his Back against the Soup Tureen.

No. 253. Pulling the Stuffing out of Toy Terrier.

A grand flare-up on Thursday last. A Jubilee *Soirée* worthy of the Jubilee Year and the Royal Academician Kings, Queens, Royal Highnesses, Grand Dukes and Duchesses have become so common this Jubilee month, that, when some *blasé* and well-seasoned Londoner is asked who such and such a decorated person is, he languidly replies, "Oh! only a King, or something of that sort."

There was a private Royal Night on Wednesday, when only Royalty and The Forty R.A.'s were present,—"The Forty" did something in the oil and colour line, as we gather from *The Arabian Nights*, revised edition, by Lady BURTON,—and, of course, *Mr. Punch*, who is everywhere on every occasion, and who, in a general way, represents H.R.H. Everybody.

On Thursday night, T.R.H. Everybody and Everybody Else were present, and the scene was brilliant. Sir FREDERICK, a Prince among Presidents and a President among Princes, graciously welcomed the guests. He was assisted by Sir EVERETT MILLAIS and Treasurer HORSLEY, who appeared rather weary, perhaps tired of counting the shillings, or worried by the uncertainty of the monetary value of the BOEHM silver currency.

The Queen of the Pictures is still Professor HERKOMER's Lady in black with the long gloves. She lingers in our memory, and will do so for many a long day. May we never see her *in propria personâ*, or disappointment might be our dole. The Lady in the picture cannot age. Even amidst all the living breathing beauty collected within those walls on Thursday last, the Lady *on* the wall, if we may so put it, "took the cake,"—though she didn't take it all, as there was plenty left for Miss MARY ANDERSON, Miss DOROTHY DENE, and some other charming ladies. One more visit to the Royal Academy, and then the Show for 1887 will have passed away. Then, after a brief holiday, the Artists will be again at work, according to their individual taste and fancy, taking (lucky *gourmets!*) each one just what best suits his palette. *Au revoir!*

HIBERNIA TO THE QUEEN.

(On the occasion of the Visit of Princes Victor and George of Wales.)

YOUR MAJESTY'S Grandsons I welcomed with joy,
At a time when I'm horribly worried;
ALBERT VICTOR and GEORGE—he's a broth of a boy—
Their visit was brief and too hurried.

Ah, then, if your MAJESTY'S self we could see,
Sure we'd drop every grumble and quarrel.
Stay a month in the year with my children and me,
'Twould be a nice change from Balmoral.

THE Wild West Kensington Indians were not permitted to go to Henley last week. It was thought that the sight of so many sculls would be too much for them, and that they would immediately want to scalp everybody. Why doesn't the Honourable Colonel BUFFALO BILL CODY engage "SQUASH," and give him a show on a buck-jumper? Something amusing is wanted to enliven the Wild West Scenes in the Circle, and "SQUASH" is just the sort of droll required.

GOG AND MAGOG AT THE BALL.

THE Jubilee Ball,
Held at Guildhall
Last week, on Tuesday night,
A great success;
All must confess
It was a glorious sight.

The Giants twain
Imbibed champagne.
Says Magog to Gog, "What fun!"
Says Gog, "For a crown
I couldn't get down
As we ought when the clock strikes one."

Says Magog to Gog,
"You jolly old dog,
With the same idea I'm imbued.
We ought to descend,
But we can't, my friend;
On our pedestals we're screwed."

To save their renown,
They didn't come down.
Be sure they acted right.
The jovial pair
Remained where they were;
Gog and Magog stopped up all night!

THE President and Fellows having, at a recent meeting at South Kensington, by their Resolutions shown, spite their difficulties, a disposition to ride the high horse, their body will henceforth be known as the Royal Haughty-cultural Society.

ROBERT AT THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

I'VE paid my second wisit to this most emusing place, and have to report a grate improvement in its inside, witch is gradawally a filling up like an hungry Alderman at a nice rich fust class dinner.

But this time I paid speshal attention to the outside emusements, and them as carnt find no fun and xcitement in them, had better go off at wunce to the Amerrycan Bar for a "Coaxer," and that, as I found, will soon pick him up. I never saw such a site as BUFFERLOW BILL'S Wild West in South Kensington, the werry recklekshun of it sets me off so that I must pull myself together with one of BERTRAM'S "Brighton Steadiers," or I shall get too exsited to write strait.

Robert Tobogganing.

Well, I spose it 'was because they was jest a little late that the whole blooming lot of 'em, Amerrycans and Cow Boys, and Mexicans and Injians with their Squalls and Porposes, and Gals a riding like gals generally rides, and Gals a riding like men, all cum a galloping in at such a whirling pace that it litorally took away all my pore breth, and they screamed as they galloped, and their crimson and blue and scarlet and yeller clokes all shone in the sunlight and fluttered in the breeze, and when they came jest in front of me, where I was setting with dignerty in a reserwed seat at the small charge of 1s., they pulled up bang, as if they was all shot, and all sat as still as mice.

Well, then we had a hole carrywan of settlers for life attacked as they was agoing quietly along by a hole army of wild Injians, and defended by BUFFERLOW BILL and his bold Cow Boys, and a grand fight it was. Plenty of firing, but not enuff execushun for to friten the ladies, for tho jest a few was killed in the dedly combat, they all got up and rode away after the battle was over; so I spose as they was ony shamming jest to deceeve the enemy.

Curiosity, which is the Waiter's weekness, makes me inquire, why so many Cow Boys when there aint not no Cows? We wound up with a Bufferlow hunt, but as the animals was jest as uncurrycombed and as dirty as afore, I gammoned Mrs. ROBERT, who was with me, that it was ardly a site for a reel dellycat lady to witness, so we went off to see the Tobogganing, and grate fun it was to look at. But, to my extreme estonishment nothink wood do but Mrs. ROBERT must try it, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, I presently found myself a seated with my bitter arf on the top of an high hill, about to be launched hedlong on our wild career with ony a piece of rope to guide us and nothink to stop us. Oh, that dedly moment of hezitashun! and then the rush through the hair with sitch litening speed as made Mrs. ROBERT give jest a little squeal. How any sane person having wunce tried this new game, which recalled to fond memory the [illegible] swing, can wish to repeat the dose, I carnt [illegible] ought to have the stummuck of a [illegible]lderman. The fond partner of my [illegible] rash xperryment, which she in- [illegible]he rifle-shooting, I adwised her to leave the noisy scene and seek the cumfort of her quiet home, promising to jine her hurly, so she went. I was afterwards asked to try the Switch-back Railway, but learning from a prewious wictim as how the sensation reminded him of the fust time as he crossed the Channel, I declined with thanks.

Hoping to meet with the Kernel who had promised to introduce me to the Hon. Mr. WILLIAM BUFFERLOW, Esquire, wulgerly called BUFFERLOW BILL, I sauntered round to the Injians encampment, but was there told he had gone to dine with some other Savages at the Savage Club, so I coudn't see him. Howsumever I fell into conwersation with one of the tip-top managers, and he introduced me to sum of the principal Braves, as they calls 'em, and their Squaws, and porposes. They was werry affable and perlite, as I'm told as all reel savages is, but I carnt say much for their hartistick taste. There was one savage lady with a savage dorter and a pickaninny about rising four, as grately surprised me. The yung lady wood have bin werry good looking if her Ma had let her alone, but she had painted her two cheeks such a brite skarlet that skarlet runners is nothing to 'em, and as for the pore little chap his hole face was painted a greenish yeller, like a werry bad case of jarndice, and all his air a brite green. But such is my natral perliteness, that when his fond Ma held him up to me and said, "Lookee, lookee, ain't him Booty?" I said, "Oh! yessee, yessee!" I didn't dare to kiss it, for fear its face wood have stuck to mine, witch woudn't ha bin nice.

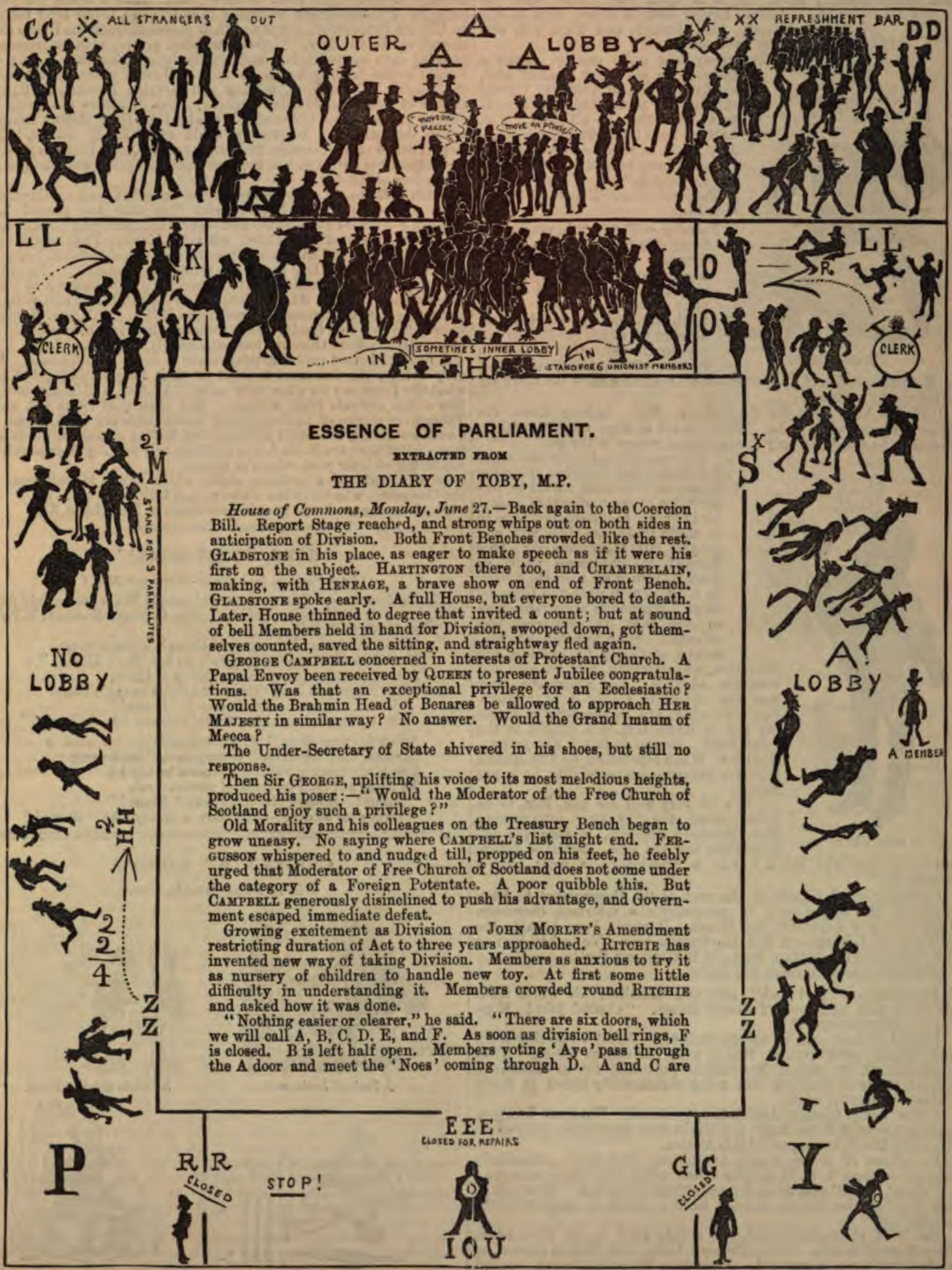
I spent a werry plessent evening with the principle performers such as RED SHIRT, and CUT MEAT, and sum others, and whenever the conwersashun flagged I surgested a adjurnment to the Amerrycan Bar, and we allus tried a new drink, and this I will say for my forren frends that they took them all with the same coolness as if they had been the native drinks of the Far West End. The larst one we tried was called "A Yard of flannel," and for warmth and cumfort it was well-named, but somehows I fancy it must ha bin raythera staggerer, for I remember werry little of what took place afterwards. But I have sum dim recklekshun of playing at cards with two Chiefs and a Squaw, and that one of them had a dress on sumthink like a porkypine with his squills, and that I lost my money, and that sum familyer voice said, "Why, ROBERT, you've lost your Injian Rubber!" at witch we all larfed. How I got home I don't werry well remember, but I do remember, and shall probberbly never forget, the werry warm recepshun I met when at length I arrived there, or the nex morning's hed hake. I don't think I shall try "a yard of flannel," again in an hurry.

ROBERT.

A Little Indian Rubber.

The Children's Nautical Festival.

ON the occasion of the Great Naval Review, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, remembering Mr. EDWARD LAWSON'S Hyde Park success, intends to stand treat to all the Buoys round the Coast. The Best Buoy will receive a present from Her Gracious MAJESTY.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 27.—Back again to the Coercion Bill. Report Stage reached, and strong whips out on both sides in anticipation of Division. Both Front Benches crowded like the rest. GLADSTONE in his place, as eager to make speech as if it were his first on the subject. HARTINGTON there too, and CHAMBERLAIN, making, with HENEAGE, a brave show on end of Front Bench. GLADSTONE spoke early. A full House, but everyone bored to death. Later, House thinned to degree that invited a count; but at sound of bell Members held in hand for Division, swooped down, got themselves counted, saved the sitting, and straightway fled again.

GEORGE CAMPBELL concerned in interests of Protestant Church. A Papal Envoy been received by QUEEN to present Jubilee congratulations. Was that an exceptional privilege for an Ecclesiastic? Would the Brahmin Head of Benares be allowed to approach HER MAJESTY in similar way? No answer. Would the Grand Imaum of Mecca?

The Under-Secretary of State shivered in his shoes, but still no response.

Then Sir GEORGE, uplifting his voice to its most melodious heights, produced his poser:—"Would the Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland enjoy such a privilege?"

Old Morality and his colleagues on the Treasury Bench began to grow uneasy. No saying where CAMPBELL'S list might end. FERGUSSON whispered to and nudged till, propped on his feet, he feebly urged that Moderator of Free Church of Scotland does not come under the category of a Foreign Potentate. A poor quibble this. But CAMPBELL generously disinclined to push his advantage, and Government escaped immediate defeat.

Growing excitement as Division on JOHN MORLEY'S Amendment restricting duration of Act to three years approached. RITCHIE has invented new way of taking Division. Members as anxious to try it as nursery of children to handle new toy. At first some little difficulty in understanding it. Members crowded round RITCHIE and asked how it was done.

"Nothing easier or clearer," he said. "There are six doors, which we will call A, B, C, D. E, and F. As soon as division bell rings, F is closed. B is left half open. Members voting 'Aye' pass through the A door and meet the 'Noes' coming through D. A and C are

then simultaneously shut. If B is open, the 'Ayes' and the 'Noes,' having seen E closed, form in one stream, pass through, and there you are. Don't you see?"

Young 'Olden.

Everybody saw quite clearly. Quite a pleasure to see ISAAC HOLDEN (*etat.* eighty, but full of youthful vigour) starting off to try the new experiment. Got through all right. But, half an hour later, GILBERT GREENALL found in recesses of ventilating cellars, where, he said, he was "looking for door E."

Business done.—Report on Coercion Bill.

Tuesday.—WILFRID LAWSON made admirable suggestion to-night. Proposes that, when titles or honours are conferred upon anyone, a statement should accompany announcement, setting forth the public services on account of which the honour has been conferred. It is so done in respect of Victoria Cross. List of Honours conferred in connection with Jubilee show the necessity of extending custom.

"Who's he?" said Sir BORTHWICK, Bart., looking down the *Gazette* when it came out. "Never heard of him, nor him either. I seem to be really the only distinguished person in the lot."

"Who's he?"

List notable not only for what it includes but for what it omits. House of Commons united in expectation of one recognition, looked for in vain. If "Barnets" were to be made in Jubilee time, why was JOSEPH GILLIS overlooked? This thought in everyone's mind, as JOEY B. turned up to-night telling in a division against the Government. His public appearance now so rare that its recurrence was an event. Since he came into possession of Castle Butlerstown the alteration, long-working, made sudden and complete advance. His moustache, now past the indefinite stage, is an unquestionable reality, and to see JOEY B. twirling it *à la* RANDOLPH, is a delight to the quiet mind. JOSEPH feels his new responsibilities. When reproached by TIM HEALY with his excessive respectability he is not moved.

"It's all very well for you, TIM, to be brow-beating the SPEAKER, interrupting Hon. Members opposite, moving the adjournment and the like. But it's different for a man who has a Castle, a drawbridge, a moat, and a moustache."

Characteristic infelicity on the part of the Government to have neglected this opportunity of recognising a reformed character. JOEY B. is now a credit to the House. It would have been to the credit of the Government had his friends been able to hail him as Sir JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Bart., of Butlerstown Castle.

Business done.—Coercion Bill again.

Thursday.—"He! he!" said Old Morality, his white teeth shedding pale light over Treasury Bench. "Capital joke! Hope they'll often repeat it."

Capital it was, and so unexpected, too. Secret admirably kept, and sprung upon amazed House with marvellous effect. After questions, O. M. moved Resolutions providing for discussion on Report Stage of Coercion Bill being peremptorily closed at Seven o'Clock on Monday night.

"The Early Closing Association," said Sir WILFRID LAWSON, looking across at Noble Lords and Right Hon. Gentlemen arrayed on Treasury Bench in support of this Motion.

Parnellites of course hostile to Motion. But more particularly enraged because O. M. in moving it had not spoken single sentence.

"Come, come," said JOHN DILLON, "this is too bad. If we are to lose our liberties, let us, at least, have a speech in support of the proposition."

But O. M. obdurately silent. and debate kept up for three hours from Opposition side. Then Division taken, and Motion carried by *majority of a round hundred. After* this, Ministers looked forward *to another wearisome evening, with Friday* to follow, and more talk through Monday up to fatal Seven o'Clock. Here's where the joke came in. The Opposition, returning from Division Lobby after voting on Closure Proposition, continued their march through the House and cleared out by the door. Ministers watched process with amazement, growing into apprehension, and finally broadening into a grin of delight as the joke flashed upon them. Having given Government the trouble of preparing, moving and carrying Resolution, fixing closure of debate on Monday evening, Irish Members not going to debate at all! The Government might take their Report Stage; which they did, and before you could say "W. H. SMITH," the Report Stage of the Coercion Bill was agreed to, and House, scarcely recovered from surprise, was engaged upon miscellaneous business of the Orders of the day.

Friday, Midnight.—Since dinner-time there has been exhilarating scene in Palace Yard. Nearly every 'bus that has passed has dropped a Duchess at the gate. Four-wheelers, conveying Countesses, have regularly filed in; whilst, what Sir ROBERT PEEL would call "Noble Baronesses," have arrived on foot. As distinguished Novelist somewhere writes, "Lo! a strange thing has happened." On ordinary days House of Lords, which commences public business at 5·30, adjourns about 5·37. At this hour of midnight House still sitting, and no sign of Adjournment. Irish Land Bill under debate. Subject irresistible to Noble Lords. Have foregone their late afternoon drive in the Park. More than one has patriotically dined on a chop.

A flush of honest pride mantles many a noble countenance. All very well for the Commons to boast of their long sittings; but see what the Peers can do when duty calls! At first a little consternation at the arrivals from without. But even that turns out well. There were stories of anxious wives communicating with House of Commons during All-night Sittings, and finding errant husbands not there. But here are Noble Lords unflinchingly serving their country, remaining at their post, whate'er betide.

A beautiful and a soothing sight, which affects to tears some of the Commons, who sit in the Gallery, and look down upon it.

Business done.—Lords pass Report Stage of Irish Land Bill.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

(New Version, by a Much-Worn-out M.P.)

"The welcome cry, 'Who goes home?' sounds like a melancholy dirge through the rapidly-emptying lobbies."—Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P., in *the "Nineteenth Century."*

MIDST clauses and paragraphs though we may roam,
Be it ever so dirge-like, there's no cry like "Home!"
A charm undefined seems to hallow it there,
After TANNER'S loud shindy and CONYBEARE'S blare.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet "Home!"
Be it ever so dirge-like, there's no cry like "Home!"

An exile from office, I will not complain,
Give me only my calm "beauty sleep" once again;
The birds singing sweetly at dawn be my lot
To hear, not loud torrents of partisan rot.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet "Home!"
Be it ever so dirge-like, there's no cry like "Home!"

CRICKET AT LORD'S.

Hits by Dumb Crambo, Jun.

A Patient Innings.

A Cut in front of Point.

Over!

Last Man. His usual form

☞ *NOTICE.*—*Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any descrip *in no case be returned, not* even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. *there will be no exception*

THE LAST VISIT TO THE ACADEMY.

No. 691. The Donkey Rider Stopped. "You can't go further than this for twopence."

No. 540. Arrival of the G.O.M. Collars in Venice.

No. 35. A Brave Lassie. "Come on!—the whole lot of you! I'll give it you!"

No. 928. Cat and Child Fight.

ABSURD TO A DEGREE.

Now that girls have proved themselves capable of earning the highest University honours, why should women remain debarred of University degrees? If any senatorial difficulty precludes the removal of that ridiculous injustice, a girl forbidden to term herself a Bachelor of Arts, for example, might, it has been suggested, "invent some other title more significant of the distinction she has won." No invention could be easier. Her alternative for Bachelor would be obviously Spinster of Arts. No Graduate able to pass the *Pons Asinorum* can be such a preposterous donkey as to persist in denying even the plainest—possibly the prettiest—Passwoman that. The Dons will be unworthy of the name they go by unless they immediately remove the disability their old-world statutes have imposed upon the *Donne*.

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

I PAID my reglar wisit to the Academy last week, and was glad to find that my werry ernest remonstrance of last year had perduced sech a change as regards Staggerers. No Miss Menads a hunting in Burnham Beeches without no close on to speak of, and no Mr. Cassandra a carrying off of a pore yung lady afore she's had time to dress, merely because she upset the salad-bowl.

I don't think it's because "familyaryty breeds content," as the poet says, that I am less staggered than last year, but becos there ain't so many staggerers to be staggered at. Not that there ain't none. Why, there's one lady in the werry same dishabil as Madame Wenus herself a poring out somethink that the Catalog says is a incantashun, but then her pecooliar costoom is reelly xcusable, for she's that red hot that wood excuse anythink or nothink, as in her case.

One of the jolliest picturs to my mind is a portrate of a Port Wine drinker. Why, it seems to be a oozing out of ewery pore of his skin! and nothink younger than '63, I'll be bound. What a life to lead, and what a life to look back upon with proud satisfacshun!

Poor Lord HARTINGTON looks terribly bored at having to be gazed at so constantly by so many longing, if not loving, eyes, and at being pinted at by the old dowagers as their bo ideall of a sun in law.

Ah, Mr. STORY tells us a story as I've offen witnessed, when a young swell stands treat to a few frends and then ain't got enuff money to pay the bill! Wot a nuisance for him, but still wuss for the Landlord, and wussest of all for the pore Waiter. Poor Mr. GROSSMITH looks werry much paler than when I saw him after a jolly dinner at the Mettropole. I thinks as a glass or two of old Port would do him all the good in the world.

I now come to another staggerer, that fairly puzzles me. It's a nice young Lady, named, as I see by the Catalog, Euridice, which I beleeve is Greek for "You're a nice one!" who is a trying for to pull a rock down, but I'm sure she'll never do it, though she has taken off ewery morsel of her close, ewen down to her stockings, to give her more strength. I really wunders as she doesn't put a few of her things on, as she must see as Mr. HADES is a cumming towards her, and won't he jest be shocked! And then here's another young Lady, almost as lightly drest, a sitting quietly on a large cold stone, as if there wasn't no North-East wind a blowing, and by moonlight too. What time can she expect to git home, and what will her poor Mother say when she sees her?

If I'd ha' bin Mr. HAYNE, Esq., M.P., I'd ha bort a new Hat afore I was painted for my pictur, and ewen gone to the xpense of a new pair of gloves, speshally as his pictur is a going to be given to sumbody. So now he'll go down to remote posteriority with a shabby Hat, and a fold pair of gloves on his table. His new Coat looks butifool. It is, I'm told, a capital likeness.

The LORD MARE is placed in his proper persition as first in the best room, and looks as happy and as jolly as I've no dout he ginerally feels, though he don't never seem to git no rest.

In the next rooms its the great Cardinal MANNING, who ewerybody loves and respects, Waiters and all, though it does rather try our loyalty to see him at dinner, when he don't eat enuff wittles to fatten a church mouse. If I'd ha' bin Sir EDWARD WATKIN, the grate Railway King, I'd ha had a much cleaner shave afore I set for my pictur than he had. I know as he doesn't like to be thought a close shaver in gineral, but, in this werry partickler case, he might have made a xcepshun to his gineral rule.

There's a lovely pictur called Ambrosia, a ewident misprint for Hambrosia—probably a new kind of sandwitch—in which there's a werry model of a good-looking waitress a carrying such a elegant little lunshon, as reelly made me quite hungry to look at. I thinks as the reel natives is quite a triumph of Hart. There's quite a grand pictur of the dear old Bank, with all the Carts and Cabs and Omnibuses, and people being all scrowged up together, just like life, and ewerybody a wondering how on earth they shall hever be able to cross, jest like life, and the Bus Coachman a flirtin with the lady passenger on the box, jest like life, and the Policeman a driving away the pore little beggar, jest like life. Ah, it's a reel lovely pictur that is, and werry creditabel to Mr. DOGSTAIL who I'm told painted it.

I think the most perthetic pictur in the hole lot is the one called "the Dunce." He's a setting all by hisself, pore feller, what they calls detained, a trying his werry best to do his lesson and he can't do it. And why, coz his thoughts is away out in the playground, where he hears the shouts and the larfing of his skool-fellers. Now, what shood I do, Doctor ABBOTT, if I was his master? Why I shood let him have a nours run with his playmates, and then, when he cums in fresh and jolly, try him again, and praps he'd estonish you. I was a Dunce myself wunce, spechally at spelling, and that's how *I* was cured.

How werry contented all the Parsons looks, they lolls back in their cumferal chairs as much as to say to the tired wisitors, "Don't you wish you had sitch chairs as these to set in?" Some of the Solgers looks at you jest as if they'd like to say, "What on airth are you staring at?"

I coud ony take jest a glance at the lovely landscapes; but oh, how nice and cool and carm they all looked, after the staring portrates with their flaring cullers.

ROBERT.

"*THE Wye*" is among STANFORD'S Tourist Guides for this season. He ought to issue another called "*The Wherefore.*" If he doesn't show cause for the tour, people will simply ask, "Why?" and stop at home.

MR. NEWTON will by this time have received quite a refreshing torrent of abuse on his devoted head. No—not torrent—Cascade.

REMARKS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNANSWERED.

Lady Godiva. "YES, MR. GREEN, I'VE BEEN PAINTED BY ALL THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS OF MY TIME; BUT NOT *ONE* OF THEM HAS EVER DONE ME JUSTICE!"

Mr. Green. "WHAT—NOT EVEN *SIR JOSHUA?*"

MIXED PICKLES; OR, A VERY LATE PARTY.

SCENE—*A Private Room. Two Eminent Statesmen discovered in consultation. Lists of past and present Members of Parliament, also political Maps of England, scattered about.*

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Well, we're agreed about the name, then. It's to be the "National Radical Conservative Unionist Liberal Party," eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*doubtfully*). Rather long, isn't it? Wouldn't the "Old England Party"—no connection with DIZZY'S "Young England" ditto—sound better? And then we're safe to be called "Nationalists," and the word has such disagreeable associations.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*cheerfully*). Pooh! What's in a name? I've been called lots of nasty ones before now.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Yes, and called them yourself, too, sometimes.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*with gay indifference*). Now to business. The most important thing we have to decide is—Who are to be the members of the New Party?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*confidently*). Quite so. There'll be a perfect rush to join us. We shall have to "hold the fort" pretty strongly to prevent our being swamped. Mind, no weak compliance with what are called "social influences."

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. No. And no claim for admission founded on mere relationship to be regarded for a moment.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Hm! I don't know. Family life, you see, is, after all, the basis of the State; and so it's only fair that the State should do something for one's family in return.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*diplomatically*). All right! Then we'll shelve *that* subject. Now, as regards the G. O. M. Suppose he found himself quite out in the cold, and wanted to join us, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*decidedly*). Not for a moment. Where would our "Dual Control" be then?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Of course. Shouldn't we let in HARTINGTON? Well, how about SALISBURY?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Awkward if SALISBURY thinks of becoming leader of New Party, eh?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*energetically*). That's my view entirely. You see, if SALISBURY joins, he'll want to be Prime Minister, and then where should *I* be?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*surprised*). You! The question rather is, where *I* should be?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*hastily*). Ah, well; then we'll shelve *that* subject too for the present. Wouldn't you—er—like—er—to go into the Lords, and lead *them?*

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. You mean, of course, as Premier?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*modestly*). I thought—ahem—that *my* natural qualifications for that post were so obvious that—but, as I said, let's drop the subject for a time. We can come back to it again. Now, what's to be the programme of the Party?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*with emphasis*). There's no doubt about *that*, I should think. Free Education, of course. Then JESSE insists on allotments and free holdings—

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*thoughtlessly*). Hang JESSE!

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*with considerable dignity*). *Hang* him? I intend JESSE as our first Chancellor of the Exchequer, or President of Board of Trade, I can tell you.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*gaily*). All right. *I* don't mind, if you consent to WOLFF being next Governor-General of India. Army and Navy Estimates to be cut down Five Millions, each, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Couldn't think of it. We must have a Fleet of some sort, you know.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*discontentedly*). Then *that* subject will have to be shelved, too, I suppose. You don't mind, at any rate, a clean sweep being made of the present Admiralty and Ordnance officials, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*heartily*). Not a bit. No broom you can use will be too hard for them. They'll make it a dirty sweep before you've done. Then there's Local Government, of course.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Readjustment of Taxation.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Disestablishm—

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Eh? what?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*calmly*). Don't be alarmed. We'll shelve *that* too, if you like.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*relieved*). By all means. (*With growing uneasiness.*) But then, I say, after all, what *is* our programme? How does it differ from SALISBURY'S, for instance?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*ingeniously*). Oh, it's far more really Conservative than his, you know.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Yes—(*encouraged*)—I see. Of course it is. And how does it differ from GLADSTONE'S?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. GLADSTONE'S? Oh, well—er—it's more *really and truly Liberal* than his!

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*ruminating*). That *sounds* all right. The question is, will the country believe it? And if we have to shelve so many questions in order to form our new National Party, shan't we run a risk of being shelved ourselves when the next "wave of progress" sweeps over the Constituencies? [*Left ruminating.*

WORTH MENTIONING.

"WESTGATE-ON-SEA." *Mr. Punch* takes off his coat and westgate in this hot weather to correct a slight misquotation. *Mr. Punch* is represented as saying that none of the greatest Composers ever produced an air to equal "the exhilarating, recuperating air" of Westgate-on-Sea. Now *Mr. Punch*, when he wrote this (July 2), did not limit this lovely air to one particular spot, but described it as "the exhilarating, recuperating air of the Isle of Thanet." That Westgate is in Thanet is true, but the advertiser poetically uses the part for the whole, thereby omitting Birchington, Margate, Broadstairs, not to mention the inland villages (delightful in the fall of the year), and above all Ramsgate, which is not *Mr. Punch's* "seaside resort," as is Westgate when he wants a northerly breeze, but *Mr. Punch's* sea-side Residence, where ten-twelfths of the year are delightful, where sky and sea come out in Mediterranean colour,—where it is Nice without its cold-catching dangers, where fruit and vegetables are flavoursome and plentiful, and where there is even more than a fair share of that exhilarating, recuperating air, of which the Isle of Thanet has the sole patent.

In one hour and forty minutes, the L. C. & D. takes the traveller from Town to Westgate, and in two hours to Ramsgate, by Granville Express from Victoria and Holborn Viaduct. On Sunday morning, starting at 10·30 A.M., the Jaded One can be down for lunch at Ramsgate by 12·30, and all the day before him.

A propos of the Granville Express, *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure of dining at the Granville Hotel the other evening, and a better dinner, better chosen, cooked, and served, could not be got anywhere in London, or out of it. The proprietor, Mr. QUATERMAIN EAST, may not wish this to be generally known, but *Mr. Punch*, who specially compliments the *chef* on his clear turtle and whitebait, thinks that he shall be doing a service to everybody by not keeping secret the story of this QUATERMAIN—not Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S "*Allan*,"—who means to remain the "Q in the corner" of the Isle of Thanet. "Q. E. D." and "D" stands for "Dinner."

LATEST STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Regent Street Tradesman. "LOOK HERE, MR. POLICEMAN, AS WE WANT THE JOB OF CLEARING UP THIS PLACE WELL DONE, WE 'LL DO IT OURSELVES."

"IF you want a thing done, you should do it yourself,"
Is an excellent maxim, no doubt, in its way;
But, when citizens willingly part with their pelf,
They 're entitled to claim some return for their pay.
BULL does *not* pay Bobbies to lounge on their beats,
And leave him at last to look after his streets.

About "Law and Order" there 's plenty of talk,
But Order seems missing, and Law appears blind.
The streets of his City in safety to walk,
After stumping up taxes of every kind,
Is surely not much for a man to expect,
And excuses for failure he 's prone to reject.

Sure, Regent Street is not Alsatia—not quite,
And this handing it over to rufflers and pests,
At whatever hour of the day or the night,
Is a thing against which civic judgment protests;
And BULL, when once roused, be you sure, will determine
Against caving in to noctivagant vermin.

Must Trade, then, turn scavenger, tradesmen turn out
With besom and basket to keep their ways clean?
The Bigwigs and Bobbies might like it, no doubt,
But BULL will demand what the dickens they mean.
He 'll have his streets decent by daylight or dark;
For why should a man who keeps dogs have to bark?

FROM "NORMA."—Moonlight Serenade for Three Voices—a Magistrate, a Policeman, and a Home Secretary—in Regent Street:—"*Cass-ta Diva, Incantatrice!*"

"GESTA GRAYORUM."

THE *Times* of Thursday last in a learned article on the Gray's Inn Masque, records that "On the 28th February 1587, eight members of the Society were engaged in the production of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*," but on the occasion of *The Maske of Flowers* in 1887, the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn showed what could be done with the *Success of Arthur;* that is, of Master ARTHUR W. À BECKETT, Master of the Revels. And indeed what could be done in Old Gray's Inn, was on that occasion quite a Revel-ation to most of us. *Mr. Punch* heartily congratulates the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn on possessing such a Revel-Master—he ought at once to be created Lord Revel-stoker—who is able to give life and form to so excellent an idea, who can design such exquisite costumes, compose such appropriate music, paint such perfect scenery, and instruct amateur pupils in the arts of elocution, action, singing and dancing.

Embodiment of an Arthurian legend. The Master of the Revels.

Mr. Punch is perfectly aware that the costumes were due to Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD's designs and Mr. ALIAS's workmanship, that the scenery was painted by the old stager JOHN O'CONNOR, that the music was composed and arranged by Messrs. PRENDERGAST and BIRCH-REYNARDSON, and that the dances were invented "with the assistance of MSS." (old English for "Master of the SeremonieS") and taught by the experienced Mr. D'AUBAN. But the lawyers of Gray's well know that "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*,"—and in the case of the costumes, *Qui facit per* ALIAS *facit per se*—and so with the merit of what Master ARTHUR W. À BECKETT executes by his chosen agents he himself is to be credited. It was a great success, from first to last. Just one word at parting. *Mr. Punch* hopes that the *Maske*, as it is, is *not* to be reproduced on the public stage. Such a proceeding, by depriving it of its venerable and appropriate surroundings, would vulgarise an entertainment which should have remained, within the precincts of Gray's Inn, archaic and unique.

In Gray's Inn Hall.—Notes by a Very Ordinary Person.—Crushed. Difficulty with hat. That 's why I dislike a *Matinée*, because you can't come in a crush hat. But you 're sure to go away in a crush hat. Opera-hat in daytime looks so disreputable: suggestive of having been out all night. While hiding my hat, lost my book. Probably under lady's dress. No use trying for it. Band outside plays National Anthem, and a voice from a dark recess shouts out some word of command to the Beefeaters—(poor chaps, in this hot weather "the Overdone-Beefeaters" — fine-looking fellows with prime joints)—and then enter Royalties. Can't see them. They 're seated. Enter, in front, tall young men in coloured tunics, knickerbockers, and turn-down collars. What are these? The Backward Pupils of Gray's Inn? No. The Orchestra. It commences. There are fiddles, and basses, and a second-hand cracked piano, suggestive of having been hired from itinerant Minstrels on Margate Sands. My neighbour asks me if the band is "COOTE and TINNEY?" My reply is evident—"More Tinny than Coot." Neighbour informs me that the cracked piano is really a very old instrument, in use about the time of Queen ELIZABETH. Exactly: just what I should have thought. The Benchers ought to have been rich enough by now to have bought a new one. When a thing is to be done, do it well. No cracked pianos. Not worth fourpence an hour.

Curtain up. Low arch representing entrance to Old Gray's Inn. Enter a Giant with a long white beard. I think he is Great Grandfather Christmas off Gog and Magog's twelfth-cake. He solemnly salutes the audience in military style. Why military? It suddenly occurs to me, "Is a Masque funny?" I ask my neighbour. He is uncertain. Evidently a cautious man; he will reserve his reply till he has seen it. Enter a Columbine, like "My Lady" used to be on a May Day. She talks to Great Grandfather Christmas, who seems frightened, and tries to back out of it. At present I don't quite catch the plot. Next neighbour says he doesn't think there is a plot. I ask him to look at his book. He says he is looking at it; but it 's printed in some dialect he doesn't understand. Enter another Giant, dressed as a Jester. It appears that Great Grandfather Christmas has forgotten his part, or left it in the dressing-room, and the Giant Jester has kindly brought it him. No jokes as yet. No good lines. My neighbour says this is the sort of thing Queen ELIZABETH liked. Did she! And the cracked piano, too, for music, which, on the exit of the Giants and the Columbine, comes out as strong as the poor old thing can when supported by violins and violoncellos.

Enter "*Silenus* and his Crew." I hear some one say this. Not a bit like a crew. Not a sailor among them. Perhaps as this is a Mask, they are sailors in disguise. *Silenus* is, of course, supposed to be intoxicated. If he is intended to represent an ugly old man, dismally drunk, and making painful efforts to catch a note, he succeeds to the life. Not funny, but clever. Splendid pantomimic property in the shape of a gigantic tobacco-pipe, carried by an Indian. My neighbour says, "Old ELIZABETH would have liked all this sort of thing." Poor dear! I pity her, I ask if Indian is to be taken as an advertisement for the Wild West? Neighbour replies, hesitatingly, that he knows the book has been altered from what it was three hundred years ago to suit the present time, so that perhaps I may be right. The cracked piano, which is having a hard day of it, breaks out into a lively measure. RED SHIRT, SILENUS, "and his crew" join in a dance, "*Crew Junction*"—but why not a hornpipe, if they 're a crew?—and the Curtain descends on Part the First.

Part the Second.—Young Elizabethan Maidens in front of a bank of roses, and a fountain lighted up, as is the garden, with variegated lamps. "Figures look like Old Chelsea," my neighbour says. I return (because the variegated lamps and the illuminated fountains and the arbours appeal to bye-gone memories),—"Old Chelsea? Yes—Cremorne." Then the Maidens sing a dirge. Perhaps mourning, or Cre-morning, for the departure of lost glories. Then they open out gracefully, and discover the Columbine of Part the First with a lot of young men—(Oh!),—all seated together in the basin of the fountain. The young men in masks—(Aha!—now I see why this is called a Masque!—Now I am happy, whether Queen ELIZABETH would have liked it or not!)—come out of the fountain, quite dry, rather unpolitely leaving poor Columbine still in the basin under the dripping water. Maids of the Inn can and do sing charmingly.

Limbs of the Law.

The Masquers can and do dance. Plot no object. It 's all elegant and graceful, but distinctly sad, as how can it be anything else to the accompaniment of that cracked piano, whose temporary absence must deprive Margate Sands of much harmless enjoyment. "They haven't smiled once," I say to my neighbour. "No more have I," he replies crustily, but then explains that Queen ELIZABETH didn't like smiling unless she smiled first. The Masquing men are most anxious and attentive to their steps; the Ladies all delightful. Great applause. Encores. And during all this, the unfortunate Columbine remains sitting in the basin, with her feet in cold water, and her head apparently under a dripping *douche*. She must be of a most contented disposition, as whenever I catch sight of her she is smiling, somewhat vapidly it is true, but still smiling, and beating time on her knees, perhaps to keep herself as warm as possible in such a peculiarly damp situation.

The end is approaching: for the first time I notice some of the bolder Revellers begin to smile. At length re-enter the Giants, Great Grandfather Christmas & Co., and the Indians. They rescue Columbine from the fountain. Now I think I see the plot. I mention this to neighbour, triumphantly; but he says I mustn't talk while Royalty is leaving, as ELIZABETH wouldn't like it. So we join in "*God Save the Queen!*" and it 's all over. *Exeunt omnes.* Must get a book.

WHIM-BUILDIN'.

(By Dumb Crambo, Junior.)

Under Canvas.

Marks-man-ship.

Pay Villian.

Shooting from the Shoulder.

Sight Adjustor.

De finer!

MORE JILLS IN OFFICE.

SCENE—*Postal Counter of Shop in another part of Town. Two more Young Ladies* (Miss RUTINA REDTAPE *and* Miss MINKS) *discovered. At the counter a stout but agreeable Youth purchasing post-cards. Various Members of General Public behind, waiting.* Miss REDTAPE *is engaged at the telegraphic instrument.*

Stout but Agreeable Youth (*to* Miss MINKS). Let's have another look at the thin ones.

Miss Minks. Well, you *are* a difficult one to please! (*With a killing glance.*) *There!* Now, perhaps you'll make up your mind!

St. Y. Not so difficult to please as you fancy. But I *am* a little particular about post-cards. I write a good deal on post-cards.

Miss Minks (*archly*). I hope you don't write your *secrets* on post-cards!

St. Y. If I do, you'll be able to read 'em, you know.

Miss Minks. Do you suppose I've any time for reading rubbish? Besides—(*more archly still*)—I don't even know your handwriting.

St. Y. I write a very nice hand. You shall see it some day.

Impatient Member of Public. Will you kindly tell me if this letter will go for a penny? (*Pathetically.*) I've been waiting some time!

Miss Minks (*in injured tone*). I can't possibly attend to more than one at a time! (*To* Stout Youth.) You'll get me into trouble, you see, if you're so faddy about choosing. You are so *silly* over it!

St. Y. I daresay you'll think it rather odd, but I don't seem able to make up my mind. (*Insinuatingly.*) Suppose *you* choose for me?

Miss Minks. Perhaps you won't like what *I* choose?

St. Y. Don't make yourself at all uneasy about *that.*

Miss Minks (*coquettishly*). I don't. There's a packet of thick ones for you. Now, give me eightpence, and go away.

St. Y. The idea of expecting a fellow to have *eight*-pence about him!

Another Impatient Member of Public. Dozen penny stamps, Miss, please.

Miss Minks. If you'll *kindly* wait till I have finished with this gentleman!

St. Y. (*in undertone*). You *have* finished with this gentleman—done for him completely!

Miss Minks. Do you think I don't know better than to believe such nonsense! I shall get into *such* a row for keeping these people waiting—and it's all *your* fault. [*Plaintively.*

St. Y. Poor little girl—they *do* work you awfully hard! I'll go (*sentimentally*), but I shall keep these post-cards *always!*

Miss Redtape (*reading a telegram*). Chipperfield Lodge, Chipperfield, near Uxbridge. Can't send that, Sir.

Author of Message. Can't send it? Nonsense! Why?

Miss R. (*who suffers from a fixed idea; with deliberate precision*). Because it is insufficiently addressed.

A. of M. (*much astonished*). Where on earth is the insufficiency?

Miss R. "*Near* Uxbridge"—you must alter that before I can send it.

A. of M. That's the address I was given; I've no reason to believe it wants adding to, and I *can't* add anything!

Miss R. Then I can't send it.

[A. of M. *remonstrates in vain, pleads, and urges*—Miss RUTINA *remains obdurate, and he has to retire, helpless.*

Miss Minks (*gabbling out form handed in by anxious-looking Lady*). "For love of Heaven do nothing of kind. Come to me at once, TINY"—you want that to go as it is?

Anx. Lady. Yes—yes—there's no irregularity in it, is there?

Miss Minks (*severely*). *You* know that better than I can tell you. Limmer's? Limmer's *what?*

Anx. Lady. Limmer's Hotel.

Miss Minks. Then that will be another halfpenny—it will be sent off in its proper turn.

Enter a German Servant.

German Serv. (*to Miss R.*) I vas to gif you zis delegram, blease.

Miss R. Very well—you can leave it. Stop—who's it addressed to? (*With much decision.*) *This* won't do!

Germ. Serv. I vas to gif it to you. Is it not for ze Lord Meyer?

Miss R. Lord Mayor, yes, I see that well enough, but *where?*

Germ. Serv. I subbose vere he dwell at—I do not know how you gall it—on ze oondergroundt I zink it is.

Miss R. Don't know any Lord Mayor who lives underground—can't take it like this.

Officious Bystander. He means the Mansion House. I should think that would find the Lord Mayor without much difficulty, wouldn't it?

Miss R. (*chillingly*). Can't say, I'm sure. (*To Servant.*) Go back and ask your Master if he means Mansion House, to say so.

Germ. S. (*blankly*). He is goned avay—he vill not be pack undil efening.

Miss R. Then ask him, *then.*

Germ. S. I zink it vas imbortant—eef you gould dry at ze Mansions haus, berhaps——?

Miss R. I've no authority to put in anything beyond what's given me to send—if your Master *will* give an insufficient address, it's not my fault, and you can tell him so.

Off. Bystander (*to Miss R.*) But hang it all! There's only one Lord Mayor, in London at all events!

Miss R. How do I know it's for London at all?

Bystander. I should have thought you might have *risked* it!

Miss R. I can't help what you would have thought, Sir; I know my own business. (*To Germ. S.*) I've given you my answer.

[*Exit* German Servant *resignedly, his idea of a Lord Mayor somewhat lowered;* Miss REDTAPE *stamps letters with the serenity of conscious rectitude. Scene closes in.*

Arms and the (Police) Man.

"THRICE is he armed who hath his quarrel just."
But sure that Force in self-defence will fail
Whose only armour, 'gainst the critic thrust,
Is found to be "Black Mail."

VISITING LISZT.—The latest and one of the most interesting papers on this erratic Abbé, is to be found in the *Month* for July. *Tolle, lege.* Also see *London Society* for *The Hired Baby.* The story is pathetic with here and there a vein of cynical humour. As for the moral——well, you can't expect much of a moral from a hired baby.

A Dark Look-Out.

"There is no public career in India for the native of India."—*Echo.*

"THE world's mine oyster" 'tis in vain to sing,
If for a "Native" there's no "opening."

CUCUMBER Chronicles, by ASHBY STERRY. Light reading, easily carried, and not at all cu-cumbersome. Nothing Melon-choly about them. Can't say any more because it's so hot, and we've only just cut the cucumber. Of course you must be in a cucumber frame of mind to thoroughly enjoy them.

TAG FOR THE THIRSTY.—One swallow does not make a summer—drink.

DEVELOPMENT OF SPECIES UNDER CIVILISATION.

'Arriet. "OW, 'ARRY! I S'Y! *H'YN'T 'E A UGLY COWVE!*"

NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

A Modern Version of an Old Story.

ALL wisdom is not to be found,
In immortal philosopher's pages;
Common-sense in its common-place round
Sometimes floors all the saps and the sages.
The doses administered thus,
Are regarded as nauseous drenches,
But oftentimes folly and fuss,
Are discovered on woolsacks and benches;
And big-wigs in bumptiousness solemnly solus,
Will find themselves better sometimes for a bolus.

The dignified mazes of Law,
'Tis parlously easy to trip in,
The truth that a *savant* once saw,
In the casual fall of a pippin,
The Bench's calm height ought to scan,
More clearly than mortals thereunder.
But—your Magistrate is but a man,
And Man is much given to blunder.
An obstinate Beak or a cynical Q.C.,
Sometimes plays the fool—that is wisdom *in nuce!*

This gentleman stretched at his ease,
Looked monstrously wise and complacent
How green the umbrageous trees!
How verdant the country adjacent!
Would anyone hint, save a pump,
That he is not high equity's model?
"Stand down, Mr. Critic, or—" thump!
The Sage receives one for his noddle.
Gravitation from Magistrates' rules is exempt,
And a pippin you cannot commit for contempt.

Little Public Opinion will reck,
Though austere Rhadamanthus should chide it,
And even a haughty Home Sec., [in vain will assume to deride it.
It does not fear satire or scathe
From Minos, though knowing and nobby,
And certainly won't pin its faith,
To the Bench's pet fetish, the Bobby.
To make *him* an oracle 's coming it strong,
For even a Constable sometimes goes wrong.

Our NEWTON'S "*Principia*" too,
Punch rejects in a fashion emphatic.
No, *Shallow*, my boy, they won't do,
They 're at least as absurd as dogmatic.
The Curfew you 'd better restore;
You 'd no doubt be delighted to do so,
But you won't close the West-End at four,
Until, like poor *Robinson Crusoe*,
Or *Selkirk*, you 're "monarch of all you survey," [day.
Which won't be, my NEWTON, this many a

Nay, things have not come to that pass;
And MATTHEWS's obstinate backing,
Will not close the case against CASS.
Sound sense seems abundantly lacking
In Courts and in Cabinets too;
And Public Opinion will grapple
With bunglers like MATTHEWS and you;
So NEWTON, my boy, 'ware the apple!
You 'll probably spy out a lesson or two,
In this story, that 's old, with a moral that 's new!

ANOTHER version of "NEWTON and the Apple," is "NEWTON and the Appeal." In France, it would have been sent up to the Court of Cass-ation.

A TESTIMONIAL.

ON the front page of this week's *Christian Age* is an excellent portrait of a Christian Youth, Mr. Deputy BEDFORD as *Sir Adonis Evergreen. Age!* What has he got to do with Age, whether a Christian Age or any other? He is not for an Age but for all time, and if "Age is before Honesty," then at what period of his existence——but this is to inquire too curiously into the future. Suffice it to say that there is something in this particular Page which reminds us of an eminently respectable Waiter, not unknown to the public, and to more than one public it may be, as—"ROBERT." Christian Youth, *Salve Flos Waiterum!* and in these "salad days," *Salvete Flores Tomatorum!*

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The New Rooms at the National Gallery may now fairly claim to present "the finest 'sight' in Europe." Thanks to Sir FREDERICK BURTON and Mr. EASTLAKE, who, like the great naval hero on the top of the column in the neighbourhood, may congratulate themselves on having done what the Nation expects them to do—their duty. And so here 's our duty to you, Sir FREDERICK and Mr. EASTLAKE!

POLITICAL MENSURATION.—When the Gladstonians say that we are "within measurable distance" of Home Rule, do they mean that that distance is to be measured by a (National) League?

LORD BRAMWELL, "the Busy B" of the *Times*.

NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

(THE LATEST VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.)

THE TRIANGULAR DUEL OF THE OPERATIC MANAGERS.

LORD'S AND LADIES. (July 8, 1887.)

Lady loquitur:—

BATTLE of Blues? There's the blue of the skies and eyes aristocratic,
But take the array all around the true battle is polychromatic.
Eh? FAIR *versus* BRAND? Ah! of course; but you cannot expect us to narrow
The rainbow of Fashion to favour the yearnings of Eton and Harrow.
Nice lads, *very* nice; always like Eton boys, when they haven't got "pots" on,
And there is a good deal that's "smiting" in Whatshisname—no, I mean WATSON;
But Blue's not so *chic* as it was, and a triumph in azure is barren,
That is, to a girl who is simply a girl, and not A. C. M'LAREN,
White has it to-day, my dear BLANCHE, though a spotting of scarlet and crimson
Gleams over the ground, for sweet woman *will* take most peculiar whims on.
A nice bit of Chelsea? Eh? What? Oh! that plucky *Lord* CHELSEA, dear fellow!
Not out, seventy-two; very good!—but *do* look at that girl in bright yellow!
It seems to add heat to the sun that is beating and broiling our backs on.
Eh? Why doesn't FAIR make more use of his capital fast bowler, JACKSON?
I'm sure *I* don't know. EDITH BLAND all alone there, poor faded forlorn flower!
Yes, Harrow has rather hard luck, and I wish I had mounted a cornflower;
But blue doesn't suit me a bit; and why *can't* they change colours with seasons,
These Teams? Oh! don't argue it, please, there's no muddle like male creatures' *reasons*.
That lady in heliotrope graceful? Dear me! why she walks like Pa's heifer,
Eat? Oh! it's too hot; I could lunch on a strawberry plus an iced zephyr.
Well, y-e-es, *one* more glass of champagne, and that salad is really delightful.—
Why FLOSS had three helps to my two, that child's appetite really is frightful!
Oh! what's that? Poor FAIR out again? Now I think that's unfair. Oh! no pun, Sir—
I never *do* pun, if you please, and most surely not under this sun, Sir.
There are too many ways, don't you think, so? of getting "out"; bowlings, and catches,
And stumpings, and—what's l. b. w.? Always see that in these matches—
Oh! there is Prince CHRISTIAN! I *wish* that the lads had less powerful voices,
This shouting must hurt Harrow's feelings, and if she *has* fewer "old choices"
That isn't *her* fault, I suppose, and they ought to allow her more batters.
That would harrow poor Harrow much more? Well, I really *can't* fathom such matters.
Ah! RAPHAEL seems a sweet name; and he's "out for a duck" too; how horrid!
Why, even poor GOSLING made *four*. Oh, dear me, 'tis tremendously torrid!
And, how they *can* run so—— There, listen to ISABEL SMYTHE, *do* just listen.
She's coached up in Cricketing slang; she has "crammed" for it. How her eyes glisten!
"Oh! bowled, Sir, indeed! Caught, Sir, caught!"—And she rhymes "bowled" to "howled."
Most disgusting!
Last over? Hope Harrow will pull up to-morrow. Of course they are trusting
In mighty M'LAREN again. But oh, if their colours they'd vary!
Unless you've a brother, you know, or a lover like MILDRED and MARY.
In one team or other, it's hard to get up an emotion that's "humming,"
For dark blue and light are so like, Sir, and neither is *very* becoming.

New Room Notes, National Gallery.

"*The Three Graces*," now well placed, had been previously "skied." But didn't this show that Sir JOSHUA's work ranked uncommonly high in the opinion of the former hangers?

It is not surprising that among Sir ROBERT PEEL's Collection there should have been several charming Constables. These Pictures ought to be called and known as "Peelers."

SONGS AT STAMBOUL.

(*Sung by Sir H-nry Dr-mm-nd W-lff.*)

I.—L'ADIEU À LA PORTE.

AIR—"*The Good-bye at the Door.*"

OF all the memories of the past
That long will haunt my dreams,
This scene upon my soul will cast
The brightest, gladdest beams.
I've really had the jolliest spree,
Though S-L-SB-RY cuts it short;
Memory will oft recall to me
The Good-bye to the Porte.

My stay out here may have estranged
The closest friends I knew;
R-ND-LPH, I think, seems rather changed;
Will B-LF-R prove more true?
No happy hours again for me
In this sweet clime to sport!
I cannot contemplate with glee
This Good-bye to the Porte.

II.—GOOD-BYE, SWEET PORTE, GOOD-BYE!

AIR—"*Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!*"

MY bright hopes fade, my heart is breaking
(I feel inclined to cuss our Chief),
And I from thee my leave am taking,
After a stay too brief, too brief.
How sinks my heart with strange alarms!
An angry tear obscures my eye.
Stamboul, they drive me from thy charms;
Good-bye, sweet Porte, good-bye!

My innings end,—without much scoring,—
Loud swells the Rad's derisive jeer.
If France I long have failed in flooring,
Still I was here, still I *was* here.
If I could keep my place (and pay),
Patient diplomacy to ply,
I would not leave thee though I say
Good-bye, sweet Porte, good-bye!

GRANDOLPH'S TEACHINGS.—When you rush in to dress at five minutes to eight, and you are to dine two miles off at eight sharp, when your shoe-strings break, your studs roll on the floor, your links refuse to catch, and you suddenly discover an iron-mould in the centre of your shirt-front, then when a sweet patient voice from the other room says, "O my dear! don't use such awful language!" then bethink you of GRANDOLPH, and explain that your fervent utterances were only "blessings in disguise."

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.—*Mr. Punch's* advice,—if *Lohengrin* is given again, with the same cast as it had last Saturday, go and hear it. A real treat.

THE PROVINCIALS!

Northern Belle. "DID YOU GO UP TO THE ACADEMY SOIREE?"

Masher. "AH—M—M—NO. I—AH—SELDOM GO TO LONDON NOW. MY TAILOR COMES DOWN NORTH THREE OR FOUR TIMES A YEAR!"

PAVING THE WAY FOR HIM.

It is understood that at the final sitting of the Sobranje it was decided to submit to Prince FERDINAND of SAXE-COBURG the following memorandum of terms for his acceptance:—

That he shall forward, together with his references, his photograph on approval.

On it being notified to him that these have been considered satisfactory, he shall state whether he understands the confidence and three-card tricks, and also what acquaintance he possesses with the heavier feats of advanced *legers-de-main* that would warrant his active intervention in the diplomatic intrigues of Eastern Europe.

That he shall provide his own crown, which must be a decidedly showy affair, and should be so constructed as, by a little manipulation, it could, in any sudden outbreak of popular fury, be made to assume the appearance of an ordinary top-hat.

That his coronation-robe should be reversible, and, when turned inside out, serve as a dressing-gown that would be available for night surprises of a revolutionary character.

That he should be supplied with six bullet-proof shirts, to be worn on important State occasions, and have not less than twelve complete theatrical disguises for purposes of escaping with his life beyond the frontiers after the passing of unpopular measures.

That he will be expected to have sufficient command of the Russian language to enable him *to indite an occasional* defiant and offensive epistle to the CZAR as occasion may require.

That he must understand that his household will be composed partly of traitors, whom, however, as the Government will see that his bedroom door is provided with an extra bolt, he need only keep carefully under his eye during the day-time.

That the salary for discharging the above functions will be £200 per annum, payable quarterly in advance, and guaranteed as recoverable by personal service, on the properties of the unpopular chiefs of the Opposition.

OFFICIAL OBJECT LESSONS.

COMPLAINING of the foul condition of the bathing-lakes in Victoria Park, Mr. PICKERSGILL asked the First Commissioner of Works "to accompany him one morning to see the state of the Lakes for himself." There is is some reason to believe that, acting on this admirable suggestion, official expeditions will be organised to other places; for instance:—

The Duke of BEDFORD will attend at Covent Garden Market at two o'clock in the morning and stay there till mid-day, and see how he likes it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will consent to be locked inside a barricaded Irish hovel when an eviction is expected.

The Ranger of Kensington Gardens—if there is one, or, failing him, the Deranger—will visit the neighbourhood of the Round Pond, and notice the adroit manner in which the turf has been removed so as just to prevent the full enjoyment of the gardens by the public during the whole of the present summer.

Mr. MATTHEWS, as an Amateur and very Casual Defendant, will go round the various Metropolitan Police-courts, and attempt to give evidence contradicting that of policemen, and will thus obtain a valuable insight into Magisterial deportment.

Selected Members of the Vestries and of the Metropolitan Board of Works will harness themselves to omnibuses, and attempt to drag the vehicles, when fully loaded, over watered wood and asphalte without slipping.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, disguised as a troubled parishioner in need of spiritual advice, will call on any London Curate and ask him his real unvarnished opinion on his Vicar's proposal that he should "give liberally" to the Church House Scheme.

Mr. GLADSTONE will "take a place" in Kerry and try to collect his own rents.

Mr. LABOUCHERE will negotiate with the Sublime Porte himself, at half Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's salary, and promise not to grumble.

And, every Member of Parliament who has ever promised to "do something" to improve the Dwellings of the Poor, and has done nothing, will spend the whole of August in a slum-dwelling in Whitechapel.

Old Doggerel Adapted.

SOME say to keep the realm compact,
We must stick to the Union-Act;
Others, that to be one, and feel it,
We must immediately repeal it.
Strange that such difference should be,
'Twixt Union and Unity!

HOW perfect Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's latest story would be, if it weren't for his persistent introduction of the low comedian, a stagey French cook of the old farcical order. Couldn't he "find another way to (comic) man his Haggard!" This quotation is from *The Taming of the Shrew*, adapted.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 4.—Floor of House strewed with crackers to-night, popping off unexpectedly as proceedings advanced. Immediately after Questions, ARTHUR BALFOUR brought up to whipping-post. For so clever a young man ARTHUR has made serious mistake. Gave definite pledge upon certain clause of Coercion Bill, then omitted to fulfil it, and finally, when challenged, wriggled about and endeavoured to show that his remissness of no practical consequence. House doesn't like wriggling. Nobody but HART-DYKE came to assistance of beleaguered Minister, and *he* was incontinently put down by SPEAKER. HALLEY-STEWART, that child of victory, came in fresh from Spalding. Greeted with thunderous cheers from Opposition who have plucked up spirits wonderfully.

Old Morality, in his oldest and most moral manner, moved to appropriate remaining time of House for Government business. Fire opened upon him from all sides in protest against arrangement. Every man with a'Bill wanted day to bring it forward. CHAPLIN in most magnificent manner joined in protest. SMITH having replied in detail seemed that the incident was closed. But in fact was only beginning. SMITH had greatly shocked GLADSTONE by incidentally alluding to Opposition as "entirely unparalleled in annals of Parliament." GLADSTONE, recalling some scenes between 1880 and 1885, raised his hands appealingly to 'igh 'eaven against the statement. JOHN MORLEY dashed in with vigorous speech; then GOSCHEN came to front, wringing his hands and working himself up to height of desperation. GLADSTONE had declared that he and his friends had not been charged with conniving at Obstruction.

"If the charge has not been made," said GOSCHEN, trying to edge himself behind the plump figure of Old Morality, "it shall be made, and I make it."

This brought up HARCOURT, who called GOSCHEN "a deserter." This did not add to general amity of proceedings. Opposition cheered; Conservatives howled; then, amid uproar, a voice was heard denouncing the conduct of Members of the Government as "wanting in dignity and decorum." The voice spoke more in sorrow than in anger. There was a tear in every syllable. It was clear that, out of the fulness of a heart crushed with pain at witnessing these unruly proceedings, the mouth spoke. The voice not unfamiliar. All eyes turned to the quarter whence it proceeded. Who could it be that thus added a final reproach to a guilty and trembling Government? Who, in accents trembling with conviction and emotion, convicted it of "lack of decorum and dignity?"

It was JOSEPH GILLIS!

Business done.—Government secured all remaining days of Session.

Tuesday Night.—"A bad Cass, a very bad Cass," murmured Old Morality, moving uneasily on his seat. It was Seven o'Clock. Things certainly looking very bad. At Question-time, ATHERLY-JONES, who had been watching the case for some time, asked the HOME SECRETARY whether he had made inquiry into the Regent Street affair, and if so, what was the result? HOME SECRETARY had, from the first, blundered hopelessly. When first questioned peremptorily refused to interfere. Then CHAMBERLAIN interposed and backed up claim for inquiry. MATTHEWS with ludicrous haste knuckled down and

F.M. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

Fac-Simile of Sketch made by our Special Artist on the Field.

gave desired promise. This was on Friday last. Now went back from promise and declined to have anything to do with affair. House evidently angry. ATHERLY-JONES moved adjournment: supported by over a hundred, and debate entered upon. CAINE and DODDS struggled for honour of seconding Motion. DODDS won. Seems Miss CASS's father is one of his constituents and a most respectable man.

"On the watch."

"Why," cried Member for Stockton with sudden access of energy, "he leads the brass band in the Malleable Iron Works."

That settled it. Thenceforward MATTHEWS regarded as a doomed man. CHAMBERLAIN made speech conclusively showing innocence of Miss CASS. Not only was her father leader of the brass band, but it was clear she had not been out of the house on the nights the policeman swore he saw her in Regent Street. ATTORNEY-GENERAL came to rescue of colleague, but movement ineffectual. Old Morality uttered some ponderous commonplaces without avail. CAINE, revelling in temporary freedom, lashed the HOME SECRETARY. GRANDOLPH, that pink of chivalry, finding his old friend and colleague down, joyously jumped on him.

"I made him Home Secretary, and when I kicked over the traces of course I expected him to resign with me. But he stuck to office and salary. I said nothing, but I thought the more. Waited for my chance, and here it is."

So GRANDOLPH prodded MATTHEWS in the back, buffetted him about the head, and made him begin to wish that he'd resigned long ago. Motion for adjournment of House carried to a Division, and Government defeated by Majority of Five!

"A bad Cass—a very bad Cass!" repeated Old Morality, as he picked up his papers, and went off in unexpectedly good time for dinner.

Business done.—The HOME SECRETARY'S.

Wednesday.—HENRY MATTHEWS spent pleasant quarter of an hour this afternoon. SMITH came down, and surrendered unconditionally in the CASS case. Promised to make the inquiry which MATTHEWS had refused. JOHN DILLON suggested that, in order to save time, Ministers should in future make up their minds what to do before the Division was taken. MATTHEWS said nothing. Rather sorry for him. Thought I'd cheer him up a bit.

"Don't take this too much to heart," I said. "Good deal of talk about it just now, but soon be forgotten."

"Take what to heart?" he asked, with pretty air of surprise.

Past and Present Members for Woodstock.

"SMITH is only confirming what I said when I promised an inquiry."

"But then you refused it afterwards."

"Exactly. So, if SMITH had come down and refused the inquiry, I would still have been all right. Don't you see?"

I didn't, quite. Perhaps it will come on further reflection. *Business done.*—Supply.

Thursday. — Came upon curious scene in Lobby this afternoon, just after prayers. F. W. MACLEAN, Member for Woodstock Division of Oxfordshire, standing at full length near the Post-Office. To him enter GRANDOLPH, making for House, anxious to see how MATTHEWS is looking to-day. MACLEAN, drawing himself up another inch, looked down on GRANDOLPH. GRANDOLPH, seizing the situation, half turned round, and looked up at his successor in the re-adjusted representation of Woodstock. Neither spoke; but it was a pretty scene, not needing words.

GRANDOLPH found MATTHEWS on Treasury Bench, looking as if nothing had happened, and as if nothing was going to happen. House curiously crowded, considering. The old story over again, *with just a difference in enumeration* of the chapter. Hitherto been on Coercion Bill, First Reading. Second Reading, Committee Stage, and Report Stage. Now Third Reading moved. GLADSTONE begins it all over again, as if nothing had yet been said. Benches filled to hear him, and no one moved till speech ended in glowing peroration. Then Members, simultaneously struck with conviction that they'd heard this before, streamed out. Rest of Sitting dull talk and empty benches. *Business done.*—Third Reading of Coercion Bill moved.

Friday.—Coercion Bill through at last! Final bout of talking dull till towards end, when DILLON made one of his impassioned speeches (wonderfully improved has JOHN since he first entered House). HARCOURT stroked Ministerialist back wrong way; and GOSCHEN replied in animated speech. One little flash disturbed monotony of earlier part of sitting. Elderly young man, name of COLERIDGE, trotted out again the mean and spiteful reference to Old Morality's Book-stall connection. O. M., for once moved to anger, hotly resented impertinence.

Haven't we had enough of this now? It was TIM HEALY began it. Not desirable that men without a tithe of TIM'S talent should imitate his ingrained ill-manners.

Business done.—Coercion Bill passed by Majority of 87.

SONG BY SIR ABEL HANDY.

'TWAS on a summer morning in this tropical July,
A happy thought impelled me an experiment to try.
Hot early, weather promised to be more hot later on:
What were the highest grade the glass would register anon?
A delicate thermometer, the Fahrenheit, was mine;
I placed it in the solar-beams direct, A.M., at nine.
It shortly rose to ninety; and by ten reached twenty more;
Eftsoon degrees one-hundred-nine-and-twenty was the score;
Glass went on rising near as high as it was marked to go.
A hundred, three times ten, and six the highest it could show.
Excelsior! as LONGFELLOW'S ascending Pilgrim cried;
So I began to marvel what was going to betide,
Expanding still the spirit rose within, ere noon had past,
Till bang went my thermometer, the brittle tube had brast!
My old and well-tried servant through ten years in hot or cold,
At last it suddenly went smash, a pity to behold,
I sat me down and sent the *Post* the story of its loss,
Take warning all Philosophers my tale who come across!
Experimental Science—mind the moral that I sing—
Is with a little knowledge in pursuit a parlous thing.

IN CONVOCATION.

THE Bishops are considering the "Amen-Corner" Amen-ments to the Catechism. *Dr. Punch* happening to drop into the Upper House as a cool retreat on a July day, reminded their Lordships of the touching appeal of *Little Billee* when he went "down upon his bended knees" to the inhuman *Gorging Jack* and *Guzzling Jimmy*, imploring a short respite in these words:—

Head of a Chapter.

"O let me say my Catechism
As my poor mother taught to me."

And *Mr. P.* asked the Upper House to pause before adding another burden to the sorely tried child on a hot Sunday. Also the learned Doctor of Divinity wished to ask why, when amending, is it considered necessary to preserve the prim archaic style of English, which is nowadays only associated with the strictest Quaker, and which is so suggestive of formality and unreality? Why say "What meanest thou," and so forth? It was Puritanical; now it is pedantic. The Bishops agreed with *Mr. Punch*, but the Thermometer being 120°, they adjourned to the "Wholly Shade," adjoining the lawn-tennis ground.

It is pleasant to record how something was done in the House of Laymen. Lord NELSON said he had received a blow on the head,—from a draught. The President wanted to know if it was a draught of a resolution? Lord NELSON explained that it wasn't. He had alluded to an air-draught. He wished to propound the old theological question, "*Cur induit album Millerus tegulam?*" with its answer, "*Ut caput servat calidum.*" ("*Hear, hear!*") He wished to know whether, for the reason above mentioned, he might wear his hat. The President remarked that he thought it would be out of order if he did. Earl NELSON observed that he would soon be out of order if he didn't, as he should have a severe cold. Mr. HUBBARD, M.P., who is to be made a Peer, with the title of Earl-y-CHURCHOUSE, was understood to say that if he wasn't allowed to wear his h[illegible] knew he should have a *gracumen* to-morrow. The President gave the required permission. Hats are now worn in the Ho[illegible] Laymen.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. T[illegible] there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

No Amateur Reciter can consider himself fully equipped for the Drawing-room or Platform unless he is furnished with at least one poem in dialect, and *Mr. Punch* has accordingly commissioned from his Poet a recitation couched in the well-known vernacular of Loompshire. Loompshire, it need hardly be explained, is the county where most of the stage-rustics come from. The author of this little poem ventures to hope that philologists will find much deserving of careful study in some of the local expressions and provincialisms, while he can guarantee their entire authenticity, as they are mostly of his own invention. The phraseology is strictly copyright and must not be infringed, except by a dignitary of archiepiscopal rank for a charitable purpose. As for the piece itself, it is founded on a little anecdote related to the poet, which he believes has not hitherto seen the light in a metrical form. It has a good old-fashioned double title, viz:—

MICHAELMAS DAY; OR, HOW TAMMAS PATTLE VERY NEARLY COOKED HIS GOOSE.

Begin by explaining the situation, thus:—"This is supposed to be spoken by a Loompshire cottager, who overhears a stranger admiring the goodly proportions of his goose,"—then start with as broad a drawl as you can assume. Remember that to be effective you must be unintelligible.

"Bewty," I 'ears ya carl her?—aye, ya niver spoöke truthfuller wurrëd!
Rammack t' coontry side ovver, an ya weänt see no foiner burrëd!
Passon he axed ma to sell her—but I towld him, "Beänt o' naw use—
She 's as mooch of a Chris'en as moäst," I sez, "if she 's nobbut a guse!"
Coom, then! (*This coaxingly, to an imaginary bird—be careful not to seem to make any invidious distinctions among your audience.*) . . . Naäy, but she wunna! she 's gotten a wull of her oän!
Looök at the heye of her,—pink an' greëy, loike t'fire in a hopal stoän!
Howsiver she sims sa hinnercent-loike, she 's a follerin' arl I saäy:
An' I boärt 'er at Kettleby Feär, I did, two yeär coom Cannelmas Daäy.
Araminta her neäme is—but I carls 'er "Minty," fur shoärt,
She weänt naw moor nor a goslin' o' coorse, what taïme she wur boärt:
But a' knawed she 'd turn oot a rare 'un, to jedge by her weëight an' feäl,
An' I reckoned to fat her by Michaelmas Eve, ef I buzzled 'er oop wi meäl,
Mayhappen ya 'll ardly beleäve ma—but she unnerstood fra' the fust,
What wur hexpected of 'er, (*with a senile chuckle,*) I thowt that burr'd 'ud ha' bust!
Cram her, a' did! but she swuckered it doon, wi' niver a weästed drop,
Fur she tuk that hinterest in it as she 'd ruther ha' choäked nor stop!
An' she 'd foller wheeriver a went—till I hedn't naw peäce fur t' foäk,
"'Ere be TAMMY long of his sweetart!" wur hallus the village joäk!
An' I 'd saäy: "'Tis ma Michaelmas denner *I'm* squirin' aboot, owd chap!"
An' Minty she 'd stan' up a' tiptoe, an' fluther her neck, an' flap!
Did I 'appen to gaw of a hevenin, to looök at ma hinion patch?
Minty 'ud coom in along o' meä, an' rarstle aboot, an' scratch,
Cocking her heye at the bed o' saäge, with a kink as mooch as to saäy:
"Wull the saäge an' th' hinions be ready fur *meä*, by toime I be ready for theëy?"
Or she 'd snifter at arl the windfalls as ligged i' the horchard graäss,
I knawed what she wur erfter, a did—she wur pickin' 'em oot for the saäss!
An' I 'd roob ma ands fur to see her a ploddlin' across th' roärd,
(*Tenderly.*) "Thee 'll mak' a denner, ma pratty," I 'd saäy to her, "fit fur a loärd!"
Maäin an' boolky she wur as Michaelmas week coom nigh,
"Her 'll niver not bulge naw bigger," I sez, "an she art fur to die!"
I knawed she wur doitlin' soomwheer by the pasture under t' moör,
Sa I fetched the chopper an' fettled 'im oop—an' I went fur to do 'er! (*Grimly.*)
An' I chillupped to Araminty, an' oop she rins with a clack,
"Seeä what I 've gotten to show 'ee," I sez, (wi' the chopper behind ma back)
But I looked sa straänge an callow, she knawed I wur meanin' 'er ill,
An' she kep a sidlin' an' edgin' awaäy, an' a gaäpin' wi' hopen bill!
Then I maäde a grab at her sooden—an' she skirtled off to a feäld,
Wheer Squire had been diggin' fur fireclaäy—eh, but she yellocked an' beäled!
Cloppity-joggle I chaäsed her, sa well as I cud, bein' laäme,
An' flippity-flopper she kep' on ahead—an' a' squawked out "Shaäme!"
(*The Amateur Reciter should find little difficulty here in suggesting something of the intonation of a frightened goose: Pause—then continue apologetically.*)
I wur haäf asheämed o' mysen' I wur, afoor I coom to the hend,
(*Remorsefully.*) "Ye owd ongreätful guzzard," I thowt, "to gaw killin' ya hoänly friend!"
But ma friend wur a Michaelmas denner tew as I hedn't naw art to refuse!
(*More remorsefully.*) An' it maäde me seeä what a gowk I 'd beeän to ha' gotten sa thick with a guse!
Sa I danged 'er well as I slummocked on, as ard as ma legs cud stoomp,
"Waäit till I gets tha, ma laädy!" I sez,—when, arl on a sooden . . . Boomp!
—An I wur a sprawlin' an' floppin' in wan of the owd Squire's pits,
But fur t' claäy at t' bottom an' that, I mout ha bin brokken to bits!
An', I roared fur 'elp, 'fur I cudn't git up, an' the watter wur oop to my chin. [wur in!
But nobbudy eerd ma a' beälin', nor thowt on the hole I
They 'd niver find nawthin but boäns, I knawed, if they 'd iver the gumption to dredge,
Then I groäned (*impressively*)—fur I eerd Araminty a tooklin' 'oop by the edge!
(*Sulky sarcasm.*) "Wunnerful funny, beänt it?" I sez, (I wur feälin' fit for to choäk, [the joäk!)
To be catched loïke a bee in a bottle—an' see her enjyin'
(*Indignantly.*) "Hevn't ya naw moor manners," I sez, "ya greät fat himpident thing!"
(*Pathetically.*) Fur I 'd bred her oop from a goslin', I had—and theer wur the sting! [hoäpe—
Well, she left ma aloän at laäst, an' I hedn't a mossel o'
When by coom HARRY the hedger, an a' hoickt ma oop with a roäpe!
"Shudn't ha' heerd 'ee, TAMMAS," he sez, "or knawed as owt wur t' matter—
Ef it hedn't ha bin fur yon guse o' thine, as coom an raäised sech a clatter. [hopen shaäft!"
An' drawed ma hon in spite o' mysen—till I moinded the
(*Catch your breath, then brokenly.*) Aye, Minty wur saävin ma life oop theer—when I wur a thinkin' she laäft!
Then I rooshed fur to catch her to coodle and gie her a greätful kiss—
Eh, but I right down bloobered (*with pained surprise*)—fur she scatted awaäy with a hiss!
"Weän't niver 'urt 'ee ageän!" I sez, "if thee 'll hoänly forgit what 's past!"
She wur raäre an' stiff fur a bit, she wur—but (*with a doddering complacency*) I maäde her coom round at last!
An' I had ma Michaelmas denner the saäme—an' a arty good denner he wur! [*her!*
Sat down coompany, tew—fur I cudn't ha' done without
What did we maäke a meäl on? (*Shamefaced confusion here, expressed by scratching the head.*) Well, —happen thee 'll think me a haäss—
But I 'll tell 'ee: (*with candour*) I dined wi Minty on the stooffin' an happle saäss!
(*Retire without ostentation, to have your jaw set at the nearest Surgeon's.*)

SCARCELY WORTH WHILE.—For some personal remarks on the Prince of WALES, utterly gratuitous and in the worst possible taste, the *P. M. G.*, as we hear, has been dropped by the Service Clubs, and subsequently by the Turf. As a mark of strong disapprobation this was right enough, but if it was intended as a punishment which would inflict loss, we are inclined to think such boycotting may have had exactly the contrary effect. How happy was THACKERAY'S title "*The Pall Mall Gazette* written by gentlemen for gentlemen!" If it is not so now, what have we got in-STEAD?

Philosophy at the Popping Crease.

"THE glorious uncertainty?" why, to be sure
That it *must* be the slowest should see at a glance,
For Cricket, as long as the sport shall endure,
Must be in its nature a mere game of chance.
"'Tis all pitch and toss;" one can show it is so;—
'Tisn't science or strength rules its losses or winnings.
Half depends on the "pitch"—of the wickets, you know,
The rest on the "toss"—for first innings.

"GOOD BUSINESS."—An advertiser in the *Daily Chronicle* of the 12th inst., has not a bad idea of a fair profit:—

BABY-CARRIAGE Bassinette, unsoiled; 4 rubber-wheels, carriage-springs, reversible hood, handsome rug, complete, £27; cost £4 10*s.*, last month. Mrs. W.

If "Mrs. W." has not already obtained her price, we sincerely wish she may get it. She deserves it.

"THE BANCROFT SCHOOL."—On Saturday last Prince ALBERT VICTOR laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings at Woodford. This sounds promising for the Theatrical Profession. Of course Mr. BANCROFT will take the male pupils, and Mrs. BANCROFT will instruct "the Spindle side."

SARAH B. at the Lyceum, under the management of M. MAYER. May 'er season be successful!

"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

She. "BY THE BYE, I MET YOUR BROTHER AT DINNER LAST NIGHT. SUCH A DELIGHTFUL PARTY! *Such* A DINNER!! *Such* FLOWERS!!!"

He. "INDEED! WHERE WAS IT?"

She. "AT THE—A—THE—A——UPON MY WORD, I REALLY *forget* WHOSE HOUSE IT WAS I WAS DINING AT!"

A DAY OUT. (By Jacques Junior.)

A FISHING, paddling pic-nic! What, to stand
On the lush margent of the gusty stream,
With feet benumbed, and watch the bobbing quill,
And then to dine *al fresco*—not for JACQUES!
Where, for the smooth mahogany of Ind,
The unplaned earth is board; for cushion'd chair
The damp earth, ant-infested, or rough root
Chafing the unaccustomed cuticle;
Where mint sauce th' insecure platter doth o'errun,
With hose and doublet playing Lucifer;
Where glasses must be emptied as they 're filled,
To the great prejudice of temperance,
Or, if set down, drops me a spider in,
To spoil the fortune he cannot enjoy,
Like Sir No-Company, who makes a third.
While e'en a grumble, relishabler far
Than that keen sauce of Sparta, is denied.
For one there 'll be who 'll not let ill alone,
But, "I prithee try this compound; I learnt the knack
In Venice," or, "Thus in England wines are mix'd!
Pray you pronounce upon 't." Another, worst,
Will keep all waiting while he spoils good food,
Concocting some vile preparation,
Calling 't a Sallet. "Taste in charity,
For Fate 's against me; some ingredient
Of utmost import hath been left at home."
And so the wholesome green is all besprent
With bile-disturbing mixture. Out upon 't!
I 'd rather find a kitten in a stew
Than one of these same preaching salad-bunglers.
What are the uses of *al fresco* meals?
Who likes a toad, ugly and venomous,—
Where 's such a precious fool—upon the bread?
And they who, in contempt, the Dryad's haunts
Profane with empty bottles and loose papers,
Find tongues in tarts, ants running on their boots,
Wasps in the wine, and salt in everything!

AT THE LYCEUM.—Saturday was the last night of Mr. IRVING'S Season,—a season remarkable for the inexhaustible popularity of *Faust*, produced in 1885, and for the revival of most of the Lyceum successes, by way of airing them for American exportation. On this occasion *The Merchant of Venice* was given. Miss ELLEN TERRY'S *Portia* is one of the best examples of true comedy acting in the present day. Mr. IRVING'S *Shylock* is a marvellously subtle impersonation, full of humour, pathos, and tragic power. After the play he made a short speech bidding a temporary farewell to his friends. *Mr. Punch* replies, "Good luck go with you, *Au revoir!*"

THE QUEEN AT HATFIELD.

In days of old in Hatfield halls,
They feasted late and early,
The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
And danced beside Lord BURLEIGH.
The stars of great ELIZA'S reign,
Were seen in all their glory,
Smart ESSEX girt with golden chain,
And RALEIGH known to story.

'Tis said that 'neath a Hatfield Oak,
ELIZABETH was sitting,
When courtiers hastened there and spoke,
In lowly tones, befitting
The mighty message that they bore;
There, where the leaves waved o'er her,
They hailed her QUEEN from shore to shore,
And humbly bowed before her.

And now another QUEEN has gone
Where Hatfield lawns are shady;
The ancient oaks have looked upon,
Another gracious Lady.
Once more a CECIL plays the host,
And bows in Royal presence;
What wonder if Queen BESS'S ghost,
Looked down upon the pleasance.

The past and present seem to meet,
In those historic portals;
Methinks our modern Statesmen greet,
ELIZABETH'S immortals.
And, as the phantoms fade away,
While bells clash from the steeple,
They cry, "Long live VICTORIA,
To bless her loving people!"

VERY ANNOYING.—Just when everything was going along so smoothly, just when the Jubilee police arrangements had been so successful as to warrant a tribute from Chief Commissioner *Punch*, and a recognition from Londoners generally, to have these police difficulties suddenly sprung upon Sir CHARLES WARREN was enough to drive him wild.—enough to make him a rabid WARREN. But he has taken the right course, and much good will come out of all this trouble. Cheer up, Sir CHARLES! Anyhow you are not in for a CASS-tigation.

ON MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY AND SONS' list of books appears *Mr. Hissey's Journeys in England*. What an unpleasant visitor, if he is only true to the name of HISSEY, and makes the tour of the Theatres in London and the provinces. MANAGERS, beware!

"MY LAWYER."

[Crown 8vo., 6s. 6d., MY LAWYER: A Concise Abridgement of, and Popular Guide to, the Laws of England. By a Barrister-at-Law.]

WHO was it, when I thought I saw
In something I had signed a flaw,
Gave me my first distaste for law?
My Lawyer.

Who, when into his hands I fell,
As I my grievance tried to tell,
Around me wove some fatal spell?
My Lawyer.

Who from my mind at once all trace
Of doubt and fear did quite efface,
And made me think I had a "case"?
My Lawyer.

Who of all obstacles made light,
And, whether I was wrong or right,
Insisted that I ought to fight?
My Lawyer.

Who, as I saw the costs increase,
And wished to come to terms of peace,
Declined to let the turmoil cease?
My Lawyer.

Who daily plagued me more and more,
And every time I passed his door
Charged me straight off thirteen-and-four?
My Lawyer.

"WHAT'S THE NEXT FASHION?"

"Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina."

Madame France. "I WONDER WHICH WILL SUIT ME BEST, AFTER ALL. I'M BEGINNING TO BE TIRED OF THIS."

Who, liking not his little games,
When I resolved to waive my claims,
Quick added fuel to the flames?
My Lawyer.

Who, though some compromise I sought,
And did not wish the matter fought,
Before a jury had it brought?
My Lawyer.

Who, though at last I got enraged,
The battle still more stoutly waged,
And leading Counsel, three, engaged?
My Lawyer.

Who, when, of course, my case went wrong,
Because it wasn't worth a song,
Sent in a bill twelve pages long?
My Lawyer.

And who, now that I'm wiser grown,
And to this book for aid have flown,
Would still on me inflict his own?
My Lawyer.

Yet now, spite all his legal tricks,
Henceforth this work, price six-and-six,
Shall promptly be, in every fix,
My Lawyer.

CRICKET AT LORD'S.

Hits by Dumb Crambo, Junior.

Some fine Free Hitting.

Well Stopped!

THE LESSON OF THE ROYAL REVIEW.

(By Our Special Scientific Experimentalist.)

It was with great satisfaction that I received my orders to visit Aldershot on the occasion of the Royal Review, "to deduce from the display the exact position occupied by England amongst the Powers of Europe as a Military Nation." I felt that hardly a better man could have been chosen for the task. My experience in the four divisions of the globe, my knowledge of the wars of the last three quarters of a century, exactly fitted me for the task. I said to myself, "I am intrusted with the performance of a solemn and sacred duty. I am asked to carefully report upon the condition of a large body of men, with a view to sampling the entire British Army. The large body of men shall have my careful consideration." Actuated by these worthy motives, I left Waterloo in the early morn (it was scarcely nine o'clock), and travelled to Aldershot.

On my way down I entered into discussion with four civilians, whose interest in the day's proceedings seemed to be centred in the great question of lunch. It was in vain that I attempted to sound them upon the efficiency or the reverse of the Auxiliary Forces (they were all more or less connected with the Volunteers), because they confined their conversation to where they were likely to find So-and-So's drag on Bourley Wood, and where the —— Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Such-and-Such a Regiment was situated.

"What do you think of canvass as a shelter?" I asked, note-book in hand.

"Oh, a mess-tent is as good a place as anywhere else if the cookery and wines are all right," was the only reply I received that had the slightest bearing on the military situation. Then my companions refused to talk of anything further save the racing fixtures for the following fortnight.

At Aldershot I found a number of omnibuses drawn up, labelled "House of Commons," which were soon occupied by elderly ladies, who appeared to be excellent representatives of our Legislators. Seeing that the flymen had arranged a tariff that measured distances with sovereigns, and hours with bank-notes, I determined to walk to the Long Valley, and my example was largely followed. Smartly-gowned ladies, and men whose attire suggested the shady side of Pall-Mall, dispensed with all conveyances, and sturdily trudged to the review ground, to the intense disgust of the cabmen, whose harvest could not have been particularly lucrative. The only vehicles that we saw on the road were waggons filled with country-folk, and harnessed to heavy lumbering cart-horses, that moved very deliberately and slowly, and now and again a London coach. A specimen of the last came up to me just as I was getting out of the town—it was occupied by a company of ladies and gentlemen with an up-all-night look about them. As a matter of fact, I believe it had started shortly after midnight, or thereabouts. I recognised one of the occupants, who, until he caught my eye, had seemed rather depressed, but who, upon exchanging greetings with me, assumed a most jovial air, and seemed quite to wake up. He subsequently told me that he had never enjoyed himself so much. "Up over-night, you see, then a long drive in the dawn and early morning, getting to Aldershot before the QUEEN. Review, lunch, and home again." The last item, I fancy, must have been rather an anti-climax, although my friend would not admit it. However, I have a kind of instinct that should there be another big Review, he will choose the rail in preference to the road.

As I passed the barracks I could not help admiring the waggery of the Military Authorities in setting up placards requesting "the Public not to walk on the grass." The light-hearted Authorities (it is scarcely necessary to say to those who know the latent humour in the breasts of the Head-quarters' Staff) had selected a site for these posters where no grass would grow. From the hurry-skurry observable on all sides, I gathered that the Procession was on its way—a supposition that was turned into certainty by the boom of a Royal Salute. And yet I was miles from my seat! There was only one *thing to do—to force my way down* a road that had been closed since nine o'clock. The entrance to this pathway was guarded by a mounted sentry. I approached him, and showed him my pass, which made me free of all "camps and bivouacs." He complained that he was not a "camp," but had nothing to urge in denial when I insisted that "then he must be a bivouac." As some dozens of others were attempting to force the passage, he allowed me to pass, and from that moment practically the British Army was at my mercy. No provision had been made to deal with spectators when once the gallant Scots Grey had been passed. Thus I was able to lead the Royal Procession, and was greatly pleased to find every one on the alert. Battalion after battalion seemed to me well set up, and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE with his drawn sabre left nothing to be desired. I inspected them all, and can certainly say that I had not to stop to re-arrange a belt or even a general-officer's scabbard. This being the case, my movements were rapid, but not faster than those of the Derby Dog. In the fearful heat I found my seat (a very comfortable one) close to the saluting point, and then was prepared to see the march-past. The bands struck up. "GEORGE RANGER" waved his sword and there was a shout. Then came the tramp of armed men, and it occurred to me that after a very long run, I could scarcely do better than close my eyes. I found by doing this that I could think the matter out. What had perplexed me on the road down was how I should find the mess of the particular regiment that had honoured me with a card of invitation for luncheon.

I soon made up my mind that I had better ask my way. This I did, and found the country Constabulary most intelligent. As I had come to Aldershot to see the soldiers, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of the table, it would perhaps be out of place to mention here how good lobster salad is when you are really hungry, and how very grateful to the palate claret cup appears when one has had nothing to drink for many hours. Enough to say, I enjoyed myself thoroughly, and catching a train to Waterloo, was once more at home.

On reading my notes I find that I have left unanswered the question with which I commenced this article. I was sent to Aldershot to "deduce from the display, the exact position occupied by England amongst the Powers of Europe as a Military Nation." Quite so. Well—but perhaps on second thoughts I had better get the Editor to send me to another review before I attempt to solve the problem.

[Certainly: try it.—ED.]

OF THE MASKE-ALINE GENDER.

THE great success of the Gray's Inn *Maske*, has raised in the mind of some of the critics the consideration whether a revival of this form of entertainment could not be established. Ever ready to assist in carrying out a valuable suggestion, *Mr. Punch* begs to provide a *Scenario* for a modern *Maske*:—

SCENE I.—*The Exterior of the Castles of* TORIUS *and* GLADSTONIUS *with a view of the Palace of Westminster, seen through the gate-way. Enter* SESSIONIUS, *who looks about him and ponders.*

Sessionius. This should not be! Such a time as this puts down a thousand pleasant schemes of summer! When a Bill, an Opposition, and a Closure are met within the Hall of great St. Stephen's! Let the Ex-M.P. bless the summer day, but Whigs, Rads, and Tories, needs must nod to the Sessions Reign.

Enter VACATIA.

Vacatia. Well, o'ertaken Session!

Sessionius. What's that I see? How dare you approach. D'ye mean to give the lie to the prophets, who say I shall not be done until October? Away, thou tempting fancy! Begone! Stay not a moment!

Vacatia. Nay, be not angry! In days gone by thou used to welcome me! Why is it?

Sessionius. Do you not see I cannot move? With Irish Members and Coercion Bills, I may stay here for ever!

VACATIA *weeps, and is appeased by* TRIPTUS, *who explains that they can go waste the seaside by the Sunday trains. Then all go out. Then enter the* EXCURSIONISTS, *who sing strange songs in praise of wine and tobacco. After a while the fun grows fast and furious, and the Scene changes to,—*

THE GARDEN OF PARLIAMENTARY FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

First song, wherein the SPEAKER *works a charm by which certain* Irish Members *dance a measure with sticks, and striking the floor, then one another's coat-tails, and, lastly, one another's heads. When this is done,* HARCOURTIUS *appears in the* PAVAN, *or "peacock's strut," and marches about. He disappears, and there is a* Dance of Woodmen *with hatchets by the* Gladstonian Family. *All this ends merrily with a view of* VACATIA *working a charm as* TRIPTUS *introduces a View of a possible Autumn Session.*

"WHAT I want some fellow to tell me," said Mr. DUFFER, looking up from an advertisement of a forthcoming sale at Aldridge's, "is—what the dickens is the use of a broken sporting dog?"

"À LA PORTE!"

Wolff. "MUST REALLY BE GOING NOW! HAD A DELIGHTFUL TIME OF IT. SPENT A LOT OF MONEY, AND ENJOYED MYSELF AMAZINGLY. TA! TA!"

Sultan. "SO SORRY YOU'RE GOING. BY THE WAY, I'LL ATTEND TO THAT LITTLE MATTER YOU CAME ABOUT, AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT POSSIBLE. TA! TA!"

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL; OR, ALL ABOUT IT.

Interior of a Railway Carriage on a Suburban Line. Well-Informed Politicians *discovered discussing question of the hour.*

First Well-Informed Politician (*summing up the situation with confidence*). Well, that's how it stands. DRUMMOND WOLFF has telegraphed to say that the thing's no go, and that he can't get 'em to sign. So he has put the Convention into his pocket, and is coming home as fast as his legs can carry him.

Second Well-Informed Politician (*tentatively*). Pardon me, but I don't think it has quite come to that, has it? He was to have left, but the SULTAN, you know, asked him to wait for an audience, or something of that sort. I saw something about it just now in the paper. [*Hunts up and down the columns of the "Times" vaguely.*

Third Well-Informed Politician. O yes, I know what you mean. Here; it's here. (*Produces "Standard."*) Ha! this is it. (*Reads.*) "Sir H. D. WOLFF was to have left yesterday, but having asked an audience to take leave, and the SULTAN not having named a day for it, his departure has been postponed."

Second Well-Informed Politician. Yes, that's it. (*Addressing* First Well-Informed Politician *with more assurance.*) You see there's evidently a chance of further negotiation. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that the thing was settled yet.

First Well-Informed Politician (*with warmth*). Stuff, Sir—there'll be no settlement—and a precious good job too! Who wants any Convention? Not England. No, we're well out of it, and, what's more, SALISBURY knows it.

Third Well-Informed Politician. You quite surprise me. Surely Lord SALISBURY had set his heart on the signing of the Convention.

Second Well-Informed Politican. Oh yes, I'm sure of that. Why, I've just been reading it—in the Vienna Correspondence, I think it was. Where was it? [*Again commences a vague hunt up and down the columns of the "Times."*

First Well-Informed Politician. Nonsense—I don't care what the "Vienna Correspondence" says. Tells a pack of lies, I'll be bound. I tell you SALISBURY's no fool, and he knows when he has got a free hand.

Third Well-Informed Politician (*slightly bewildered*). But I thought the Convention, don't you know, did give him a free hand—at least, a sort of a free hand—that's to say, that's the way I took it.

Second Well-Informed Politician (*brightly*). Of course. Why that's the reason France and Russia put the screw on the SULTAN.

First Well-Informed Politician. France and Russia put the screw on! Stuff, Sir! Who cares for France and Russia? SALISBURY knows a trick or two worth any game they can play.

Fourth Well-Informed Politician (*who has been waiting his chance, putting down the "Daily News"*). I don't suppose *this* country will play any game, at all events, till the Grand Old Man's in again.

First Well-Informed Politician (*hotly*). What! The Grand Old ——! Why, Sir, what do you mean? Why it's he who's responsible for every blessed muddle and mess, including this Egyptian business, that has overtaken the country for the last twenty years. Bless my soul, Sir, I can't understand your having the face to put forward such an opinion.

Fourth Well-Informed Politician (*doggedly*). Oh, you may bluster, but you won't change my view of things, I can tell you. GLADSTONE's the man for Egypt, and for everything else.

First Well-Informed Politician (*boiling over*). Confound it, Sir. Do you wish to insult me. I'll tell you what it is, Sir, I'll—— I'll—— [*Left throwing more light on the situation as scene closes in.*

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

[Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL said that the loss of the North Paddington Election might prove a "blessing in disguise" to the Unionist Party.]

Unhappy Unionist loquitur:—

OH, GRANDOLPH, GRANDOLPH, was it all your chaff?
I for your *real* thoughts would give a penny.
Of such strange "blessings" we could spare one half;
We have so many.

There's SMITH; no doubt *he* is a blessed boon;
His dash, his sparkle, and his tact are wonders.
But why *does* he "disguise" them late and soon
As awkward blunders?

Then BALFOUR; he is courtesy's pure pink,
But why will he persist in masquerading
As cynic rudeness? Such "disguise," I think,
Is most degrading.

MATTHEWS, again! Yes, he *au fond* would bless
A Cabinet of angels! 'Tis surprising
To see him as a muddler in a mess
Himself "disguising."

Then you yourself, my GRANDOLPH! Blessings flow
From your bold eyes and trim moustache so tufty,
But why, sweet benediction, choose to go
So much in *mufti*?

When you to spot our blunders use those eyes,
And of our errors turn astute detective,
Whate'er the "blessing" may be, the "disguise"
Is most effective.

The "Union" Cause our Country's cause remains,
But oh! how long shall we remain its bosses,
If all our blessings come disguised as banes,
Our gains as losses?

Is it, sweet optimist, too much to ask
That you, and all our failures, muddles, messings,
Should, just to comfort us, throw off the mask,
And come *as* blessings?

WE were glad to hear that the charges brought against the London Scottish rested upon the slightest possible foundation. There let them rest. They will not now change their title to the London Skittish.

DUMB CRAMBO AT WIMBLEDON.

Bar 'll cool her

An excellent Range-Finder.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Little Tommy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before). "OH! OH! OH!"
Kind Lady. "WHAT 'S THE MATTER, TOMMY!" *Little Tommy.* "WHY, WHAT A BIG SKY THEY 'VE GOT 'ERE, MISS!"

AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Neptune (to Vulcan). Hillo, Mate, you here?
Vulcan. Yes, my hearty; why not?
Neptune. Well, my ancient monopoly 's all gone to pot.
You 've been "inching it in," for a number of years;
Your Lemnos no longer has charms, it appears
To detain you on shore. Once a Naval Review
To a smithy-smoked game-legged land-lubber like you——
Vulcan. Oh, avast heaving there, Mate!
Neptune. By Jove, he 's as pat
At our nautical patter as DIBDIN, that 's flat.
Can't you tip us "*Tom Bowling*"?
Vulcan. Aye! (*sings*) "Here a sheer hulk"——
Neptune. Oh, stop! What a voice for a chap of your bulk!
'Tis as shrill as a fife-squeak, and equally mellow.
Vulcan. Oh yes, you old Stentor, a big breezy bellow
Is your sole idea of a song.
Neptune (*offering his 'baccy-box ironically*). Have a quid?
Vulcan. I don't care if I do. But you know as a kid
After leaving Olympus——
Neptune. Ha! ha! A fair "shunk."
Poor Juno! She felt she was quite out of luck,
To bear such a skinny young dot-and-go-one.
Vulcan. Oh, if these are your manners——
Neptune. Pooh! Only my fun.
Fire away with your yarn. Let 's see, where had you got to?
Vulcan. You know that I lived some nine years in a grotto,
With Thetis, that belle of the Ocean, and therefore
I 'm not such a land-lubber. Not that I care for
Your coarse briny fruits, my old Mulberry-nose.
Neptune. Humph! You 've turned a teetotaller now, I suppose,
And should I sing "Hey! Ho! and a bottle of rum,"
You 'd not join in the song—or the swimble!
Vulcan. Oh, cums,
We have no WILFRID LAWSON in Sicily yet;
All my Cyclops would strike. Yes! I 'm game for a "wet."
Neptune. That 's hearty. Now, then, you young TRITON, look slippy,
Fetch up t'other bottle. I feel rather nippy.
And then the occasion! BRITANNIA 's my dear,
We must drink to her health in this Jubilee Year.
Vulcan. I 'm glad you say "We."
Neptune. Well, I own you are "in it."
I wouldn't dispute your fair claims for a minute,
But they 're thundering ugly, your new Iron Walls,
And when a big fight comes,—well, look out for squalls.
This playing at battle is all very grand,
But I think twelve-inch metal much fitter for land.
Wood 's the stuff for the sea; that 's a point in my *credo*.
That "mount" of yours safe? I don't think a torpedo
A patch on a Sea-horse, or even a Triton.
Vulcan. All right! 'tisn't charged, so there 's nothing to frighten.
Things are not now done in your toasting-fork way.
Neptune. Humph! My trident enabled BRITANNIA to sway
In a style that 's admitted on every side;
Whilst your guns and torpedoes remain to be tried.
Your ARMSTRONGS and WHITEHEADS may give themselves airs,
But they don't seem to stop periodical "scares."
Perhaps you may wish, when it does come to war,
For the old Man-of-war and the old pig-tailed Tar.
However, old boy, here 's the grog. That 's a bottle
That might have glug-glug'd down my NELSON 's brave throttle;
It 's been in my cellar since Trafalgar.
Vulcan. Truly?
Neptune. Yes. 'Tis a big day,—let us honour it duly;
A splendid wind-up to the Jubilee fêtes.
Well, manhood and pluck are not matters of date.
Let us hope, when it really does come to a tussle,
That brave British spirit and stout British muscle
May have the same pull as they did in the days
When "yard-arm to yard-arm" was JACK'S favoured phrase,
When death-stored torpedoes and Titan-lipped guns
And steel in huge masses, and fast-flying tons
Had never been dreamed of. Ah! Vulcan, your reign
Has played up rare pranks with my briny domain;

SPITHEAD, JULY 23RD, 1887.

FATHER NEPTUNE (*cheerily*). "WHAT—VULCAN, MY HEARTY! WELL, WE'RE SHIPMATES NOW, SO HERE'S '**THE QUEEN**!'—GOD BLESS HER!!"

My spirit may sometimes rebel when it dwells on
The jolly old days of DRAKE, BENBOW, and NELSON.
However, we 're shipmates to-day, so here goes,
Success to Old England, short shrift to her foes;
My favourite, spite of all change, I confess her.
A bumper, my boy! Here 's the QUEEN, and God bless her!

LANE AND GARDEN.

"OH, TODGERS's could do it when it chose! mind that." AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS can "do it," too, when he chooses, mind that, and his production of *Les Huguenots* on Monday the 11th was a convincing proof of this assertion. The *mise-en-scène* was as perfect as if the Opera had been a brand new one. The costumes were gorgeous, the scenes brilliant, and the *jeu de scène* original and artistic.

Monsieur MAUREL was an ideal *Count de Nevers*, a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. Miss ENGLE won all hearts as *Marguerite de Valois*. "*Non 'Engle' sed 'Angel,'*" as the POPE didn't say.

The Page was rather weak, but made up in action and archness—the archness was not confined to the eyes, but was also strikingly exhibited in another feature—for whatever might have been lacking vocally; and then of course there were the two brothers, JEAN and EDOUARD DE RESZKE, always ready to come to the resky. We stopped till the end, and congratulated ourselves on having heard the very last of the *Huguenots* for the first time in our chequered career. We saw Signor FOLI, as *Marcel*, perform a marriage ceremony between *Valentine* and *Raoul*, from which fact we gathered that the *Count de Nevers* must have been shot, otherwise *Valentine* would be a bigamist; and, in fact, the moral position of the three parties would be an extremely unpleasant one, in view of their hurried departure from this wicked world, which the muskets of the soldiers, executing the victims and the dramatist's design at the same time, compel them to make. The band and choruses were excellent.

At the Garden, on Tuesday the 12th, the new Opera, *La Vita per lo Czar*, was produced and placed on the stage by Signor LAGO, as if it had been brought out at the beginning of the season instead of the finish. An eccentric Opera. The first Act fresh as the newly-painted scenery: full of life, colour, and melody. It started well with a chorus which was unanimously and enthusiastically encored. Mme. ALBANI was never in better voice. GAYARRÉ and DEVOYOD were excellent. The First Act was an undeniable success, and everybody was happy.

Then came the Second Act, all chorus, hops, and Poles. No ALBANI, no GAYARRÉ, no DEVOYOD. Music pretty, but as TOBY in the Essence of Parliament puts it, "Business done. None." Curtain down: people a bit scared. Not accustomed to an Act without Principals. Evidently such an Unprincipal'd Act must be wrong. Act Third revived all hopes. ALBANI the bride, GAYARRÉ the bridegroom, SCALCHI the best boy, DEVOYOD the best boy's father, a venerable grey-headed peasant, the very reverse of the mild old gent in LEECH's picture who was represented by the 'Bus cad as "a cussin' and a swearin' like hanythink," inasmuch as he is always either blessing somebody, uttering patriotic sentiments about the CZAR, or down on his hands and knees with his nose in the dust saying, or rather singing, his prayers.

Third Act pleases everybody, raises our hopes, and then in the Fourth Act we discover, to our amazement, that we are only to see SCALCHI once again, that we have bidden farewell for ever to ALBANI and GAYARRÉ, and that the remainder of the Opera is to be carried on right up to the end by the heavy father, a chorus of Poles,—all acting well, and not a stick amongst them,—and a transparency representing the Coronation of the CZAR. And though the absence of ALBANI, SCALCHI, and GAYARRÉ made everyone's heart grow fonder, though we all missed them, yet we "pitied the sorrows of the poor old man," admired his acting and singing in a most difficult situation, and agreed with everybody that this strange Opera was a decided success. The Second scene of the last Act might be curtailed with advantage. This is speaking only dramatically; perhaps on a second hearing we should change our opinion.

However, so ends the Covent Garden Opera Season; it has finished first,—a good first.

THE New Silver Coinage will be re-named, until it is re-called, "The Silber-Goschen."

VERB. SAP.

(*To a Wandering Star.*)

"I AM willing to throw in my lot with that of my friend HUXLEY, and 'to fight to the death' against this wicked and cowardly surrender. A desperate gamester miscalled a Statesman, has chosen to invoke ignorant foreign opinion against the instructed opinion of his own countrymen."—*Professor Tyndall's last Letter to the Times.*

TYNDALL, TYNDALL, learned star,
How we wonder where you are!
Fizzing up like penny pop,
Coming down on GLADSTONE flop!

"Desperate gamester!" TYNDALL mine,
Such invective is *not* fine.
Have *you* not a card to trump,
Rattling RANDOLPH on the stump?

Science in her calm retreat
Ought that sort of bosh to beat;
She, whose words should drop like gold,
Must not ape an angry scold.

Party scribes who rage for pay,
When most rabid write that way,
Politicians of the pot
Perpetrate that sort of rot.

Just suppose that W. G.,
Fancying your remarks too free,
Dubbed you, in polemic rage,
"Sciolist miscalled a sage."

How you *savants* would cry "Shame!"
Why should Science only claim
Right to be exceeding rude,
Sourly false and coarsely crude?

"Wicked! Cowardly!" Oh, bless us!
Hercules in the shirt of Nessus
Did not rage in wilder fashion
Than our TYNDALL in a passion.

Difference exists no doubt;
Let us calmly fight it out;
But to call each other names
Is the vulgarest of games.

Honestly one view you hold;
If to differ one makes bold,
Is it fair, Sir, to infer,
That he 's rascal, traitor, cur?

Pooh! That 's Party's puerile plan.
Wisdom, Sir, should play the man.
Drop these tart polemic pennings,
Leave that sort of stuff to JENNINGS.

ROBERT AT THE GILDHALL BALL.

AFORE the Jooblee Seesun is quite gone, I wish to rikkord my sediments with regard to the show at Gildhall. I never, even in my wildest dreams of rapshur, xpected to see sitch a site as I seed there. I have, in my long perfeshnal career, seen lots of Kings, and Queens, and Princes, and setterer, but in them cases, I mite say, in the grand words of the old song, "Their Royaltys came by twos and twos, hurrah, hurrah!" But on that okashun, they acshally cum by shoals; and when they was all assembled they mustard no less than sixty-wun true-born Royalties. Wat a site for a treu-blew Conservatif! The mere common compny, such as Common Counselmen, and setterer, was railed off at a respecful distance, but they stood by the hour a gazin at 'em with rapshur, altho' none of 'em hadn't no chairs to sit on. How they all seemed to enwy the mortal happyness of the Committee-men, who, with their long wands, was alloud to stand inside the sacred inklosure. I didn't see the Royal Quadreel, tho' I was told as it wasn't anything werry pertickler as to the dancing, not at all equal to the dancing at the Hopera. The gineral compny seemed to suffer terribly from the want of cheers. As I passed under the Gallery I seed one most charming Lady, drest jest like a Princess, acshally a sitting on the floor from fatigue, and her husband a watching over her like a garden angel, tho' he was a Feild Marshall!

The world may be surprised to learn that Royalty wants its supper jest like meer common peeple, so there was sum difficulty about waiting on 'em, as of course they had to sup alone, with only the Lord and Lady Maress with 'em. But one of the most xperienced gentlemen in all London offered to do it for nothink if he mite slect his staff.

"I must 'ave ROBERT to wait on me pussunally," says a certain Illusterious Personidge. "I 'm there, your Royal Eyeness," I says, as I persented the rosewater on my bendid nees.

I had the almost crushing honner of anding ewery dellycassy of the season and amost ewery kind of the grandest of Shampains to such a supper party as praps Urope has never before witnessed. I have nothing to reweal of the many strange things as I herd on that memroble occashun, becoz we was all sworn to secrecy, as usual, on a Carving Nife. I breaks through no law when I says that Royalty werry much enjoyed its supper.

I wundered to myself what the feelinx of Royalty must be when they knows and sees that all they has to do to give thowsands of most respectable peeple a feeling of rapshur amost impossserbel to realise, is for 'em to stand still and let 'em gaze at 'em by the hour! One wood think it might paul upon 'em after a time, but one would be rong.

With the dipparcher of Royalty the great charm of the nite was gone, the sun had set and the moon had not risen, to speak pohetically, but the recklecshun of the Blaze of Royalty that they had been alloud to gaze on, will last them for long ears and be told to children yet unborn as the crowning glory of their blessed lives.

ROBERT.

HOPE FOR ALL.

"Coach" (to Volatile Pupil). "ARE YOU AT THEOREM B OR C, MR. TITTERBY?"

Mr. T. "T' TELL Y' TH' TRUTH, SIR, I'M 'AT SEA'—AT SEA, SIR,—COMPLETELY." [*Chuckles.*

(He turned out an utter failure, was plucked at College, and had to take to ART-CRITICISM!)

"MARGARINE."

(A Middleman's Lament.)

"For the protection of the public, all consignments of the spurious compound that has hitherto, under the title of 'Butterine,' passed current in the market for genuine butter, will in future be distinctly labelled and known as 'Margarine.'"—*Trade Intelligence.*

AH! tell me not they've changed thy name,
So long a sweet decoy,
By which I've made my little game,
And palmed off thy alloy.
Of chemicals and horses' fat,
And things not nice or clean,
You were composed; but what of that?—
You looked like butter in the pat.
Why call you "Margarine"?

Ah! why the public undeceive?
They bought thee with a will,
And in thy virtues so believe
That they would buy thee still!
Why have such meddling measures framed
By legislation mean?
Alas! thy origin's proclaimed;
No more with butter art thou named,
But henceforth "Margarine"!

INÆSTHETIC ÆDILES.

BAD luck to the Board of Works in their project of demolishing the steps, and disfiguring the platform of St. Martin's Church, on the mere pretence of widening the entrance of the proposed Charing Cross Road. All my eye and BETTY—namesake, but no relation to the Saint. Convenience is a mere cloak for their unnecessary Vandalism, a cloak which St. Martin would never have divided with tasteless beggars.

LARKS FOR LEGISLATORS.

"THERE would be no departure from the most highly respectable precedents in holding open-air sittings of the House of Commons, while its advantages in the hot weather, as regards not only physical comfort, but mental and moral fitness for the work of the senator, are too obvious to need enumeration."
Daily Paper.

SCENE—*The Grounds of the Crystal Palace. The House of Commons assembled in the Rosary; Reporters (armed with speaking trumpets) in the Band Stand and on branches of Trees.*

The Speaker (in his shirt-sleeves). Order, order! I must request Members to abstain from touching the Fireworks till the evening.

Dr. Tanner. I rise to a point of order, Sir. What are we to do if it rains? I see no preparation for rigging up an awning over us, and I must protest against this cowardly attempt on the part of the Government to stifle, or perhaps I ought to say drown, discussion, and——

The Speaker (interposing). If the Hon. Member talks of rain before it comes, I shall have to suspend him—ahem!—from the nearest tree. (*Laughter.*) The first Order of the Day is the Adjourned Discussion on the London Local Government Bill.

Sir W. Harcourt. Before the discussion begins I should like to ask your opinion, Sir, whether it is in order for the First Lord of the Treasury to go off to the tobogganing slide instead of stopping to answer questions? ("*Hear! hear!*")

The Speaker. The question is one of some difficulty. I have carefully examined the precedents, but there is no mention of tobogganing in the records of this House. I must therefore leave the matter to the good sense and powers of self-restraint of Hon. and Right Hon. Members. (*Cheers.*)

The Attorney-General (resuming the Debate on the London Government Bill). A very much better idea of the different municipal districts into which the Metropolis will be mapped out can be obtained by ascending the great Water-Towers, and I therefore propose an adjournment of half an hour for that purpose.

[*The Motion is agreed to without a Division. On the expiration of the time an Hon. Member, who is indistinctly heard by the Reporters, is understood to propose that the selling of lemonade at sixpence a glass, without ice, to Members of Parliament constitutes a breach of the Privileges of the House, but is ruled out of order.*

The Speaker. I call on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to resume his speech.

[*Ineffectual search made all about the Rosary for the* ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

An Irish Member. Try the Switch-Back Railway.

[*Laughter, and cries of "There isn't one!"*

Another Member thought that very probably the learned Gentleman had looked in behind the scenes at the Open-air Ballet.

[*More Laughter.*

The Member for the Tower Hamlets (resuming the discussion) proceeded to dilate on the necessity of more communications being established between the North and South banks of the River, in any scheme for Municipal Reform, and alluding to the Tower Bridge erected in the grounds, remarked that of course Members knew that in half-an-hour the time would have arrived for it to be illuminated, and for the "Fire-Portraits of Mr. PARNELL and all his followers" to be lighted (*general cheering*), and he therefore moved, as a matter of urgent public importance, that the House do now adjourn, especially as he had felt a few drops of rain, and had forgotten to bring his umbrella.

The Speaker. Those who are in favour of adjournment say "Aye." (*No response.*) Those who are against it——why, bless me, there's nobody left! Even the Sergeant-at-Arms has gone off to see the ballet! How Unparliamentary! Surely those figures coming down the toboggan-slide can't be Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, racing Mr. SMITH and the HOME SECRETARY? Why, I believe it is so. How exciting it looks! Well, this adjourning at nine o'clock is much nicer, after all, than the old late hours. *Al fresco* sittings rather a success. Feel rather all-frisky myself. Think I'll go off and try a toboggan. [*Left sliding.*

MR. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY NAVAL REVIEW.

(Fac-simile of Sketch made by Our Special Artist on the spot.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.—Another Child of Victory up to-day in person of BALLANTINE, who won Coventry for the Liberals. "We shall have quite a family soon," said GLADSTONE, who sat on Front Bench, arrayed in wonderful summer suit. "Blessings in disguise," GRANDOLPH calls the new recruits to Opposition forces. But it comes to same thing.

Old Morality created sensation by openly avowing himself a Separatist. Is firm with respect to Union with Wales and Ireland, but weak on Scotland. Confession made in connection with promised Boundary Bill. PULESTON asked whether Wales was to be included in measure.

"I have not been able," said RITCHIE, with fine sarcasm, "to separate Wales from England in my own mind."

"Is Scotland in the Bill?" asked ANDERSON.

"No," said Old Morality.

"Then," said TIM HEALY, "you separate Scotland in your own mind?" This was awkward; but the truth must be told, and Old Morality told it.

"I separate Scotland in my own mind," he said, in a voice low but firm.

Profound sensation on Ministerial Benches. Things looking bad for Ministry lately, what with Spalding, North Paddington, Coventry, and Miss CASS. But now, Leader of House having avowed himself a Separatist, outlook black indeed.

Elated with having brought out this damaging fact, TIM HEALY went on rampage for rest of sitting. ARTHUR BALFOUR moved Second Reading of Irish Land Bill. CHAMBERLAIN, breaking long silence, delivered speech in support of measure. TIM kept up running commentary, growling, laughing spasmodically, and interjecting remarks. CHAMBERLAIN an ugly customer to tackle when at bay. Gave TIM as much as he brought. Wrangling getting a little high, when SPEAKER interposed, threatened to name TIM.

"Name away!" TIM sang out, cheerily; but knowing from experience that SPEAKER not to be trifled with, presently subsided.

On the whole a small House, and only whilst CHAMBERLAIN speaking any evidence of interest in proceedings. Next to the unexpected disclosure of Old Morality's falling away, most startling event of the evening was announcement by FERGUSON that WOLFF'S pic-nic had already cost the country £27,000.

"£27,000!" exclaimed CODDINGTON, making his maiden speech, and that *sotto voce*. "I'll undertake to say that if it had been proposed to him at first, WOLFF would have taken the odd seven thousand and closed the bargain, leaving the tax-payer a clear gain of £20,000." And the Member for Blackburn softly whistled, and feebly rattled the loose change in his pocket.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill introduced.

Tuesday.—WOLFF at door of both Houses. In fact he's there every night now. Peers and Commons are Unionists in desire to know when the pic-nic will be over, or, as BRYCE put it to-night amid cheers, "When will finally and positively terminate the unparalleled and undignified position in which the country is placed?" In Lords the Markiss disowned a capital retort the reporters invented for him. On Monday, ROSEBERY understood to ask whether WOLFF was

supposed to be in a state of suspended animation what time the SULTAN made up his mind. The Markiss reported to have replied that WOLFF was "rather in a state of animated expectancy." Capital capping of a joke, only it appears Markiss isn't personally responsible for it.

"£27,000!"

"It would," he said, with a wink at GRANVILLE, "be disrespectful to use language like that with respect to Her Majesty's Ambassador."

HERSCHEL says, Markiss is only mad because he didn't think of it at the time, and is jealous of the more nimble fancy of the reporters. In the Commons, BRYCE announces that he will continue nightly to inquire about WOLFF till he gets satisfactory answers.

A hot dull night and the Irish Land Bill again. JOHN DILLON had the best of it, delivering a lively speech to full audience. After this, Members began to go to dinner, and forgot to return. A full muster on both Front Benches. GLADSTONE again in summer costume, with a rose in his coat and a gleam in his eye. Has grown ten years younger in the last fortnight. Spalding wiped off five years, North Paddington two, and Coventry the rest.

"A few more triumphs at the poll," says JOHN MORLEY, "and he'll be younger than any of us."

After dinner, GORST made a speech on behalf of Bill. Shrewd, pointed, and weighty with argument. "Another proof of fatuity of Government," said PARNELL, who has come back in a brown billycock hat, "that they don't make more use of GORST. Worth a bushelful of GEORGY HAMILTONS, GIBSONS, MATTHEWSES, or even SMITHS."

When spirits of House properly attuned, H. C. E. CHILDERS appeared on the scene, and delivered prodigious speech, through which the few Members present gently dozed.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill.

H(ere) C(omes) E(verybody) Ch-ld-rs.

Thursday.—Cheerful presence of ASHBOURNE diffused over Ministerial Bench in Lords to-night. Not often here. Has given up to Dublin what was meant for mankind. Always unfeignedly delighted to get back to Westminster. Business to-night to move the Second Reading of Coercion Bill. Considerable gathering of Peers, expecting debate, and possible division. Amazed to find Front Opposition Bench almost empty. GRANVILLE rises to explain that it is useless to fight measure, and therefore don't intend to raise debate. ARGYLL furious. Had meant to smash Opposition, and they had run away! SELBORNE sleekly sarcastic. Admitted he, too, had speech ready, but would wait for audience on Front Bench opposite. General feeling of disappointment. Several Peers who had come down, expecting lively entertainment, wanted their money returned at the doors. Markiss referred them to GRANVILLE, but GRANVILLE had already smiled his way out. Bill read Second Time, and sitting comically collapsed.

Commons crowded. GRANDOLPH'S name underlined on the bills. Understood he meant to "go for" the Government. Expectation fully realised. Took the Land Bill out of BALFOUR'S hands, publicly danced on it, kicked it up and down floor of House, and finally tore it to shreds.

"I trust," he said, when, at end of hour's exercise of this kind, nothing was left of the Bill but its title, "that I have not by these observations added to the difficulties of the situation."

"Not at all, not at all," said Old Morality, polite to the last.

After GRANDOLPH'S finished performance, HARCOURT a little heavy. Humour rose to highest level when he alluded to JESSE COLLINGS as "the Member for Three Acres and a Cow." HENRY JAMES deeply offended at levity of HARCOURT'S tone. This last hit too much for him. Rose and quitted House amid hilarious cheers from Parnellites.

"That's the worst of these fellows," said Mr. LEAHY, looking on reflectively from the Bar. "Now they've begun to associate with gentlemen, our company's not good enough for them."

More speeches, including one from PARNELL and another from GLADSTONE. But GRANDOLPH'S speech worth more than a division; so Second Reading of Land Bill passed without challenging one. *Business done.*—Lords read Coercion Bill Second Time, Commons the Land Bill.

"That 's the worst of these fellows."

House of Lords, Friday.—Glad it's all over, and nobody shot. At one time homicide seemed imminent. GRANVILLE, taking note of complaint of absence of Opposition on previous night, skilfully touched a chord of human nature. Explained that he had been present till eight o'clock, an hour which suggested dinner. More than one mouth watered, and a sob of sympathy was heard from Bench where new Peer, formerly known as SCLATER-BOOTH, sat. NORTHBROOK, however, obdurate. Introduced statement, which drew from GRANVILLE quiet remark, "That is not true." NORTHBROOK hotly resumed his seat, as he said, to give GRANVILLE opportunity for explanation. Here was a pretty go! LORD CHANCELLOR, with great presence of mind, adroitly, and apparently accidentally, covered Sword of State under heap of papers. Who could say what might happen if a bloodthirsty eye rested on this fortuitous means of attack? GRANVILLE, cool and self-possessed, repeated his abrupter ejaculations in more delicate, round-about fashion.

"I certainly," he observed, defiantly eyeing NORTHBROOK, "said, as far as my knowledge goes, the statement is inaccurate."

A moment's breathless silence. The offence was repeated, with the added insult of mocking phrase. Would NORTHBROOK ask GRANVILLE to "come outside," or would he swallow the affront? NORTHBROOK looked a moment at the veteran Leader, noted his resolute look, his straightened figure, and the forefinger of his right hand dallying with a corner of a paper containing the Orders of the day, as if he were playing with pistol-trigger. On the whole, he thought he'd change the subject; which he did, to the relief of the excited ring of spectators. *Business done.*—Lords passed two stages of Coercion Bill right off. Commons in Sup'ly.

SIR WILLIAM'S SKETCH OF THE GIPSIES ON THE TREASURY BENCH, JULY 14.

"Gipsies, said the play, disfigured the children they stole in order that they might pass them for their own. (*Laughter.*) The gipsies on the Treasury Bench (*renewed laughter*) stole the Bankruptcy Clauses of the Right Hon. Member for West Birmingham, and disfigured them in order that they might pass them for their own. (*Cheers and laughter.*)"

NEW Novel, dedicated to Dr. JACKSON of New York: *The Coming Man; or, The Lost Hair of the Ages.* By BALDER DASH.

MRS. RAM says, of all uniforms she prefers that of the Horrible Artillery Company.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

A NATURAL anxiety that his pupils should be furnished with as complete a repertory as possible, has prompted *Mr. Punch* to command one of his spare Poets to knock off a little dramatic piece founded (at a respectful distance) upon a famous Transatlantic model. The spare Poet in question—all reluctant as he felt even to appear to be competing with the inimitable—had, as the minion of *Punch* the Peremptory, no option but to obey to the best of his powers. The special merit of the present production will be found in the care with which it has been watered down to suit the capacity of amateurs for whom the original would offer difficulties well-nigh insuperable. This poem is particularly recommended to diffident young ladies with a suppressed talent for recitation. Some on reading it may imagine that its rough but genuine pathos is scarcely adapted to feminine treatment—but wait until you hear some young lady recite it! *Mr. Punch*, for his part, is content to wait for almost any length of time. The Author calls it:—

HASDRUBAL JOPP.

The Reciter is supposed to be in the Strand, facing the audience. As you come on, the idea is that you are suddenly attracted by an advertisement borne by the last of a string of Sandwich-men. You stop him, and begin as follows. By the way, as you are enacting an American, you will of course be careful to speak through your nose, whenever it occurs to you. Now then:—

H'yur, you! bossing them boards—Jess you fetch up a spell!
[*Rough good-nature expressed by forefinger.*
Don't go twitching your cords! (*Impatiently.*) Lemme look at ye well:
(*Genial amusement.*) Why, I'm derned ef ye don't look as skeered as a tortoise growed out of his shell!
What's the style of your show? This yer pictur looks gay:
Why, ye don't tell me so! (*Homely gratification.*) It's a *Murrican* play!
And you mosey along with the posters—wa'al, now, do ye find the job *pay?*
(*With a kindly curiosity.*) Say, what was it—*drink?* As has led to it. . . . Stop!
Wa'al, on'y to *think*—Ef it isn't *his* shop!
This identical theater as hires ye. Hev ye heerd on him?—HASDRUBAL JOPP!
So ye *hev*. I declar! Oh, it's likely the same,
Which I knew him out thar (*indicate the United States by a vague jerk of your thumb*), And I reckon it's *Fame*,
If a broken-down blizzard like you—(No offence!)—kin look *so* at his name!
(*By the word "so" you should suggest a movement of pleased surprise on the part of the Sandwich-man.*)
Can't ye stay for awhile—Till I've opened my head?
So he's bin an' struck ile? Which the same 's what *I* said—
Fur I see him in *Fish outer Water*, and sez I (*sententiously*), "A Tragedian *bred!*"
Yes, I allays allowed, As he must make a hit;
And not at all proud—No, *Sir*—all on him grit! (*Affectionately.*)
Jess you wait till he hears *I'm* around, and you mark the reception I git!
For us two were such chums As ye don't often find.
Lord! the way it all comes Scrouging in on my mind!—
(*Abruptly.*) This dern sun is that pesky an' strong, it's enough for to strike a man blind!
(*Here you should convey the idea that this is a mere excuse for a not unmanly emotion: this is generally done by wiping the eye surreptitiously on the coat-sleeve.*)
A freehandeder cuss Never stepped on a street.
Which he'd raise such a fuss. When we happened to meet—
I could see he'd be hurt in his feelins ef he warn't not allowed to stand treat!
So he's managed to climb To the top of the tree!
[*Homely, unselfish satisfaction.*
But I'll bet every time—Big a boss as he be—
He remembers his pardner in Frisco—Yes, he don't forgit little old Me! [*This proudly, but tenderly.*
(*Here the Sandwich-man is supposed to make some sort of assent. You turn upon him savagely, with an irritation assumed to conceal deep feeling.*)
What on airth do *you* mean? By a' sayin' "*You're* sure
Of it." (*With half recognition.*) Seems like I've seen Those yer features afore! [*Hand to chin, dubiously.*
A mistake? (*Roughly.*) Well then, *you* hold yer hosses, and don't interrup' me no more!
(*The Sandwich-man here makes another attempt to escape; you put out two detaining fingers.*)
Come, you ain't going yet? (*Heartily.*) H'yur, you lem me run on!
Why, we've on'y jest met—And you want to be gone!
I must hev *some* critter, I tell ye, to practise chin-music upon!
No, theer don't seem a doubt—He is cock of the school;
And the stuffing 's knocked out Of your IRVING and TOOLE!
[*Outburst of rapturous exultation.*
Jest, to think o' JOPP busting up BARRETT!—thar, call me a soft-hearted fool!
(*Second emotional display: half turn, and use your handkerchief with ostentation; the Sandwich-man is also affected, which you observe with some surprise.*)
Why, you *air* lookin' queer! Derned ef *I* kin see why!
Sho! you thought 'twas a *tear* As I've got in my eye?
[*Rough shame at your own weakness.*
No, *I* don't take no stock in hydraulics—it's on'y a dod-gasted fly!
[*Resume with a proud anticipation.*
He 'll be chipper an' smart.—But, fur all he has riz,
He will open his heart *And* a bottle of fizz
Right away when he sees me! (*Here you seem to detect a lurking doubt in the Sandwich-man's eye.*) Hightoned, Sir? You 'd better believe that he *is!*
I ain't feared o' no change: JOPP 'll be jest as *true!*
[*Stop abruptly, and stare glassily.*
(*In a husky whisper.*) Blame my cats—but it's strange! (*Take a step backwards.*) What in thunder! . . . JOPP it's—YOU!!!
[*With a shout.*
(*Crestfallen tone.*) So ye 're not *on* the boards, but between 'em!
(*Change to hasty and somewhat confused apology.*) . . . Ye'll excuse *me*—I've suthin' to do!
[*Go off hurriedly, with air of a man recollecting an appointment.*

It is hardly necessary to advise you that the effect you should aim at is the securing of your audience's sympathy for *yourself*—as the victim of such an unfortunate mistake—don't let them trouble themselves about the unseen Sandwich-man.

DR. TANNER'S RECONCILIATORY COUPLET.

THIS the burden of my song—
Love me little, love me, LONG!

DUMB CRAMBO'S SCHOOL-BOOK REVIEW.

THE following book, advertised in Messrs. RIVINGTON'S list, has attracted the attention of our Mr. D. C.:—

A SCHOOL FLORA. For the use of Elementary Botanical Classes. By W. MARSHALL WATTS, D. Sc. (Lond.), B. Sc. (Vict.), Physical Science Master in the Giggleswick Grammar School.

A SCHOOL FLORA (ILLUSTRATED).

The Knock-down Blow.
(One specimen.)

The Birch.
(Second Specimen.)

"The Master of Physical Science."

Giggles-wick Grammar School.

MODERN CRAZES.

(*The Last Thing in Musical Prodigies.*)

"THE BABY BOTTESINI."

DESPATCH WITH ECONOMY.

(*Minutes relative to a Misdirected Telegram, found not a hundred miles from the G.P.O.*)

ORIGINAL TELEGRAM:—

From Lucy to Flutterby, Peacock's Priory, Battersea.

"Ask JACK to dine with us at eight."

First Minute. This Telegram was sent to Peacock's Rest, but there refused as MR. FLUTTERBY was not there. It was re-directed to what was supposed to be his address, "Morton's Repository, Whitechapel." It was again refused. We cannot recover the sixpence.
(*Official Initials.*)

Second Minute. Who re-directed the Telegram, and why was it not paid for before delivery? (*Initials as before.*)

Third Minute. We cannot ascertain the name of the person who re-directed the Telegram, and did not receive the sixpence because the Telegram was never accepted.
(*Initials as before.*)

Fourth Minute. Who sent the Telegram originally? (*Initials as before.*)

Fifth Minute. We have sent an Officer to inquire, and find that LUCY lives in Flower Cottage, Kensingbridge—she is the sender's wife. She says she knows nothing about the telegram. (*Initials as before.*)

Sixth Minute. Cannot the address of the sender be ascertained? (*Initials as before.*)

Seventh Minute. We believe the sender must also live in Flower Cottage, Kensingbridge. Shall we send an Officer to inquire? (*Initials as before.*)

Eighth Minute. An Officer from the Head Office had better be sent. (*Initials as before.*)

Ninth Minute. An Officer from the Head Office has been sent. The sender of the telegram is either out or says he is out. His wife declares she knows nothing about it.
(*Initials as before.*)

Tenth Minute. Has the sender no other address besides Peacock's Priory, Morton's Repository, and Flower House, Kensingbridge? (*Initials as before.*)

Eleventh Minute. What is being done about that missing sixpence? A week since last reply. Its non-payment interferes with the Estimates. (Initials as before.)

Twelfth Minute. Nothing has been don
What can be done? (*Initials as before.*)

Thirteenth Minute. An Officer shou
call upon the sender of the telegram a
demand payment of the sixpence.
(*Initials as before.*)

Fourteenth Minute. An Officer has call
several times, and cannot find the send
in. His wife repeats she knows nothi
about it, and declines to give information
(*Initials as before.*)

Fifteenth Minute. Has the sender
other address? He must pay the sixpenc
Let him be told this. (*Initials as before.*)

Sixteenth Minute. We have found hi
at another address, but he still declines
pay the sixpence, he says he has never r
ceived the telegram. (*Initials as before.*)

Seventeenth Minute. Try again. Let hi
be informed that if he does not pay t
sixpence, no further telegram of his will
directed. (*Initials as before.*)

Eighteenth Minute. He has been told
He says he does not want his messages r
directed. He has not as yet paid the si
pence. (*Initials as before.*)

Nineteenth Minute. Ten days since la
communication. Has that missing sixpen
been recovered? (*Initials as before.*)

Twentieth Minute. No. The sender
the telegram, we believe, has gone abroad
(*Initials as before.*)

Twenty-first Minute. Month since r
ceipt of last information. Has that missi
sixpence been recovered? The sender mu
be asked for it again it is has not been r
ceived. (*Initials as before.*)

Twenty-second Minute. An equivalent
the money due on redirecting the messa
has been recovered. The sender has giv
an Officer of the Department a Fren
franc. (*Initials as before.*)

Twenty-third Minute. Let the Fren
franc be exchanged for English money a
paid into the account of the Departme
Account of expenses to the Department
collecting the sixpence should now be se
(*Initials as before.*)

Final Minute. In compliance with instru
tions, account of expenses incurred
collecting the sixpence will be forward
forthwith. Some time will be required
setting out the details. Being rather lar
it has been considered advisable to send
packet by Parcels Post.
(*Initials as before.*)

JACK'S RESPONSE.

(*Spithead, July* 23, 1887.)

[IN replying to a Naval Deputation wh
waited upon the QUEEN with a Jubilee Alb
and Address, HER MAJESTY said, "she
certain that the Navy would always uphold
honour of the Kingdom."]

RIGHT Royal Lady on the throne!
From stem to starn, from top to kelson,
The British Fleet is all your own,
To-day as in them times of NELSON.
'Twill help you still to rule the wave,
Though swabs may croak and lubb
twaddle;
That Album MILNE our Admiral gave,
Shows many a change in rig and model
But could they hail us at Spithead,
To-day, old DRAKE, or HOWE or HOWA
They'd find the race as never bred,
To scour the brine, traitor or coward.
What the old *Victory* did of old,
The *Ajax* or the *Devastation*
Would dare to-day, and JACK makes bol
In this here year of Jubilation,
To answer to his Sovereign's trust,
Like every British son of ADAM,
('Midst the enthoosiatic bust
Of loud hoorays) *his* "Aye, aye, Madam

MR. PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PARALLELS. No. 1.

LORD CHURCHILL, KNOWN AS GRANDOLPH, AT THE BATTLE OF THE ESTIMATES.

SEEING HIS WAY.

THE *Times* Correspondent at Berlin lately alleged that the cautious and diplomatic attitude of Prince FERDINAND of Coburg had somewhat damped the enthusiasm of the deputation that waited on him to offer him the Bulgarian Throne. The following are a few of the "posers" that His Serene Highness is said to have put to the delegates on the occasion in question.

What sort of a place is Sofia? Does the climate resemble that of Hampstead, will it support two Italian Operas in the Season, can it boast an Underground Railway, and does it contain any respectable agent for the sale of Turkish cigarettes?

Does the Palace want repapering? Does it contain a throne, regalia, and other royal appurtenances, left by the late tenant; and, if not, could the deputation recommend any local emporium where these and other suitable and necessary things could be temporarily secured at advantageous terms on the three years' hire system?

Will the Royal Salary touch £300 a year, and will it be paid regularly in cash, and not in promissory notes at uncertain intervals? Will the great Sobranje vote an additional sum to the civil list for boot-cleaning and the expenses of a weekly charwoman for the Royal household? Will the Prince's cab-hire, on the occasion of his attending Official banquets, be forthcoming from the same source?

Will the National party raise any objection to the Prince counting five Russian Generals among the members of his Cabinet, as a slight means of securing the amiable consideration of the CZAR?

In the event of a sudden night *émeute* threatening the stability of the throne, would it be the business of the Prime Minister to arouse the Prince, bring him his boots and shaving-water, and, providing him with a trick-wig and comic disguise, point out to him briefly in a local *Bradshaw* the best available trains starting before dawn for the frontier?

Finally, if the Prince consented to accept the throne, and hired his crown and coronation-robes from a well-known costumier's for the occasion, would the great Sobranje defray the cost, or, if with a view to the situation being a permanency, he could secure them at the price of second-hand goods, would they be prepared to come to some arrangement for their purchase?

A GROWING INDUSTRY.—Market-Gardening.

PRODDING THEM ON.

Times (loquitur—to S-l-sb-ry and B-lf-r). "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? YOU'VE GOT YOUR WEAPON; USE IT. OR, IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL CATCH IT FROM ME!"

AN EPITAPH

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE EGYPTIAN CONVENTION.
IT WAS AN ILL-STARRED INSTRUMENT,
CONCEIVED IN DOUBT, MATURED IN PERPLEXITY,
AND
COMPLETED IN CONSTERNATION,
IT WAS ULTIMATELY DRAFTED WITH THE IMMEDIATE BUT
AMUSING EFFECT OF
SENDING THE DUC DE MONTEBELLO INTO HYSTERICS,
CAUSING AN ICY INDIFFERENCE ON THE PART OF M. NELIDOFF,
AND
INDUCING THE SULTAN TO SING
ONCE AND FOR ALL STRAIGHT OFF
AN ENTIRE ENCORE VERSE OF
"OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!"
THUS
HAPPILY AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME
HAVING FULFILLED THE TRIPLE PURPOSE
OF
RAISING THE PASSING SMILE OF DIPLOMATIC EUROPE,
THROWING SIR H. DRUMMOND WOLFF INTO A CONDITION OF
"ANIMATED EXPECTANCY,"
AND
COSTING THE BRITISH TAX-PAYER £28,000 STERLING,
TO THE PERMANENT ASTONISHMENT OF ITS AUTHOR,
THE SMOTHERED SATISFACTION OF THE SUBLIME PORTE,
AND THE GENERAL REJOICING OF THE EGYPTIAN BOND-HOLDER,
IT RETURNED AT LENGTH TO THIS COUNTRY,
UNCRUMPLED, BUT UNSIGNED,
TO BE RELEGATED COMICALLY, BUT EFFECTUALLY,
TO A WASTE-PAPER BASKET AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE,
FROM WHICH IT IS THE DEVOUT HOPE OF THOUGHTFUL POLITICIANS,
THE SETTLED VERDICT OF PUBLIC OPINION,
AND
THE DETERMINED RESOLUTION OF LORD SALISBURY,
THAT ITS SHATTERED FRAGMENTS
SHALL NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES,
AGAIN EMERGE.

Foul is Fair.

(*A Parliamentary Song of Sixpence.*)

THE Irish M.P.'s, who are born to the manner,
Can't see any harm in the language of TANNER.
In war for ould Ireland they boldly declare
That the course they pursue is quite (Donnybrook) fair;
And with joy each impulsive Milesian howler
Cries, "If 'TANNER' be foul, there's 'BOB' that is FOWLER."
But Stooping to Conquer is always their plight;
Sir ROBERT'S, at worst, the Mistakes of a Knight.

THE GREAT THIRST LAND.

WHY, in this clever age,
So "point-device,"
Is there no beverage
Cool, cheap, and nice?
It's safe to rile ye,
Dog-days being here,
When you're charged highly
For iced ginger-beer.

Who can be placid
When sixpence is paid
For sweet citric acid
Dubbed lemonade?
Is there no substitute
Which we may quaff
For tea with milk dilute,
Or shandy-gaff?

A sheer abuse is
Ice joined to beer;
Our gastric juices
Hate it, and fear;
Half-pint-partakers,
When weather's hot,
Barons or bakers,
All go to pot.

Should spirits tempt you,
Need it be said
Nought can exempt you
From a racked head,
Just like poor SISERA?
Soda's a snare?
Milk clogs the viscera;
Of "fizz" beware!

Brandy each new nipper
Maketh go mad;
Juice of the juniper,
You're berry bad!
Now that so many men
Counsel "Abstain!"
It's *rum* that any men
Drink to their bane.

In this heat tropical,
He's a true friend
Who, philanthropical,
Bids our thirst end.
Will no inventor
Try a new shot?
Here our hopes centre:
Who is our WATT?

Our British livers
Don't care a rap
For "corpse-revivers,"—
A nauseous tap!
Drink for the Million!
Nor dear or heady;
Bring me a chilly one—
But none is ready!

THE COURT CIRCULAR.

THE Levée held by Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, on Friday night, was numerously attended. Excellent specimens of Mr. PINERO's work were presented in the first Acts of the recent Court successes—to wit, *The Schoolmistress*, *Dandy Dick*, and *The Magistrate*. Mr. CLAYTON made an excellent speech, which was enthusiastically applauded, and Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Miss NORREYS received special calls. After a brief interval, during which Court favour will be extended to King William Street, Strand, a more spacious palace will be erected for the reception of Courtiers in Chelsea, where a new Comedy, by Mr. PINERO, will be presented. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, though retiring from managerial cares, will, when the new Theatre is finished, undertake what would be a difficult task for anybody else, to fill his usual place on the boards.

MAGAZINE TITLE (*applicable to the Police Station where Miss Cass was temporarily locked up*).—"*Cass-cells.*"

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXIX.—A LADY DRAMATIST.

"You must do it at a *Matinée*," said her little crowd of five o'clock tea-visitors, "and get Mr. ELLISTON DRURY to play the Roman Poet."

One of the company was in earnest. Miss ELMIRA JENKS believed in her hostess and friend. The others thought it "fun" to "egg on" Miss DE GONCOURT to make herself ridiculous.

"And why not take the part of the heroine yourself, dear?—nobody in all your intellectual set recites so well. Why not act in your own Tragedy—how delightful it would be!"

"But you forget," said the Lady Dramatist, pouring out for her friend a fresh cup of tea from a delicious specimen of Nankin blue into an equally artistic cup of Oriental white. "You forget that I am thirty."

On the contrary, their memories were excellent.

"Thirty-five, if she's a day," was the silent verdict; aloud, it ran thus:—"My dear, a woman is no older than she looks. You are twenty-five, and, in the classic dress of the Roman Maiden, you will appear twenty—not a day older."

"You are very kind," she said; "but flattery is pleasant when it encourages one's dearest hopes."

"We do not flatter—we speak as critics, and friends," they replied.

Mr. ELLISTON DRURY, the new Tragedian of the Parthenon Theatre, who had come from the Provinces to astonish London, was the only Actor who had given Miss DE GONCOURT any real encouragement to persevere in the direction to which her ambition pointed; but he was full of sympathy, and knew what it was himself to fight against prejudice, not to say conspiracy. He had literally hewn his way through the ranks of his opponents to the position he now held at the Parthenon. It was not a very high position, it was true, but he had been seen and heard; and the future was before him.

Similarly, he had argued, in the interests of Dramatic Art, Miss DE GONCOURT must fight her way. He used the aggressive verb metaphorically, of course, and in its moral sense; but he meant it to imply all that was fearless in the conduct of an earnest woman conscious of her literary and dramatic power—she must fight her way! It had fallen to his lot to read many original Dramas, but among all the unacted works of his time, none were so full of promise as Miss DE GONCOURT'S *Before the Dawn*. He could wish himself no better fortune than the opportunity of creating the leading *rôle* at a West End Theatre.

Miss DE GONCOURT hung upon the music of his words. At least such was her confession to Miss ELMIRA JENKS, her admirer and satellite, (every dramatic student has a human satellite, or a confiding dog, and the latter is generally the most constant) who agreed with her that in Art, sympathy is everything.

Miss DE GONCOURT may be said to have served an amateur apprenticeship to the art of the playwright; it had begun at school with Charades; it had progressed through several seasons of amateur theatricals; it had culminated in five Acts of blank verse; and apart from the epistolary appeals that had been made to London Managers, to save the reputation of native modern dramatists by its immediate production, Miss ELMIRA JENKS had discussed the work in a certain lady's journal, to which she contributed, assuring the world that *Before the Dawn* was worthy of the noblest efforts of dramatic poetry. Miss DE GONCOURT was also put forward as an honour to womanhood, having preferred the higher life of Art to the lower mission of Matrimony; and all that she and her friends now desired, was a fitting opportunity for the demonstration of the integrity of her ambition, which was to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. INCHBALD, JOANNA BAILLIE, and other distinguished lady dramatists. Miss DE GONCOURT was a spinster and an orphan, with a settled income of three hundred and fifty pounds a year; and she sat in her little Bedford Park study from day to day, with a pen in her hand, and a smile on her lips, a smile of hope and confidence.

It was a dainty room, with a grey dimity dado, that marked off a few old engravings of poetic and dramatic subjects. The overmantel was green and white, with busts of SHAKSPEARE, SHELLEY, JOAN OF ARC, and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, upon its little shelves. There were bookcases and cabinets here and there, containing favourite authors and relics of great actresses, such as hair-pins used by HELEN FAUCIT, a shoestring belonging to RACHEL, and a brooch which had been worn by Mrs. SIDDONS. Had not these geniuses, watched, waited and suffered? Then what right had she to be impatient? It must have been a sweet nature that could philosophise thus in face of an entire cabinet of rejected plays, bound in white morocco, emblematic of their purity, though destined, it might be, to revolutionise the present frivolous stage as soon as the production of *Before the Dawn* should send both actors and managers to their author's door ravenous for the right to give her other works to an astonished and delighted public.

This day of triumph might be nearer than either friends or scoffers anticipated. Mr. ELLISTON DRURY had taken a warm interest in her work; had indorsed the advice she had received to try *Before the Dawn* at a *Matinée*; had consented to play the leading character; and, what was more interesting still, had volunteered to coach her in the part of the heroine, if she was willing to impersonate that poetic and self-sacrificing creation. Miss DE GONCOURT was willing to place herself in the hands of Mr. ELLISTON DRURY; Miss DE GONCOURT did place herself in his hands; and oh the rapture of hearing her words read to the assembled company of "Artistes" in the Green Room of the Parthenon Theatre on the day when the parts were distributed! The delight of those first rehearsals! She felt so much at home on the Stage, that she began to dream of a pre-existence in which she had been a priestess of Art, somewhat after the manner of her Roman girl who, crowned with a poisoned diadem, was sacrified in the Temple, but to live again with the gods in a sublimated world of song. Mr. ELLISTON DRURY accompanied her to the train after each rehearsal, and paid her so much homage, that she began to associate him in her tender feminine mind with the Roman youth for whose love she was martyred at the shrine; and, long before the eventful morning came, Mr. ELLISTON DRURY (who had received a fortnight's notice at the Parthenon, but still had the future all before him) had made up his mind to hang up his hat, for good, in the æsthetic little hall of the DE GONCOURT inside the blue-and-white palings of the Bedford Park Estate.

"Was it not a success, then, *Before the Dawn*?" Ask the ring of authors, the conspirators, the tribe of envy, hatred, and malice assembled on that memorable occasion to crush the new authoress. Ask the leading actors, who had always dreaded the day when Mr. ELLISTON DRURY should play a star part in a Metropolitan Theatre. No, Ladies and Gentlemen, *Before the Dawn* was a failure. Certain prominent critics were suborned to say so; and one of them, more cruel than the rest, declared that all the humorous range of modern Burlesque did not supply a reminiscence so positively comic as the scene in which the Roman Maiden, staggering under her poisoned crown (which would fall into an irresistibly funny angle with the Actress's un-Roman nose), hurled back upon TIBERIUS CÆSAR the curse of the avenging gods.

But they have a consolation, the Lady Dramatist and her illustrious husband (he did hang up his hat, and his coat, he had little else to move from his garret in the Strand), in having possibly found a more useful field of duty than that of an active participation in the work before the footlights. It has been sarcastically, and we believe wrongfully asserted by a Tory Earl that critics are men who have failed as authors; but a similar calumny has been perpetrated by Miss ELMIRA JENKS (whose satelliteship came to a violent end with the marriage of her bright particular star to Mr. ELLISTON DRURY) who has not hesitated to declare in her unscrupulous paper that the modern teachers of elocution are ladies and gentlemen who have failed as actors and actresses. Mr. and Mrs. ELLISTON DRURY nevertheless pursue the even tenor of their way; their elocution classes are well attended; Mrs. DRURY'S afternoons never lack interesting visitors; and her husband's occasional Shakspearian recitals at Hammersmith and Putney, inspire the local critics with eloquent expressions of regret that the degenerate condition of the stage should condemn so rare an actor to the drawing-room and the platform.

Mr. ELLISTON DRURY finds this a sufficient balm for his bruised soul; and his admiring wife declares that walking along the vale of life hand in hand with ELLISTON, is after all bliss enough, without the added and questionable joy of being a popular Lady Dramatist.

"THE SATURDAY REVIEW" AT SPITHEAD.—Our Special's account is too late for this week. He went away on Friday last, and was last seen on board the new P. & O. ship *Victoria*. Wire just received says, "Steamed through Fleet in tug. Tender reminiscences. Big guns everywhere. We're the biggest. Salutations." That's all!

MRS. R. says she is glad her nephew became a good horseman before he was called to the Bar, as he is always now going on Circus.

FELINE AMENITIES.

TWO CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Mrs. de Vere Jones (rushing up to Mrs. Stanley Brown, whom she hates). "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR LADY WRYMOUTH?"
[*Lady Wrymouth is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Peerage!*

Mrs. Stanley Brown. "VERY WELL, THANKS, DEAR MRS. CORMORAN. HOW ARE YOU?"
[*Mrs. Cormoran is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Empire!*

MAKING IT EASY;

OR, THE SHOEMAKER AND THE CONSIDERATE CUSTOMER.

Shoemaker . . Lord S-L-SB-RY. *Customer* . . Lord H-RT-NGT-N.

Customer. H-o-w-o-u-g-h!!!

Shoemaker (*solicitously*). Beg pardon, m'Lord! Hurt you, m'Lord?

Customer. Hurt? I should think it did, indeed.

Shoemaker. Very strange, m'Lord. 'Tother one seems to fit you to a nicety. (*Aside.*) Fancied *that* might be a tight fit now.

Customer. Humph! I can make shift with that. But this won't do at all. Tight across the instep and pinches the toes awfully. (*Aside.*) Hang it! it's a beastly bad fit everyway; but that it wouldn't suit to me change just now, I'd throw the confounded things on his hands and go elsewhere.

Shoemaker (*aside*). He looks grumpy; I must mind my eye, or I shall lose his custom. And that wouldn't suit my books a bit—just now. (*Aloud.*) Awfully sorry, I'm sure, m'Lord. We must try again.

Customer. You ought to have got the measure of my foot better than this, especially when I handed you my old lasts.

Shoemaker. Well, m'Lord, you see, you've a bit—ahem!—*outgrown* 'em like, don't you see, m'Lord?

Customer. Outgrown them? What do you mean? Feet don't *grow* at my time of life.

Shoemaker (*aside*). How shall I put it so as not to huff him? Bunions *are* a growth; so are corns—of a kind. (*Aloud.*) Why, m'Lord, I think—I—a—fancy your last pair—Gladstone highlows they were—weren't they?—trying shoes for tender feet, m'Lord—must have been just a trifle too small, and—ahem!—compressed your feet a little, *at the joints*, m'Lord.

Customer (*aside*). By Jove, he's right. G.'s tight fits have galled me for some time past, and the last pair he made me I simply couldn't get on. (*Aloud.*) Hang it, man, what has that to do with it? *Your business* is to fit my feet as they are. If you can't do it——

Shoemaker (hastily). Can't, m'Lord? No such word in our shop, *d. I flatter myself we could fit the biggest* beetle-crusher ever bunion'd into the shape of a giant potato or a Californian nugget. Much more *your* shapely foot, m'Lord, which, if it has been nubblyfied a leetle by misfits, will soon recover its proper proportions—under proper treatment.

Customer. Well, off with this boot, anyhow. You'll have to make it longer and wider, ease it here and slacken it there, before *I* can wear it.

Shoemaker. Very good, m'Lord. (*Aside.*) Doosed imperative, but I can't afford to offend him. Though I never expected an old-established high-class firm like ours would have stooped to tout for any of botching G.'s old customers. There's Mr. JOSEPH BRUMMAGEM, now, fancy my having to kneel at *his* feet, and take *his* measure! More particular than this one, if anything, and puts him up to half his objections, I believe. Well, well, trade's bad, and we mustn't be too scrupulous, I suppose. Besides, some of G.'s old customers seem drifting back to the old shop we thought was just about shutting up, and that won't do at any price.

Customer (*irritably*). What are you muttering and murmuring about?

Shoemaker. Murmuring, m'Lord? Oh dear no, m'Lord. Not at all, m'Lord. Quite *the* contrary. I was only blessing that there G. for spoiling the Trade as he has done. Brought us down from Wellingtons, and even his own smartly cut Oxonians to borough Bluchers and rustic highlows; and now wants to set a new fashion all on a sudden, and make us all take to his confounded badly cut Irish brogues. Yah! Chaps like G. ought to be boycotted—ahem!—I mean Primrose-Leagued out of the profession. Wonder any gentleman can condescend to deal with him. Now, *my* customers, as your friend Mr. JOSEPH kindly acknowledged t'other day, are gentlemen to a man, and for cut, style, finish and polish, I *will* say——

Customer. Oh, yes, no doubt. But the point just at present, my good fellow, is *fit*. If you miss that you miss all.

Shoemaker (*eagerly*). Oh, have no fear on that account, m'Lord. Elastic's the word, m'Lord. We've any number of different trees, and our leather is warranted to stretch to any extent. We'll even alter our favourite old-fashionable cut to suit such customers as *you!*

MAKING IT EASY.

SHOEMAKER (*most accommodating*). "THE OTHER FITS ALL RIGHT, M'LORD,—THIS ONE WAS A BIT TIGHT,—BUT NOW I'VE EASED IT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WEAR IT WITH PERFECT COMFORT. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE YOUR CUSTOM, M'LORD!"

Customer. Thanks. The fashion *is* changing a little, I fear. I don't want to leave you, and I won't go back to G.—if I can help it. If his brogue should become the vogue—but there, it's shocking to think of it. Give us a decent fit which we can wear in public without reproach, and we'll stick to you. But how about this boot?

Shoemaker (with effusion). Oh, we'll alter it to *any* extent, to suit your taste, m'Lord, though it isn't exactly the cut upon which our House has always prided itself. There! It *was* a bit tight, but now I've eased it you'll be able to wear it with perfect comfort. We can't afford to lose *your* custom, m'Lord!

'ARRY ON ANGLING.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, my arty, and 'ow does this Summer suit *you?*
Selp me never, old pal, it's a scorcher! *I* lap lemon-squosh till all's blue,
And then feel as dry as a dust-bin. Want all SPIERS and POND'S upon trust,
For it do make a 'ole in the ochre to deal with a true first-class thust.

But it's proper, dear boy, yus it's proper, this weather is, took on the 'ole,
And for 'oliday outings and skylarks it sets a chap fair on the roll.
Where d'yer think as I spent my last bust up? I know you'd be out of the 'unt
If you guessed for a 'ole month o' Sundays. I passed it, old pal, *in a punt!*

"O Walker!" sez you, "that's 'is gammon!" No, CHARLIE, it's righteous, dear boy.
It's quite true that to chivvy Thames hanglers is jest what we used to enjoy.
Rekerlek that old buffer at Richmond, and 'ow we shoved foul of his swim,
And lost him a middlin'-sized barbel and set his straw tile on the skim?

Hangling isn't my mark, that's a moral, and fishermen mostly is fools;
To chaff 'em and tip 'em the kibosh is one of my reglarest rules;
And it ain't our sort only as does it, you take the non-anglers all round,
An you'll find that in potting the puntist they're 'ARRIES right down to the ground.

All our chicest stock-jokes and pet patter they mops up, like mugs as they are,
For they *might* cut their own chaff, eh, CHARLIE? not borrow it all from the bar.
But I've seen little toffs in white weskits a slinging *our* lingo to rights,
About colds, and cock-salmons, and shop 'uns; it's one of the rummiest sights.

Of course they all trot out SAM JOHNSON; you know the fine crusted old wheeze.
I chucked it one day at a cove as lay stretched at the foot of some trees.
"Fool at one end and worm at the other"? sez he. "Ah! that's neat, and *so* new,
And as you seem to be worm *and* fool, one may say 'extremes meet,' Sir, in *you.*"

'Owsomever *I've* 'ad a day's 'ooking at last, and it wasn't arf bad.
You know since I turned Primrose Leaguer I've mixed with the Toppers, my lad;
And one on 'em, pal of the Prince, I believe, got JACK JOLTER a pass
For some fine preserved waters; no pay, mate, and everythink fixed up fust-class.

JACK arsked me and BELL BONSOR to jine him, and seein' it didn't mean tin,
And the 'ole thing seemed swell, with good grubbing and lots o' prime lotion chucked in.
I was "on" like a shot. BELL's a bloomer, and JACK, though a bit of a jug,
Is too long in the purse to let slip; so the game looked all proper and snug.

JACK's a straw-thatched young joker in gig-lamps, good-natured, and nuts on the sport.
He turns up with four rods and two bait-cans, and tackle of every dashed sort.
Such rum-looking gimcracks, my pippin; lines coiled up in boxes and books,
And live-bait, and worms all a-wriggle, and big ugly bunches of 'ooks.

I was a'most afraid to set down, for the things seemed all over the shop,
And BELL she kep startin' and squeakin', a-settin' me fair on the 'op;
Fust a fish as dabbed flop on her 'at, then a 'ook as got snagged in 'er skirt,
It was one blessed squork all the time, mate, though nothink much 'appened to 'urt.

Pooty spot; sort o' lake green and windin', with nice quiet "swims" all about.
Though I must say *I* missed the Thames gammocks, the snide comic song, and the shout.
No larks at the locks, no collisions, no landings for lotion, you know,
And, but for Miss BELL and the bottle, it might a bin jest a bit slow.

But the prog was A 1, and no kid. Though JACK stuck to his tackle like wax,
BELL and me was soon stodging like winkles; that gal *did* make play with the snacks.
"*Strike!*" cries JACK—"you've a *bite!*" "Yes, I know it," sez I, with my mouth full of 'am.
"Wot do *you* think, Miss B.?"—and she larfed till 'er cheeks went like raspberry jam.

JOLTER looked jest a mossel disgusted, and turned a bit rusty, for *him,*
When we made the punt rock in our romps, which he said was "disturbing the swim."
And when he had hooked a fine perch, and Miss BELL made a dash at the line,
And the fish flobbered back with a flop, JACK's escape from a cuss cut it fine.

Then he pulled in his "trimmer," and, scissors! a jolly big jack came aboard,
Wich flopped round us, and showed his sharp teeth, till Miss BONSOR went pasty, and roared.
Reg'lar shark; made a grab at my pants when I tried to cut in to BELL's 'aid;
And I'm blowed if she didn't turn raspy, and chaff me for being *afraid.*

THE CONVENTIONAL MISSIONARY WHO COULDN'T CONVERT THE SULTAN.

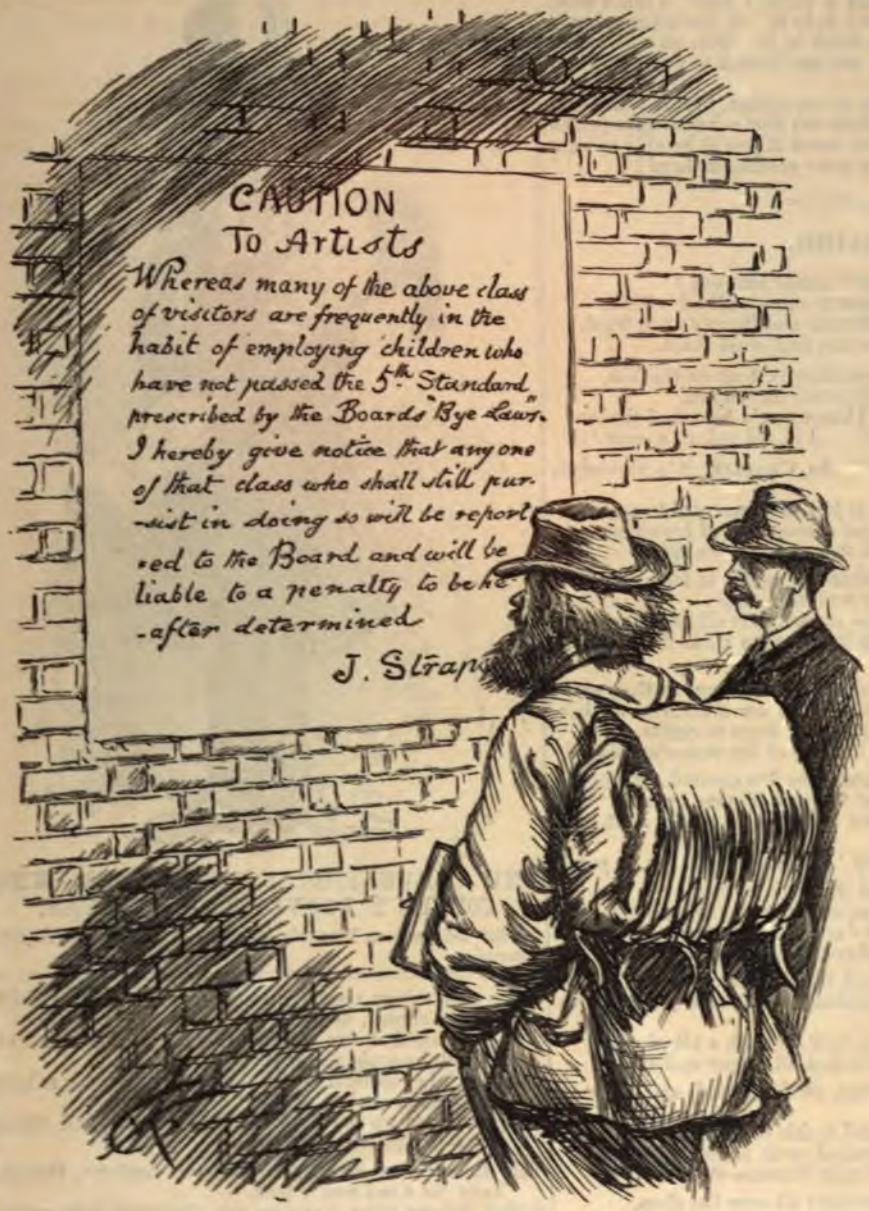
"Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF'S Mission is at an end."—*Papers generally.*

Arter this things appeared to go quisby; BELL's skirt 'ad got slimed, dontcher see,
And she vowed it was spiled, while JACK looked jest as though he could scrumplicate me.
So sez I, "Let us turn up this barney, and toddle ashore for some grub;"
And we pulled up the stone and the hanchor, and made a bee-line for our pub.

The dinner soon smoothed down our feathers, though JACK 'ad a sad sort o' look.
Selfish fellows these hanglers are, CHARLIE, they carn't keep their heye off the 'ook.
Bless yer 'art, 'cos we struck arter dinner, and chucked up the perch for a spree, [as blue as could be.
And took a turn round, me a pulling, that JACK looked
'Owsomever we chaffed 'im a good 'un. Miss BELL and yours truly got thick,
Wen I told 'er 'er lips wos true "spoon"-bait, *she* twigged wot I meant pooty quick.
"Oh, I carn't abide anglers," she whispered, "they 're flabby and cold like their fish,
'Ow I wish JACK would jest sling 'is 'ook, and leave hus,—well, *you* know wot I wish."

"Oh, I 'm fly, dear," sez I, with a 'ug. So I nobbled the Guard with a tip, [JOLTER the slip.
And we managed to nip in fust-class, and so gave Master
It give 'im the needle in course, being left in the lurch in this way, [true dasher to say?
But the petticoats know wot is wot, and so wot's your
JACK 'as cut me since then at the "Primrose Club," bust 'im! *I* don't care a toss; [Ross.
Your angler is *always* a juggins, so *he*'s r
BELL BONSOR is mashed on me proper, and
to marry,—
But *if* there 's a fish as ain't ea

Yours art



"MODEL" LEGISLATION.

Wandering Student to his Companion, after reading Poster). "'CLASS OF VISI——' WELL, I'M—— WHAT ARE THE ARTS IN THIS COUNTRY COMING TO, JIMMEY!!" [*Exeunt depressed.*

THE COUNTRY-COUSIN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. So you have conscientiously done the Jubilee?

Answer. Certainly. For the last month I have scarcely ever been to bed.

Q. Why? *A.* Somehow I have not retired to rest before it has been time to get up.

Q. Did you go to the Abbey?

A. That I did! Most touching! Shall never forget——

Q. Thank you. I think I can supply as much as you want of that sort of thing. I will not trouble you for any descriptions. Were you at the Guildhall Ball?

A. I was, and saw all the foreign Royalties.

Q. How did the LORD MAYOR get through it?

A. On the whole, well; although the Remembrancer, in a full-bottomed wig, rushing about, in a very energetic fashion, was suggestive of *Fusbos* in *Bombastes Furioso*.

Q. Were you at the Royal Academy *Soirée*?

A. Certainly. It was a very large gathering.

Q. And who did you see there?

A. The same persons as those I had noticed in the Abbey.

Q. And they were—— *A.* The persons I had seen at the Reform Club Ball.

Q. And they? *A.* Were subsequently found at the Inner Temple Ball, the Gray's Inn *Maske*, and the laying of the foundation-stone of the Institute.

Q. Was the Maske of Flowers a success? *A.* A very great success; but it was all I could do to keep awake—I was so dead beat—in the Gray's Inn grounds at the Garden Party afterwards.

Q. And the Volunteer Review—how did you like that?

A. Oh, splendid! Nearly thirty thousand men all marching past.

Q. And the Review at Aldershot?

A. Magnificent! Nearly seventy thousand men marching past.

Q. Did they all pass you?

A. Yes, all. They took three hours or more in doing it. They were all alike. Seventy thousand men, all alike, for three hours. It was deeply interesting.

Q. Did you see the QUEEN?

A. I saw where she was, but HER MAJESTY was concealed from view by the Long Valley dust.

Q. Did you go to the Lincoln's Inn Garden Party?

A. To meet Lord HERSCHELL, his friends, and the Prince and Princess? Certainly. It differed from other Garden Parties in having in the grounds a sort of bath containing a fountain, ducks, and (to the best of my belief) turtles.

Q. Have you been to many Garden Parties?

A. Oh yes, to a large number. I have been to nineteen with Indian Princes complete, and two without.

Q. Did you go to the Naval Review?

A. Oh yes; in the middle of the night. I came back before the dawn on the following morning.

Q. Was it very beautiful?

A. Very—what I could see of it.

Q. What did you see of it?

A. Not much.

Q. Have you done anything else?

A. I have been in a chronic state of dinners, balls, operas, laying of foundation-stones, fireworks, and marches past.

Q. Are you at all confused?

A. So much confused, that I have just head enough left to try, in a feeble manner, to get back to the country.

Q. And if you do get back to the country, when shall you again visit town?

A. Well, it is my impression, not just immediately!

SIDONIAN SHAKSPEARE.

IN a deep and dark recess, among the sepulchral chambers of Sidon, on a splendid Sarcophagus in black stone, the delvers of the Palestine Exploration Committee lately discovered an ancient Phœnician inscription, which has been translated in a Beyreut newspaper as follows:—

"I, TALNITE, Priest of Astarte, and King of Sidon, son of ESHMUNAZAR, Priest of Astarte, and King of Sidon, lying in this tomb, say:—Come not to open my tomb; there is here neither gold, nor silver, nor treasure. He who will open this tomb shall have no prosperity under the sun, and shall not find repose in the grave."

If the explorers who unearthed TALNITE'S epitaph had been able to read it, they might have been fit to shake in their shoes; only that no Archæologist now makes any bones whatever of rifling an ancient tomb. Hereafter, perhaps, the Australian emissary of a British Exploration Fund will not be deterred by a commination similar to the foregoing from opening the tomb of SHAKSPEARE, and perhaps removing both that Sarcophagus and its contents, should he find any remaining, to a Melbourne Museum.

THE OTHER "G. O. M."—G. OSBORNE MORGAN. ("Mr. G." must copyright the initials.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, July 18.—Pretty incident in Lords to-night. Debate on Third Reading of Coercion Bill. In middle of proceedings DENMAN remembered four other lines for quotation from late Lord HOUGHTON'S poems. Last time he recited from this source the reporters, as he complained, had not reproduced the quotation. Evidently in strong force in Gallery to-night; working away at high pressure. Now the time, or never. So DENMAN rose and began—

"My name is NORVAL——"

Unfortunately GRANVILLE rose at same moment. Didn't seem at all interested in further biographical details, and recurred to Coercion Bill. DENMAN not to be turned aside.

"——On the Grampian hills,"

he continued; whereupon the Markiss rose and moved formal Resolution that GRANVILLE be heard.

Evidently some misunderstanding; but DENMAN too polite to insist on pushing himself forward; resumed his seat, and patiently awaited conclusion of GRANVILLE'S speech. Thereupon promptly rose again, and approached the table. So did the Markiss, and the two Statesmen stood and glared at each other across the table.

"My name——" DENMAN began.

"My Lords," said the Markiss.

"Order! order!" shouted the Peers. Then GRANVILLE remembered what the Markiss had done for him in similar circumstances, and, interposing, moved that the Markiss be heard. House agreed, and *Norval*, retiring from the Grampian hills, withdrew to the Lowlands by the Bar.

In Commons GRANDOLPH turned up in his favourite character as Economist. Crammed to the moustache. Figures which he rattled out show that First Lord and Board of Admiralty are spendthrifts. Quite a marvellous store of learning, which hampered HAMILTON, baffled BERESFORD, riled REED and flurried FORWOOD.

This, the serious business of the sitting, prefaced by a privilege case which of course attracted much more attention. LONG complained that on addressing TANNER in Lobby after debate of Friday, Member for Mid-Cork had turned upon him and abused him in coarsest language. Old Morality moved that TANNER be suspended for a month. Many Members of opinion that O. M. need not have been so precise. As they *were* hanging him up, a month or two more or less would make no difference. Others laid the blame on LONG, who opened the conversation.

"If a man touches pitch he must expect to be defiled," said Lady PARKER, gyrating coquettishly in the Lobby. SEXTON moved ad-

DR. SPEAKER BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG PARLIAMENTARY FRIENDS.

GIVING IT THEM ALL ROUND.

journment of debate till Thursday. In course of speech fell upon GENT-DAVIS standing at Bar, "smiling," as SEXTON bitterly said, "in such a superior manner." Finding a head there, SEXTON brought down shillelagh on it. Suddenness of assault took away G.-D.'s breath. Very indignant when he recovered.

"What business had he to attack me?" he asked. "I'll interpolate the SPEAKER, and see if this, too, isn't a Breach of Privilege."

Business done.—Supply.

"If a man touches pitch," &c.

Tuesday.—Seems TANNER not the only Member who has been "saying things" in the Lobby. Alderman FOWLER accused of having sinned in a similar way against HOWELL. Irish Members gleefully taken up case. SEXTON gave notice that on Thursday, when Motion for suspension of TANNER comes on, he will move that FOWLER be also suspended for a month. "They can go away together for a month in the country," TIM HEALY says; "or might take a trip to Norway. Anyhow, they'll be able to pair for the remainder of the Session."

FOWLER makes light of the threat, but not at all a pleasant thing. Parliamentary life, as a whole, getting rather a weariness to the flesh. Only the other day he was sat upon in connection with the manufacture of bogus petitions, now is to be brought up for using bad language in the Lobby. Wishe he'd been made a Jubilee Peer.

After questions, gallant little Wales came up, piping its eye. Thirty-one men been arrested in connection with Tithe Riots near Ruthin. Government, having got into swing in Ireland, proposed to change the *venue*, and try prisoners by Special Jury. ELLIS moved Adjournment in order to protest. Backed up by OSBORNE MORGAN, HARCOURT, DILLWYN, and others. On other side, ATTORNEY-GENERAL justified course taken, and SOLICITOR-GENERAL declared OSBORNE MORGAN's speech "a scandal to the House of Commons." Idea of OSBORNE MORGAN creating a scandal shocked the House; CLARKE obliged to withdraw remark, and apologise.

"Scandalous!"

Gem of the evening was SWETENHAM's speech. Delightful the ease and fluency with which he pronounced such words as Llanymrech and Llansaintfraid, and others guiltless of a vowel. Delicious the way in which he ogled OSBORNE MORGAN, slily insinuating his intimate knowledge of the criminal classes. What with his remarks, and the accusation of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, House began to think there was more in OSBORNE MORGAN than met the eye, and that it had, unawares, been nursing a viper in its bosom.

Business done.—Supply.

Thursday.—Dr. TANNER and Alderman FOWLER both in their places at Question Time. First business on paper was Adjourned Debate on Old Morality's Motion to suspend TANNER for a month. SEXTON gave notice to haul up the Alderman on charge similar to that which hung over meek head of TANNER. TANNER in apologetic mood, but the Alderman defiant. In course of debate HOWELL, alleged victim of Alderman's minatory observations, attempted to introduce the subject. TANNER debate been on for hour and half; began to flag a little. Time seemed opportune for serving up the Alderman. But SPEAKER peremptorily interposed, and would have none of it. Sufficient for the day was the TANNER thereof, and so the Alderman, a pillar of the Church, a mainstay of the State, must go down to posterity under charge of having used naughty words in the Lobby.

TANNER episode proved lively enough. TANNER apologised for language used to WALTER LONG, and duly expressed his regret. All eyes turned upon Old Morality. Expected, as Leader of House, to interpose, and bring unsavoury proceedings to swift close—and so, let us go to business. But O. M. let LONG slip in with correction of TANNER's version of what had passed. Squabbled for half-an-hour *as to what had* really been said. House got its back up. Opportunity for controlling it passed. Storm grew higher as moments slipped by. HARCOURT in his element, thumping the table and shouting at top of his voice in effort, sometimes vain, to make himself heard amid clamour on opposite benches. Finally, WHITBREAD appealed to SPEAKER to give his opinion. This awkward for SPEAKER, who must needs offend one or other of angry parties. Acquitted himself admirably. With infinite tact expressed his opinion that, as contended from Opposition Benches, TANNER's apology "formal, distinct, and unreserved." Rather a snub this for Old Morality and HARTINGTON, who had backed him up. But decision unanimously accepted, and the smile which BIGWOOD reported he had "seen on the countenance of Dr. TANNER" when first addressed in Lobby by LONG, returned.

"We've lost two hours' precious time!"

"We've lost two hours' precious time," said KENNAWAY, walking out, "and the only person that's made anything out of it is TANNER. A week ago was in low water, snubbed by his own friends, for whom his conduct was too bad. Now elevated to position of persecuted hero, made the subject of elaborate debate, dragged Government into fresh muddle, and brought upon them rebuke from highest authority in the House."

Business done.—Got into Committee on Land Bill.

Friday.—House assembled this afternoon at Waterloo Station, bound for Portsmouth and Southampton, to see the Review.

Business done.—Took return-tickets.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. RAM, "I always thought that Margarine was a foreign title. Wasn't there a Margarine of Hesse?"

GOOD-WOODCUTS.

By D. Crambo, Junior.

"Ham?—Steaks!"

"Rich! mon'!"

Fin-don.

Little Time was lost in getting to the Post.

Taking Inside Place.

Drawing Out Clear.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Now that your own particular theatrical adviser and follower, Mr. NIBBS, has left London for a trip abroad, I venture to address you on matters dramatic. I am the more desirous of so doing because, although the Season is nearly over, two very important additions have been made to the London playhouse programme—two additions that have hitherto escaped your eagle glance. I refer, Sir, to *The Doctor* at the Globe, and *The Colonel* at the Comedy—both from the pen of a gentleman who (while I am writing this in London) is partaking of the waters at Royat. Mr. BURNAND is to be congratulated upon the success that has attended both productions. I had heard rumours that *The Doctor* had found some difficulty in

"How happy could he be with either."

establishing himself (or rather herself, because I am talking of a lady) satisfactorily in Newcastle Street, Strand. It was said that she required practice, but when I attended her consulting-room the other evening, I found the theatre full of patients, who were undergoing a treatment that may be described (without any particular reference to marriages or "the United States") as "a merry cure." I was accompanied by a young gentleman fresh from school, and at first felt some alarm on his account, as his appreciation of the witty dialogue with which the piece abounds was so intense that he threatened more than once to die of laughing.

I have never seen a play "go" better—rarely so well. The heroine—the "*Doctoresse*"—was played with much effect and discretion by Miss ENSON, a lady for whom I prophesy a bright future. Mr. PENLEY was excellent in a part that fitted him to perfection. Both Miss VICTOR, as a "strong woman," and Mr. HILL, as—well, himself,—kept the pit in roars. The piece is more than a farce. The first two Acts are certainly farcical, but there is a touch of pathos in the last scene which reminds one that there is a close relationship between smiles and tears. And here let me note that the company in the private boxes, even when most heartily laughing, were still in tiers. As a rule the Doctor is not a popular person, but at the Globe she is sure to be always welcome. Any one suffering from that very distressing and prevalent malady, "the Doleful Dumps," cannot do better than go to Newcastle Street for a speedy cure.

The Colonel.

The *Colonel* at the Comedy is equally at home, and, on the occasion of his revival, was received with enthusiasm. Mr. BRUCE has succeeded Mr. COGHLAN in the title *rôle*, and plays just as well as his predecessor. Mr. HERBERT is the original *Forester*, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are worthy of the applause bestowed upon them. To judge from the laughter that followed every attack upon the æsthetic fad, the "Greenery Yallery Gallery" is as much to the front as ever—a fact, by the way, that was amply demonstrated at the *Soirée* of the Royal Academy, where "passionate Brompton" was numerously represented.

The Bells of Hazlemere seem to be ringing in large audiences at the Adelphi, although the piece is not violently novel in its plot or characters. Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE ceases to die "every evening" at the end of this week at the Opéra Comique until November. I peeped in, a few days since, just before the last scene of *As in a Looking-Glass*, and found the talented lady on the point of committing her nightly suicide. Somehow I missed the commencement of the self-murder, and thus could not satisfactorily account for her dying until I noticed that a double-bass was moaning piteously. Possibly this double-bass made Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE wish to die—it certainly created the same desire on my part. Believe me, yours sincerely,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

HOLIDAY INQUIRIES.

ELIGIBLE CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING COMPANION.—A D.C.L., B.M., and R.S.V.P. of an Irish University, is desirous of meeting with one or two Young English Dukes who contemplating, as a preliminary to their taking their seats in the House of Lords, passing a season at Monaco, would consider the advertiser's society and personal charge, together with his acquaintance with a system of his own calculated to realise a substantial financial profit from any lengthened stay in the locality, an equivalent for the payment of his hotel, travelling, and other incidental expenses. Highest references given and expected. Apply to "MASTER OF ARTS." Blindhooky, County Cork.

INVALID OUTING. EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.—A confirmed Invalid, formerly an active member of the Alpine Club, who has temporarily lost the use of his legs, and has in consequence hired a Steam-traction engine attached to which, in a bath-chair, he proposes making a prolonged excursion through the most mountainous districts of Wales, is anxious to meet with five other paralytics who will join him in his contemplated undertaking, and bear a portion of the expense. As he will take in tow two furniture vans containing respectively a Cottage-Hospital and a Turkish-bath, and be accompanied by three doctors, and a German Band, it is scarcely necessary for him to point out that the details of the trip will be carried out with a due regard to the necessities of health and recreation. While the fact that a highly respectable firm of Solicitors will join him *en route*, will be a guarantee that any vexatious litigation instituted against him by local boroughs for the crushing and otherwise damaging their gas and water-mains, or running into their lamp-posts will, if it occur, be jealously watched and effectually dealt with. In the not unforeseen, though by no means expected event of the Traction Engine becoming by some accident permanently wedged in and unable to move from some inaccessible pass, it is understood that the party shall separate, and that each member shall be at liberty to return home by any *route* he may select for himself as most convenient and available for the purpose. For all further particulars apply to X. X. X., Struggle-on-the-Limp, Lame End, Beds.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. RARE OPPORTUNITY.—An impecunious Nobleman, whose income has been seriously reduced owing to the prevailing agricultural depression, would be willing to let his Family Mansion to a considerate tenant at a comparatively low rental. As half the furniture has been seized under a distress-warrant, and as a man in possession is permanently installed, under a bill of sale, in charge of the rest, a recluse of æsthetic tastes, to whom a series of rooms entirely devoid of furniture would present a distinct attraction, and who would find a little friendly social intercourse not an altogether disagreeable experience, might discover in the above an eligible opportunity. Some excellent fishing can be had on the sly in the small hours of the morning by dodging the local Middle-man to whom it has been let. Capital rat-shooting over nearly an eighth of an acre of wild farm-yard buildings. Address, "MARQUIS." Spillover, Herts.

THE BEST PART OF HALF A PACK OF HOUNDS FOR SALE.—A Midland County Squire, who, through having come into a Suburban Omnibus business, is about to relinquish his position as a county gentleman, is anxious to find a purchaser for what is left of a Pack of Hounds, of which he has for several years been the acknowledged Master. The "remnant" consists of a Dachshund, a Setter, slightly blind of one eye, two Drawing-room Pugs, a Lurcher, and a French Poodle, who can tell fortunes with a pack of cards, jump through three papered hoops at a time, walk round the room on his fore legs, and take five o'clock tea with any assembled company. Any enthusiastic huntsman wishing "to ride to hounds" in the middle of August, could, with a little preliminary training, scarcely fail to find in the above all the elements that would provide him with a capital run, even at this comparatively early season of the sporting year. With a red herring tied on to the fox, they could be warranted not to miss the scent; and, failing their performances in the field, might be safely relied on as a striking feature in any provincial Circus. The advertiser would be glad to hear from a respectable and responsible sausage manufactory.—Apply, MASTER, Packholme, Kenilworth.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

"A CYCLE OF CATHAY."
Locksley Hall.

SOME MORE OFFICIAL JILLS.

(*Whom Mr. Punch, with his characteristic sense of justice and fair-play, is proud to recognise as no less representative than his earlier types—although he could wish he had the pleasure of encountering them a little more frequently.*)

SCENE—*A large Branch Post Office. The weather is oppressively warm, and the Public slightly irritable in consequence. Behind the counter are three Young Ladies, of distinctly engaging appearance, whom we will call* Miss GOODCHILD, Miss MEEKIN, *and* Miss MANNERLY, *respectively. As the Curtain rises,* Miss GOODCHILD *is laboriously explaining to an old lady with defective hearing the relative advantages of a Postal and a Post Office Order.*

The Old Lady. Just say it over again, so that a body can hear ye. You young Misses ought to be taught to speak *out*, 'stead o' mumbling the way you do. *Why* can't ye give me a Postal Order for five-and-fourpence, and a'done with it, eh?

Miss Goodchild (*endeavouring to speak distinctly*). A *Post Office* Order will be what you require. See, you just fill in that form, and then I 'll make it out—it's quite simple.

Old Lady. Yes, I dessay, *anything* to save yourselves a little trouble! You're all alike, you Post-Office young women. As if I couldn't send five-and-fourpence to my boy down at Toadley in the 'Ole, without filling up a parcel o' nonsense!

Person behind (*with a talent for grim irony of a heavy order*). Can you inform me whether there are any arrangements for providing luncheon for the Public—because, as it appears I am to spend the entire *day* here——

Miss Goodchild (*sweetly*). I'm so very sorry to keep you waiting, Sir. As soon as *ever* I have attended to this lady!——

Old Lady. If you *call* it attending—which I don't myself. There 's your form.

Miss Goodchild. Oh, but you haven't told me whom you want the order made out to!

Old Lady. I did—I told you it was my son. If you hadn't been wool-gathering, you'd ha' heard me. I'm sure *I* speak plain enough!

Miss Goodchild (*laughing good-humouredly*). Oh, yes, you speak *very* plainly—but I want the name in full, please, to put in the instructions.

The Person with the Irony. When you have *quite* concluded your little *conversation*——

Miss Goodchild (*as she fills in the order*). Now, Sir, what can I do for you?

The Person with the Irony. Well, I should be glad to be informed what you mean by requiring me to take out a licence for a dog that died of distemper a fortnight after I had him—and I had a warranty with him too!

Miss Goodchild. Oh, but that isn't my department, you see. You must go——(*gives him elaborate instructions as to the place he is to apply to.*)

The Person. Ah, if you had had the common courtesy to tell me all that before, I should not have wasted my time like this! [*Exit in wrath.*

A Feeble Lady (*to* Miss MEEKIN). Oh, I just thought as I was passing by—may I put my umbrella here—and these parcels? thank you. I daresay you can tell me. Does the Mail for New Heligoland touch at Port Sandune? They go every other Friday, don't they? or is it changed to alternate Tuesdays now? and will there be anyone on board who would look after a box of Japanese rats if I sent them?—they 'll want feeding, or *something* I suppose.

[Miss MEEKIN *disentangles these inquiries, and answers them categorically to the best of her knowledge, information and belief.*

Feeble Lady (*disappointed*). Oh, I *quite* thought you would know *all* about it! Then you *wouldn't* send the rats, you think?

Miss Meekin. No, I don't *think* I should send the rats, without someone in charge.

Feeble Lady. Oh, well, but I call it very unsatisfactory—did I put my umbrella down in this corner, or not? Oh, (*slightly annoyed*) *you* have it . . . there must be another parcel, *do* see if you haven't put it away by mistake! No? Then it will be all right about the rats? [*Exit vaguely.*

A Conversational Man (*to* Miss MANNERLY). *Warm*, isn't it?

Miss Mannerly. Very warm. What can I do for you?

Conv. Man. Wait a bit. Give a man time to get his breath . . . phew! (*In an injured tone.*) Why, the mercury in this office of yours must be over eighty at least!

Miss Mannerly. I daresay . . . you wanted——?

Conv. Man. Daresay! Haven't you got a thermometer—you can easily look for yourself!

Miss M. I'm afraid there isn't one. If you will tell me what you came for?

Conv. Man. Ah, you wouldn't be in such a hurry if I was a nice-looking young chap! You 'd be ready enough to talk all day then—*I* know what you young ladies are like!

Miss M. Perhaps we are not all alike—and I really have no time to talk to anybody.

[*Turns away and weighs a parcel for somebody else.*

Conv. M. So that 's the way you treat a civil remark, is it! I tell you what it is—you young women want taking down; a little showing up will do you *good!* Perhaps you haven't seen *Punch* lately? Well, you look out—I could give *Punch* some wrinkles if I liked! Ah, I thought *that* would make a change in you! What do I want? Well, 'pon my soul I forget what I came in for. I'll look in when you're in a better temper.

[*Exit with the consciousness of having scored.*

A Testy Man (*to* Miss MEEKIN). Look here, this is simply scandalous! I've brought it to show you. My little girl in the country sent home some silkworms to her sister in a light paper-box. They were marked "fragile, with care"—and *this* is how they arrived! (*Thrusts a crushed packet, unpleasantly stained, upon* Miss MEEKIN's *notice.*) That's your *stamping*, that is!

Miss Meekin. I'm sure I'm very sorry.

Testy M. Sorry! What's the use of *that?* The silkworms are *dead!* dead through culpable negligence on the part of someone in this office—and if you 'll give me a sheet of paper, I'll let the Postmaster-General know what I think of you here. (Miss MEEKIN *supplies him with paper and an envelope; he dashes down a strong-worded screed with a gold pencil-case.*) There, you 'll hear more of that—I'll bring these silkworms home to somebody, if I have to do it through Parliament! good-day to you.

Miss Meekin (*as he is opening the door*). Sir, one moment!

Testy Man. No, I'll listen to no apologies—disgraceful, *disgraceful!*

Miss Meekin (*a little roused*). I wasn't *going* to apologise—only to tell you you've left your pencil-case on the counter.

AN APPEAL FROM SCIENCE.

"Am I not worthy of as much Consideration as Music and Geology? Why should not *I* have a Museum?"

Testy Man. Oh—er—have I? much obliged. (*Disarmed.*) And you may give me back that letter—I'll think over it!

Miss Goodchild (*to* Mrs. Quiverful—*a regular client*). Oh, Mrs. Quiverful, do you know, you never put any stamp on that letter to Wurra-Gurra? I saw it was in your handwriting.

Mrs. Quiverful. Dear, *dear* me! how careless—and my boy expecting to hear as usual! So you couldn't send it?

Miss G. Oh, yes, it *was* sent—I thought you wouldn't like to miss the Mail.

Mrs. Q. But he'll have to pay double at his end—he'll think I grudge the expense, poor boy!

Miss G. (*timidly*). I—I thought you'd rather it went stamped, so I—I took the liberty of stamping it myself.

Mrs. Q. Did you? Then you're a darling, and I don't care what unkind things *Mr. Punch* chooses to say about you—there!

Mr. Punch (*in background*). If they were all like her, he would never have said any unkind things at all, Madam. *O si sic omnes!*

Mrs. Q. (*in some alarm*). A—quite so, I'm sure. What a very singular person! [*Scene closes in.*

Horatian Motto for Mr. Stansfeld & Co.—"*Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*" "The humane gent plunges headlong into impropriety."

The Best "Dress Improver."—A Pretty Girl.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

I HAD never seen a Naval Review. It was to come off on the Saturday, and this was the Thursday previous. When therefore in answer to a modest inquiry, I received a wire from Mr. RICHARD ROSSHER, Chairman of the Great M. & N. Steamship Company, saying, "Come aboard our new boat, *Regina*, to-morrow, Friday; tickets and instructions by post," I made up my mind on the spot to accept, if I could return on the Saturday night, as business of the utmost importance demanded my presence in London on Sunday morning. What that business was is nobody's business but mine, so I need not explain. Suffice it to say that to miss a certain appointment on Sunday morning, would have been fraught with most disastrous consequences to myself and others.

I answered ROSSHER'S telegram, "Yes, with pleasure, if you can land me Saturday night." To which the reply was, "Think it can be managed; try to come." To this I wired, "Instructions and tickets received. Am coming." Within two hours I got a message from a Clerk in the M. & N. Office, City, "ROSSHER on board at Southampton. Too late to wire."

What this was meant to convey I did not understand, but my mind was made up, and very soon my bag was packed, and I was ready for the start. At all events, there was the utter novelty to me of being a guest on board one of the largest vessels afloat in the Indian Merchant Service (I believe it is the Indian Merchant Service, or, as OLLENDORFF would put it, "the Service of the Indian Merchant,") with a select party, limited, I supposed, to about a dozen "jolly companions every one," and in being taken in and done for *en prince, en prince indien*.

"Immensely kind of ROSSHER," I said to myself (and subsequently said it to him) as I alighted at the Waterloo Station, and proceeded at once to the wrong platform. I do not remember ever having been to Waterloo Station without having been to the wrong platform to begin with.

Bag in hand, and coat over arm—the wary sea-dog provides against probable squalls—I strode to another platform—wrong again. "The M. & N. Special," I panted to a porter, who was so taken aback by being appealed to suddenly, that for a few seconds he could only mop his heated brow and stare at me vaguely. Then after repeating my question twice, once to me and once to himself, he shook his head as if he were giving up a conundrum, whereupon to interest him personally in my proceedings I handed him my bag to carry. This looking like real business, he showed himself a man of vast resources by stopping an official in a buttoned-up uniform and a tall chimney-pot hat, and obtaining the information from him. Across the bridge and then second on the left. Off we go. Here we are. Board up labelled "M. & N. Special. *Regina*." A crowd is pouring in at the wicket-gate. Can they all be going by the M. & N. Special? Yes. I hear the question put, and those not possessing the proper tickets are sternly rejected. Some are sent off to another platform where there is another "M. & N. Special" for the *Italia*.

I present my ticket. It is examined, clipped, and I am passed in. Seeing a number of people ahead and an empty smoking-carriage close at hand, I jump into this, stow away my bag, and find myself with a quarter of an hour to the good. I get out to look about me. Enter Sir PETER PORTLAND (looking younger than ever, as he always does whenever I meet him) in decidedly fashionable yachting-costume, cap and all (he once owned a yacht), carrying a brown-paper parcel. Delighted to see one another. He secures a seat in my carriage. So does another fellow, name unknown, but evidently a gallant seaman with a weather-beaten countenance. At the last moment hurries up Sir THOMAS QUIRCKE, also in full yachting-costume, cap and all, only not so bright and gay as Sir PETER, who I observe has on an evening white waistcoat and patent leather shoes, which combination gives a light and airy and hornpipy appearance to the wearer, which mere navy blue serge can never convey.

We, including the unknown man in the corner, with the weather-beaten face—the Knight of the Bronzed Features—congratulate ourselves on being the guests of the M. & N. Sir PETER produces his card of invitation. So does Sir THOMAS; so does the Weather-beaten One. I feel in all my pockets. No. I've left it behind me. Sir PETER, Sir THOMAS, and the Weather-beaten Stranger eye me suspiciously. There is a lull in the conversation. I tell my story, and try to interest them. It strikes me that they don't believe it; but my railway ticket proves my veracity. They brighten up again, *but are evidently still far from clear that they are not travelling with an impostor.*

"I don't see your name on the list," says Sir PETER, scanning a large card through his glasses.

"What list?" I ask, somewhat disturbed.

"List of guests," replies Sir THOMAS, examining his card.

Weather-beaten Man hasn't got a list; he asks to be allowed to examine Sir PETER'S. Aha! the Weather-beaten Man's name is not there. Sir THOMAS and Sir PETER eye *him* with suspicion now. He explains and tells his story. If my name had been on the list I should have disbelieved him; but as it isn't, I only think that his account of being here at all is not so plausible and clear as my own.

"You've got the number of your berth?" asks Sir THOMAS, looking round at me doubtfully, as if he were giving me a last chance.

"Berth!" I exclaim. "No, I haven't. You see I only telegraphed——" and here I am about to repeat my entire explanation, when Sir PETER and Sir THOMAS cut it short by shaking their heads ominously. "I'm going away on Saturday night," I say, as if the prospect of my leaving them soon would soften them a bit.

"Saturday!" returns Sir PETER, with a chuckle. "'Pon my soul I don't see how you're going to do that." And he smiles derisively.

"No one goes on shore till Monday," observes Sir THOMAS, with decision. "Certainly not," says the Weather-beaten Man, who is not on the list, turning against me; "and, for my part, I don't care how long I stay in such good quarters."

After this there is an uncomfortable silence. Sir THOMAS says there are two hundred and fifty guests. Heavens! and I had thought it was a small and select party of genial bachelors! We read our papers, the Weather-beaten Man in his corner, I in mine. Sir PETER and Sir THOMAS smoke, and then both fall asleep. Waking up, they fall to conversing about a trip they have already had on the *Regina*, comparing notes of comfort and so forth. I'm out of it. So is the Weather-beaten Stranger. I begin to wish I hadn't come, or, at all events, that I had brought my invitation card as proof of my identity, and a verification of my statement. Wish, too, I'd brought ROSSHER'S telegram. No good wishing. I haven't. I'm not there yet; but what frightens me is, that as there are two hundred and fifty passengers, if I am the only one who wants to go on shore on Saturday night, they will never upset all the arrangements for the sake of sending me off in a launch or a gig, or whatever they have in use. And if I can't return Saturday——However, here I am, and I'll go through with it.

Southampton, directly alongside of the *Regina*. Magnificent vessel. Crowd trooping in out of train. Men in uniform at gangway, directing everyone to go below and get billeted. I join the crowd descending the companion. As everyone comes to a table where certain M. & N. officials are standing, each person shows his or her invitation-card, and receives a number. Then they disappear, some singly, some in couples, as if it were the Ark, and ROSSHER were NOAH settling it all. Evidently the first thing necessary is the invitation-card. Ha! there is ROSSHER in the distance, at the far corner of the table. I wave my hand to him in the heartiest manner, expressive of my delight at seeing him, and I am sincerely grateful, for I feel at this moment that ROSSHER is the only friend I have in this strange world, from which I am liable at any moment to be summarily ejected, being unable to show my *raison d'être* in the shape of the invitation-card.

"Name?" says a sharp man in ordinary civilian's dress, from whom, judging by his tone and business-like manner, I feel confident I can expect no mercy. "I haven't got one," I reply, whereat he frowns as if he didn't mean to stand any nonsense, and I apologise humbly for having mistaken his question. *I* thought he was asking for my card. "No," he says, eying me suspiciously. "Name! Where is it? Down here?" And he hands me the confounded list, at which I make no pretence of looking, but cast an appealing look towards ROSSHER, who at that moment, most fortunately for me, comes up, having finished shaking hands with two hundred out of the two hundred and fifty arrivals.

"Ah! you here!" he exclaims, with an air of cheery surprise. "That's capital. Didn't know you were coming."

I am considerably staggered. "Why," I say to him, protesting, "I telegraphed——"

"Ah!" says ROSSHER in an off-hand way, "then I didn't receive it. You wait quietly here, and we'll see what can be done for you."

I catch Weather-beaten Stranger's eye. He is waiting, also, with his back against a cabin-door, most patiently. I meet several friends. I explain to them all, over and over again, my melancholy story, and while I do so I stand as near the table as possible, so that the sad tale may reach some of the officials, and excite them to pity and immediate action on my behalf. My friends nod at me pleasantly, hope it will come all right, and leave me, to see after their own comforts. What a selfish, unsympathetic world this is!

"Hallo!" says a young man, not in naval costume, but evidently an official of some sort, blithely turning towards me and mentioning my name inquiringly, which I immediately acknowledge, whereupon he continues, "I'm delighted to meet you. My name's CRICK." I smile, and shake his hand warmly, as if congratulating him on his appellation. "Where's your berth?" Then I have to explain it

all over to him. I'm becoming sick of these explanations. They're asking me for the number of my berth, as if they wanted an extract from my baptismal-register, or my marriage-certificate. "Don't know what you'll do," says CRICK, smiling as if the whole thing were a good joke. And I thought he could help me! "Where's your dinner-place?" he asks. Good heavens! I don't know—how should I? Where's *his* dinner-place? "Oh," he replies, "mine's aft. If you like to join us, we'll find room. It's very jolly. Not so swell, you know." No, I don't know, and haven't an idea what he means. But if I can't get dinner "forward," I'll dine "aft" with pleasure. ROSSHER comes up.

"All right," he says to CRICK. "Just take this gentleman" (meaning me) "to the Saloon; there are several spare places." ROSSHER pats me on the back, encouragingly. Oh, how grateful I am to ROSSHER! CRICK says, "Yes, Sir," (what is CRICK?) and takes me to the Saloon—beautifully laid out for two hundred and fifty guests—and finds me a capital place. Why didn't he do this before? No matter, it's settled now. First bell sounds. CRICK directs me to the wash-and-brush-up. In ten minutes I have made my toilette, including opening my bag and getting out a dark serge for dinner wear, and I walk into the Saloon as the *convives* are assembling, with the air of a man who is well within his rights.

Happy Thought.—I won't ask ROSSHER anything more about berth and cabin until after dinner. After dinner is always a good-natured, complaisant time.

Excellent dinner. Amusing company. Chiefly stories about long voyages, rats and cockroaches. From what I hear I should not like a long voyage in an old ship. We disperse over the vessel. Music, coffee, cigars, and conversation. Lovely sight. Still, it will be lovelier if I am quite certain where I am going to sleep. I find ROSSHER. "Ah!" he cries out, cheerily, as if he had quite forgotten my particularly sad case, "how are you getting along? All right? Eh?" And he is just going on to join a lively party of distinguished visitors when I detain him sharply, as the Ancient Mariner did the guest, and hold him with my glittering eye.

"How about the berth?" I say, with as little show of anxiety as the desperate circumstances of the case will permit.

"The berth!" he repeats. "Why, haven't you got a berth yet?"

"No," I return, abjectly, as if I were a poor stowaway, without a friend to speak up for me. He meditates a moment. What can he be thinking about? Putting me on shore at once? Getting rid of me politely, as a sort of Jonah. I await his decision nervously.

"Come to the Purser," he says. I follow him.

The Purser is in his counting-house, counting out his billets. Aha! at the sight of me he knows what we have come about. "You're all right," he says to me. "Your berth is No. 273."

"There!" exclaims ROSSHER, triumphantly, exulting in the capabilities of the M. & N.'s new ship *Regina*. "Now you're fixed up." I am. I could go on my knees to ROSSHER; I could bless the Steward, Purser, I mean,—whatever a Purser is,—but I content myself with concealing my agitation, thanking ROSSHER simply but warmly, and then I follow a black man dressed in white, who carries my bag to No. 273. A lovely outside cabin, airy as if it were on deck, with an electric light, and three empty bunks (I think they are called "bunks,"—but am not certain) besides mine. How four persons on a long voyage, or a short one, can live, move, and have their being in this, I don't know; but how *one* can is evident, and temporarily I am that privileged one. I hope I shall remain so. I do; and have it all to myself.

Up on deck again. Evening spent happily—chiefly in smoking-room. Turn in at twelve. Up next morning at 5·30. Awoke by the light, and fresh breeze. Lovely marble bath—then early coffee. Breakfast *à la fourchette*, at 9·30. Everything as I had anticipated, *en prince indien*. Lounge on deck. Newspapers arrive. More lounging. Refreshments. Chatting. Then luncheon. The Review becomes quite a secondary consideration. Ships everywhere, bunting and flags all about. Weather lovely—scene gay. At three what is called "the fun" is to commence. The "fun" for the coloured seamen in white, consists in their having to stand in a row on the yards up aloft for about an hour and a half. If this is nautical etiquette. I'm very glad I'm not one of the coloured sailors. I suddenly remember that I have to get away. Now begins my trouble again. I find four other persons to whom getting away is an absolute necessity, and not one of them knows how he is going to achieve it, and not one of them likes to broach the subject to ROSSHER. We try the Captain, a bluff seaman, who replies, with a pleasant sort of sea-doggishness, that "he is ready to take the ship wherever Mr. ROSSHER orders him." At present Mr. ROSSHER hasn't issued any orders, but he (the Captain) thinks he means sailing for Cherbourg to-morrow (Sunday) early. Cherbourg!! The Purser, on being asked, can't say any more.

For one moment I see ROSSHER. I remind him that he promised to land me. "Did I?" he says, with an air of quiet astonishment which is most provoking. "Well, I don't know how I'm going to do it. We'll see—after the QUEEN has gone." I catch at a first chance, and say, cajolingly, as if suggesting a plan that he could have adopted long ago if he had only thought of it—"Couldn't you send us off in a launch or the tender?" I had ascertained the existence of these two boats in attendance, "After the fireworks?' ROSSHER looks at me, thunderstruck. He simply says, "Impossible!' and turns on his heel.

The fact is, when you get out to sea on board a great ship, the visitor is in the power of the owners of the vessel, who have settled all their arrangements for the comfort and amusement of two hundred-and-fifty persons, and if a proposition is made which will interfere with these laws of nautical Medes and Persians in the smallest degree, it is like suggesting the slightest possible alteration, *pro tem.*, in the solar system. No help for it. I make up my mind philosophically. If they can't put me on shore, they can't. It's a serious matter, it's the loss of thousands, it's misery for a year, perhaps, it's ruin to a family, but——I shall see the fireworks and illuminations, and have a cruise to Cherbourg, where I don't particularly wish to go. In the meantime let us look at the Review. I am temporarily resigned.

The Review.—Which are the War-vessels? Where is the QUEEN? How silent it all is. The yards are manned everywhere. Very pretty. Firing and smoke in distance, hardly any noise, and though there must be cheering somewhere, yet the wind blows it away from us and we hear scarcely a sound. Dull. Through the glass we see the QUEEN'S Yacht passing along: then as the ship swings round we turn and turn, and everybody gets more or less of a stiff neck. The Band stands ready to play "*God Save the Queen*," but two hours elapse, and HER MAJESTY is nowhere near us, and never will be; most of the Band are fast asleep, the violoncello, having gone off first, is nodding over his instrument. The ladies yearn for five o'clock tea, and gradually disappear to get it. The party watching the QUEEN dissolves.

Aha! the Tender! The four separatists are to be put on shore, and to do this a large party, wishing to see the ships of war, the torpedo-boats, and gun-boats, will accompany us on the tender. We steam down the line, we dodge in and out, we see all the ships, and this is the liveliest and most interesting part of the day's proceedings. Then comes the most melancholy, when we steam back, and allow the other guests to re-embark for dinner on board ("Wish you'd stop," says ROSSHER, heartily, and I as heartily wish I could; so do we all), and then the four separatists, waving their *adieux*, are conveyed on board the tender to Southsea. In the crowd I lose the other three. I see no illuminations. I am thankful for what I have seen, and am content to imagine the rest, which I do as, in a carriage all to myself, I am taken up to London, stopping only once—at Guildford—*en route*, and am finally at home by 1·30 A.M, when I find the card of invitation of the M. & N. Co. on my desk. It is over. It is an experience. *Vive la Compagnie!*

HENRY MAYHEW.

BORN, 1812. DIED, 1887.

"THE MAYHEW Brothers." A familiar phrase
On all men's lips in *Punch's* earlier days,
Suggesting pleasant wit and genial mirth.
Green grow the grass and lightly lie the earth
Above the latest of the brilliant band!
Punch's first pages knew that skilful hand.
HENRY the shrewd, and gentle HORACE both
Watched o'er its birth, and helped its budding growth,
Not long indeed, yet lovingly. Farewell!
The record of the age's course will tell
Of him whose name a double honour bore,
Comrade of *Punch*, and champion of the poor.

[Mr. HENRY MAYHEW was never at any time Editor of *Punch*. He assisted the first Editor, Mr. MARK LEMON, in his work at the commencement, and made many valuable suggestions. His connection with *Punch* was not of long duration.—ED.]

PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS.

Fancy Portraits by Dumb Crambo.

Burton. (Middlesex.)

Read and Abel. (Surrey.)

OUR DEFENCES.

Mr. Punch. "HOORAY! NOT SO VERY BAD, AFTER ALL!"

Portsmouth, Saturday, July 23, 1887.

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION;

OR, THE PROUD SKIPPER AND THE PATIENT PILOT.

A (more or less) Nautical Ballad.

I.—AT SEA.

THE Government Yacht (with a rather mixed crew)
Sing hey, sing ho, and a capful of wind!
Sets sail to crack on with a will till all 's blue.
Ho! the breeze blows brisk o'er the billow!
The Skipper is stout, if his *looks* are a clue
(But you mustn't trust them, you may err if you do),
And the smart second officer carries the blue
Like an amateur yachtsman at Margate. Woohoo!
The sea is as soft as a pillow.

The Government Yacht it sets sail in full state,
Sing hey, sing ho and a well-caulked deck!
And what do you think of that canny first mate?
Ho! the sky is as bright as a beryl.
That canny first Mate is a smart Volunteer,
And to look at his jib and to list to his cheer,
You would think as a hero he hadn't a peer,
Superior wholly to flurry or fear
In the tryingest moment of peril.

With a Skipper so stout and a Mate so astute,
Sing hey, sing ho, and an even keel!
The course of that yacht can't be hard to compute,
Ho! the sky shines fair in the offing!
SALISBURY dauntless, and SMITH debonair,
And GOSCHEN a Nautical Ajax who 'll dare
All the lightnings on hand—at least so he 'll declare!—
How finely with such a fine crew they should fare,
In spite of the land-lubbers scoffing.

Hooray!—Humph! By Jove that 's a suddenish squall,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a spinnaker boom!
The Skipper, he doesn't look steady at all,
Ho! there 's something amiss with the compass!
Whilst SMITH, the first Luff, looks a little less smart,
And GOSCHEN—by Jove, can *he* be losing heart?
He swears there 's some blessed mistake in the Chart,
Is his not the cool imperturbable part?
Then why should *he* kick up a rumpus?

It 's hard navigation midst quicksands and rocks;
Sing hey, sing ho, and a chopping sea!
The hull has been strained by some smart little shocks,
Ho! the sky looks black in the offing!
Is this the plain-sailing you promised, my Lord?
Why the rival Skipper will swear he has scored.
What say you, Chief Mate? It won't do to be floored,
Don't you think we had best take a pilot aboard,
In spite of piratical scoffing?

II.—ON SHORE.

There 's a smart Cockney Tar with his glass to his eye,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a Brummagem salt!
And what does the trim longshore yachtsman descry?
Ho! he 's spying like Robinson Crusoe!
The Pilot in pose imperturbable stands,
With slouching Sou'wester and pocketed hands,
But his eye 's on the Yacht and he quite understands,
The fix of the Skipper—poor chap!—who commands,
Or at least is imagined to do so.

"Hillo!" cries the Cockney; "they 're signalling now,
Sing hey, sing ho, and a flag to the peak!
If the Yacht runs aground, Mate, there *will* be a row.
Ho! the Pilot is peacefully winking.
I 've an interest in her myself; can't afford
She should seek Davy Jones, not at least till *I've* scored.
How is it, my HARRY—beg pardon!—my Lord!
They signal a pilot; shall *you* go aboard
To save 'em from striking or sinking?"

[*Left considering.*

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION.

(*FOG COMING ON.*)

CH-MB-RL-N. "I SAY, MY HARTY, GOVERNMENT YACHT SIGNALLING FOR A PILOT!! ARE YOU GOING ABOARD?"

THE SAILOR'S SLIP.

(Air—"*The Sailor's Journal.*")

Spithead, Saturday, July 23rd, 1887.

Lord Ch-rl-s B-r-sf-rd sings:—

'Twas when the Great Review was o'er,
To signal Lady C. I started.
Oh, etiquette's a horrid bore!
I erred, and hence am broken-hearted.

The whole huge Fleet the signal read—
Confound that thoughtless act of folly!
What could I do but bow my head,
And bid a long (?) adieu to Solly?

I hear my name's on every tongue
As a true Sailor, brisk and cheery;
That like a breeze my voice has rung,
And waked the Commons, dull and weary.
I'm little now to mirth inclined,
I'm not, as usual, gay and jolly,
But care I'll whistle down the wind,
And try to make it square with Solly.

You see 'twas getting on for night,
And true-bred tars, e'en midst carouses,
Think with considerate delight
About their sweethearts or their spouses.
Up went my signal, frank and free,
(A breach of rule most melancholy)
To "give the tip" to Lady C.,
And now I have to part with Solly.

"Tell Lady Charles to go on board
The *Lancashire Witch*, where I will join her"—
And all the Fleet read this and roared.
Well—of strong words Jack's a free coiner,
But never mind what I remarked
When I perceived my act of folly.
They'll think the Naval Lord has larked!
Hang it! I'll say good-bye to Solly.

Such games aboard the Royal Yacht!—
Although I am a chartered rattle,
The Big-wigs won't stand this. 'Tis rot,
But with red-tape who, who can battle?
A private message to my wife
By public signal! Oh, what folly!
It *is* a lark, upon my life!
But—I'll resign my berth, dear Solly!

Will our good Queen accept? She *may*,
The Public doubts it altogether.
A sailor's slip on such a day,
A stretch of discipline's tight tether,
Is scarce a heavy fault to score
Against a sailor frank and jolly.
Still, I'll resign when once ashore,
And leave it to my Queen and Solly.

ROBERT AT SPITHEAD.

The question as prayed on my mind during the long waits at the Rewiew on Saturday, and which not ewen the Marines couldn't anser, and for which I dessay as I shall have to wait till the next Jewbilly afore I gits it sattisfactoryly xplained, is, why must these sillybrations be all begun so uncommon hurly? There may be sum werry singlar peeple as likes hurly rising. Having probberbly nothink werry pertickler to do of a heavening, they natrally goes to roost hurley, like powltry, and plowmen, and such like, and having probberbly nothink werry pertickler to do in the morning, they natrally gits up hurley to do it, like the powltry aforesaid. But to Waiters in gineral and to Hed Waiters in pertickler, nothink is so hawful as hurley rising. As late as you like at nite and as late as you likes in the morning. Them's my sentiments and I means to stick to 'em. And I suttenly thinks as I never seed sitch a sleepy-looking set of gents as assembled at Warterloo Stashun at about arf-past seven, Hay. Hem. on Saturday Morning. However, we most of us had a nice refreshing slumber on the way down, and then pulled ourselves together for the gorgeous specktacle.

My werry fust thort was, how about the foaming billows? and I'm bound to say as they behaved theirselves uncommon steady. There was no playfool game of pitch and toss, but they were as quiet as Chelsea Reach. The number of great big ships as we seed was enuff to make ewen an Hed Waiter proud of his country, but I confesses that I carn't say much as regards their beauty, for I thinks they was about as hugly a lot of black-looking monsters as ever tried to rule the waves.

Having propperly attended to my offishal dooties, I learned from a most respectable-looking Marine that it wood be at least two hours afore the Queen came, so I thort I wood seize the hoppertoonity of increasing my nolledge of ships and shippery by arsking my frend a few naughtical questions. Of course I begun with the Anker, and arkst him when it was last weighed—he said, about a week ago. How much did it weigh? Just 2 tun, 4 pound, 6 ounces. Why did they weigh it so offen? To see if it wood stand the shivering of our timbers when we fired our big gun. Had he spliced his mane brace lately? Not during the last fortnite. Having got on so well with him, I thort I woodn't not arsk him no more questions, for fear of betraying my hignorance, and I seed him afterwards a pinting me out to sum grinning Sailers, ewidently as the werry rewerse of a mere Land Lubber.

He had kindly shown me the best plaice to stand to see the Queen's Pursession pass, so I quietly warked up to it about 3 a clock, wen she was xpected to start, and there I waited till 4 a clock, and then we heard the gun fire as told us the Queen had started; and then began such a deffening noise with all the ships a salooting, as they calls it, and such a blinding smoke arterwards, that I wished myself miles away: and then, jest as the Percession was a gitting in site, there cum a order from the Hed Hofficer, "All below!" witch I soon found out meant as no one of us laymen was to stop on deck to see the Queen, for fear as the Queen mite see us, witch wood have bin agin the rules! So we was all bundled down stares, ladies and all, and a few was kindly allowd to peep through the Port Holes, as sumbody called 'em, though, as there wasn't no Port served out, I carnt make out what that means.

I amost forgot to menshun the heat, but it really was that hot that when a going for to lean cumferably against the Capstain Bar, I think they calls it, it amost burnt a ole in my and! Speaking about this to my frendly Marine, he told me as they didn't think nothink of that, for when they went to the Troppix, wherever that may be, they allers cooked their stakes and chops on the Fokestal by the heat of the Sun, which did 'em to a turn, and then roasted their Appels for desert, and then biled the Kettel for Tea. What a grand thing is Nolledge! for I am free to confess as I was quite hignorant of all these fax afore. But then it's werry easily accounted for in my frend's case.

He isn't like a mere common Sailer a got to look after the Ship. A Marine is of that shuperior class of man as is allers seleckted to receeve the most himportant hinformation. When anythink of a werry striking charackter occurs it is allers reckomended that it should be "told to the Marines," so they is naterally allays brim full of hinformation, and allers reddy to communicate it troothfully and onerably, as my frend did to me, and without which I shood have remained in my prewious state of hignorance.

If arsked for my reel opinion as to the Naval Rewiew, truth would compel me to say that what with the noise, and what with the smoke, and what with being ordered below jest as the Queen went past, I didn't see werry much of it, and what I did see didn't strike me as werry himposing, like a Lord Mare's Show for instance, or the Drewry Lane Pantomime. But it gave me the oppertoonity of bragging about it to them as wasn't there, and that's about the cause of most peeple going to such things, I rayther fancies; but after all, there's such a fine feeling of purfect safety on Terror Firmer, as nothink can't equal on the bounding Sea, so I hopes when the next Naval Rewiew is held, that they'll have it on Shore.

Robert.

Amendment to Land Bill.—"That any tenant unable to pay his rent should sell his holding before the next gale day. That this process should be known for the purposes of this Act as 'The Sale before the Gale.'"

A CAUTION TO THE UNWARY!

He. "ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU IN TO SUPPER."

She. "OH, DO WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK—THERE 'S THAT MAN PROPOSING TO MAY THISSLEDOWN ON THE BALCONY! I MUST SEE WHAT SHE SAYS!!"

A CHESS-SHIRE CHEESE.

FRANKFORT.—Had no end of a good time over here, at the Chess Congress. Played all the cracks, and beat 'em all! You mayn't have heard of this in the newspapers, because, for reasons which would not be of any general interest, I felt bound to *enter under a false name.* BLACKBURNE said he'd "never seen such gambits as mine." ZUKERTORT was so irritated at my beating him three times running, that he actually exclaimed, "Gambit all!"—Excuse the force of the expression; perhaps he thought he was in the Lobby of the House of Commons.—"I'll never play that fellow again as long as I live!" You'll see from this that, though the games weren't drawn, some of the competitors were.

There were two Russian chess-players present. I played one, got him on to a dispute about the Afghan frontier, and adroitly took his Queen off the board when he wasn't looking. He seemed surprised, but I assured him it was all right, and scored an easy win.

Herr HARMONIST *might have* beaten me, but as it was a very hot day, I proposed playing under a tree in the hotel-garden. Then I purposely took a long time over each move. The worthy Teuton became thirsty. Lager beer began to flow. It flowed so much that after five hours the Herr didn't know the difference between Bishop and Pawn! That was *my* move. Of course he was badly beaten.

Only time *I* was beaten was one game with BLACKBURNE. He offered to play me blind-fold; I took the opportunity, while he was thinking over his plan of campaign, to relieve him of his watch and purse, and was just going to pull off his boots when he called "Check-mate!" However, I think I got the best of the encounter on the whole. I call it (in private) the "rook gambit."

I ended up by a marvellous *tour de force.* I played every one of the competitors—twenty-one in all—at the same time, and beat the entire number of them! The Frenchman retired from the contest, *simply because he was piqued at my superior skill.* He said—most unfairly—my proceedings were "not above board;" also said he objected on principle to a game with a King and Queen it. Would you believe it, but professional jealousy actually prevented my being declared the Chess Champion! Never mind! Got my board (and lodging) gratis. Had high jinks, and free drinks, at the Frankfort *pawn*-shop — see the joke? You'll hear of me at the next International Chess Congress, without fail.

SUMMER BOATING SONG.

SUN on the slumbrous meadows,
Sun on the sleeping trees;
Massy and deep the shadows
Stirred by no vagrant breeze.
Rhythmical in the riggers,
Oars with a steady shock
Tell how we work like niggers
For a cool in the plashy lock.

And it 's oh, for the neck of the camel,
The ostrich, snake, giraffe!
And what if to-morrow I *am* ill,
To-day it is mine to quaff.

Bother my rates and taxes!
Crown me the mantling bowl;
The world has gone off its axis,
It 's nothing but Life and Soul.
To-day, like the books of the Sibyl,
Is waningly dearer still,
As the sunset echoes wibble
From a cloud-clean saffron hill.

Calm is the solemn surface
Of waters that woo the skies,
And tenderly calm is her face
Who gazes with larger eyes
At the deepening purple above her,
While over her, small and white,
There leans, like a courtly lover,
The sweetness of all the night.

All day in the sun we boated,
How can I tell how far?
For years in the sun we floated,
For ages that yellow star
Behind the poplar has trembled,
And down to the wine-dark deep,
While softer day dissembled
The Midsummer call to sleep.

And it 's oh, for the neck of the camel,
The ostrich, snake, giraffe,
What though to-morrow I *am* ill,
To-night I am fain to quaff.

NOT QUITE ON TH —The Story of the Round Tabl

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, July 25.—Peers received important accession of strength to-night. Gentleman long known in Commons as "Old Mother Hubbard" been translated, and will henceforward be known to history as Lord Addington. His early impression was that he should have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. Admiration for Dizzy, and respect for Stafford Northcote; but always thought they were out of place at the Treasury whilst he sat below the Gangway, fain to be content with criticising their schemes. Markiss didn't really know what to do with him. Couldn't appoint him Chancellor of the Exchequer in succession to Grandolph. Yet Hubbard felt he must have something. Markiss, thinking it over one day, recalled the fact that Hubbard had absolutely safe seat in City.

"Good," he said. "Let's make him a Peer."

So here he is to-night, swaggering up floor of House of Lords, with little ambulatory swing of coat-tails, familiar for generations in House of Commons. Markiss looks on, pleased with fulfilment of his happy thought.

"Nice old gentleman," he remarked, *sotto voce*. "Prosy when he starts, and always something of a bore. But he'll do for the House of Lords. Moreover, have now finally shut him up. Figures are his forte. Finance his foible. Finance is the only subject that may not be discussed in House of Lords. So, where Hubbard was voluble, Addington must be dumb."

Great muster on Opposition Benches in House of Commons. Conservatives not yet back from festivities in the Solent. Old Morality depressed with consciousness that it will be impossible for him to move the Closure. Arthur Balfour quite conciliatory in manner. Progress accordingly comparatively rapid and altogether peaceful. At outset, threatened encounter between Sexton and Johnston. Sexton made inquiry as to whether any chance of City Charter being granted to Belfast? Johnston jumped up with cry of "Stop thief!" On the Fourteenth of June—(didn't mention hour, but precise as to day)—he had put similar question, and had, he said, been waiting ever since for answer. Detected in Sexton's movement attempt to secure monopoly of popularity. Not going to stand that. House only laughed, and incident went no further.

Later, to intense delight of Parnellites, Hartington and Chamberlain differed on point raised in Irish Land Bill and voted in opposite lobbies. "Beginning of the End," said Joseph Gillis humorously clawing at Tim Healy.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee.

Tuesday, 3 A.M.—Late enough to be here. Would have been later still but for the presence of mind of the Speaker. Hour ago Stuart, running in with pile of papers moved Second Reading of Bill to legalise Langworthy and other marriages celebrated at Antwerp by one Potts. Debate followed, Tomlinson moving adjournment. House divided, 75 for adjournment and five-and-seventy against. Everything now depended on the Speaker. If he gave casting vote against adjournment, might go on merrily far into morning. Speaker took another course. Quite time to go home. So supported adjournment, and rest of business speedily wound up.

THE PARLIAMENTARY ALPINE CLUB.

Tuesday Evening.—CHARLIE BERESFORD about House to-night in unusually limp condition. Avoided Treasury Bench. Wouldn't even enter House. "Only come down," says he, "to signal post-master to hand over letters." Rumour gathers that CHARLES has had difficulty with his colleagues. Perhaps feels remorse about Crimes Bill, or can't stomach Land Bill. However it be, it is confidently whispered that he has resigned. All the Naval Captains on Conservative side make a point of loitering about Treasury Bench, and, if possible, exchange a word with Old Morality. If there is vacancy at Admiralty, will want a substitute. No harm in reminding him of the existence of one or two.

"Stop thief!"

Presently made clear that it is for domestic, not political, reasons that CHARLIE has resigned. Seems that when at Review on Saturday, he, being on Queen's Yacht, filled up idle five minutes by signalling to his wife on another ship. This grave breach of etiquette shakes naval force of Great Britain to centre. Can be atoned for only by offender sacrificing his professional position and prospects. So CHARLIE sends in his resignation, and BRITANNIA, dissolved in tears, weeps over her errant son. Procedure of course only formal. Can't spare gallant and capable sailor like this on account of breach of etiquette.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee.

Thursday Night.—TIM on the rampage. SAUNDERSON set him agog at Question time, by rubbing him down wrong way. But it was BALFOUR who completed work. As TIM frankly admits, cannot sit opposite BALFOUR, smirking on Treasury Bench, without losing control of himself.

"I know it's wrong, TOBY," he said to me after, in the Lobby, "but there is only one way to prevent it. I must quit the House, and go out for a walk on Terrace. To see BALFOUR sitting over there on the small of his back, sneering whilst we are trying to do our best for Ireland, is too much for me."

Having had back put up by BALFOUR, Conservatives below Gangway opposite completed transformation of TIM from peaceable citizen into an infuriate. HENNIKER HEATON, charging himself only half postage, sent frequent irritating messages across floor of House. TIM made show of taking off coat, turning up sleeves, and harrying HENNIKER. Chairman interposed with threat of

Here's Timothy Healy,
Who spoke too freely.

Here's Mr. de Lisle,
Who "didn't even smile."
(*A Fancy Portrait.*)

"Naming." TIM defied him, but presently gave in, and withdrew offensive remarks.

Seemed all over now. DE LISLE proposed to offer few observations. Smartly rapped on head by COURTNEY, and resumed seat. Then Division. Whilst House cleared, DE LISLE took opportunity to have little conversation with COURTNEY. TIM watched him with lowering eyes. The Division takes about ten minutes. Supposing he and DE LISLE were to pair, go on the Terrace, and have it out? Happy Thought. Suggest it to DE LISLE. Swooped down on him while talking to COURTNEY in chair, and plainly propounded proposition.

"Come out!" he said, in blood-curdling whisper. "Come out, if you are a man. If you interrupt me again, I'll break your neck."

This conclusive, but as argumentative process not recognised in House. DE LISLE went out by a door other than that affected by TIM. Chairman said *nothing, but as soon as Members returned from* Division Lobby sent for SPEAKER, and reported circumstances to him. So TIM was suspended. Now partially anticipating the Recess. House practically empty. To-night filled up for this scene. After it was over, Benches cleared again, there being nothing more interesting than business to the fore.

Business done.—Committee on Land Bill.

Friday.—*Captain Bunsby* appeared in House to-night. Took familiar and graceful form of RICHARD TEMPLE. Some one questioned him as to what would London School Board do if the Pensions Bill promoted by it did not pass this Session? Would they terminate engagements for purpose of compelling their servants to come within provisions of Bill?

"When found, make a Note of for *Tit Bits*."

"Sir," said Sir RICHARD, casting killing glance at Ladies' Gallery, "whether the Board shall see fit to exercise their power is a question which no man can answer; and, if so be, wherefore? Why, Sir, because the Board will never form a decision on contingencies which have not yet arisen."

House delighted. Roared with laughter.

"When found, make a note of for *Tit Bits*," said NEWNES; and he did.

Land Bill in Committee again. Getting terribly dull, though wakes up now and then when HARCOURT interposes. Tremendous scene at Half-past Two this morning, when Old Morality rebuked him. O. M. accused HARCOURT of making charge against Ministerialists.

"I don't know what charge I have made," said HARCOURT; "but I am prepared to maintain all I have said."

That, of course, settled matter, and Members went home.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee.

GROUSE PROSPECTS.

TWO "BIRDS'-EYE" VIEWS.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To here will be no exception.*

AT THE OVAL.

SURREY *versus* NOTTS. AUGUST 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD 1887.

(*By One of the Fifty Thousand.*)

Enthusiastic Surreyite loquitur:—

Hooray! Oh, you *must* let me holloa. I'm one of the famed "Surrey Crowd,"
And a roar for a win such as *this* is, can*not* be too long or too loud.

Lo! man!

Won by four wickets! As good as though WALTER had scored half a million,
Great Scott! what a rush from the ring! what a crowd round the crowded Pavilion!
LOHMANN! MAURICE READ!! SHUTER!!! they shouted. KEY!!! KEY!!! LOHMANN!!! LOHMANN!!!
"Took down the number" of Notts, Sir, and *she's* a redoubtable foeman.
We haven't licked her for years, and she crowed, Sir, and not without reason;
And now, under SHUTER, we've done it at last, Sir, and twice in one season!
After a terrible tussle; how oft was my heart in my mouth, Sir.
Luck now seemed to lean to the North, and anon would incline to the South, Sir.
Game wasn't won till 'twas lost. Hooray, though, for Surrey! 'Twas *her* win.
We missed our WOOD at the wicket, Notts squared it by missing her SHERWIN,
Both with smashed fingers! Rum luck! But then cricketing luck *is* a twister.
And SHERWIN turned up second innings. *Did* you twig his face when he missed her,
That ball from J. SHUTER, our Captain? It ranked pretty high among matches,
But Surrey *did* make *some* mistakes, Sir, and Notts——well, they *couldn't* hold catches.
SHUTER shone up, did he not? Forty-four, fifty-three, and *such* cutting!
Hooray! Here's his jolly good health, and look sharp, for they're close upon shutting.
Partial be blowed! I'm a Surreyite down to my socks, that's a fact, Sir.
Must shout when my countymen score, and don't mind being caught in the act, Sir.

Shrews—bery

Cracks didn't somehow come off. ARTHUR SHREWSBURY, Notts' great nonsuch,
Didn't make fifty all told, and our WALTER—the world holds but *one* such—
A poor twenty-five and eighteen—a mere fleabite for W. W.
Still, he's our glory; and *if* you can spot such another, I'll trouble you.
Grace? Why, of course, in his day he was cock of the walk—that's a moral.
I won't say a word against *him;* but our WALTER!—well, there, we won't quarrel.
I'm Surrey, you know, as I said. I remember JUPP, HUMPHRY, and STEVENSON,
Burly BEN GRIFFITH, and SOUTHERTON! Well, if it ever was evens on
Match, it was surely on *this* one. Oh, yes, *I* gave points, six to five, Sir,
But then I have always backed Surrey, and *will* do so whilst I'm alive, Sir.
And t'other was Notts, don't you see, so *I* couldn't well show the white feather.
Ah! well, 'twas a wonderful match; such a crowd, such a game, and such weather!
K. J. K. (that's Mr. KEY) showed remarkably promising cricket—
I *did* feel a little bit quisby when SHERWIN snapped him at the wicket.

Gunn and Barnes.

'Twas getting too close, Sir, for comfort; two hundred and five takes some making—
When BARNES nicked READ, SHUTER, and HENDERSON, 'gad, there were lots of hearts quaking.
Seventy-eight for a win, Sir, and five of our best wickets levelled.
Notts then began to pick up, and I own I felt rather blue-devilled;
But Surrey has got a rare team, and you see, when the toppers do fail, Sir,
They look at it this way, my boy,—there is all the more chance for the "tail," Sir.
That's what I call true cricket pluck, and so, even when MAURICE READ quitted him,
That's what young LOHMANN perceived; the place wanted cool grit—and it fitted him.
His thirty-five, and not out, was worth more, Sir, than many a "Century."
Played like an iceberg, he did; style neither too tame nor too venture-y.
Poor crippled WOOD backed him bravely, and he made the winning hit, he did.
Won by four wickets! Hooray! Gallant Surrey at last has succeeded
In knocking the dust out of Notts. I've hoorayed till my tongue feels quite furry.
Yes, *I* like the best side to win,—but I'm thundering glad, though, it's Surrey!!!

"OVER THE WATER WITH LAWSON" (*Change of Name*).—Jack Tar to be known in future as Tom Fool.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

House of Commons for August.

DISORDERS OF THE DAY.

LEGALISED Duels (England) Bill—Report.
Shillelagh (Irish) Supply Bill—Second Reading.
Ways and Means (Assaults)—Committee.
Speaker's Wig Destruction Bill—As amended to be considered.

QUESTIONS.

Mr. Dillon.—Whether Her Majesty's Government contemplate allowing Mr. DE LISLE to smile, and if so, whether any precautions will be taken to prevent his receiving a thrashing.

Dr. Tanner.—To ask the Chief Secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant whether he has any objection to tread upon the tail of his coat.

Colonel Saunderson.—To ask the First Lord of the Treasury as to the condition of the eyes and noses of certain Members of the Nationalist Party.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Mr. T. Healy.—Physical Force, House of Commons (England)—Bill to facilitate the establishment of a Bear Garden in St. Stephen's.

HAVOC!

IN wrath redundant SWINBURNE turns and rends
The "good grey" bard. Alack for SWINBURNE'S "friends"!
He worshipped once at thy red shine, Revolt,
Now thou 'rt a mark for his Olympian bolt;
But when he rounds on poor barbaric WALT,
One can but gasp, and wonder where he 'll halt.
Coupled with BYRON in one furious "slate"?
O poor Manhattan mouther, what a fate!
ALGERNON'S blunderbuss is double-barrelled;
Down at one shot go "*Drum Taps*" and "*Childe Harold.*"
Just fancy being levelled down to—BYRON!
Alas! what woes the poet's path environ. ["gander."
What next, and next? BYRON called SOUTHEY
But then the lordly rhymester railed at LANDOR,
One of the SWINBURNE fetishes, enough
To prove that all he wrote was soulless stuff—
But stop! Who knows that SWINBURNE, on the ravage,
May not, next time, pitch into WALTER SAVAGE?
The idols he once worshipped now he'd burn,
So e'en MAZZINI yet may have his turn—
Nay, since the hour for palinodes has struck,
At Hugomania he may run amuck;
And, VICTOR being laid upon the shelf,
There 'll be but one to round upon—himself.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS BY EMINENT MEN.

A VERY interesting article appears in the current number of the *Fortnightly Magazine*, in which the favourite "quotations" of many celebrated persons are introduced with much effect. Always ready to take a hint, *Mr. Punch* has asked everyone he knows to furnish him with his predilections. The following is the result:—

Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, of Pump-handle Court writes, "I have carefully considered the circular you have forwarded to me, and am distinctly of opinion that my favourite reading is, 'With you the Attorney-General.'"

"ROBERT" says that his favourite phrase is, "'Ere's 'alf a sovereign for yourself, but you deserves more!"

"'ARRY" says he can't think of anything more "fust class" than, "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill."

And (more or less) the whole world declares that there is no pleasanter announcement than "*Punch, or the London Charivari*, is published every Wednesday."

Mem. for Our Muddlers.

IT *cannot* be in the interests of peace that we turn our swords into—corkscrews, and our bayonets into—button-hooks. That extremely secular reading of a sacred passage, appears to be the accepted one, however, in Ordnance Departments, and other places where they play the fool.

GERMAN ENGLISH.

German Belle. "ACH! YOU ARE FONT OF YACHTING! ZEN I ZUPPOSE YOU ARE A GOOT *SALESMAN!*"

THE END OF THE JUBILEE.

I've been to the Abbey, the Naval Review,
The Maske at Gray's Inn and the Institute too;
In fact I feel just like the Wandering Jew,
Or other historical rover:
I've turned day into night and the night into day,
In a regular rollicking Jubilee way,
And now I can truly and thankfully say,
I'm uncommonly glad that it's over.

I've been to a number of Jubilee balls,
And I'm really worn out by the parties and calls;
I've fed in the City 'neath shade of St. Paul's,
And ate little fish by the river:
I've been to big picnics both up and down stream,
I've wallowed in strawberries smothered in cream,
Which, following lobster, most doctors would deem
Was remarkably bad for the liver.

I've read all the Jubilee articles, loads
Of Jubilee leaders and Jubilee odes,
And seen how each poet his Pegasus goads,
Though gaining but slight inspiration;
A chaos of Jubilee Numbers I've seen.
And Jubilee pictures and lives of the QUEEN,
And the Jubilee coinage that's greeted, I ween,
With anything but jubilation.

But, now all is over, sincerely I trust
The Nation no longer will kick up a dust,
The Jubilee really has done for me just
As "*Commodious*" scared *Mr. Boffin:*
Any more jubilation would finish me quite,
As it is I've a horrible dream every night
That a Jubilee demon is screwing me tight
Down into a Jubilee coffin!

The Correct Card.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH says:—"The one thing certain about Tory-Democracy, besides its origin, is, that it is the card of a political gamester." It may perhaps help the ponderous Professor, in a future philippic, to know, in addition, that the associations of Tory-Democracy at once suggest "Clubs," and the game it is playing, the "deuce."

THE PARLIAMENTARY BALLYHOOLY.

AIR—"*Ballyhooly.*"

THERE's a dashing sort of bhoy who was once his country's joy,
But his ructions and his rows no longer charm me,
He often takes command in a fury-spouting band
Called the "Ballyhooly" Parliamentary Army.
At Donnybrook's famed fair he might shine with radiance rare,
A "Pathriot" he's called, and may be truly,
It is catching, I'm afraid, for when *he* is on parade
There seems scarce a sober man in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus.

Whililoo, hi ho! Faith they all enlist, ye know,
Though their ructions and their shindies fail to charm me,
Bad language, howls, and hate put an end to fair debate
In the "Ballyhooly" Parliamentary Army.

The SPAYKER, honest soul, finds they 're quite beyond control,
Discussion takes a most extinded radius,
It 's about as fine and clear as the stalest ginger-beer,
But the "bhoys," they never seem to find it tadyious."
And what is worse, to-day all the Army march one way,
That is in being ructious and unruly,
If a Mimber in debate wants to argue fair and straight,
Faith they howl him out of court in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

They 're supposed to hould debate in the interests of the State,
Which one and all they do their best to injure;
I have said their talk 's as clear as the stalest ginger-beer,
And they mix the vilest vitriol with the ginger.
The bhoys are not alone, for in sorrow one must own
The young Tories are as noisy and unruly,
And the Reds they rave and rail till one longs to lodge in gaol
The intemperate brigade of "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

There 's a moral to my song, and it won't detain yez long,
Of Party spirit e'en the merest "nip" shun.
It 's poison, that is clear, Ballyhooly "ginger-beer,"
As ye 'll own when I have given the prescription.
You take heaps of Party "rot," spirit mean, and temper hot,
Lies, blasphemy, and insult; mix them duly;
For sugar put in salt, bitter gall for honest malt,
Faith, they call it "Statesmanship" in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

Encore Verse.

Since you 're kind enough to crave just another little stave,
I 'll explain the furious ferment that now leavens
A tipple once so sound is just Party spite all round,
And of course *my* Ballyhooly is St. Stephen's.
'Twill be very long before you will wish to cry "Encore!"
To the row that makes our Parliament unruly;
For good sense would put a stop on the flow of Party "Pop"
That makes a Donnybrook of "Ballyhooly."

Chorus.

Whililoo, hi, ho! 'Tis a huge mistake, ye know,
To let ructions and recriminations charm ye.
If they don't abate their hate, they 'll bring ruin on the State,
Will the Ballyhooly Parliamentary Army.

Very Like a Wales.

THE zeal of the Actor who blacked himself all over to play *Othello*, is at last outdone—by Mr. GLADSTONE, who, it is stated, is learning the Welsh language, under the tuition of Mr. RICHARD, M.P., in order to deliver his speech at the forthcoming Eisteddfod in TAFFY's own tongue. "Not for CADWALLADER and all his goats," as *Pistol* says, would an ordinary politician go through such an ordeal for such an end. "Gallant Little Wales" will, however, no doubt be duly grateful, and, by lending its support to her adroit flatterer, enable him to say, with *Goneril*, to the opponents of Home-Rule, "Henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition."

UN DUEL DE CAFÉ-CONCERT.

MM. Boxe et Coxe.

M. le Général Boxe. "SAVEZ-VOUS VOUS BATTRE?" *M. Coxe (homme d'état).* "NON!

M. le Général Boxe. "EH BIEN, ALORS! ALLONS-Y-DONC!"

(*Translation.*—"Can you fight!" "No!" "Then come on!")

Jest in Earnest.

(*What might have happened.*)

Monday.—The Fleets started on their manœuvres. Before leaving, the Ironclads ran down, accidentally, all the unarmoured vessels in the harbour.

Tuesday.—Collision. Sinking of the *Ajax*.

Wednesday.—Mistake in steering. Foundering of the *Minotaur*.

Thursday.—Error in seamanship. Loss of the *Neptune*.

Friday.—Misapprehension of signal. Ramming of the *Devastation*.

Saturday.—Something wrong somewhere. The remainder of the Fleet goes to the bottom.

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

IT is a charming characteristic of the Young Amateur Entertainer that—whether he possesses or not the smallest acquaintance with any language beyond his own—he is always prepared to impersonate a foreigner of any given nationality at a moment's notice; and *Mr. Punch* is confident that the most backward of his Pupils will be perfectly at home (and how his audience will envy him!) with the following Anglo-German recitation, which may be given under the following title:—

PROFESSOR BOMPP RELATES A LITTLE ANECDOTE.

(*To do this effectively, you must assume an air of childlike candour.*)

I deach my dong in Engeland for dventy years and more;
And vonce I dvell at Vigmore Shtreet,
ubon ze zegond floor—
(*Pull yourself up suddenly.*)
Bot dat has nodings hier to zay—zo,
blease, (*professorial air for this*) you
vill addend!
I gom to dell you gurious dings vat
habbened mit a vriend.
He vas a hanzom-headed man, zo like
me as a pea,
And eferyveres I valk about he gom
along mit me;
Bot all ze efenings, beaceful-quiet, he
shtay in-doors and shmoke,
And choggle at himzelf at dimes in
hatching out a yoke;
Ontill von day his choggling stobbed—
he'd tombled deep in lôf,
And he bassed ze dime vith gissing at a
leedle vemale glôf!

Ubon two shpargling eyes he dink, von deligate cock-nose—
Dill zoon his dinkings vork him op mit gourage to bropose.
Zen, ach! zat nose vas dilted more, and gruel vorts she shpoke:
"I vill not dwine aroundt no heart vat shmells zo shtrong mit shmoke!
Vor you yourzelf I might, vith dime, bersuade myzelf to gare—
Bot nevare mit no ogly bipes vill I avection share!"
(*Pause, and glance round your audience with a slightly pained air.*)
I dink I hear zom laty make a symbathetic shniff—
You Englisch shendlevomens dreats a shmoker var too shtiff!
For look—meinzelf I shmoke a bipe, mit baintings on ze bowl,
I shtoffs him vith dat sheepstabak vat's dwisted in a roll,
I gif my vort it ton't daste pad—zough yust a leedle veak—
Shtill, ven I schmokes inzide a drain,—I vinds zom laties seeck!
(*Amiable surprise, as you mention this instance of insular intolerance.*)
Bot, zere, you makes me chadderbox, and dakes op all my dime!
I vant to dell you how mein vriend behafed himself sooblime:
"If you vill pe mein Braut," he zaid, "tobaggo I'll renounce,
And shvear to nefer puy no more von solidary ounce!"
Zo she gif him out her lily hand, and shmile on him zo shveet:
"Vith sodge a sagrifice," she zaid, "you brove your lôf indeet!
And I dakes you—on your zolem vort mit shmoking to ged rid,
Pe off and purn your bipes and dings!" vich—boor yong man, he—
Dree sblendid bipes he sagrificed, in china, glay, and vood, [did!
He vatched zem craggle in ze vlames—I vonder how he *could!*
And mit zem vent his brime zigars of pest Havana prandt,
Imborted hier vrom Hampurg, in his own dear Vaderlandt!
[*With sentiment.*
Henzefort he lif a shmokeless life, vor vear to lose his bride,
And nefer vonce gomblained to her of soferings inzide!
Bot—zough she gif him zentiment and rabdures ven zey met—
Zomdimes he vish she vouldn't mind von leedle zigarette! [*Pause.*
Now game along ze night pefore his veddings was to pe—
And he dried to galm his jomping soul mit bonderings and tea—
Ven, zoddenly—he hear a zound, as eef zom barty knock,
And it gom vrom his tobaggo-jar, long embdy of its shtock!
"Gom in! I mean—gom *out!*" he cried (he was a viddy chap!)
[*Here you should be convulsed with inward laughter.*
"For nonn of your nockdurnal knocks I do not gare von rap!"
Bot—vile he yoked—ze lid fly off, and sblash into his cop,
[*Business here.*
And a kind of leedle voman's form inzide the jar sbring op!
Her face vas yust the golour of a meerschaum nod quide new,
And her hair vas all in ribbling vaves—like long-cut honnydew!
In golden silber she vas roped, all shpangled o'er mit shtars,
For it zeemed as eef she dress herzelf mit baper round zigars,
And like an eel his bagbone squirmed, his hair god up erect,
For beoples in tobaggo-jars is tings you ton't exbect!
"Bervidious von!" she shpeak at him, zo broud as any queen,
"*Pehold your homage-objects* vonce—ze goddess Nigodeen!
I galls to know ze reason vy you leafs my aldars cold,
And nefer purns me incense like your bractice vas of old?"
"To bay you more resbects, I must," he plurted out, "degline,
For I'm vorshibing at bresent mit an obbosition shrine."
"And zo you makes yourzelf," she gries, "a dankless renegade
To von who, oftendimes invoked, yet nefer vailed her aid
To charm avay your lonely dimes, and soffogate your care!
If dat's your leedle games, mein vriend, dake my advice—bevare!"
"I'd gladly zend mein zoul inzide a himmeldinted gloud,
Bot as a Penedick," he zaid, "I vill not pe allowed!
I dells you vrank"—(I haf exblained he vas a vonny vellow!)—
"Mitout mein bipe, ze honnymoon shall nod daste quide so mellow!"
"Enoff!" she said, "you vatch your eye, and zee vat vill bekom!"
She bopped inzide . . . . he search ze jar—'twas embdy as a drom!
And zen he vipe his sbeedagles, and shtare, and rob his head,
(*Business.*) And dink he'd grown too vanziful, and pedder go to bed.
[*Impressive pause, and continue in lowered voice.*
Vell, next day, on ze afdernoon, his honnymoon pegan——
And Dandalus vas nodings to zat boor dormented man!
For ven he dry to giss his vife ubon her lips zo ripe—
Petween his own brojected fort a pig soobyectif bipe!
And efer more, in sbite of all ze dender vorts he zay,
Ze sbegtral image of a bipe kept gedding in his vay!
Ondill ubon ze burple sky shone out ze efening shtar—
And zen ze bipe dransform himzelf, and change to a zigar!
Bot, vorst of all, his vife vould veel no bity for his fate!
She dink it all a hombogsdrick—and zoon zey sebarate;
And benidently he redurned, and zaid to NIGODEEN:
"Forgif, and nefer more I'll pe ze vool I vonce haf peen!
I lôfed my vife—but now I vind I gares for you ze most—
And I'm dired of shmoking dings vat is no pedder as a ghost!"
Zo NIGODEEN she dakes him back, begause his vife vas gone,
And now ze bipe he shmokes is *nod* an immaderial von!
You vonder how I goms to know?—Brebare yourzelves to jomp!—
(*Sensationally.*) I vas zat yong boor man meinzelf—der Herr Brofessor BOMPP!

THE TRAVELLER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. I understand that you are leaving Town. Why?

Answer. Because it is the fashion.

Q. Have you any plans?

A. I am a little undecided. At first I thought of going to an English watering-place, but abandoned the idea because the papers said I should be sure to be laid up with typhoid fever, German measles, or something equally pleasant.

Q. Had it not been for this dread, should you have gone?

A. I suppose so. We are acclimatised to the discomforts of sea-side lodgings, the discords of second-rate German bands, and the disillusions of country views.

Q. For the sake of argument, abandoning the English watering-place—where shall you go?

A. My wife says Paris—and means it.

Q. Do you object yourself to the gay capital?

A. Well—just now—yes; chiefly because it is not gay.

Q. I suppose you would prefer the principal theatres to be open?

A. If I could attend them without being sure that I should find the "hot room" of a Turkish bath considerably cooler. Not that there would not be a risk of being grilled to death on the Boulevards and bored out of my life by running across hundreds of personally-conducted tourists.

Q. Then why should you go?

A. Because my wife wishes to see the bonnets.

Q. Could she see them nowhere else?

A. Not to her satisfaction, although I believe she could find their counterparts in Tottenham Court Road and the Westbourne Grove.

Q. After Paris where shall you go?

A. Either to Switzerland, Italy, or Holland.

Q. Do you expect much amusement?

A. Not much, because I know them by heart. Still I know the best hotels, or rather the best *table d'hôtes*.

Q. Is that all you care for?

A. Nearly all. However it is a languid satisfaction to compare St. Peter's with St. Paul's to the disadvantage of the former, and to think there is nothing in Switzerland to equal the Trossachs, Loch Maree and the Cumberland Lakes.

Q. But the Art treasures?

A. May be found *en bloc* at the South Kensington Museum.

Q. Then you travel in rather a gloomy mood.

A. Rather. Still I am buoyed up with a delightful prospect in the future.

Q. A delightful prospect! What prospect?

A. The prospect of returning home!

SCARCELY "BUTTER."—To change the nickname of MADGE to Margarine.

LADIES' LAW.

Some little while since a book was published for the exclusive benefit of the fair sex, which purported to teach men's mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, the advantages bestowed upon them by the Married Women's Property Act, and other statutes of a like character. No doubt the volume was an excellent guide to females fond of litigation; but still there are many who prefer, in spite of everything, to retain their own fixed opinion on the subject of law. For that feminine majority the following congenial hints are published:—

If a woman makes a will, she can never revoke it, and is likely to die soon afterwards, as it is not only unnecessary, but unlucky.

A marriage without bridesmaids is nearly illegal. This applies, in a lesser degree, to marriages where children, dressed in Charles the First costumes, are not employed to hold up the bride's train.

A mortgage is a sort of thing that causes a house to become the possession of a dishonest Agent, who is usually a Solicitor.

The best way of settling a County Court summons, brought in the absence of the master of the house, is to ask the man into the dining-room, and tell him about the accomplishments of the children. This will soften his heart, and get him to prevent the Judge from sending everyone to prison.

A nice Solicitor never contradicts a Lady, and therefore knows the law infinitely better than the disagreeable fogies, who are so obstinate. And, lastly, the best way to learn the real provisions of the law, is to study a modern novel by a lady Authoress.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

"*Salubrities at Home*" (*pace* Mr. Atlas, who will recognise this temporary adaptation of his world-renowned title) I should say are Buxton (for most people), Bath (for some), Harrogate (for others), and,—besides a variety of North, South, East and West, too numerous to be mentioned in these notes,—Ramsgate for nearly all.

"*Salubrities Abroad*" are Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, Carlsbad, &c., &c., and Royat, where I find myself again this year. "Scenes of my bath-hood, once more I behold ye!" There is "A Salubrity at Royat," which people of certain tendencies cannot easily find elsewhere. It is a cure for eminent persons of strong Conservative tendencies. Lord Salisbury was here last year, and my friend Monsieur Ondit, who is in everybody's confidence, tells me that his Lordship will revisit a place where the *traitement* did him so much good. I believe he underwent the "Cherry-cure," at all events his Lordship was seen in public constantly eating them out of a paper-bag. *What did he do with the bag?* My answer is, "he popped it." Down went the cherries, and bang went the bag and fifty centimes. Well, did not Royat effect some change in his conservatism? What has been the result? But I am not here to talk politics.

* * * * * *

Everybody is talking of the Boulanger-Ferry incident. This is Aug. 4, and nothing has happened.

"Il n'y a pas de danger,"
Dit Général Boulanger;
"Tout va, je crois, s'arranger,
Chez Ferry, mes amis."

I haven't time to proceed with this, but, so far, the idea is at any poet's disposition to continue as he pleases, my only stipulation being that the air to which it is to be sung shall be "*Marlbrook*."

My other friend, Benjamin Trovato, of Italian extraction, tells me that Boulanger is half English, and had an English education. Ben informs me that the General has never forgotten the rhythms he learnt in his happy English nursery; and that, when he read that M. Ferry had called him a "*St. Arnaud de Café-Concert*," he sang out, recollecting the old catch,—

A Note, a Note!
Haste to the Ferry!

in which his friends were unable to join, owing to their ignorance of the words and tune.

When driving through Clermont-Ferrand from the Station up to Royat, we (three of us) had a small omnibus to ourselves. One of the party (a wag, of whom, and of the circumstances of our meeting, more "in my next") insisted on our calling out, "*Vive* Boulanger!" We did this several times in the most crowded parts, but the cry obtained no response, and aroused no excitement, as, being uttered with the greatest caution (at my instance), nobody heard it.

* * * * * *

But what a thing to fight about! If duelling were an English fashion, how fruitful of "incidents" this Session would have been. How often would Mr. Tim Healy have been "out"? And Mr. De Lisle's life would have hung upon a Lisle thread!

* * * * * *

Note for strangers about to visit Royat.—The Continental Hotel has lost a little territory, as half of what was its terrace has been re-turned to the present proprietor of the hotel next door, with whom we Continentals have no connection, not even "on business," it not being "the same concern" and under one management as it was last year. But what the Continental Hotel has sacrificed in domain, Monsieur Hall, our obliging landlord, has more than made up in comfort and cooking. Dr. Brandt sees his patients in a charming Villa of Flowers. The weather is lovely.

* * * * * *

We are all surprised at seeing one another here. Each person (or each couple or party) seems to think that he alone (or they alone) possess the secret of Royat's existence. We certainly are not a mutual admiration society at Royat. When we come upon one another suddenly, each exclaims, "Hallo! what are *you* here for?" as if the other were a convict "doing his time." Everyone thinks he knows what he is here for, but very few tell what he thinks he knows. And, by the way, the best-informed among us doesn't know very much about it.

* * * * * *

In the Reading-room of the *Cercle* there ought to be (as advertised in a local journal) at least three English newspapers daily. I have not seen them as yet. The only London paper arriving here regularly, and to be purchased every day early at the Newsvendor's, is the *Morning Post*. *Vive* Sir Algernon! Can this be the attraction for Lord Salisbury? Why come out so far afield to read the *Morning Post?* Or wasn't it here, during Lord Salisbury's visit last year, and is he still ignorant of its having been subsequently demanded and supplied this season? And when he comes and finds it—"O what a surprise!"—no, thank goodness, we have escaped from this song—for a time, at least.

* * * * * *

Too hot to write any more journal. The hundredth bell is sounding for the fiftieth *déjeuner*. My *déjeuner* is finished. There are bells here perpetually. All day and all night. In vain would Mr. Irving as *Mathias*, put his hands to his ears and close the windows. The bells! The bells! Distant bells, near bells, sheep-bells, goat-bells, a man with pipe (not tobacco but tune, or what he and the goats consider a tune), dinner-bells, guests'-bells, servants'-bells, church-bells (not much), chapel-bells (early and occasionally), horse-bells, donkey-bells, breakfast-bells, supper-bells, arrival-bells, departure-bells, tramway bells, crier's-bells, with variations on drum or trumpet, and several other bells that I shall notice in the course of the twenty-four hours, but have forgotten just now.

* * * * * *

The "*petits chevaux*" have not been stopped by the Government; they are running as fast as ever. There are two bands, playing morning, afternoon, and evening. The *Casino Samie* is as lively as ever, or, as my waggish acquaintance at once expressed it, in that vein of humour for which he is so specially distinguished, "The Samie old game," and to sit out in the garden, with a fragrant cigar and coffee, before retiring for the night, is indeed a calm pleasure, or would be but for the aforesaid waggishness, of which more anon.

* * * * * *

Soldiers about everywhere, Boulangering. Up in the hills is a splendid echo. This morning, having caught the very slightest cold, I went up into the mountains to get it blown away. Suddenly I sneezed. Such a sneeze! It reverberated all over the mountain like the firing of a battery. Again! again! These sneezes nearly shook me off the rock, and sent me staggering on to the *plateau* below. The effect must have been alarming, as the third sneeze fetched out the military, horse and foot, at full gallop, and the double. *L'ennemi? C'était moi!* They scoured the mountain sides, but I did not sneeze again. I have a sort of idea that my sneeze upset the entire preconcerted arrangements for a review. The Boulangerers retired—so did I.

* * * * * *

'Tis the hour of *douche*. Richard, the attendant, will be there to give it me. *Douche-ment, douche-ment.* Gently does it! O Richard, O *Mon Roy-at!* . . . *Au revoir!*

Mrs. R. went to see the *première* of a new piece about which there had been considerable excitement in the theatrical world. "It was quite a novelty for me," said the good lady to a friend; "every literal person was there of any imminence, and my nephew, who is connected with papers himself, told me that the stalls were full of crickets. He pointed them all out to me. Most interesting."

"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

Miss Ponsonby de Tomkyns (just out). "OH, PAPA! SUCH AN *EXQUISITE* CONCERT IT WAS AT LADY MIDAS'S! THE DUCHESS WAS THERE, AND THE MOWBRAY-MASHAMS, AND LORD AND LADY WROTTENHAM, AND COUNT EDELWEISS, AND CAPTAIN DE COURCY, AND SIR MAINWARING CARSHALTON AND HIS WIFE, AND—IN FACT EVERYBODY ONE CARES TO MEET."

Mr. P. de T. "INDEED! AND WHO PLAYED AND SANG?"

Miss P. de T. "WHO PLAYED AND SANG? WELL—A—A—REALLY, DO YOU KNOW, I DON'T REMEMBER!"

"GLASS FALLING!"

Head of the House, loquitur:—

Dear me! Going back? I can hardly conceive it.
I thought we were in for a spell of "Set Fair."
A serious change? No, I will not believe it;
I *can't*, I declare.

I've tapped it with confidence morning by morning,
This glass which has never deceived me before;
And now to go wrong in this way, without warning!—
It's really a bore.

Of course it's too bad to be *true*, for the weather
So settled has seemed, and has promised so well,
And why it should go and break up altogether
Nobody can tell.

Tap! Tap! Yes, it's true, it is certainly dropping.
Things seem—for the moment—a bit out of joint,
For of course there is not the least fear of its *stopping*
At such a low point.

No, no, that's absurd; the idea makes one pallid.
This many and many a day from my door
Without a top-coat or a gingham I've sallied;
And now, will it pour?

O nonsense! The omens have all been so cheery;
The Times, in its forecasts, have been so cock-sure.
Can we all have been wrong? Nay, a prospect so dreary
Cannot endure.

Some local disturbances truly I've heard of,
Our foes make the most of such little mishaps;
But then they mean nothing; it's really absurd of
The ignorant chaps.

At Spalding or Coventry weather may vary;—
And yet, when the "area of change" gets too wide,
Men fancy it's more than a passing vagary;—
Ay, even *our* side.

Tap! Tap! Yes there *is* a perceptible tumble.
One can't "square" the weather or "get at" the glass.
A storm? Oh! 'twas merely the least little rumble,—
'Twill probably pass.

Yes. Up in the North there 'tis always unsettled;
I fancy we shan't be so shifty down South.
No, really there's not the least call to be nettled,
Or down in the mouth.

I'll take my umbrella,—a useful possession,
Yes, even in summer with wind in the east.
But this—oh! it's merely a "local depression";—
I *hope* so, at least!

THE HAZARD OF A—DYE.

SUPPOSING that when our soldiers and sailors were armed with worthless bayonets and useless cutlasses, a war had broken out.

And supposing that our Army had been defeated on account of those worthless bayonets.

And supposing our sailors had been slaughtered by hundreds on account of those useless cutlasses.

And supposing the country had been successfully invaded because the nation had improper arms of defence.

And supposing, wild with ruin, revenge, and misery, the remains of the Army and Navy had met Sir JOHN ADYE.

Supposing they had. Well, what then?

PRIZE PARLIAMENTARY PUZZLE.—"The End of the Session."

"GLASS FALLING!"

"HM!—GOING BACK! AH!—ONLY A LOCAL DEPRESSION!!"

A SOOTHING SONG FOR AUGUST.

Far from placid pleasure
Fashion's nomads roam;
Wisdom finds the treasure
In its fullest measure
Peacefully at home.

Taking a Pull on the Watery Main.

Where the sunshine blazes [hazes,
Through the cedarn
Just above my head.

Pussy, with her fur feet [breast,
Curled beneath her
Drowzes where the turf-heat
Soothes her with a surfeit
Of delicious rest.

Free from by-the-way bores
Of hotel and train,
Rest we from our labours,
With our fair young neighbours
Round us once again.

Bees in drowsy fettle
Lazy lilies rob;
Slumbrously they settle,
Thrumming like a kettle
On the Summer's hob.

Flies their mystic mazes
Intricately thread,
Now a laughing quarrel
Stirs the stilly air,
Where, beyond the laurel,
With their white apparel
Glistening in the glare,

Boys and girls together
Make a gallant crew,
Boys in highest feather,
Girls like summer weather,
Bright and sweet and true.

OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

SOME MORE HOLIDAY INQUIRIES.

NOVEL YACHTING EXPEDITION. UNIQUE CHANCE.—A Gentleman of marked nautical proclivities, who has lately, through the demise of a great-uncle, come into the possession of a Penny Steamer in a very fair condition of repair, is anxious to meet with one or two persons of similar tastes who would be disposed to start with him on a Summer Tour, for the purpose of leisurely navigating the vessel, in a tentative fashion, round the British Isles. As he would not take a Pilot with him, but proposes when in doubt either to ask his way from the nearest Coastguard by signal, or run in shore and get out and walk, he thinks the voyage would not be without excitement and variety, and would be likely to afford some novel seafaring experience to the naval amateur in search of pleasing adventure. The course, as at present mapped out, would be from Putney Bridge to Margate, Plymouth, Holyhead, Skye, Aberdeen, by the German Ocean past Hull, Yarmouth, Clacton-on-Sea, Southend, back again, finishing the journey at Battersea Reach, but it would probably be varied by wind and weather, the exigences of which would naturally have to be taken into account. The crew will consist of three experienced Channel stewards, a bargee, a retired pirate, and a cabin-boy, and will be under the command of the advertiser, who, though fresh to the work, has little doubt but that, with a friendly hint or two from his fellow-yachtsmen, he will be able to manage it. N.B.—Each Passenger provided with a Royal Humane Society's drag. For all further particulars apply to "PORT-ADMIRAL," 117, Rope Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

EXCEPTIONAL PSYCHOLOGICAL OPPORTUNITY. HAUNTED CASTLE TO LET.—A Baronet, in the North of England, who can himself stand residence in it no longer, is anxious to meet with a suitable Tenant for his Family Mansion likely to appreciate the mysterious horrors with which, owing to the crimes of his ancestors in times past, it is now nightly associated. The chief manifestation consists in the appearance, after midnight, in an oak-panelled bedroom, of a huge black wolf, accompanied by a little old man in a bag-wig and faded blue velvet coat, who, looking sadly at the occupant, and saying, in a mournful voice, "I've lost my return-ticket!" vanishes suddenly, together with his swarthy companion, into the linen-cupboard. As this apparition is frequently followed by the sound as of a man in a complete suit of armour falling head-over-heels down six flights of stairs, and ultimately, amidst prolonged and piercing shrieks, apparently lodging in the coal-cellar, a member of the Society for Promoting Psychical Research could not fail to find the whole experience a singularly pleasing one. Several people having already been frightened into fits through passing a night in the castle, a practical joker, who wished to have a little fun at the expense of an aged and invalid relative or two, could not do better than ask them down for a week, and let them take turns at sleeping in the bedroom in question. Address, "BARONET," Goblynhurst, Howlover.

TIGER-SHOOTING AT HOME. PRIME SPORT WITH BIG GAME.—A Country Clergyman, who, having taken charge of a Menagerie for an invalid friend, has had the misfortune to let nearly the whole of it escape and get loose in his parish, would be glad to have the assistance of several Sportsmen of wide Indian and African experience, who would be willing to join him in an effort either to kill, or, if possible, recapture it at the very earliest opportunity. Though the Advertiser has succeeded in temporarily securing three lions, a chimpanzee, a couple of hyænas, and a young hippopotamus in the Vicarage drawing-room, and has managed to envelope a boa-constrictor in a lawn-tennis net, yet, as five full-grown Bengal tigers, and about thirty other wild beasts of a miscellaneous character are at large in the village, and have, to his knowledge, already devoured the Postman, the Curate, a School Inspector, and both the horses of the Local Railway Omnibus, he feels that no time ought to be lost in replying to his appeal. One or two Experts, armed with Hotchkiss Guns, would be of use, and might write. Would be glad to hear from a Battery of Horse Artillery. Address, The VICAR, High Roaring, Notts.

AERIAL VOYAGE. ADVANTAGEOUS EXPERIMENT FOR THE SHORT-SIGHTED.—A Gentleman who has long been suffering from a chronic affection of the eyes, and has been recommended by his medical adviser to try the stimulating effect of mountain air, having conceived the idea of procuring it for himself by making an ascent in a second-hand and slightly damaged balloon that he has purchased for the purpose, will be glad to hear from one or two thoroughly skilled and experienced Aëronauts similarly afflicted, who would regard the beneficent results of being able to accompany him as an equivalent for the professional services they might render to the carrying out of the undertaking. As the Advertiser's idea is to start from some convenient Gas-Works in the Midland Counties, and keep a steady northward course by holding on, before the wind, with a line and grappling-hook to the system of telegraphic wires running alongside one of the great central railways, and as he proposes merely stopping occasionally *en route* to unroof the house of some local medical man when any of the party are in need of advice, he confidently anticipates that the trip will not be devoid of novel and exciting features that will invest it with a distinctively fresh and exhilarating character. For full and further particulars of the enterprise, which have been carefully thought out, apply, by letter, to "IN NUBIBUS," Uppingham Lodge, Mount-Rising, Ayrshire.

THREE THOUSAND BLAZING ACRES TO LET.—A Scotch Laird, who has, by some accident in celebrating Her Majesty's Jubilee, managed to set fire to his entire property, the whole of which, after smouldering for a season, has since burst into a violent conflagration, which he can neither diminish nor control, would be willing to let it at a comparatively low rental to a London Sportsman sufficient novice in grouse-shooting not to be surprised at picking up his birds already roasted in the heather. As at the end of a day's trudging in the blinding heat of a Sahara through smoking covers, accompanied by a powerful steam fire-engine, he will probably discover that he has only succeeded in making a bag consisting of one singed "cheeper," the "shooting" is likely to prove more attractive to the amateur unfamiliar with the rifle, but accustomed to the tropical heat of a Central African Summer, than satisfactory to a professional marksman counting on dispatching from a breezy moorland fifty brace or so to his relatives and friends. —For terms, &c., apply to THE MAC SALAMANDER, Flaimhaugh, Glen Blayse, N.B.

By a Canterbury Belle.

(*Song at the End of the great Cricket Week.*)

FINE weather, fair cricket, the bold "Men of Kent"
To flirt and bet gloves—thirty pairs are my winnings!—
Why, yes, on the whole I'm extremely content;
'Tis the nicest of *outings* to witness such *innings*.
Chorus—A Cricketer *should* be an excellent match
Because he is certain to be "a good catch."

SNAP-SHOTS FOR THE TWELFTH.

An Extended Tract of Moor.

A Second Laying.

Heavy Bags are Difficult to Secure.

ANTHROPOPHAGOUS.

Little Nephew. "UNCLE, YOU MUST BE A SORT O' CANNIBAL, I——"
Uncle (on a visit). "A WHAT, SIR!! WHA'D'YER MEAN, SIR?"
Nephew. "'CAUSE MA' SAID YOU WAS ALWAYS LIVIN' ON SOMEBODY!"

FOREIGN (LANGUAGE) COMPETITION.

CARE EDITOR,—SENTIO obligatus scribere ad te propter extraordinariam novam departuram quam Gubernator recenter fecit. (Scribo Latinè, quia si ille legit hoc, *non poterit intelligere!* Prætendit intelligere Classica perfectè, sed habeo graves dubitationes de illo. Hoc est inter nos.)

Sunt nostri holidies nunc, ut tu sine dubio es awarus; et, alio mane, Pater subito nunciavit suam intentionem detrahere me de Etonis, et mittere me ad aliquem Tutorem in Germaniâ, "in ordinem ut discam modernas linguas, sic importantes (ille ait) in cursu vitæ nunc-dies."

Fui attonitus, ut tu potes imaginare. Nam Gubernator, ut totus mundus noscit, semper fuit laudator Classicorum. ("Omne ignotum pro magnifico," intelligis; habeo illum illic, nonne? Hoc quoque est inter nos.) In facto, pro momento ego fui "percussus omnis cumuli," ut dictum est.

Habere linquere Etonas, tam jolliam scholam! Et ire ad istos Teutones, qui non possunt ludere vel cricketum vel footballum, et sunt generaliter horribiles muffi! Id est nimis malum pro verbis.

Vide explanationem paternæ inconsistentiæ! Forsitan vidisti, O PUNCHE, quomodo aliqui journales pestilentes recenter abusi sunt Classicas linguas. Bene, Gubernator legit hos journales, et nunc odit Græcum et Latinum. Ego ipse odi Græcum, sed Germanum est multo pejus, si possibile. Ut pro Gallico, non est ita difficile, exceptâ pronunciatione, quæ est bestiissima res umquam inventa. Sed "malo mispronunciare ad Etonas, quam in Continenti rectè dicere," ut CICERO dicit.

Protestavi contra novam ideam Gubernatoris tantum quam audeo; sed habeo esse cautus, quia Gubernator non amat contradictionem. Fit cereus, si contradicitur. Argui tamen ut obliviscar omnia mea Classica in Germaniâ celerius quam potes dicere "Johannes Robinson;" nam unum caput non potest tenere Græcum, Latinum, Germanum, *et* Gallicum. Gubernator iracundè respondit ut "*meum* caput non potest tenere aliquam rem, ut videtur." Hoc est abominabilis *libellus (inter nos* iterum).

Tunc posui ante eum pericula duellorum. Juvenes Teutonici omnes ineunt pro duellis, ut habeo auditum. Pater (crudelis!) fecit extremè leve hujus periculi. "Si redeam sine naso, quid tum?" dixi. "Erit propria pœna," Gubernator sarcasticè respondit, "pro negligente NASONEM ad scholam." Ille, percipis, "ridet ad cicatrices, quia nunquam sensit vulnus." Laudat Caput-Magistros Marlburienses et Harrovienses et Winchesterenses pro expellendo Græcum de Intranti Examinatione pro illis scholis. Sperat ut "in nullo tempore ero bonus Germanus scholaris"; sed ego dubito. Dixi ad eum ut sola Germana verba que nosco sunt "Die Wacht am Rhein." Gubernator respondit ut meus Tutor donaret mihi "die whacks am Rhein" si negligo curriculum studiorum. Jocus est extremè pauper. Admiror si Tutor verè donabit id mihi calidum? O care Editor, nonne potes facere aliquam rem pro retinente me ad Etonas? Tuus disconsolatus,

TOMMIUS.

SEA-DREAMS.

By John Bull à propos *of the Naval Manœuvres.*

FALMOUTH in flames! By Jove, that *sounds* a stunner!
FREMANTLE's given HEWETT a fair "oner,"
Somehow I feel I'd rather by a hantle,
HEWETT had given toko to FREMANTLE.
I dare say it's all right; yet there's no telling,
What might be the result of *real* shelling.
Like the far-famed young lady of Devizes,
FREMANTLE's *forte* appears to be surprises,
Splendid no doubt, but, after all expenses,
I feel more interested in *defences.*
Of course for FREMANTLE to dumfog HEWETT,
(And show a world of watchers *how to do it*)
Is first-rate practice; an eye-opener verily;
Only I fancy I should laugh more merrily,
If *my* eyes were the only optics gazing,
Upon a feat that's no doubt most amazing;
The Thames' mouth occupied by a fine fleet!
The sight—as the fleet's mine—of course is sweet,
But there's one thought that rather makes me blench:—
Supposing that FREMANTLE had been French?

"BOOTIFUL."—The good people of Stafford have given HER MAJESTY as a Jubilee present a cabinet containing about two hundred pairs of boots and shoes. Evidently the stock is intended to last until HER MAJESTY reaches her next Jubilee, when, no doubt, the gift will be repeated!

STRIKING EFFECTS.—For further particulars, apply to the Midland Railway Company.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 50.

GRAND PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET MATCH.

(Facsimile of Sketch by Our Electric Special.)

E. H. P-ck-rsg-ll.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, August 1.—Prince Louis of BATTENBERG had better be making inquiries as to return trains for Germany. W. REDMOND "has had his attention called to him," and PICKERSGILL has his eye upon him. German Prince been appointed to command of *Dreadnought* over thirty British Officers who had precedence for promotion. W. REDMOND elicited more general cheering than usually falls to his lot when he wanted to know what reason could be given for so extraordinary a mark of confidence? GEORGY HAMILTON explained that there was best possible reason. Prince LOUIS a heaven-born sea-Captain. No one like him among ordinary Britishers. Appointed to *Dreadnought* simply because he was best possible man. Then PICKERSGILL came to front. Couldn't object to First Lord's personal preference, but gave notice that if Prince LOUIS were confirmed in command of *Dreadnought* he would move that his salary be disallowed. More cheers. Idea of German Princeling holding office, however honourable, without drawing a salary struck Commons as comical. Subject seemed to drop here. But COMMERELL, having by this time had another question on other subject put and answered, collected his thoughts, rose and begged to say that "Prince Louis of BATTENBERG served under me, and a more efficient officer——" Here sentence came to abrupt conclusion. Angry cries of "Order!" stormed round gallant Admiral. COMMERELL a man of proved valour, as the Victoria Cross worn on his breast on Jubilee Day and other high festivities testifies. But his bronzed cheek blanched under this assault. He stared round a moment speechless, and resumed his seat.

House in Committee through long hours on Irish Land Bill. Dulness enlivened towards midnight by encounter between CHAMBERLAIN and GRANDOLPH. CHAMBERLAIN began it; GRANDOLPH by no means backward. Rebuked CHAMBERLAIN for "characteristic sneer," upon which CHAMBERLAIN smartly retorted. The interesting episode concluded by HARTINGTON announcing his intention to vote against CHAMBERLAIN and with the Government. HARCOURT much pleased.

M-cl-n interposes.

"This is only the beginning," he said. "GRANDOLPH and CHAMBERLAIN have evidently quarrelled. HARTINGTON doesn't bind himself to go with CHAMBERLAIN; and altogether the Unionist Party seems a little disunited."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Questions over there was a pretty scene. JOHN DILLON complained of allegation in provincial newspaper that he had applauded a statement that in a riot at Belfast several children and a young lady school-teacher, the daughter of Lord SLIGO's Agent, were seriously hurt. Hadn't proceeded far with explanation when voice from neighbourhood of Treasury Bench called out, "It is true!"

"Who says it's true?" shouted JOHN, flashing a baleful glance on Treasury Bench.

At first he thought the interrupter was Old Morality, but his air of perfect innocence repulsed suspicion. Was it DE WORMS, turning as, it is written, his family sometimes do? EDWARD CLARKE looked more guilty, so JOHN "named" him; denied the soft impeachment. HALSEY admitted it, and was backed up by half-a-dozen Members, including MACLEAN. Bore personal testimony to having heard the applause when incident was mentioned.

"I say it is true!" they repeated one after the other.

"And I say it is false!" JOHN DILLON roared, and proceeded to denounce Members opposite in language which speedily brought up the SPEAKER.

After a while MACLEAN again interposed. Demanded to be heard whilst he asserted in detail the general accuracy of the newspaper paragraph, whilst of course acquitting DILLON "if he said he did not join in applause." Parnellites, oddly enough, left all the fighting to JOHN, who was finally put down by SPEAKER. After this pleasant interlude, House resumed Committee on Land Bill. Proceedings dolorous, and House empty. At one time sitting nearly brought to end by a Count.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill.

Enter Tr-v-ly-n.

Thursday.—Enter TREVELYAN; exit EDWARD RUSSELL, the latter carrying with him the consciousness of that rare possession—popularity with both sides of the House. Everybody sorry he has gone, especially "the Dissentient Liberals." As PLUNKET says, "He was the gentlest-mannered Radical in the House." Crowded House. TREVELYAN brings his sheaves (1401) with him, in shape of rattling majority won at Glasgow. Everybody there but HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN. Meeting in such circumstances with old colleague would have been too touching. But older colleagues, under wing of GLADSTONE, in full force. Determined to kill the fatted calf for the returning prodigal. GLADSTONE would, of course, play the part of Aged Parent; TREVELYAN the repentant son. But who was to stand for the fatted calf? General impression that HARCOURT best suited by natural gifts for the character. HARCOURT's habitual modesty not to be overcome. "Wouldn't," he said, "like to play such a prominent part." Finally agreed that they should "imagine the calf." All went admirably well. Might have been managed by that veteran strategist the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

CHILDERS and CAMERON (both out of step with new Member) personally conducted him to Table. Enormous cheering, which CHILDERS gently deprecated. "No, my good friends," he said. "This is very kind of you. But there's really no credit due to me. I bring our young friend up because I, too, am a Scotch Member. Perhaps my success at Edinburgh may have given fillip to Liberalism in the Lowlands. But pray don't mention it. Any little services I may have rendered are overpaid by this magnificent ovation."

Exit R-ss-ll.

More cheers when new Member was introduced to SPEAKER. Delighted to see him. Had often heard his name. Pleased with this opportunity of making his personal acquaintance. Should be sure to know him again if he met him. All this lively and entertaining. But great scene artistically conceived for end of play. TREVELYAN, passing round back of SPEAKER's chair, proceeding in search of quiet seat, beheld strange spectacle on Front Opposition Bench. There was the Aged P. signalling from his tent. Signal taken up by retainers and carried down crowded bench. Only in the place of honour must the new Member sit. Never made so much fuss of before. Last time took oath and seat, no particular notice taken of double event. What had happened in meantime? Had he grown more eloquent; had he performed some conspicuous service; or had he increased in personal esteem of those who know him? The latter impossible. In the former no change. He had merely kicked over traces and was now come back to run in them. Thought of this with some bitterness. But reception well meant. There was the Aged P. violently beckoning with venerable forefinger, and the errant son made his way up to him, fell on his neck and kissed him ——this of course in a Parliamentary sense.

Business done.—Army Estimates.

Friday.—House of Lords rent to its centre by deadly, blood-curdling, butter-melting controversy. Question is, shall it be Butterine or Margarine? The usually hostile camps streaked with enemies. A Noble Lord, who stands stoutly for Butterine, finds himself seated with another Peer, who swears by Margarine, and *vice versâ*. When division comes there is woful cross-voting. It is BASING who appropriately brings on subject, and WEMYSS who moves that the compound be called Butterine, instead of Margarine. Everyone in high spirits, sustained by a free collation, served out at the door. This attraction rather militated against full success of debate. Noble Lords "asking for more," of course having to linger outside till they'd eaten it. BASING (long known to us as SCLATER-BOOTH) revelled in his subject, and thanked the Markiss he was made a Peer in time to take part in discussion. ARGYLL brought his massive mind to bear on Butterine; GRANVILLE toyed with the subject; and WEMYSS was more than usually emphatic. BRAMWELL *had promised to speak for Butterine.* Place empty when turn came.

"Where's BRAMWELL? He should be up next," said WEMYSS.

"Ah," said ROSEBERY,

> "Would you know where last I saw him,
> He was eating bread and butterine."

Messengers despatched to corridor and BRAMWELL brought in with his mouth full. A stirring debate, but Butterine was nowhere. BRAMWELL having demonstrated Margarine was "not the correct name for the substitute known as Butterine," their Lordships by large majority voted for Margarine.

Business done.—In Commons Land Bill again.

A NEW WERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

(*By a thorough Port-soakian.*)

THE LORD MARE leads an appy life,
He has no cares of party strife,
He drinks the best of hevry wine,
I wish the LORD MARE'S lot was mine.

And, yet all appy 's not his lot,
Although he has his title got;
He hardly once alone can dine—
I would not that his lot was mine.

A Alderman more pleases me,
He leads a life of jollitee:
He nobly dines, has naught to pay,
And has his health drunk ev'ry day.

And though he has to sham delite
At weary speeches nite by nite,
And to administer the Law
Without no blunders or no flaw,

Still, though I but a Waiter be,
The LORD MARE'S life would not suit me.
But, while I drains my flowing can,
I'll fancy I'm a Alderman!

ROBERT.

POETRY OF PARLIAMENT.—A debate in the House of Commons corresponding to the verse named Alexandrine—"Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

SEASONABLE FIELD-SPORT.—Leather-hunting.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this there will be no exception.*

THE PLEASANT TRAVELLER'S CONVERSATION-BOOK.

(*To be translated into French, German, and Italian, for the benefit of Foreigners.*)

In the Train.

Continental Railways are disgracefully mismanaged.

This train does not travel at anything like the rate of our expresses.

The "Flying Scotchman" travels at 50, 100, or 150 (*according to fancy*) miles the hour.

I object to smoking; also wish all the windows to be opened or closed (*as the case may be*).

The foreign *buffet* does not equal our refreshment-rooms.

A plate of soup, half a roast fowl, and mashed potatoes cannot compare with what we call in England a "ham sandwich."

I object to the lamp being shaded, or insist upon the lamp being shaded (*according to pleasure*).

Why are we stopping here? Why are we not stopping here?

It is disgraceful that we should stop here. It is disgraceful that we should not stop here.

If this occurs again, I shall write to the papers.

At the Station.

Why must I go here? Why may I not go here?

I insist upon going where I please.

I refuse to answer, as an impertinent question, "what I have to declare."

I object to opening that trunk, that portmanteau, and that hat-box.

It is insolent to accuse me of smuggling. Where is the Chief of Police?

Have there been any orders to treat my luggage in this manner?

I complain that, as you have passed my boxes without examination, that I should have ever been asked for my keys.

I will not take this omnibus, nor this fly, nor this cart.

I do not want to patronise any hotel.

Why do you not put my luggage on that carriage?

I had a right to say I would take no conveyance—as a matter of fact, I knew I should be swindled.

Now do make haste, and do what I ask, or I shall report you to the Station Master.

No, I shall give you nothing—it is contrary to the Bye-laws in England.

At the Hotel.

I object to this room, because it is on the ground, first, or upper floors (*according to taste*).

I do not like the price paid for the *table d'hôte*.

I object to the bed-curtains—why are there no bed-curtains?

I will not pay for *service*—*service* should be charged.

Your prices are extortionate. I shall be careful to warn all my friends against coming to this hotel.

Don't be impertinent.

En Route.

This scenery is disappointing.

The water-fall is over-rated and the ruin a fraud.

I will not take off my wide-awake in this Cathedral.

Why cannot I look at the altar during the celebration of Service?

I have seen much better things in a ninth-rate town in England than I find in this Museum.

I consider the whole tour not worth the candle.

It is infamous that I should have been induced by false pretences to come abroad.

You can easily imagine how I must be missed at home.

Land Measure.

[Mr. Jesse Collings supports the Government Allotments Bill, although it only holds forth a prospect of one acre, and no cow.]

Jesse content with Salisbury's gift? How odd!
One acre only, and of cows a lack!
Pooh! Jesse takes this "acre" as a "rod"—
For faithless Gladstone's back.

The Question of the Hour.—The Government have been given a good inch (of coercive power). Will they take a (National) League?

WELSH FOR THE WELSH.

Mr. Punch by some accident was unable to be present at the "Eisteddfod Genhedlaethol y Cymry," and therefore could not take part in the competitions at the Albert Hall. For the sake of the other bards he is glad, as he feels sure that had he sung his own little composition he would have been hailed at once "*Pencerd Gwalia*," "*Mynorydd*" and "*Owen Dyfed*," rolled into one. However, that the World may not suffer by his unselfishness, he publishes his *Anerchiaudau ir Llywydd* (Poetical Address to the President), which he would have sung to an accompaniment of a hundred harps. As it is short, he gives it in full:—

Y Morwynig Gwyntoedd.

Hi ddiddleth di ddiddleth ghist katte haw di fiddleth,
Ac kowwe pob gofid y munne,
Fel lliddell doggggg rawd di see glap spwwt,
Ond di pplatt gofid rhosyn di sspnnn
Fy mam, fly man,
O pale ale man am di fly man!

PRIVILEGED PISTOLS.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is rumoured, a few days since, received a deputation of schoolboys home for the holidays, and other young gentlemen delegated to him with a petition that he would propose a bill for the repeal of the duty now demanded for permission to carry a gun.

The foreboy of the memorialists, Master Smithers, in an address premised with "Please Sir," informed the Right Honourable Gentleman of the object of their application. He, and those other fellows, considered the gun-tax an awfully hard impost, he might say imposition—out of school-hours. It denied them a recreation they particularly wanted to enjoy in the holidays, namely, shooting, which was fun for them as good as for Members of Parliament. Shooting was shooting, whether you shot sparrows or grouse. But ten bob duty was more than poor fellows could afford.

Jackson, Junior, asked why, if the tax on firearms was intended to prevent a chap from carrying a gun, it wasn't charged just the same upon pistols? You couldn't look into a daily paper hardly without seeing an account of a murder committed, or somebody or other shot, or shooting himself by accident, with a revolver, or the revolver going off on its own accord, and killing its owner or someone else. Cads and roughs almost all of them carried revolvers, and so it was that burglars went about shooting policemen. If every revolver had to be loaded with a licence, or the firearm-duty were enforced for all firearms, it would save no end of lives. But if that didn't signify, and everybody was to be free to carry a revolver, what use was there in what you might call fining a fellow for leave to carry a gun?

Revolvers.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that his young friends appeared to him to have made out a very good case, not so much for the repeal of the gun-duty as for its extension, if necessary, or at any rate its enforcement, as regarded revolvers, upon which the existing duty might require to be increased to an amount which would effectually limit the possession of those dangerous weapons. Meantime he would consult his colleagues, who, he was assured, would give this question their most serious consideration.

The young gentlemen then gave three groans for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and bolted.

THE MARBLE ARCH.

(*A Song for the Season.*)

"Can nothing be done for the Marble Arch? . . . London soot-flakes have dealt cruelly with a surface admirably calculated to receive them."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Air—"*I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.*"

I dreamt that I gazed at the Marble Arch,
King Fog and King Coal at my side,
The soot of November, the dust-storms of March
Had made it a sight to deride.
I said all the foreigners think, I'll be bound,
To our City this thing is a shame;
But I guess 'twill be found, when next Season comes round,
That its state is much the same.

It *does* want a wash, there's no doubt about that,
For the marble's a dull, dirty brown;
That is, where it isn't as black as your hat—
Can't they clean it while Swelldom's from Town?
Marble? Deft Tadema, I will be bound,
Would say 'tis not worthy the name;
But I'd wager a pound, when next Season comes round,
We shall find it still the same.

EVICTION.

A Woful Ballad of Wimbledon. Air—"*The British Grenadier.*"

Illustrious President. "Now, my Lad, sorry to Inconvenience you, but—hem—ha—you must really go—somewhere else!

Some prate of patriotism, and some of cheap defence,
But to the high official mind that's all absurd pretence;
For of all the joys of snubbing, there's none to it so dear,
As to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

A patriotic Laureate may bid the Rifles form,
And Citizens may look to them for safety in War's storm;
But Secretaries, Dooks, and such at this delight to jeer,
And to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

A semi-swell he may be, but he may be a mere clerk,
And he's an interloper, and to snub him is a lark.
Sometimes he licks the Regulars, and so our duty's clear,
'Tis to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

He hankers for an increase in his Capitation Grant,
It's like his precious impudence, and have the lift he shan't.
What, make it easier for him to run us close? No fear!
We'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

IN THE HONEYMOON.

She (beaming). "What first attracted you, Dear? What agreeable Characteristic did I possess to place me above all others in your Sight and Estimation?"

He. "H-u-m—le'me see."—(*Ponders.*)—"H-m—Oh, Darling, I give it up. Cu'ious Thing, Dear—I never could guess Widdles!"

He has a fad for Wimbledon, but that is just a whim,
And as eviction 's all the go, we 'll try it upon *him*.
He 's not an Irish tenant, so no one will interfere.
When once more we snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

His targets and his tents and things are nuisances all round,
As Jerry-Builders, Dooks, and other Toffs have lately found.
Compared with bricks and mortar and big landlords he 's small beer,
So we 'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

The Common 's vastly handy, there 's no doubt, to chaps in town,
And crowds of Cockneys to the butts can quickly hurry down;
But what are *all* Town's Cockneys to one solitary Peer?
No; let us snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

Your Citizen who wants to play at soldiers need not look
To have his little way as though he were a Royal Dook.
With building-leases—sacred things!—he must not interfere,
So let us snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

If he *must* shoot his annual shoot somewhere, why, let him go
To Pirbright or to Salisbury Plain, or e'en to Jericho.
But out from his loved Wimbledon he 'll surely have to clear,—
A final snub, snub, snub, snub to the British Volunteer!

"Room and Verge."

Lord Salisbury agrees with Lord Beaconspield that Asia is large enough for both Russia and England. Quite so. And unlimited space is large enough for all the galaxies of Worlds,—until two of them want to occupy one portion of it. Then comes Chaos or a Cosmical Boundary Question. The "room enough" theory is a genial one, which would have commended itself to *Uncle Toby*. But it does not carry us practically very far on the road to a settlement. The world was presumably "large enough" to accommodate the ambitions of Octavius and Mark Antony. Only they did not happen to think so. Collision [illegible] celestial does not come from the narrowness of limits, [illegible] courses.

CHANGE.

(*A Weather Forecast for the Next Ten Weeks.*)

August 20.—Heavy downpour commences. Thirty-six inches of rain fell in as many minutes. The Clerk of the Weather catches cold.

August 27.—Heavy downpour continues. The entire audience at the Gaiety, being unable to get home without getting drenched, decline to leave the Theatre, and, after a riot, pass the night there, in the face of the protests of the Management.

September 3.—Heavy downpour shows no signs of abating. Several leading Umbrella Manufacturers make rapid fortunes, and are raised to the Peerage.

September 15.—Heavy downpour still continuing, the Serpentine overflows its banks, and runs southwards. Salmon-fishing commences in the Brompton Road.

September 27.—Downpour heavier than ever. The Underground Lines flooded, and the traffic carried on by penny steamers.

October 8.—Downpour steadily continuing, the Albert Hall is opened as a National Swimming Bath, and Battersea Park as a Rice Plantation.

October 19.—Downpour still on the increase. The Hippopotamus from the Zoological Gardens is washed in a torrent down Portland Place, and left high-and-dry on the steps of the Langham Hotel.

October 28.—Downpour as heavy as ever. Gondolas seen in Piccadilly. A well-known Duke endeavouring to drive a bathing-machine in Belgrave Square, upsets it, and is only rescued with difficulty by drags from his own balcony.

November 3.—Downpour still continuing and London being now under water, wild-duck shooting commences in Chancery Lane.

November 9.—Downpour at its height. In consequence of the flooded condition of the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor's banquet is given under a water-proof tent on Primrose Hill, his distinguished guests approaching it across the Regent's Park in coal-barges. Prime Minister, in his speech, commenting upon the weather, describes it "as the worst he ever remembers."

FERDINAND AND ARIEL.

(IN BULGARIA.)

(Shakspeare once again adapted to circumstances.)

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing.* FERDINAND *following him.*

Ariel's Song.

COME into Bulgarian Lands,
We stretch our hands;
'Tis a chance not to be miss'd.
When we have kiss'd
Your hand in loyal fealty there,
The Crown's sweet burden you may bear.
Hark! Hark!
Burden. Bow-wow!
[*Dispersedly.*)
Let the Russ bark!
Burden. Bow-wow! (*Dispersedly.*)
Hark, hark! I hear [cleer
The strutting Gallic Chanti-Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Ferdinand. Where should this music be? In th' air, or th' earth?
It sounds once more, and sure it waits upon
My forward footsteps. Sitting all alone,
Musing upon Prince ALEXANDER'S wreck, [awares,
This music crept upon me un-
Stirring my hope, and rousing Russia's passion,
With its sweet air. Thence have I followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings:

Full fathom deep BATTENBERG lies,
Of *his* chance chaos is made;
But you 'll see, if you have eyes,
Your hopes ripen as his fade.
You may suffer a great change
Into a young King. Is 't strange?
Fate which rings poor SANDY'S knell
Sounds your coronation bell.
Hark! dost hear it?—ding-dong-dell!
[*Burden.* Ding-dong!

Ferdinand. This ditty doth decoy, yet fright me,—rather.
This is no common chance. A golden crown
Fate proffers me:—I see it,—shall I wear it?
[*Left considering.*

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS."

THE summary given in an evening paper last week of a well-known suit, now happily at an end, is instructive. Four years ago the plaintiff was absolutely without means, and apparently utterly friendless. The man who had wronged her offered her (amongst other infamous actions) a miserable pittance to expatriate herself and to cease to "annoy" him. She called in the assistance of the Press; and now she retires with provision for herself and innocent child, her character re-established, and a sum of money that our grandfathers would have called a "plum." The paper that championed her was plucky, and as the result has proved, in the right. Praise to whom praise is due. Acknowledgment is due to the *P. M. G.*

Happy Thought.

(By an Unhappy Unionist.)

TREVELYAN swears he trusts the Grand Old Man,
And follows him in playing fast and loose.
Well, we have heard of Leda and the Swan,
But here 's a case of Leader and the Goose!

POPULAR EDUCATION.—*Examiner.* Give the meaning of "Hagiology." *Candidate.* *Science of Witchcraft.*

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

To those about to travel viâ *Dover and Calais.*—Ask when *The Empress* makes the journey. Something like a boat, and the day our party went by her she did the crossing in the hour, and I won't positively swear it wasn't a minute or so under that time. There's a crossing-sweeper for you! The Empress of the Sea! Mind you it was a fine day, and what I should say would be considered a calm sea, though there were several sufferers.

If not in a hurry—and who can hurry in such weather?—the easiest travelling is by the 11 A.M. from Victoria; admirable *Empress* for the crossing; and a good twenty-five minutes or more for one of the best buffet-luncheons in France. Stay the night in Paris, and off to your Royat, your Aix, or wherever it may be, as early as possible.

At the Paris-Lyon Station, en route for Royat.—Owing to the gentle influence of Colonel WATERS, attached to the L. C. & D. corps in Paris, and to the indefatigable exertions of his lieutenant in uniform, GUSTAV HERLAN, the P. L. & M. Company have consented to put a *lit-salon* carriage on to their day-train as quite an exceptional concession to an invalid, who might be supposed to have thus addressed them:—

Pity the sorrows of a gouty man,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door,
Who asks you to oblige him with—you can—
A simple *lit-salon* and nothing more.

The perfect comfort of this arrangement for a long journey is worth the price including the *supplément*, which I am paying when a cheery voice cries, "Hallo! old chap," and I recognise PULLER, whom I haven't seen for some time. I return his greeting heartily. "You 've got a *coupé reservé?*" he exclaims gleefully, and literally skipping for joy. I never saw a man in such spirits. He is not absolutely young, nearer forty than thirty for example, looking so wonderfully fresh, that turn-down collars and a jacket would suit him perfectly. He is as clean-shaved as a Benedictine Monk or a Low Comedian. He says of himself—he is the waggish companion to whom I alluded in my previous notes—"I am well preserved in high spirits." He insists on paying the extra seat and *supplément*. Cousin JANE (again going to Royat for the Cæsar Baths) says she shall be delighted, and so PULLER is to come with us. Certainly am delighted to see PULLER. Will he have his things brought here? He will, "*à l'instant!*"—he pronounces it "*ar long stong,*" and roars with laughter as if he had delivered himself of the rarest witticism. Then he skips off down the platform, waving an umbrella in one hand and a stick in the other. Suddenly PULLER'S social characteristics all flash across me. I haven't seen him for years, and had forgotten them. I recollect *now*, he is what they call "an inveterate punster," and loves when abroad (though an accomplished linguist) to speak the language of the country in which he may be temporarily sojourning with a strong English accent; it is also a part of his humour to embellish his discourse with English idioms literally translated,—or, *vice versâ*, to give French idioms in colloquial English; so that on the whole his conversational style, when in foreign parts, is peculiar. The impression left in my memory years ago of PULLER, is that he is a wonderfully good-natured fellow unless a trifle puts him out, when he flares up suddenly into red heat; but this is seldom, and he cools down directly if allowed to stand. When he is not in the highest possible spirits he is an agreeable companion, as he can give some interesting, but utterly untrustworthy, information on most subjects, and, when this comes to an end, he falls asleep suddenly,—he does everything suddenly,—but, as I have since ascertained, does not snore. When at his office in London he is the second partner of an eminent firm of Solicitors with a varied and extensive business. For a safe and sound legal opinion in any difficult matter, specially on the Chancery side, there is no one to whom I would sooner go myself, or recommend a friend than JAMES PULLER, of HORLER, PULLER, PULLER (J.), BAKER AND DAYVILLE. For the greater part of the year JAMES PULLER is hard at work, and is gravity itself, except on certain social and festive occasions. But in vacation-time he gives up Law and goes in for Lunacy. "I feel," he says, when he returns, still capering on the platform, this time with his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, "I feel like a school-boy out for a holiday," and, allowing for the difference of age and costume, he looks the character.

Travelling is very tiring; so is rising early in the morning (which is included in the process of travelling) after a night spent in fitful dozing, one's rest being broken by nervous anxiety as to whether the waiter will remember to call one at the cruel hour of 6·30, or not, and determining to be up at that time exactly, and if he doesn't appear punctually, to ring for him [illegible] bath and the boots; then preternatural wakefulness, th[illegible] as, th[illegible] emptiness, then the necessity for [illegible] all this fatigues me so much, th[illegible] comfortable railway-carriage, I [illegible] for the lost sleep of the previous [illegible]

PULLER has been travelling all [illegible]

as fresh as the proverbial lark. He is smoking. He came up smoking. I am a smoker, but at an early hour on a hot day, and comparatively unbreakfasted, I do not like the smell of the last half-inch of a strong and newish cigar such as PULLER is now smoking. He is sucking at this last morsel of it as if it were the only one he should take (I wish it were) for another month, and as if it went to his heart to part with it.

"Don't you smoke your cigars rather short?" I ask, mildly, by way of a hint.

"No," he replies, quickly; "I smoke them rather long. Had him there, eh?" he says playfully, turning to Cousin JANE, who, I regret to say, encourages him with an appreciative smile. After his fit of chuckles has subsided (in which I do not join), he takes off his hat *à la française*, and addresses himself to Cousin JANE.

"If Madame does not oppose herself to that I shall smoke."

JANE graciously returns, "Oh dear no, I do not mind smoke," which isn't at all what I want her to say on this occasion. PULLER throws away what is left of his cigar, and, producing an enormous case, offers me what he calls "a beauty,"—very big, very dark one, with a bit of red and gold paper wrapped round its middle, as if it were in a delicate state of health and might suffer from rheumatism, —but I decline it, saying pointedly, "I can't stand smoking so early, and before breakfast."

"Oh," he returns in an offhand manner, "can't you? I can smoke any time, it doesn't affect *me*. Besides, I had a first-rate breakfast at the fork, and spoon too, at the buffet,"—he pronounces this word as written in English—this is his fun (*i.e.*, the fun of a high-spirited Solicitor on a holiday), and forthwith he lights the big cigar, changes his seat so as to face us both, and then commences a conversation about all sorts of things, seasoned with his jokes and comic French, at which he laughs himself uproariously, and appeals to me to know if it, whatever the joke may be, "Wasn't bad, was it?" And when I beg him to spare some of his witticisms, as he'll want them for the friends he's going to meet at Royat—(thank Heaven, he *is* going to meet friends!)—he only says, "Oh, there's lots more where these came from," and off he goes again. Fortunately he turns to Cousin JANE, and instantly I close my eyes, and pretend to be overcome by fatigue. If JANE is wise she will do the same. JANE is tired, but tolerant.

Finding that neither of us is up to much talking (I have inadvertently opened an eye) he says, "Look here, I'll show you my travelling-bag," as if it was something to amuse children. This delights him immensely. He opens it and explains its compartments, tells how he shaves, what soap he uses, how he invented a peculiar pomade for travelling, and how he had thought out this bag and had everything made to fit into its place. He takes out everything, brushes, combs, razors, glass-pots, knives, brushes, one after the other, expatiating on their excellence as if he were a pedlar anxious to do a deal, and we were his casual, but likely, customers. Then finding our interest waning, he shuts it up, and saying that the best of travelling in a *lit-salon* is that you can stretch your legs, he forthwith begins capering, asks JANE if he mayn't have the pleasure of the next waltz and so forth, until fortunately, he discovers the secret of the seat which pulls out and becomes a bed, and is so struck with the idea that he exclaims, "By Jove! this is first-rate! pillows, mattresses, everything! I've never slept in one of these! I haven't been to bed all night. You don't mind my taking forty winks—do you?"

O dear no—take eighty if he likes.

"Ah, then," he says in broken English, "I go to couch myself. I salute you the good morning, Mister and Missis. I have well envy of to sleep." And thank goodness in another minute the high-spirited Solicitor is fast asleep, and *not* snoring.

Then we all drop off. At Montargis he awakes, breakfasts at the buffet: we breakfast in our *salon*. He returns, puffing another cigar, stronger and bigger than the previous one: but smoking yields to sleeping and his high spirits become less and less. After his second or third sleep he becomes hungry. The train is late. He becomes hungrier and hungrier. Again he smokes; but his cigars are dwindling in size and growing paler in colour. He calculates when the hour of dinner will be. He foresees that it will not be till past eight and we breakfasted at eleven. Hunger has deprived him of all his jokes, all his high spirits; he is hopelessly depressed, and preserves an almost sullen silence till we reach Clermont-Ferrand, when the sight of the Commissionnaire of the Hôtel Continental slightly restores him, and as we get into the Omnibus he whispers to me feebly, "I say, let's cry '*Vive* BOULANGER!'"

I beg him to hold his tongue, or the police will be down on him. I fancy this warning has its effect, in his present state of hunger, as he limits himself to whispering out of the window to any passer-by who happens to be in uniform. "*Vive* BOULANGER!" but I am bound to say, nobody hears him, so finding the fun of the jest exhausted within the first ten minutes, he drops it, and once more collapses, shakes his head wearily over his wretched state, and expresses in pantomime how he is dying for something to eat. JANE and myself recognise Clermont-Ferrand and draw one another's attention to all the points of interest, more or less incorrectly. Then, after noticing how familiar all the land-marks seem *en route*, we find we have been taken by a different road from the one we used to travel in order to avoid the dust.

Ha! Here is Doctor REM. Welcome to Royat! Same rooms. New Proprietor, but same Hotel in effect, it is the Continental. M. HALL, of what nationality I do not know, exerts himself to see that everything shall be right for everybody who has just arrived. There are several others by this train, all requiring special and individual attention, and all, somehow, getting it. New faces, but civility and readiness to oblige everywhere. The weather perfect!—perhaps a trifle too perfect. But Royat is high up, and, if it is hot here, what must it be down below at Vichy or at Aix! Dinner in the Restauration of the Hotel, where we pant for air because other visitors, chiefly French, of advanced years and in various stages of "The Cure," will not allow a door or window to be opened. We finish dinner, and hurry off for our coffee in the garden of the Casino Samie. End of first day.

P.S.—I said last week I could not find the English newspapers in the reading-room of the Cercle. I have since seen them, *Times* and *Telegraph*. But the only one sold outside is apparently the *Morning Post*. Lord SALISBURY is coming.

THE INSURER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

THERE is no truth in the report that a whole Brigade of Firemen and Sixteen Fire-engines are now permanently encamped in Kensington Gardens Square, and that Captain SHAW is about to take furnished lodgings in the immediate neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove.

Excitement at Pad-inked-on.

No, those men walking up and down the shop and eying everybody suspiciously are not shop-walkers, as you suppose. Four of them are detectives, with orders summarily to arrest any customer who looks at all like an incendiary, and the others are disguised Firemen.

I don't quite know what you mean by speaking of a "holocaust" in connection with the recent disastrous conflagration which destroyed five whole streets and a hundred lives, but no doubt the cost *will* be enough to make anybody holloa!

"Why have we to hire a boat to take us from the garden-gate to our front-door?" Oh, because five million gallons of water were poured down our street by the Fire-Brigade men the day before yesterday, and the Main Drainage system is only equal to removing a few gallons at a time.

Naturally the Water Companies have taken advantage of this state of things to suggest to householders that, as they have so much water in their cellars, they can do without any in their cisterns, and to announce therefore that the supply will be discontinued for a week.

Is it a fact that Insurance Premiums in Bayswater now vary in proportion to the distance from Westbourne Grove?

How curious that "two huge columns of fire" should produce at least half a dozen equally huge columns of print!

No, as you say, this wall-paper is not pretty, and walking on hard concrete-floors is a little unpleasant at first; but then, you see, they are both absolutely incombustible.

The Fire-engine in the Hall is certainly a little in the way of the servants; but then what a comfort it is to feel that with this precaution, *and* powerful hydrants laid on to each floor, *and* sleeping in fire-proof beds with one's clothes on, *and* having an outside iron stair-case to each window in the house, we really *are* pretty safe against the next conflagration, in spite of the fact that we live just opposite a Universal Provider!

THE PRIVATE BANKER'S PÆAN.

(*Some way after Shakspeare.*)

I KNOW a Bank whereto the poor man goes.
If there too quickly his deposit grows,
I fancy *our* Monopoly may decline,
No, no, at Thirty Pounds we'll draw the line,
Nor let the Artisan, however thrifty,
In the Post-Office pile an annual Fifty.
We've floored them this time after a good fight,
Government yields, to our extreme delight.
We Private Banks are saved, by our teeth's skin.
If they the thin end of the wedge slip in,
By Jove, they'll open wide the public eyes,
And smash up all our snug Monopolies.

AN AMUSEMENT SCARCELY LIKELY TO BE POPULAR WITH CHILDREN.—The Switchback.

LONGING FOR A NEW SENSATION.

Jack (a Naughty Boy, who is always in disgrace, and most deservedly). "I say, Effie, do you know what I should like? I should like to be accused of Something I'd never done!"

FIRE AND WATER.

(*With Apologies to the Shades of the Authors of Rejected Addresses.*")

The Fire Fiend was curst with unquenchable thirst,
And his gnomes to his aid having beckoned,
From Cornhill to Clapham he flew at a burst,
And furious flames soon arose from the first,
And volumes of smoke from the second.

The Fire Fiend was hungry as Moloch of old,
And knew not the meaning of pity.
The new *Edax Rerum*: voraciously bold,
His maw a red gulf that was ready to hold
The calcined remains of a City.

That Phlegethon-gorge might have served as the grave
Of man and his works altogether;
But Shaw, the new Life-guardsman, sword-less but brave,
Was ever at hand to extinguish and save,
And hold the Red Ogre in tether.

The Fire Fiend as usual went at full pelt,
But Shaw at his heels followed faster,
Of leather well tanned were Shaw's boots and his belt, [melt,
And his helmet was brazen for fear it should
And the Fire Demon knew him as master.

The Fire Fiend possessed a most hideous phiz,
Polyphemus's was not more horrid,
Unkempt and unwashed was that visage of his,
For water that touched it went off with a whiz!
It was so tremendously torrid.

But Shaw on his enemy kept a cool eye,
Of vigilant valour the symbol,
Affrighted no more by the Fire Demon's cry
Than the squeak of a rat; if the Fire Fiend was spry,
His opponent was equally nimble.

For Water, Fire's foe, at his best freely flows,
And the Fire Demon dares not to linger
Whenever his enemy turns on the hose;
He stands in much fear of this foeman and those
Who flock at the lift of his finger.

The Fire Fiend has schemes, it is credibly said,
For laying half London in ashes;
But Water—and Shaw—are the things he must dread,
And at sight of an engine he shakes his red head,
And his teeth like a lunatic gnashes.

But his fire-gnomes he multiplies lately so fast
That the task of repressing them 's trying;
The flare that they make and the heat that they cast [one blast
Are so great that the Fiend seems resolved in
To set the Metropolis frying.

He blazes and blazes; Shaw gallops to snatch
His prey from its desperate danger;
But the Demon's a deuce of a rider to catch,
And it taxes brave Shaw to continue a match
For the fiery noctivagant ranger.

And if London is wise she assistance will call,
For the Water King needs the alliance
Of hands that are sturdy and limbs that are tall,
To give the Fire Demon a rattling good fall,
And set all his imps at defiance.

How often his fiery flame-banner outrolled
O'er London our bosoms has shaken!
The Water King never relaxes his hold,
But many a time, if the truth must be told,
We have just, only *just*, saved our bacon.

The Fire-Fiend 's a foe of redoubtable might,
And it takes a stout fighter to floor him;
Yet, in spite of his flames, the ignipotent sprite
Has been licked up to now by our fire-quelling knight,
Who strides so triumphantly o'er him.

Look! look! 'tis our Water-King; doesn't he stand
Like Michael, o'ercoming the Dragon?
Oh! champion braver than he and his band
Of brazen-helmed heroes ne'er fought hand to [hand,
Or emptied a flask or a flagon.

His sword is an axe, and his spear is a hose,
But Paladins famous in story
For gallantest charges and swashingest blows,
Though demons and dragons they met as their foes
Were ne'er more deserving of glory.

Back, lurid in air, for another regale,
The Fire-Fiend who 's down but not settled,
With fresh bellowsed flame will return without fail,
And help to oppose him he 'll thankfully hail
Our Water-King manly and mettled.

He is down, but not dead, and his dreadful red head
He again will be lifting to-morrow.
'Tis Hydrant 'gainst Hydra,' and shall it be said
That for lack of assistance this demon so dread
Shall doom the great City to sorrow?

This fierce All-devourer is hungry as Time,
And would wolf all the world as food-fuel.
A champion we have—is his pose not sublime?—
And so let us help him—to fail were a crime—
To give the Fire Demon his gruel.

Fierce tyrant is Fire, and his foes are too few
For a Fiend so alert and so furious,
Would London be safe, gallant Shaw and his crew
She must manfully back, and
won't do
In this instance to be too pe

THE "FIRE FIEND."

Shaw the Lifeguard Man. "I'VE GOT HIM UNDER!—BUT I MUST HAVE SUPPORT TO KEEP HIM DOWN!!"

DISTRIBUTION.

Robert (to stingy Old Gent, who had given him a Halfpenny). "You 'll 'xcuse me, Sir—but—would you mind—ah—makin' it a Penny, Sir—which we has to divide it—'mongst the other Waiters, Sir!"

ROBERT AT THE MINISTERIAL BANKWET.

Her Majesty's Ministers, so far as I understands these sollem matters, don't seam to have been having a partickler cumferal time of it lately. Brown, who 's quite a grate Pollytishun, or at any rate thinks hisself so, which I spose is pritty much the same thing, says, in his wulgar way, as they have been and had 2 or 3 slaps in the face lately as has a good deal staggered 'em, but in course he was ony speaking paragorically, as the chymists says, so I don't suppose as they was werry much hurt by 'em, and they most suttenly didn't show not no sines of 'em when, on Wensday last, they all marched in in triumph to receeve from the Rite Honnerabel the Lord Mare the proud assurance that in his Rite Honnerabel opinion, and in that of the Grand Old Copperashun over witch he so royally presides, they had nobly done their dooty, and well herned the werry hiest reward as he had it in his power to bestow, wiz., a reel Manshun Ouse Bankwet!

Praps if there was one of the werry Noble and Rite Honnerabel Gestes as didn't look quite at his hease, it was the forren Gent as is the Chanceseller of the Xchecker, and in course that 's werry heasily accounted for. Weather men bes Tories, or weather they be Libberals, they all likes men as sales strait and sticks to their cullers, and, if it 's posserbel, nales 'em to the Marst, and never ewen dreams of hawling 'em down coz the weather 's a looking jest a little dusty. Howsumever these sollem thorts ain't quite the thing for such reel jowial Bankwets as that of Wensday, so I banishes 'em hence without no blessing.

The grate Conserwatif Cheefs seemed to thorowly enjoy the change, and to sum on 'em it must have bin a change indeed. Tork about Conserwatifs not liking change, how about changing the Ouse of Commons, with their spessimens of the Wulgar Tung, and their most rude questions, and their imperent mocking larfter, for the splendid Manshun Ouse, and its gorgeous Bankwet, and sitch an arty recepshun from onered Aldermen and uncommon Councilmen as almost broke sum of the new wine-glasses with shaking!

Puncshally as the sillybrated Manshun Ouse Clock struck harf-past seven he Prime Minister hentered the Hall, so there was no Hed Cook a cussing and aring in the hot regions below at his *Chef-doovers* being spylt, with It was a speshally fine dinner, the Petty Gallatins o' aspect, and the being about the finest as even I ever tasted.

Epping Forest Depputy got pretty well charfed about where the em, but he bore it like a man, and arsked for another slice. I ee a great improvement in the way as the sacred Loving Cup was passed round, speshally among the Marshonesses and Cowntesses, there wasn't above 2 or 3 on 'em as wood grasp it with their bootiful little wite hands insted of gracefoolly taking off the cover and showing off their dimond rings wen it was hoffered to 'em.

As for the speeches, I thinks as the Lord Mare has about spylt us in that respec. His is allers short and sharp, and spoken out like a man, but most of the others was so slow and so dredfull careful, and so preshus long, that Brown and me both agreed as they was amost sollum enuff for poor Ministers as is out, raythor than for jolly Ministers as is in.

We was all werry much shocked, speshally us Hed Waiters, at hearing from the Lord Mare as how as sumbody at Gildhall had said as all militerry men was Imposters, and all naval men Tom Fools! But the Fust Lord of the Admiralty gave it him pretty hot in his absense, and said if as any tomfoolery was a goin on anywheres he knew who 'd be a taking the lead in it! So Sir Wilfull Lawson will probberbly be a leetle more carefuller in future.

Lord Sorlsbury made a werry long speech, but all I coud make out of it was two raythor himportant fax. Fustly, that there isn't to be no grate Uropean War until after the 9th of nex Nowember, so I feels raythor sorry for pore Mr. Alderman De Keyser, and Seccondly, that if there is to be one anywheres, it will werry possibly be too near home to be pleasant, which I for one was werry sorry to hear, but I hardly thort that he meant it or he would not have made us all larf so by telling us, that the Members of the Ouse of Commons treated it like we men does our wives, that is, we has our own opinion on 'em in private, but we don't allow not nothink to be said against 'em in Public. Ah! my Lord Markiss, how one touch of Natur makes us all kings! Who 'd ever have thort that a werry Prime Minister would have been troubled with a similar complaint to that as so offen trubbles a pore Hed Waiter.

Mr. Goshen apollergised for the absense of the pore 1st Lord of the Tresury, who was quite nocked up with setting up so late.

And so ended the last of the long seris of grand Bankwets of the rain of Lord Mare Hanson, a seris to be rememberd for many long years by all on us, as combining with all the reglar old lot, such a wariety of noveltys to all sorts and condishuns of sillybrated persons, as has never bin ekalled afore, and as will and down his name to a werry remote posteriority as Hanson the Magnifisent!

Robert.

CHANNEL TALK.

(*Echoes from the Naval Manœuvres.*)

"What they 're at I can't guess,"
Observes Dungeness,
"Then the plan you've not read,"
Responds Beachy Head,
"Fremantle went right on:
I saw him," says Brighton,
"Oh, that 's all my eye!'
Ejaculates Rye,
"Well, he came down my way,"
Remarks Pegwell Bay,
"Yes, and Hewett 's his target;
That 's quite clear," adds Margate,
"It seems silly to me,"
Sneers Westgate-on-Sea,
"Humph! I think it quite real:
That I do!" replies Deal,
"And they think so on shore,"
Says the Light at the Nore,
"Well, now it 's all over.
Thank goodness!" says Dover.

Any Port in a Storm.

A Note full of Gaiety.—*Loyal Love*, the new piece at the Gaiety, requires a little compression. If the Authoress would only reduce it to one Act, and have that single scene supplied with a few catchy songs, there really is no reason why it should not serve some day as a very effective *lever de rideau* at the Savoy, as a capital foil to a Comic Opera. For the rest, Mrs. Basil Potter has greatly improved, Mr. Willard is (as usual) excellent, but the remainder of the company are unimportant. Scenery good, and dresses adequate.

"ZINGS VUN VOOT RÅHZER HAF LEFT OONZET!"

Herr Wohlgemuth. "ACH, YA! YOU MUST HAF HAT A FERRY COOT MASTER! YOUR FOICE HAS *LASTET* SO VUNDERFOLLY LONG!"

A BALLADE OF THE HOUSE.'

(*Sung apologetically at a recent Banquet.*)

"You do not know the number of muzzled Ciceros who are sitting in the House of Commons, men who have come from the constituencies conscious of their power, anxious to render service to the State."—*Mr. Goschen at the Mansion House.*

WHAT if garrulity be rife,
And what if bald debate,
Spun out in empty Party strife,
Has sealed the Session's fate!
What if the tap-room jest has sped,
And hot retort has stirred,
While threats to punch a Member's head
Have been distinctly heard!
Ah, what?—If but the House disclose
A score of Muzzled Ciceros!

What if things are not as they were
Some twenty years ago;
And manners that might make one stare
Are now thought *comme il faut*;
What if the tongue of Billingsgate,
The grace of Seven Dials,
Now modestly subserve the State?
There 's one at them who smiles,'
And points to where there sit in rows
A score of Muzzled Ciceros!

NAUTICAL SUPERSTITION. — Mr. DAVID JONES, of the Welsh Mercantile Marine, Shipowner, proposed to call a vessel recently completed the *Eisteddfod*. A Saxon seaman objected to that as an unlucky name, because any ship so denominated would be sure to spring a leek.

All the Difference.

"Every Poet hates to be called 'Mr.'"—*Globe.*

FORMALITY sometimes is Scorn's twin sister—
The prefix to the Poet means disaster;
But though no Bard would be addressed as "Mister,"
How they all love to be addressed as "Master!"

WHY HE WENT.

SOME doubts having been expressed in influential quarters as to the genuine character of the Manifesto alleged to have been recently put forth to the European Powers by Prince FERDINAND on his entry into Bulgaria, the following, whatever subsequent changes may have been diplomatically introduced into it prior to publication, may be confidently regarded as an authentic transcript of that document in its original form.

To the Crowned Heads of Europe, and others whom it does or does not concern, greeting, &c.

Be it known to those who have been interested in, and somewhat mystified by our recent movements, that we, FERDINAND THE FIRST, by the voice of the Regents, and the will of the Great Sobranje, elected Monarch of Bulgaria, wishing to make clear and explain why that we, having originally held aloof from any idea of acceptance of the post, and even having snubbed the Deputation who came to offer it to us in the name of the Bulgarian people, have apparently at the eleventh hour, to the exasperation of Russia, the consternation of the Porte, the indifference of Germany, the annoyance of Austria, the chagrin of France and the hearty amusement of England, suddenly turned round, and accompanied by a small portmanteau and a suite of two, accepted the situation and started on a penny steam-boat for Sofia, wish to make statement as follows:—

Having discovered upon inquiry that the palace required repapering and was sadly out of repair, with both gas and water-rates seven quarters in arrear, while it appeared that both the throne and crown would have to be hired, and possibly only a lame omnibus horse available for our use at the Coronation procession, and taking in regard the fact that no guarantee was forthcoming that our *allowance from the Civil List would touch* anything like £150 a-year, we at first reluctantly decided, spite its undeniably flattering nature, to decline the offer so spontaneously made to us. And we conveyed as much to the delegates who received the news crestfallen, and were about to depart in sulky silence when a telegram arrived from Sofia of such an encouraging and startling description, that it seemed, to us at least, to put the question in an entirely fresh and original light, and in one that we felt might make us waver in our determination. It simply announced the fact that the Government, never doubting of our acceptance of the crown, had already taken the bull by the horns, and ordered *at a local Ready-Made Clothing Establishment a complete brand-new Uniform* for us to wear the moment we set our foot on Bulgarian soil. "Buttons and all?" we asked. "Buttons and all!" was the reply. This gracious and patriotic, and quite unexpected act profoundly touched us. Indeed, it decided us; and when it was further intimated to us that *the bill would not be sent in to us*, but go to increase the deficit in the forthcoming Budget, we did not hesitate, but accepted the full responsibilities of the situation, and informed the Deputation that, spite the hostile attitude of Europe, we would go to Sofia, and at least "try it on."

Thus, and for this reason, we have started on our venturesome journey, whether or not to a successful issue the future alone can show. We have, however, made provision for emergency, and stipulated that, in the event of any sudden revolution obliging us to scuttle back again over the frontiers post haste, the uniform in question shall be regarded as our own personal property, and not be liable to be claimed as a royal perquisite, and altered to fit our possible successor. This, then, is the true statement of the reason that has induced us to assume the recent attitude that we have felt constrained to take in the face of the European Powers, concerning whom we may add, in conclusion, that their laughter if they are amused, or their howling if they are angered, are at the present moment equally matters of supreme indifference to us.

(*Signed*) FERDINAND, *Prince Elect of Bulgaria.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 8.—Curious debate in Lords. As everyone knows, GEORGE RANGER has given notice to Volunteers that some of his tenants in neighbourhood of Wimbledon object to the assembling of Camp, and so the tents must be struck. As Commander-in-Chief, GEORGE RANGER is, of course, specially solicitous for the prosperity and convenience of the great and singularly cheap adjunct to regular forces. But as between a landlord's interest and a patriot-soldier's sentiments sentiment must take back seat. Nice thing to talk about in after-dinner speeches, and at opening of Bazaars; but, GEORGE RANGER regrets to say, quite another pair of sleeves in actual life. So Camp must be struck.

To-night WEMYSS brings on Motion deprecating contemplated procedure. Removal of the Camp, he said amid cheers, would be "nothing short of a national calamity." Would endanger progress if not existence of Volunteer movement. Dook behaved most nobly. Declared with tear in his voice that he would not be obstacle to free course of debate. Lest Peers of England should be awed by his presence when discussing matter of "national interest," G. R would withdraw, which he did! Noble Lords made free use of their liberty. WANTAGE who, fresh from his command at Wimbledon, knows all about it, deplored the contingency. SPENCER effectively brought the ultimate ends of his left-hand whisker to witness that driving-out of Volunteers from Camp would be "a public disaster." HARRIS hinted, on behalf of Government, that British tax-payer might somehow be brought into this domestic disturbance, of course with hand in breeches-pocket. Might indemnify GEORGE RANGER against loss real or imaginary, and so keep Camp for Volunteers.

House of Commons at the moment just entered Committee of Supply, pricked up its ears as rumour reached it. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate observes that, by merciful dispensation of providence rare in this direction, Lords cannot vote money in relief of Royal Dukes or otherwise, and Commons may have something to say about Wimbledon when question brought before it. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Lords adjourned at 5·40 this afternoon. Peers left House as if bomb had exploded. Only ROSEBERY giving notice that early next Session he will "call attention to constitution of House of Peers, and move Resolution." Peers of older creation, like BRABOURNE, shocked; whilst Old Mother HUBBARD—only just picked up a bargain set of robes, nearly new—very uneasy.

"These young Radicals," said BRABOURNE, adjusting his ill-fitting coronet, "never satisfied. Must always be bringing themselves to front, and reform everything. Why not leave our sacred House to itself. ROSEBERY, everybody knows, yearns after the Commons, an institution which I believe is situated in some parts of this building. I, for one, very glad to get rid of him. Will undertake, if I can get support (which I don't doubt), to bring in Bill, legalising ROSEBERY's dismantling himself, and his being qualified to sit in the Commons." HUBBARD (forget his new name) offers to back the Bill. "Yes," said BRABOURNE, "that will do admirably. You'll stand for new Peers, and so whole House will be represented. Impossible that we, of the Ancient Peerage, can brook impertinence of this kind."

In Commons sitting impartially divided between Scotch votes in Supply, and Technical Education Bill, explained by HART-DYKE. Hard to say which division duller. Scotch debate lightened by rather massive joke of proposing to reduce salary of Secretary for Scotland by £1,000. Unanimous protest of Scotch Members against this office being held by Member of House of Lords. If there was £1,500 to be pouched, why should not representative of the people have it, instead of being lavished upon bloated member of the aristocracy? Things looked so serious, that Lord Advocate put up to beg that Members be satisfied with discussion as far as it had gone, promising opportunity for renewal to-morrow, when (though didn't mention this) care will be taken to have present force strong enough to resist raid on Scotch office. Proposal unsuspiciously assented to.

Earl Sp-nc-r introduces Incontrovertible Argument.

Business done.—Supply.

Wednesday.—A nicht wi' BURNS. A good drizzling Scotch mist from noon till Six o'Clock. Scotch Lunacy, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, Secretary for Scotland, Scotch Technical Instruction Bill were among subjects dealt with. Might have been going on now had not one of the Scotch Members, feeling his brain softening, moved the Closure. Old Morality woke up from his sleep in condition of righteous indignation. Here was audacity, indeed! An obscure Scotch Member presuming to poach on his preserves, to interfere with his sacred privilege of moving Closure! Began in tones of mingled sorrow and anger to protest. SPEAKER interposed. Reminded him that Closure motion could not be debated. Must be put forthwith. So done. Flood of talk stopped. Bill under discussion read Second Time, and Old Morality led out, pallid and palpitating.

Lord Advocate coming back from visiting him, finds passage obstructed by ARTHUR BALFOUR. Shall he jump over, or crawl under? Either difficult on August day for a stout gentleman. So whispers across barricade that "SMITH's much cut up," and sits down on hither side.

"Obstruction!"

Business done.—All Scotch.

Thursday.—Very small attendance in Commons. Considerably over forty remain on Opposition Benches to support Sage of Queen *Anne's Gate*'s demand for Adjournment, in order to discuss cost and *consequences of DRUMMOND WOLFF's pic-nic* in the East. Soon as gained consent, general exodus, and Sage cheerfully chats across deserted floor with GOSCHEN, who takes incessant notes. JOHN DILLON, who, what with intolerable interposition of Scotland yesterday, has not made speech since Tuesday, breaks in and shows that, next to Ireland, Egypt is most distressful country that ever yet was seen. Conversation drags along till after Ten o'Clock, when it dies of sheer inanition. Then Government Allotment Bill on. HARCOURT makes discovery that it promises only one acre and no cow at all. GOSCHEN hauled up again to whipping-post. Taunted with sudden conversion to principle of compulsion. True, didn't like compulsion. Had always said so, but "impossible for a single member of a Government to carry out his views on every point;" whereat Opposition grinned.

Business done.—Allotments Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Some sensation in moderately crowded House at Question Time, when report ran round Benches that Sir JOHN PULESTON, Knight, was approaching. Slight reaction of disappointment when he entered. Vague, though prevalent notion, he'd come down in knightly costume, with vizor down (or up, as the case may be), armed "cap and pie," as GENT-DAVIS says, with lance in rest, and Squire in attendance. On contrary, lounged in just as if nothing had happened, with slightly preoccupied look and little start of surprise when congratulated on honour Government had done itself. "Oh! ah! yes! Know what you mean. Thanks. It's very hot, ain't it?" he said, making way through throng of congratulators. "Clywch! Clywch!" roared ABRAHAM, humorously looking over newspaper announcing Knighthood.

"Clywch! Clywch!"

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "What are you clucking about?"

"I was only coughing in my native tongue," he said. "Clywch! Clywch!"

Various reasons suggested why PULESTON made Knight just now. HOWARD VINCENT says it's because he's the only Member for English borough that can pronounce the word "Eisteddfod," and knows the plural isn't "Eisteddfods. Whatever the reason, everyone heartily pleased. The new Knight, they say, will keep his own Table Round. Dean's Yard, Eight o'Clock. Dress optional.

Business done.—Row about Lords' Amendments to Irish Land Bill.

LAWFUL (?) LATITUDE.

As "cross examination to credit," has recently been considerably developed by certain members of the legal profession, the following questions are suggested to students studying for call to the Bar, or admission to the roll of Solicitors, as likely to be peculiarly conducive to qualification.

To a Bishop.—When your Lordship was at school were you ever flogged? Will you swear it was not for committing petty larceny? Did you ever in your life steal an apple? When at the University were you ever sent down? Will you undertake to say that you have never been drunk? When you were two-and-twenty years of age did you ever swear or use profane language? Remember you are on your oath, my Lord, and answer this—will you dare to assert that you have never in the whole course of your life been guilty of conduct that had it been brought to light would not have been a proper theme for denunciation from your Lordship's own pulpit?

To a General.—Now, Sir, have you ever been accused of cowardice? Is it not a fact that some little time before you obtained your first commission you were known as "Tell-tale TIT"? Will you swear you have never been guilty of cheating? As a matter of fact, did you not frequently get a comrade to do your verses at Eton, and then allow your tutor to believe that you had written them yourself? Had a brother-General been guilty of such a crime, would you have not been forced to admit that it was conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman? As an expert in defining a standard of honour, will you venture to say that there is any difference in the degree of shame attaching to construing with a concealed crib and cheating at cards?

To a Queen's Counsel.—Now, Sir, will you——

But no, it will be unnecessary to prepare any questions for a Barrister, as *he* will know how to protect himself from insult.

AT LOW WATER MARK.—The Channel Tunnel.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions*, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not even when* accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE PRICE OF SUPPORT.

A Fragment of a coming Contemporary Romance.

"Is it possible that Mr. GLADSTONE, not content with having allied himself with the Parnellites, or with having endeavoured to sow jealousies between the component parts of the United Kingdom, is at last endeavouring to purchase the parliamentary support of the South-Eastern Railway? The idea seems almost too humiliating to be entertained; but it is not easy to place any other interpretation upon this new and startling announcement. Can it be conceived that the safety of England ranks as nothing in his estimation when it is brought into competition with the possibility of winning a few votes from the interested supporters of a commercial enterprise?"—*Times.*

VOL. I.—THE COMPACT.

IT was on a sultry August evening in the memorable year 1887 that a stranger, whose anxious gaze, now and again fixed on the entrance, denoted the fact that he was awaiting the arrival of one of the Members, crossed and re-crossed the pavement of the Hall of the Reform Club with a step that indicated a high condition of nervous trepidation. To the casual observer he might have passed for a solicitor in an extreme state of irritability. The Hall-Porter, however, who had watched him narrowly, had recognised him for who he was. He knew that the restless interloper, who had several times peered into his carpet-bag, and examined specimens of Channel chalk, and had, when he thought no one was looking, hacked a London, Chatham and Dover trains'-bill with his penknife, was no other than the famous Sir EDWARD WATKIN, the then Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company. He approached him.

"He won't be long," he said, intuitively guessing the object of his visit, and addressing him kindly. "Ha! hark! Here he comes!" He had scarcely spoken, when a roaring cheer, borne on the sweet evening air, broke the comparative silence of the street outside, and in another minute a surging and struggling mob, who were shouting themselves hoarse, had deposited safely from their shoulders, on the door-step of the Club, their great hero and idol, whom they had thus, as was their wont, nightly carried in triumph from the House.

The ex-Premier, for indeed the buoyant bearing, the high shirt-collar, and the contagious enthusiasm of the new arrival proclaimed his identity at once, dashed up the steps three at a time, and, waving a radiant farewell of thanks to the crowd, bounded into the Hall, where, seeing the stranger, he instantly seized him by the arm, and hurriedly led him to a recess.

"This is very good and genial of you, my dear Sir EDWARD," he commenced.

The other eyed him cautiously. "You wanted to see me?" he rejoined, sulkily.

"Yes, indeed!" was the brisk reply. "I wished to tell you that, as you had been wicked enough,—ha! ha!—to conceive the idea of uniting England and France by a Tunnel, I had been wicked enough also to determine to help you to do it. Ha! ha!" He laughed long and loud. His interlocutor stared at him for a few moments aghast. Then he clutched him.

"You mean this?" he asked, growing pale with excitement as he spoke. "You mean that you will vote for the Bill?"

"Not only vote for the Bill, but make it a Government measure." As he spoke he was interrupted by a commotion in Pall Mall. Some Junior Members of the Carlton were by way of a practical joke, common enough at this season, dropping a Unionist Liberal out of the first-floor windows into the area, and their merriment over the exploit resounded loudly down the street. The ex-Premier heard it and a wonderful smile played upon his almost beautiful features. "You see, they are going to pieces next door," he added exultingly, "I shall be in in a few weeks, nothing can stop me; and then, I give you my word, you shall have your Tunnel."

The other approached him. There was a curious look in his eye. "You have your price?" he asked. "Name it," he added under his breath, glancing around him furtively to see they were not overheard.

The great Statesman winked knowingly. "Merely the South-Eastern vote," he whispered. "Come, is it a bargain at that?"

"Done!" was the quick rejoinder. They grasped hands.

"Show this gentleman to a four-wheeler," said the ex-Premier.

So they parted. But as the Grand Old Politician turned towards the supper-room there was a fine triumphant lustre beaming in his eye, for he knew, that if he had possibly betrayed his country, he had at least squared the Railway Company. He had made the *compact!*

VOL. II.—PAID IN FULL.

The country was about to face a great crisis in its history. Yet, as the year 1894 opened, there were little evidences of the approaching storm. It is true that the Gladstone Cabinet were still in power, and were passing exasperating measures. But this was nothing new. Last year they had abolished Compulsory Vaccination, and had passed the Country Estates Popular Appropriation Act. They had inaugurated the first Session of the present one by suppressing the Volunteer Movement, and cutting down the Naval and Military votes respectively to the modest figure of £2,000,000 a year; and they pointed to the Channel Tunnel, now opened about sixteen months, for a triumphant vindication of these Imperial economies. They argued that a country that could pour a perpetual stream of Cook's Tourists night and day over to the Continent, had given a guarantee for preserving International peace such as would warrant it in reducing the expense for its defences to a pecuniary minimum; and, though they met with some opposition from the Permanent Departments, and were hotly criticised by an angry mob of naval and military men, who found themselves, at a moment's notice, both thrown out of work, and deprived of their pay, they, nevertheless, carried their point, and effected the proposed reductions. But a thunder-clap was about to fall upon the unsuspecting country from a blue sky, and the Channel Tunnel, which had inspired its misguided leaders with a baseless confidence, was destined to inflict the shock.

It became known in London suddenly on the morning of the Tuesday in the Easter Recess that the approaches to the Tunnel had been suddenly seized by a hostile French force that had landed by the night-mail disguised as tourists, and that the key of the apparatus destined to flood it in any case of emergency, was not forthcoming, the Chairman of the Company, who had charge of it, having suddenly disappeared without leaving his address. It was also further rumoured that the guns commanding the shore-exit had been spiked by active Shareholders anxious to protect their property from destruction at all hazards, and were useless. When, therefore at eleven o'clock, the second edition of the morning papers announced that a French army was pouring through the Tunnel, and occupying the neighbouring heights, at the rate of ten thousand men an hour, the panic became indescribable. Nor did it diminish when it was further known that the French Ambassador, leaving a threatening ultimatum behind him, had that afternoon taken his departure for Paris. The country flew to arms. Sir ARCHIBALD HARRISON hastily collected the available force at Aldershot, and took up his position on the Hog's Back, and awaited the approach of the enemy with 213 men, all told, and three guns. They took no notice of him. At twelve the following day it was known that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, falling back on Sydenham, in command of a handful of Volunteers and a squadron of the Household Cavalry hurriedly got together, had capitulated in the Refreshment Department.

The details of the disaster spread like wildfire. The consternation was terrific. The LORD MAYOR went into hysterics, and was, by common consent, removed to Colney Hatch, while an angry mob invaded the War Office, and seizing any members of the Ordnance Committee they could lay hold of, forthwith dragged them out, and lynched them in Pall Mall. That same evening a French army, 350,000 strong, entered London in triumph.

A few outrages marked this occupation. The Nelson Column was thrown down, Waterloo Bridge blown up, Piccadilly re-christened the Rue Boulanger, and the whole of Madame TUSSAUD'S Collection seized as National property.

So matters stood, but the cutting off of the food supply, thirty shillings being charged at a West-End Club for a plate of indifferent tinned-rabbit, soon brought matters to a crisis. The Cabinet that at the first approach of the enemy, had instantly retired to the Island of Lewis, came cautiously up to town and opening negotiations for peace with the French Government, finally signed the Tottenham Court Road treaty, and provided for the evacuation of the country by the invader. The terms were stringent and somewhat severe. In addition to agreeing to the cession of India, Australia, the Cape, Canada and all her Mediterranean possessions, together with the division of her Fleet among the Navies of Europe, England undertook to pay an indemnity in ready money at the Bank of England of five-hundred millions sterling.

* * * * * *

As a cordon of French troops was keeping back the sullen crowd that thronged the space in front of the Royal Exchange and watched the waggons heavily laden with the bullion that was about to be transferred to the South-Eastern Railway for transmission to France, a tall, elastic figure wearing a high shirt-collar, pushed eagerly up the steps of the Mansion House, and gazed reflectively at the scene that was being enacted below. Presently some one touched it. It turned.

"Ha! Sir EDWARD," was the bright recognition, "who would ever have thought of meeting you again, and who would ever have conceived," the cheery voice continued, "that our little compact should have ended in this!" The speaker pointed with a significant smile to the waggons of bullion lumbering beneath. "Well," responded the other with a suggestive dryness, "my support got you into power at any rate!"

A marvellous brightness overspread the features of his interlocutor. "Yes, it did," he replied, "and though I am quite confident that posterity will say it was worth the price, I see," he added, airily, waving his hand in the direction of the Bank, "that, at the present moment it is apparently being paid in full!"

REMARKS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNANSWERED.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. JONES. I'M AFRAID I'VE PUT YOU OUT BY CALLING AT THIS UNEARTHLY HOUR." "OH, I HOPE I DIDN'T SHOW IT!"

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Hotel Continental, Royat.—Our party here (which, somehow or another, PULLER has contrived to get together and introduce to each other by the simple means of inducing M. HALL to give us a room to ourselves for a small *table-d'hôte* at the un-Royat-like hour of 7·30) consists of La Contessa CASANOVA, the English wife of an Italian merchant, the head of a large house of business in London—she is Marchesa or Contessa, I am not certain which, but PULLER styles her *Miladi* and *Madame*. She is devoted to the serious Drama, and her pet subject is SALVINI in *Othello*. Her daughter, an elegant young English girl, lively, amusing, and with a bias in favour of the very lightest forms of theatrical entertainment.

Then we have Madame METTERBRUN and her daughters, Anglo-Germans, thorough musicians, with WAGNER at their fingers' ends,—literally, as they are accomplished pianists. There is Mrs. DINDERLIN, who was here last year, and is taking the waters seriously, and who knows when to put in the right word at the right moment. Cousin JANE who is taking the waters still more seriously and who is an excellent listener: myself an impartial referee: and PULLER the Solicitor out for a holiday, who is alternately in the highest of spirits or the lowest depths of depression, according as the waters and weather affect him. Outside our party there are others whom I meet occasionally, consisting of the lady who finds fault with everything French, the gentleman who laughs at everything French, the grumbler whom nothing satisfies, the contented man who is pleased with everything, the man who after being here a day is intensely bored, the man who from the moment of his arrival is always studying Guide-books and *indicateurs* to see what is the best and easiest way of getting away again: the patient who has come all the way here to see the Doctor and then refuses to do anything he tells him: the patient who has come to find out what on earth is the matter with him: the man who doctors himself, and two or three ladies of my acquaintance of whom I only catch occasional glimpses as they issue from Sedan-chairs or muffled up like the Turkish women, merely recognise me with their eyes, incline their heads and pass on their way with a little drinking-glass in their hands.

To me Royat is an amusing place: it is certainly a pretty one, and its waters in most cases are decidedly of lasting benefit. What those "most cases" are, the patients themselves best know.

* * * * * * *

For expanse there is nothing like the sea, and for grandeur the snow mountains. Unless *I go up to the Puy* de Dôme—which I do not mean to do, for I have been up there once, and *never, never, never will go there again*—I cannot see either. And even from the top of the Puy you can only discern the sea, or Mont Blanc, with a very good glass, on a very clear day.

* * * *

M. BOISGOBEY's description of a Parisian Club in his latest book (I delight in BOISGOBEY now I can no longer get anything from GABORIAU) called *Grippe-Soleil* will amuse London Club members. The only two Clubs in Paris I ever saw were not a bit like BOISGOBEY's description.

* * * *

When anyone who has been under treatment a week, unexpectedly meets a friend here, he stops short, stares at him, examines him from head to foot, and then exclaims, in a tone of utter astonishment, "What!! *you* here!!" as if the new arrival were either an intruder or a lunatic. The person thus addressed immediately retorts in an injured tone, "Well, what on earth are *you* here for?" and then he adds maliciously, "there doesn't seem to be much the matter with *you*." Now to say this is to utter your deliberate opinion that the person you are addressing is at Royat (or any other Salubrity Abroad wherever it may be) under the false pretence of being an invalid, and is therefore, to put it plainly, a shammer, an impostor.

* * * *

After this greeting, explanations follow. The first man has to prove his right to be at Royat, and the second man has to admit the evidence to be incontestable, on the condition, implied but not expressed, of his own case being taken as thoroughly warranting his taking the baths and *traitement* generally at Royat.

* * * *

Then comes the question of Doctors. "Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"—but who shall decide when patients disagree about Doctors? "Whom do you go to?" asks the suffering SMITH of the invalid BROWN. "Well," says BROWN, apologetically,—because he is not sure, this being his first visit, that he might not have gone to a better man, "I go to Dr. CHOSE," and noticing the astonishment depicted on his friend's face, he hastens to explain, "SQUILLS sent me to him." The suffering SMITH professes himself puzzled to know why on earth SQUILLS always sends his patients to CHOSE. "Dr. REM's the man for you, my boy," says SMITH. But BROWN feels that he is in the toils of SQUILLS, and that it would not be fair to him or to CHOSE, if he suddenly left the latter and sought the advice of Dr. REM, on the sole recommendation of SMITH who, after all, is not a professional.

* * * * *

Then two *habitués* meet. "I always go to CHOSE," says eczematic JONES, dogmatically, "first-rate fellow, CHOSE. All the French go to him. *They* know." "Ah!" returns gouty ROBINSON, with conviction, "I never have been to anyone but REM. He's the chap. All the English go to him. Best man in Royat." And if it weren't the hour for one of them to go and drink Eugénie water, and for the other to take his second glass of St. Mart, they would have a row and come to blows.

* * * * *

PULLER tells me that there's one London Doctor, describing himself as a Gynæcologist ("A guinea-cologist," parenthetically remarks PULLER), who always sends his patients here. I think he says his name is Dr. BARNES. "He sends so many," says PULLER, "that I propose changing the name of the place from Royat-les-Bains into Royat-les-Barnes." I see why he introduced the name of BARNES. Fortunately he is so delighted

MR. PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PARALLELS. No. 2.

THE LORDLY CECIL ENTERTAINS HIS SOVEREIGN. HATFIELD, 1573 AND 1887.

with this *jeu de mot*, which I fancy I've heard before, that he is off to tell his friends in the Parc, and, as I pass a group, I overhear him explaining the point of it to a French lady and her husband, with whom he has a speaking acquaintance. For PULLER likes what he calls "airing his French," and is not a bit shy.

* * * * *

The Band is performing another new tune! How is this? I can account for it. It rained nearly all yesterday, and so the musicians didn't come out. How did they occupy themselves? In rehearsal. Well here's one good effect of rain at Royat, it brings out the new tunes.

A Pretty Plate to Set Before the Queen.

"The Queen's Plates are henceforth to be devoted to improving the breed of horses."

A MOST wise change that sense for long has wished,
But, Phœbus! how the "Platers" will be dished!

AN INVITATION.

(To a well-known Air.)

"Mr. FREDERICK MAUDE, Honorary Secretary of the 'Liberal Union,' has resigned that post in consequence of his disapproval of the attitude taken up by the leaders of the 'Liberal Unionist' party towards the leaders of the Liberal party, and of his inability to support the programme of a Tory Government."

COME back to Hawarden, MAUDE,
For the Tory black flag 's flown!
Come back to Hawarden, MAUDE,
Leave HARTY and JOE alone;
For the Government plainly is all abroad,
And the Unionist game is blown.

A "CHEF DOUVRES."—The L. C. & D.'s new steamer Empress.

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Town is supposed to be empty, except of the poor persons who are forced to attend the Houses of Parliament, and the toiling millions of the East End, who are, however, of no account in the West. In spite of this dearth of population, the Gaiety (which I attended on your behalf, looking and feeling as much like you as I possibly could) was very full on the first night of *Loyal Love*, a play which has apparently been put upon the stage for the personal and exclusive benefit of Mrs. BROWN-POTTER.

Saved by the Bottle.

Certainly this talented lady has vastly improved since she made her first appearance in *Man and Wife*, and has only to continue at the same rate of progress to become in a very short time a really admirable actress. *Loyal Love* is rather a foolish piece, and reminded me equally of the *Lady of Lyons*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Box and Cox*. The plot was feeble in the extreme; and had not Mrs. BROWN-POTTER made a decided point by calling a rude and ancient king, who *would* wear his hat in the presence of ladies, "Old Man," I really think the performance would have fallen rather flat. As it was, the phrase (which was accepted by the "first-nighters" as a colloquial "Americanism") put everyone in good humour, and the last Act, with its amusing mock poisonings, and comical arrests and counter-arrests, went with every token of genial satisfaction. By the way, the "bottle trick" (by which poison is turned into wine) should be treated more avowedly in a spirit of burlesque. Were a decanter of pantomimic proportions introduced, the effect would be excellent. *Loyal Love* is not a good name for this funny little—it is only in four Acts—play. It is a pity, as the hero and heroine are always declaring that they would like to live and die together on a desert island, that it was not called *Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe*, with an explanatory subtitle of the *Purposeless Plotter, the Death-Dealing Wine-Cellar, and the Grand Old King*.

Heroic Proportions.

At the Adelphi a new and original drama called *The Bells of Haslemere*, has been produced amidst the enthusiastic applause of the entire Press. I am sorry to say I was a little disappointed. No doubt my expectations had been unduly raised by the "notices." It appeared to me that there was nothing absolutely and entirely new and original in the play, save a series of hats worn by Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP in the character of a fraudulent trustee. However, it is only just to say that the *chapeaux* of *Joseph Thorndyke* were *unique*. Had they been produced as "exhibits" to an affidavit read during a summons heard before one of the Chief Clerks in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, they must have assisted materially in rendering virtue triumphant, ay, with or without an appeal to the Judge. One of the authors of the piece, Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, is a well-known barrister, and no doubt the legal training of this learned gentleman suggested their most appropriate introduction.

A Hat(e)ful Character.

Joseph Thorndyke uncovered, might have been faithful to his *cestui que* trust, but *in* his hat he could only have proved—what, alas! he was—a fraudulent trustee. Mr. TERRISS as *Frank Beresford*, bore a striking resemblance to the naval lieutenant in the *Harbour Lights* whose escape from one action (on board ship) to defend another (in a police court) roused the enthusiasm of the pit and gallery for so many hundred nights, and Miss MILLWARD in both pieces was much about the same individual. But in spite of this conventionality, the play was decidedly interesting to the audience, who filled the cheaper parts of the house. In fact I am inclined to believe that the critics are right, and that *The Bells* will ring for any number of nights. The scenery was admirable, and I should like to see it again. I am not quite so sure that anything else in the drama would induce me to pay the Adelphi a second visit. Stay, I think I should like to bestow another glance on Mr. BEAUCHAMP'S hats. I am all but certain, that from a fraudulent-trustee-point-of-view, they are absolutely faultless,—yes, absolutely faultless.

The Crystal Palace, now that the new Bill is on the fair road to become law, seemingly has taken a fresh lease of popularity. The evening *fêtes* are a great feature, and jaded Londoners can scarcely do better than to take a train from Victoria or St. Paul's, and spend a pleasant couple of twilight hours amidst the lamps and (on Thursdays) the fireworks. In the daytime there is always an excellent panorama, and frequently a successful play performed by its original London company. This last has always a charm for

Yours most truly,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

ADAM SLAUGHTERMAN.*

By Walker Weird, Author of "Hee Hee," "Solomon's Evers," &c.

CHAPTER I.—BLOOD RELATIONS.

"IT is very kind of you to come round," I said, to my two friends, Sir HARRY and BONG, as they threw themselves violently into two arm-chairs (which almost broke under the brutal force of their descent), and emptied two casks of whiskey.

very sincerely yours
Adam Slaughterman

As I looked at Sir HARRY, with his wide shoulders and deeper chest, I could not help thinking what a curious contrast I was to him, with my head of grizzled hair cut short and starting up like a half-worn scrubbing-brush. Then there was BONG, who is not like either of us, being short, dark, stout,—*very* stout,—with twinkling black eyes everlastingly hidden by blue spectacles.

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir HARRY, "why shouldn't we give up civilisation, and go in for the mud—I mean blood—baths in South Africa?

I fairly jumped at his words.

"Nothing I should like better. And you, BONG?"

BONG is so overpoweringly frivolous.

"I'll go, because I am getting fat."

"Shut up, BONG," said Sir HARRY, and then we screamed at the witticism for three hours. After that we started for Africa, in search of the land of the White-eyed Kaffirs, which we believed to be somewhere south of the Westminster Aquarium, the Alhambra, and other Music-Halls in which a specimen of the race had occasionally been seen.

On our arrival in Africa we found our old friend, UMBUGSOAPYGAS, with his huge battle-axe (playfully called Kosikutums or "the brain-pricker," from a habit he had of chipping life out of a man's cranium), awaiting us. He was a huge savage, with a large piece of loose skin concealing the right side of his face, which was absolutely boneless. UMBUGSOAPYGAS was delighted to see us.

"O cove, O cove-dat-am-cool!"—(Oh individual, oh individual without the influence of passion!)—"brave one, great one! Let me come with thee to swim in gore!"

I let him say this, as I saw his enthusiasm was producing a marked effect upon the minds of some niggers that were listening to him. But after he had said it, I thought it better to stop his vapouring;

* *Editor.* Surely I have heard this title before, or one very similar to it?
Author. No, I think not.

for there is nothing I hate so much as this Zulu system of extravagant praising—"zwaggering," as they call it.

"Shut up!" I cried, the more especially as I saw that he was getting the blood-fever upon him, and savagely destroying with his huge axe a spider's cobweb.

He gave me a sort of nod, and seized the niggers by their throats until their eyes cracked. Then, with roars of laughter (for they really looked most ridiculous), we followed the blacks into the boat, and went to the Mission House of the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE, without any further adventure than cutting off at the wrist the hand of one of the murderous tribe of Lorkymussies.

CHAPTER II.—MISSION WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE and his wife and child lived in great comfort amidst the people they had taught so carefully. I do not quite know what the educational curriculum happened to be, but no doubt it would have merited the approval of the London School Board. They had a French cook, called ADOLPHE, who seemingly had been obtained from a travelling Circus that no doubt had passed the Mission House in the course of a provincial tour.

"Oh, the monster! See the horrible man. He is a Mister Black," said ADOLPHE, looking at UMBUGSOAPYGAS. The savage in a moment had dragged out the little Frenchman's eyes, thrown them high in the air, rubbed them in salt, and replaced them in their sockets. BONG, Sir HARRY, and I could not help laughing.

A little later we were called in by Mrs. BANG MCSAXPENCE, and soon were enjoying a really good cup of tea. I was putting forth my hand for a fresh supply, when the breakfast-things were knocked over by a head freshly severed from the trunk.

"Rough and *reddy!*" I suggested, with a laugh.

"Another carpet spoiled!" said gentle Mrs. MCSAXPENCE, trying to wipe out the deep crimson stain.

"This is serious," observed the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE arming himself with a carving-knife, "the Lorkymussies are upon us. And, to cause me greater annoyance, they have kidnapped my daughter TOTTIE."

This turned out to be the case, and although we could not help smiling at the notion of a fair-haired little girl being at the mercy of some clumsy, tomahawking, brutal cannibals, we felt very sorry for the bereaved father.

We started. The first victim was a sentinel. UMBUGSOAPYGAS clutched him by the throat and pulling his head back, tore it off with a crack, like the popping of a soda-water cork. Then we were upon them. There were yells, crashes, and blood all over the place. The "Brain-pricker" was here there and everywhere, scooping out brains just like a cheese-scoop scoops out cheese to be tasted by the customers of a London butterman. It really was all very amusing, and in spite of our servants being absolutely cut to pieces, we were in the gayest spirits imaginable. That all should end happily, who should turn up at the last moment but TOTTIE, with a little pail into which the dear child had poured the heart's blood of some of her persecutors.

"I shot six of them with my own little revolver," said the interesting infant, as I stroked her golden-hair with my crimson-coloured fingers; "wasn't it clever of me?"

We had a very good lunch, the *poulet à la Portugaise* of ADOLPHE being particularly worthy of a second helping. After this meal was over, I went to the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE, and taking him by the arm, observed,

"I really think you ought to give up this sort of life. You see you owe a duty to your wife and daughter—especially the latter, who, if she does not receive any education, and only mixes with bloodthirsty cannibals, may grow up wild, shunning her kind."

"You are right, SLAUGHTERMAN," replied the Minister, straightening his carving-knife, which since the night before had severed many a human rib. "I made up my mind to it this very morning, just before I began my hacking and slaying. I won't risk another fight, but leave it to a younger Clergyman. And besides, between you and me, I am well off. It is thirty thousand pounds I am worth to-day, and every farthing of it made by honest trade, and savings in the bank at Zanzibar—for living costs me here next to nothing."

"You are right."

"I am sure of it," answered the Clergyman. "I will turn my back upon this place in a month. But it will be a wrench—it will be a wrench."*

CHAPTER III.—WATER ON THE BRAIN.

We left the Rev. BANG MCSAXPENCE (whose successor, by the way, was killed and eaten six weeks later), taking with us the little ADOLPHE (a most invaluable butt for our buffooneries), and voyaged into the Unknown. We got into a boat, and throwing overboard some niggers to pick up dead swans, they were immediately (much to our amusement) drowned. This made us think, and we came to the conclusion that they must have been carried to death by a current. In a moment our canoe began to fly along as if seized with a mighty hand, and we were in a tunnel. The water hurried us along, and we had scarcely time to notice that we were passing now "Baker Street Station," now "Portland Road," now "King's Cross," when we were close to a gigantic lily of fire that nearly roasted us. We passed, got to some rocks, and were trying to get a cab, or at least a fly, when we suddenly came across a number of spiders. They were dreadful creatures. They foamed at the mouth, screamed at one another, and devoured their invalid relations.

Here I should like to pause to write something *really* terrible about these spiders, but must hurry on, as there is still a deal of killing to be done before I get to the end of my narrative. Enough to say I may return to those spiders some of these days, and out of their webs spin a three-volume novel of unusual grimness and humour.

Shortly after this we emerged from the tunnel (passing by a place called Gloucester Road), and found ourselves in the land of the White-eyed Kaffirs.*

CHAPTER IV.—QUITE KILLING.

The country we now occupied was called New Pendy—no doubt because it had never been written about before. It is not very necessary to describe the lands or the people; and really the most remarkable thing in the place was a staircase, of a very wonderful character. Let the reader imagine, if he can, a splendid stairway, sixty-five feet from balustrade to balustrade, consisting of two vast flights, each of one hundred and twenty-five steps, of eight inches in height, by three feet broad, connected by a flat resting-place sixty feet in length, and running from the palace wall, on the edge of the precipice down to meet a waterway or canal cut to its foot from the river. This was the great staircase, the magnificence of which fairly took our breath away.†

Having described the staircase, it is only necessary to say that the New Pendies were governed by two Queens, one of whom fell in love with Sir HARRY and married him, quarrelled with her sister, and engaged in a civil war which rent the country in twain. This naturally occasioned a good deal of bloodshed. Never shall I forget the manner in which TRYLEAPYEA (the lady who honoured Sir HARRY with her preference) wooed that individual. When they first met they could not speak the same language, so she took a pencil from me and made a delightful little sketch, which I give in the margin. There is no difficulty in recognising a bride expressing admiration at a wedding-cake.

* * * *

Need I say that after her marriage TRYLEAPYEA'S subjects had the most terrible fight with the subjects of her sister SARAMARIAH, which was chiefly waged on the stair-case. This happened after I and UMBUGSOAPYGAS had performed together a kind of "Turpin's Ride to York," from the battlefield. ADOLPHE escaped to post these memoirs—UMBUGSOAPYGAS was cut to pieces. Sir HENRY and BONG in his blue spectacles, were kept for ever in the New Pendy country, and, finally, I myself was killed, funeralled, and cremated.‡

* *Editor.* Surely I have read this conversation, almost word for word, somewhere?

Author. No, I think not.

* *Editor.* The description of the tunnel seems to have some reference to a recent flooding of the Metropolitan Railway?

Author. No, I think not.

† *Editor.* Surely I have read this wonderfully graphic description of a flight of steps somewhere before?

Author. No, I think not.

‡ *Author.* Stop, stop, this is disgraceful! Why into about a dozen lines you have compressed two-thirds of my story! I had pages, and pages, and pages of slaughter! If you do not print them in full, I am sure the public will be disappointed!

Editor. No, I think not!

A RISE IN BALLOONS.—It would seem that Aërostation, with an an eye to affairs, has at length advanced to a possibility within the range of practical enterprise. Messrs. JOVIS and MALLET, in their late balloon ascent from Paris, were accompanied by two Guinea-Pigs. Had these partakers of their voyage been deputed to attend that expedition in the interest, as Directors, of an Aërial Navigation Company? And did they, in their official capacity, get the customary guineas, and enjoy the lunch provided as usual for their refreshment in the discharge of their arduous duties? If so, of course, it can't be said that a balloon was a place where those Guinea-Pigs had no business. The Balloon also contained two Pigeons; but these perhaps were birds of a different feather from Shareholders in a Joint-Stock speculation.

GETTING OUT OF IT.

"Where *are* you going, George? The Omnibus will be here directly, and we're all ready to start."

"Yes, dearest! A—I forgot to tell you—I was to meet Brown at the Club about *those Shares*, you know, *unless he Telegraphed to the contrary*. Most *Important!* But don't trouble about me—I'll get down by a later Train, in time for Supper."

A "GOOD GUN."

Scene—*The Moors. A Shooting Party at Lunch.*

Sm-th (*throwing himself down*). Oh! I *am* so tired!

B-lf-r (*stretching himself languidly*). So am I!

Sm-th. Oh, *you* are *always* tired, aren't you? Look so, anyhow. Haven't been exerting yourself much, so far as I have seen, up to now.

B-lf-r. My dear fellow, you have yet to learn that hurry is not pace, and that fuss is not business.

S-l-sb-ry. Well, boys, don't squabble, but lunch. We've *all* done pretty badly, up to now, and unless we do better before sundown,—— [*Sighs and sips.*

Sm-th (*sorrowfully*). Yes, that's very true. [*Sips and sighs.*

B-lf-r. Well, I'm glad it's lunch-time anyhow, for I'm fairly baked.

Sm-th. Nip of Irish, B.?

B-lf-r. Irish be—*proclaimed!* Sick of the very name of Irish. *Do* let's forget it for awhile, and hand me the J. J., there's a good fellow.

S-l-sb-ry (*musing*). Humph! Pretty pair of Sportsmen! Empty rotundity, and linkéd languor long drawn out. Wonder what Dizzy would have thought of such a pair of guns, especially of "his successor." *Tracy Tupman* emulating *Mr. Winkle.*

Sm-th. Eh? What? Beg pardon, S-l-sb-ry, I'm *not* forty-winking.

S-l-sb-ry. Not at all, not at all. I was—ahem!—saying what a *Winkle*—ah—M-tth-ws is!

B-lf-r (*disgustedly*). Oh, M-tth-ws! Missed every bird he's tried at. Pity all burglars are not as bad shots as he. Couldn't hit a constable at ten yards.

S-l-sb-ry (*drily*). Not if he *tried.* I never feel safe at twenty. If he hasn't peppered us all round, it isn't *his* fault.

Sm-th. And—ahem—G-sch-n hasn't turned out *quite* the success *we expected, eh? That last miss of his* was rather a bad one.

S-l-sb-ry. Humph! perhaps. Still, I wish he'd brought one or two of his friends with him.

B-lf-r. Well, perhaps they'll join us later on.

S-l-sb-ry (*aside*). I *hope* so. Not much prospect of a decent bag if they don't, I fear. Fact is, my party this year's a failure. Scarcely a good gun among them. Finest and largest shooting-ground we've had for years, and *yet* we can't make a bag. Adjoining Moor supposed to be an absolute failure, and yet the party who've taken it—on most Liberal terms I hear, and with little hope of good sport—are picking up birds like fun. Pop, pop, pop, pop! and every bang a bird. Old G. getting quite cock-a-whoop about it. Fancies he'll top us at the end of the shoot. Quite wrong, of course. Now that, at last, we've really dropped upon that rascally gang of Irish poachers who had leagued themselves together to play the mischief with our Moor, I guess we shall astonish G.'s party a trifle. *They* wink at the poaching Paddies. Most unsportsmanlike conduct I ever heard of. What'll they do, *now*, I wonder? Still we can't afford to go on muffing and missing *too* long. Bang! There goes another. And one of our birds, too, I'll be bound. Hillo! by Jove, there's H-rt-ngt-n, sauntering this way, and by himself, too. Something like a shot, *he* is, and, if he'd join us—well, well, we shall see. Looks, as usual, as though he didn't care a single tomtit for things in general, and shooting in particular. Often lets a bird go from sheer indifference, but seldom misses one from lack of skill. Sure he can't be comfortable with *that* lot—indeed, he owns it. And they don't like his friendliness with us. Why can't he join us, and have done with it?

H-rt-ngt-n (*approaching*). Ah! there they are. And a jolly lot of Sportsmen they look. Poor S-l-sb-ry, I pity him. Ought to have swept the Moors. Birds plentiful, and lots of guns. But no shots. Doosed awkward. Know what it is to shoot with a party one doesn't get on with. Our party not the right sort now; awfully mixed—doesn't suit me a bit. G. has let in too many outsiders. If they'd rally round me now, and let me pick 'em! But the picked rallyers are so precious few, and the rest, instead of closing up to me, seem to be tailing off after Gl-dst-ne, somehow, confound 'em! One

A "GOOD GUN."

S-L-SB-RY. "I SAY, OLD FELLOW, I WISH YOU'D COME AND JOIN US, AFTER LUNCH!!"
H-RT-NGT-N. "WELL—ER—FACT IS—I'M WAITING TO SEE IF MY PARTY'S COMING UP!!"

RAILWAY STATION PUZZLE. TO FIND A SEAT.

CH-MB-RL-N doesn't make a shooting party, even with BR-GHT thrown in. Don't want to shoot against S-L-SB-RY, though, I'm sure. Much rather drive the birds his way. But join him!—humph!

S-l-sb-ry (*hailing*). Hillo, H-RT-NGT-N, old man, how are you? All alone? Where's your party?

H-rt-ngt-n. Oh! they're along behind there, somewhere. How are *you* getting on?

S-l-sb-ry. Oh, pre-e-t-ty well—considering. Hardly got our hands in yet,—some of us (*significantly*). Birds a bit shy, too. But we shall get among them presently, and then!——(*sotto voce*). I say old fellow, why don't you join us—after lunch? *Capital* shooting-ground, but, ahem!—some of our fellows a *leetle* wild, and one or two regular cockneys. I wan't a real good gun or two badly, and *then* we should be safe for a splendid bag. (*Aloud.*) Come, old fellow, what do you say?

H-rt-ngt-n. Tha-a-nks. Awfully kind, I'm sure. But—ah—fact is, I'm just waiting to see if my Party's coming up. [*Left waiting.*

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

LOVER of Nature, whom her lovers love,
Those who were dear to thee to *them* are dear:
The world's hard way to lift their lives above
Is a clear duty, welcome as 'tis clear.
And if for every page of pure delight,
Those fine and faithful fingers wrought for all,
There came the slenderest gift, the poorest mite,
More lightly on those stricken hearts might fall,
The weight of sore bereavement, hard to bear,
E'en when, as here, all men its sorrow share.

OGRES IN DAIRYLAND.—Everybody has heard of Fairy Rings, which have a sweetly Arcadian sound. But "*Dairy* Rings' do *not* savour of Arcadia, save, perchance, in the sense suggested by the stock quotation, "*Arcades ambo*—blackguards both." The function of "Dairy Rings," it seems, is artificially and injuriously to keep up the cost of produce. Not until they are broken up will people really get "Milk Below"—monopoly prices.

RAPTURE.

(*By a Radical.*)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (in the debate on the Lords' Amendments to the Land Bill) said, "he had never regarded the House of Lords as the special representatives of the community, that he would very much have preferred that an Amendment in the interests of the community should have proceeded from another quarter, that they were Commons' House of Parliament, and that it was they who had to look after the interests of the community, and not the House of Lords." (*Opposition Cheers.*)

HOORAY! This is rather more like the old JOE,
Whom as pet of the Peers his old friends hardly know.
Does "cushioned ease" tire him already,—so soon?
Is "gentlemen" chumship no longer a boon?
Can zeal for the Union no longer determine,
The Birmingham champion to back up the ermine?
This snub to the Peers is decidedly handsome,
We'll soon have JOE talking once more about "ransom."
Oh! Spalding was splendid, and Bridgeton was brave,
And GROSVENOR's defeat made the Unionists rave;
TOM SAYERS ne'er landed his foe such a "oner,"
As SALISBURY had at the hands of our BRUNNER;
But neither the news of Gladstonian gain,
Of TREVELYAN's return, or the tantrums of CAINE,
To Radical bosoms such a rapture affords,
As Brummagem JOE once more smiting the Lords!

CON. FOR THE CONNUBIALLY INCLINED.—What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected offer of marriage? The first leads to the Matrimonial Knot; the second *is* the Matrimonial Not.

"Bon Voyage!"

MR. CAINE, who is tired Party knots of unravelling,
Is off, so 'tis said, round the world to be travelling.
Let's hope that much clearing of temper and brain
May result from this new sort of "Wanderings of CAIN (E)".

IN THE CAUSE OF ART.

Patron. "WHEN ARE YER GOIN' TO START MY WIFE'S PICTURE AND MINE! 'CAUSE, WHEN THE 'OUSE IS UP WE 'RE A GOIN'——"

Artist. "OH, I'LL GET THE CANVASES AT ONCE, AND——"

Patron (millionnaire). "CANVAS! 'ANG IT!—NONE O' YER CANVAS FOR ME! PRICE IS NO OBJEC'! I CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR SOMETHING BETTER THAN CANVAS!!" [*Tableau!*

THE ARTIST'S HOLIDAY;

OR, A BRUSH WITH THE POLICE.

Start for Isle of Wight.—Market for Pictures so depressed, can only afford a fortnight away from Town this Summer. Never mind! Intend to have a high old time while it lasts. Shall travel over the whole Island—Cowes, Ryde, Ventnor, Shanklin, Alum Bay, and the Needles. Travelling suggests that I'm my own "traveller"—in the Oil and Colour line! Mustn't mention this joke to my aristocratic customers, however.

On the Way Down.—Read in my favourite newspaper—"Art is a fanciful and captious mistress, exacting many sacrifices from her servants, and not infrequently putting them to considerable inconvenience." Sounds unpleasant. Wish people wouldn't write like this. True, perhaps, but not edifying. Writer goes on to say of Artists that "Respectability is arrayed in arms against them, because their ways are not as those of its smug and unimaginative votaries." (Rather a good hit that—"smug and unimaginative;"—writer not such a fool as I thought.) "Mrs. GRUNDY sniffs at them with righteous scorn, because their appearance, bearing, and habits, are not measurable by the standards of propriety." (I should hope not, indeed!) "The subaltern administrators of the law regard them with suspicion"—Humbug! Throw paper down in disgust. Never been interfered with by a policeman in my life. What is there in *me* to excite suspicion, I should like to know? Should write to Author of that article, and tell him he's an ass, only can't afford to waste a stamp just now.

Southampton.—Go on board boat for Ryde. Curious. Three men following me about everywhere! On stepping on to Ryde pier, they make a pounce on me. Ask to see my luggage. It seems they are "subaltern administrators of the law," disguised. I refuse to give up my keys; in order to mollify them, make a joke, and tell them "they can't Ryde the high horse here." Only reply they make is to break my bag open. Very objectionable. Crowd evidently think I'm a London thief, and hoot at me.

Ask Detectives if they think I look like a Dynamiter? They say nothing, and wink. Seem to look on my question as a "leading," or rather a misleading, one. Thank Heaven! There's nothing suspicious in my Gladstone bag. But, as these are Government emissaries, perhaps the mere possession of a "Gladstone" bag is considered to connect me in some mysterious way with Parnellism, and so with crime. Is there such a thing as a "Salisbury" bag? Wish I'd got one if there is. Perhaps it would be a good move to tell them I'm a Unionist. They reply (gruffly) "they don't want none of my gab," and that *they* intend to find out what I am precious quick.

At Police Station.—(To which I've been taken through a howling mob!) Bag opened. Several things appear to excite suspicion. Palette inspected carefully. If it hadn't been for bad success of my last humorous remark, should tell my captors that "I've no *palate* for conspiracy." My box of brushes regarded as highly questionable. Suggests obvious sporting-riddle—Why do they think I've been in at the death (of somebody or other?)—Answer: *because I've got the brush!* Bottle of Chinese White at once impounded. Considered to contain "an explosive composition," it seems. Detectives convey it carefully to middle of large field, and bury it, until Colonel MAJENDIE can come down from Town. What, however, is regarded as greatest proof of my nefarious tendencies is a picture of London Bridge in my portfolio. Detective asks triumphantly—"What made you draw that there bridge if you ain't a Fenian, now?" I reply "it 's only a pot-boiler." Answer considered so very incriminating that I am immediately handcuffed and put in a cell. Never realised before what a very "fanciful and captious mistress," Art is, or what idiots "the subaltern administrators of the law" are capable of making of themselves.

Three Days Later.—Liberated! Am told it was "all a mistake." Chinese White bottle proved not to contain anything dangerous to human life. Pot-boiler restored me, slightly soiled. No excuses or apologies made—sent away with a "free pardon!" And this is England! Ah, they manage some things better in France!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 15.—Some ordinary business on Agenda, but importance dwarfed by imposing demonstration made by WEMYSS. Session really coming to a close. WEMYSS has done his share of speechmaking. According to DENMAN has appropriated more than fair share. Nevertheless, he finds in Mid-August quite an accumulation of odds and ends omitted from speeches prepared during last two years. If he doesn't work them off this Session will be out of date by next. That no insuperable objection to delivering speech in House of Lords; still, freshness and appropriateness not altogether without weight. How shall he dispose of the accumulated treasure? Thought once of publishing it in single volume, call it "Jubilee Thoughts, by Earl of WEMYSS;" or "Peerless Wit and Wisdom, by a Peer." Found publishers not anxious to undertake proposal. Jubilee, they said, beginning to pall, too many books about of Wit and Wisdom. Happy thought! Why not throw the scraps into form of speech, and favour House of Lords with it? Some of the topics little ancient and continuity of thought difficult to simulate; but propose to "call attention to Socialistic legislation during the Sessions of 1886 and 1887." That will cover everything.

So arranged, and to-night, as soon as immaterial business disposed of, WEMYSS rose, and began his speech. Audience of eighteen, to begin with. Gradually diminished, till there remained, for fifth and final peroration, only four. Was a tremendous speech—blood-curdling, convincing, and delivered with much animation. Never was a nation in such peril. Before Great Britain lay only Black Night and Despair.

Might have been expected that, when WEMYSS sat down, there would have been eager competition for precedence to take up the thread of debate so solemnly launched. But he'd overdone it. So terrified the few Peers present, that none could speak. Looked at each other with fitful, fearful glances. One by one they rose, and tremblingly tottered out. WEMYSS left in solitary possession of House, filled only with echoes of his fearsome jeremiad. Thus closed this memorable one-speech debate. LORD CHANCELLOR retaining presence of mind sufficient to adjourn the House, WEMYSS picked up his notes, and went forth, probably to prepare for his own flight from the doomed country.

Columbus, M. P.

Business done.—In Commons, Mines Bill in Committee.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—JOHN MANNERS in his place to-night. Everyone glad to see him back again; Liberals, Conservatives, Dissentients, Unionists, whatever we be, all unite in saying a friendly word to JOHN on his convalescence.

Another arrival greeted with more mixed feelings. BRUNNER, flushed by his great victory in Northwich, comes up to be sworn in. Tremendous cheering on Liberal side. Dead silence among Ministerialists. Old Morality gazes up at glass roof with preoccupied air; thoughts far away from Westminster or Northwich either. CAINE, looking on from Bar, turns his back, and marches forth.

"Another blessing in disguise," says he. "I think now I'll go off to Japan, and see how they're getting on with their projected Parliamentary Institutions. Might get some hints for forming our National Party."

Crimes Bill on again. Committee pegging away far into to-morrow. A good business-like debate, but a little dull. Minority of between seventy and eighty industriously tried to carry Amendments moved by BURT and others. Majority, varying between 120 and 140, thinking matter over in privacy of smoke-room, news-room, and terrace, come up with minds fully made up on points of detail, and always vote with Ministers. BURT, beaten again and again, comes back to scratch, looking, towards half-past two in the morning, a little broken down, but still full of fight.

T. B-rt.

Business done.—Mines Bill.

Thursday.—House of Lords deserves well of its country. Is setting Commons example it will do well to follow. On Monday, as noted, WEMYSS made long speech, and, no one rising to follow in debate, House forthwith adjourned. Same thing happened on Tuesday when DENMAN introduced beneficent proposals for limiting speeches. Met with success beyond his wildest expectations. Had asked that duration of speeches might be strictly limited. Lords with one accord forthwith accepted principle. Applied it so strictly that, as LORD CHANCELLOR in his epigrammatic way put it, "speeches were limited to silence." In fact no one spoke at all. DENMAN had debate all to himself, and House adjourned. So pleased with this arrangement that it was carried a step further to-night. Only one speech was made. Was delivered from Woolsack. So brief may be quoted *verbatim*:—

"House will now adjourn," said LORD CHANCELLOR.

That was all, and noble Lords dispersed.

"Most pleasant, informing and useful sitting we've had for many Sessions," said BUCKINGHAM to CHANDOS.

"*Allons!*" said STRATHEDEN to CAMPBELL, "let us go and visit those foolish Commons who waste their time in much speaking."

Commons crowded and animated. Evidently no prospect here of foregoing speech-making. Sixty-eight questions on paper to begin with. GEORGE CAMPBELL, his mind athirst for information, wanted to know from President of Board of Trade what was the meaning of "allotment." RITCHIE, with elbow leaning negligently on box, and legs crossed, mockingly referred the ingenuous Knight to *Johnson's Dictionary*. Curiously reminiscent of *Mephistopheles* bantering *Faust*, was RITCHIE as he looked across at CAMPBELL.

Mephistopheles, M. P.

Old Morality announced abandonment of various Government measures, dropping tear over each. Emotion became monotonous towards tenth tear, and Opposition rudely laughed. But Old Morality had his revenge later. Quite a long time since he has "pounced." But as midnight drew on, and little progress made, began to grow desperate. CHAMBERLAIN suddenly turned upon his allies, attacked them in rattling speech. Even voted against them when Division called. Government majority went down from customary hundred to alarming forty-two. Then Old Morality, goaded to madness, "pounced" right and left. HARCOURT stirred up GOSCHEN with long pole; BALFOUR yawned ostentatiously when DILLON convicted him of ignorance of Irish affairs; PARNELL pounded away; T. W. RUSSELL withdrew from alliance with Government; TIM HEALY chuckled; JOSEPH GILLIS alternately jeered and groaned. But Old Morality came out victor. Whenever lull occurred he moved Closure, and so presently wound up sitting.

Business done.—Split between "Dissentient Liberals" and Government.

Friday.—House not so full to-night. Rumour about that there was something to fore in Lords. Members migrated thither. Only a few Peers present. Markiss rose, and in matter-of-fact tone, as if offering observation on state of weather, announced Proclamation of National League. Fifteen Peers present successfully controlled emotion, and passed on to ordinary business. Commons, penned in Gallery above, and crowded at Bar below, rushed to own House,

carrying news with them. Arrived just in time to hear HANBURY question Government on quite other subject. HANBURY's hawk eye had discovered in the Estimates vote for salary of Master of Hawks. Wanted to know who he was, what he did for a living, and how many hawks he might have to deal with in course of year. Frank and somewhat startling disclosure from Treasury Bench. The existence of Master of Hawks admitted; regular payment of his salary confessed. Only hitch was that there were no hawks. Still, there have been hawks in time of STUARTS. An impecunious nobleman had obtained office, with reversion to eldest son; and so, through the ages, unsuspecting taxpayer had subscribed salary. House so ashamed to discover its remissness as custodian of Public purse, that, by common consent, subject dropped. But silent resolution taken that noble Hawk-master shall have drawn his salary for last time.

Then BALFOUR confirmed statement made in other House about Proclamation of National League. Announcement received, on the whole, in grim silence, also not without its portent. House then took up Allotments Bill, with which it wrestled in business fashion for rest of sitting.

Business done.—National League Proclaimed.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(*Shakspeare adapted to "The Times."*)

"Oppression hath made up this League."
King John, Act iii., Scene 1.

Angelo . . Lord S-L-SB-RY.
Escalus . . B-LF-R.

Escalus. Every leader it hath writ hath disvouched other.

Angelo. In most uneven and distracted manner. Its actions show much like to madness: pray heaven its wisdom be not tainted. Yet can we own ourselves beaten, and redeliver our authority?

Esc. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it a few days before our departure, that if any crave redress of injustice, they must not exhibit their discontent in the street?

Esc. It shows its reason for that; to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed!

A TALE OF ARABI.—The recent unsuccessful effort to secure the release of ARABI PASHA, recalls the trial of that unfortunate Egyptian when he was so ably defended by a distinguished member of the British Bar. On that occasion, to put it Broadley, he was more of a patriot than a criminal.

"*ECLIPSE* first, the rest nowhere," is a celebrated racing record. The disappointed astronomers of Europe, last Friday, modified the *mot*—"Eclipse nowhere" is the common burden of their reports.

MOTTO FOR AGRICULTURISTS.—Set a parasite (*the Chalcis fly to wit*) to catch a parasite (*the Hessian ditto*).

A BURNING QUESTION.

By Our Own Cricket Enthusiast.

"The four Counties in whose doings the interest of the Cricketing public is centred, were all hard at work yesterday. [Friday, August 19.] Yorkshire doing very badly against Surrey at the Oval, and Nottinghamshire showing to considerable disadvantage with Lancashire at Old Trafford."—*Daily News.*

OH, don't talk to me of the close of the Session, or who's to be Premier, perchance, in the next one;
Those questions, no doubt, may excite party spouters, but there is a *far* more important and vext one.
The Cricketing Season draws fast to a close; the rain 's come at last with inopportune bounty,
And there is a question eclipsing all others,—which, *which* for this year will be Premier County?
It 's narrowing down,—oh, it 's narrowing down, and it grows more soul-harrowing every minute,
For Surrey and Lancashire, Yorkshire and Notts are the only four Counties a man can call "in it."
Trent-Bridge is astir with a fever of fidgets, the Tykes are all hurry, and worry, and flurry,
Old Trafford is all upon thorns, and, by Jove, what excitement there is at the Oval in Surrey!

Woo "Ton."

HORNBY and HAWKE cannot sleep of a night, and their nerves into coolness in vain strive to tutor;
GLADSTONE and SALISBURY's rivalry 's child's-play compared with the ditto of SHERWIN and SHUTER.
Plague upon Jupiter Pluvius! *Why* did he not hang aloof just a week or two longer?

"Baa low!"

Oh, don't talk to me of your turnips and things,—what are they to the question which team is the stronger?
Glorious season for Cricket all round, as is proved by the lots of Leviathan scoring,
And now, hang it all, at the very identical point when it comes to the pinch, it is pouring.
Cockshies all chance, every average crabs, this detestable deluge. Slow wickets and sticky,
Muck even the great ARTHUR SHREWSBURY's play, and make WALTER READ's chance of top-average dicky,
ARTHUR's two centuries *plus* sixty-seven, falls off to a pitiful seven-and-twenty,
And BARLOW and BRIGGS have it all their own way; three "ducks" in one innings—of Notts men—seems plenty.
Look at poor Yorkshire again! MARTIN HAWKE did his best to choose right, but caked wickets *plus* LOHMANN,
Are far too long odds e'en for ULYETT and HALL; and who can foresee English weather? Why, no man.
Wants a cool sticker like SCOTTON to stand it. Eh? Gives the poor bowlers a look in? Oh, granted,
Good trundling's a part of the game to be sure, but you see at this crisis it 's *scoring* that 's wanted,

"'Ull yet?"

"Hide!"

Dashes the gazers, this downing the wickets like nine-pins in swamp with muck-moisture afloat all,
And then ninety-two for a tall-scoring team like our Notts, you must own 's a contemptible total,
Middlesex plays in and out; lots of scorers like WEBBE, STODDART, LUCAS, O'BRIEN, and VERNON.
But ROBERTSON, BURTON, and WEST want assistance as bowlers, and bowling 's a thing wins will turn on.
Gloucester 's slap out of it. Pity poor GRACE with a team he can seldom bring up to the scratch, Sir,
So that, in spite of his own startling scores, the, at one time, "Invincibles" scarce win a match, Sir,
Sussex,—well, QUAIFE is a promising bat, and you always may look for some notches from NEWHAM,
Whilst J. and A. HIDE are a host in themselves; but good fortune this season has failed to pursue 'em.
Kent, with Lord HARRIS, the family of HEARNES, and RASHLEIGH, with credit should carry field matters on,
But this year they 'll not be at top of the tree, 'spite the bowling of WOOTTON, the smiting of PATTERSON.
Leicester has got a good trundler in POUGHER, but one bowler won't make a good (Cricket) summer,
Whilst Derbyshire's CHATTERTON, CROPPER, and RATCLIFF don't make her, at present, the new (Cricket) comer.

The Family "Urn."

Puffer.

As for game Essex,—well, evergreen GREEN, who has done in his day some redoubtable cricket,
Will own he will not have a look in *this* year, e'en with BUXTON, and BISHOP, and BRYAN, and PICKETT.
No, we must still look to one of the four; and oh, what a lot hope that one will be Surrey.
Fancy the spirits of GRIFFITH and SOUTHERTON—(chums of that "barn-door" whom no one could flurry,
Stout little JUPP)—must just now haunt the Oval, or hold ghostly confabulations at Mitcham,
Discussing the way in which SHUTER's lot cut 'em and drive 'em, and swipe 'em, and place 'em, and pitch 'em. [like young ABEL
And oh! *if* smart SHUTER, crack READ, steady LOHMANN, and swift-footed MAURICE, and cut-
Should once more put Surrey at top of the tree, won't the Oval just be a tumultuous Babel?

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any des
in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.
there will be no exception.

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

3 P.M.—Arrive at Starmouth—the retired Watering-place at which I propose to write the Nautical Drama that is to render me famous and wealthy. Leave luggage at Station, and go in search of

Down by the Sea.

lodgings. Hotel out of the question—*table d'hôte* quite fatal to inspiration. On the Esplanade, noting likely places with critical eye. Perhaps I *am* a little fastidious. What I should *really* like is a little cottage; two bow-windows, clematis on porch, flagstaff, and cannon (if it wouldn't go off) in front. I could achieve immortality in a place like that. Sea-view, of course, *indispensable*. Must be within sight of the ever-changing ocean, within hearing of "the innumerable laughter of the waves"—I know what the phrase *means*, though I shouldn't like to have to explain it, and the waves just now are absolutely roaring.

3·15.—Still noting; plenty of time, and Starmouth "all before me where to choose." More than a mile of Esplanade, and several brass plates and cards advertising "Apartments." Must be cautious—not throw the handkerchief in a hurry. Haven't seen the ideal place *yet*.

3·30.—Better make a beginning. Try "Blenheim House" (all the houses here either bear ducal, naval, or frankly plebeian names, I observe). Ring: startling effect—grey-mouldy old person, with skeleton hands folded on woollen tippet, glides in a ghastly manner down passage. They really ought to put up a warning to people with nerves, as M. VAN BEERS does at his *Salon Parisien*. Feel as if I had raised a ghost. Wonder if she waits on lodgers—if so, my dinners will be rather like the banquet GULLIVER had at Laputa. "Has she rooms to let at once?" "No?" "*Oh!*" Well out of *that!*

3·45.—Warming to my work. Ring at door in "Amelia Terrace." Maid appears—nice-looking girl, rather. Have you"—I begin—when I see a boy at the ground-floor window. Don't object to boys, as a class, but this particular boy is pallid, with something round his throat, and an indescribable air about him of conscious deadliness, and pride in the unusual terror he inspires, which can only be accounted for by recent Measles. Never under the same roof with *that* boy! He eyes me balefully, and I stare back, fascinated. "Have you," I begin again—(I am full of resource, thank goodness!) "a Mrs. WALKER—(first appropriate name that occurs to me)—"staying here?" By a horrible coincidence, they *have!* She has taken the ground-floor—where that boy is! Awkward—very. . . . I manage to gasp out, "Then will you please mention that I called?" and retire before she can ask my name. Presence of mind again!

4 P.M.—Still seeking. Not so fastidious as I *was*. Have given up the cottage, and clematis, and flagstaff. Only place answering that description belongs—or so I inferred, from his language—to a retired sea-captain, whom I disturbed in his nap to inquire whether he let lodgings. As it happened, he *didn't*. Then (as I very nearly went back and told him) what right had he to sport a brass plate? However, I got some good racy dialogue for the Nautical Drama out of him.

4·15.—More failures. Starmouth busy digesting, which it does publicly in bow-windows. I must *not* be so particular. I will do without balconies—even bow-windows—but I cannot, I will not, sit on horsehair furniture.

4·20.—After all, so long as I get a sea-view, what matters? I can be nautical and dramatic on *any* kind of chair. And "Collingwood House," too—what a name for me! I will go in. Rejected again—nothing till Thursday fortnight! I am beginning to feel like an unpopular man at a dance. I regard the people wallowing at the windows with a growing hate; they are the elect—but that is no reason why they should parade it in that ostentatious way—bad taste! . . . Can't get any rooms along these terraces—I subdue my pride, and try a back-street.

4·30.—Nature too strong for me—I *must* face the sea. Surely there must be *some* cards I have overlooked! . . . Thought so! staring me in the face all the time! Ring—ghost effect again—same old grey lady! She asks me, in hollow tones, what I want. I ask her whether I left my umbrella here (full of resource!) "No!" "Oh!" Back-street again after that.

4·40.—Even the back-streets will have none of me! I grow morbid. Remember words of song, entreating vague somethings (perhaps stars) "to smile on their vagabond boy"—no one smiles on me. And *I* to have vapoured about "throwing the handkerchief." Fool—fool! . . . They are more sympathetic in the back-streets, though. "Starmouth is very full!" They say, complacently, "they don't know if there's any place I *could* get into, not to say at once—they really *don't!*"

5 P.M.—Back on the Esplanade again. Why, I certainly haven't been *here* before. Ring. While I am waiting for some one to appear, face rises at window—*the measly boy!* Confound these terrace-houses, all alike! This time I *don't* wait—I bolt. They will think I am a clown out for a holiday, but I can't help that.

5·15.—No, I must draw the line somewhere. At "Hatfield House," (good address this) landlady appears with eruptive face, powdered—effect not entirely happy—but I waive that. She has rooms—but the sitting-room is out at the end of a yard, and I am to get to my bed room through the kitchen! Can't write an epoch-making drama under those conditions.

5·30.—I am growing humbler—I would almost take a coal-cellar now. Think I will go back to Hatfield and recant . . . . I have. "Very sorry—this moment let" . . . . "Oh!"

5·35.—*At last!* May choicest blessings light upon the head of PLAPPER!—or rather of Mrs. PLAPPER, as her husband is out. She has taken me in! Charming rooms—not actually facing the sea, but with capital view of it round corner from bow-window. PLAPPER is an optician—wonder whether it is weak eyes, or wifely duty, that makes Mrs. P. wear blue spectacles? Everything arranged—terms most reasonable—now to recover luggage. Stop; better ask address—or I might never be able to find my optician again—like *Mrs. Barrett Browning* and her lost Bower! "You've only got to use PLAPPER'S name, Sir, anywhere, and it will be all right," says Mrs. P. with natural pride. Very convenient. For instance: *Stern Constable* (to me). "Can't come in here, Sir." *Myself.* "Can't I, though? *PLAPPER!*" And in I go! Or I am in a scrape of some sort: "Have you anything to say?" asks the Inspector. I whisper in his ear. "PLAPPER!" And they grovel and release me.

5·45.—Odd—but now I find myself wondering ungratefully, whether I mightn't have done better than PLAPPER, after all. This is human nature, I suppose—but discreditable. I *am* overjoyed—really. I no longer hate people. *I* too am an initiate! But I can pity poor devils who are houseless, I hope . . . . I order sundry things: "Send them in to PLAPPER'S." Luggage regained and sent back—to PLAPPER'S. I feel self-respect once more.

6 P.M.—Returning to PLAPPER'S. And in this secure retreat my Nautical drama is destined to see the light—if PLAPPER only knew! I feel an affection already for this humble temporary home. Mrs. P. meets me at the door. "So sorry, Sir—but *you can't have the rooms, after all!* PLAPPER had let 'em quite unbeknown to me!"

And this is Saturday! *I am under a curse!*

THE BALLET.

Lament by the Rev. S. D. Headlam.

WHAT was it first my fancy fed,
My steps to the Alhambra led,
And finally quite turned my head?
The Ballet!

What, when I studied it apart,
Struck me with force that made me start,
As being a noble form of Art?
The Ballet!

And what, when seen night after night,
Inspired me with supreme delight,
And made me to the *Pall-Mall* write?
The Ballet!

But what, when kindled with its fire,
I hoped my Bishop to inspire,
Alas! excited but his ire?
The Ballet!

And what, although the orthodox
Two places in an upper box
I offered him,—but gave him shocks?
The Ballet!

Ah! what, though every nerve I've strained
To see the dancers' battle gained,
Leaves me episcopally chained?
The Ballet!

LAST FRUITS OF THE SESSION.—Pairs.

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THIS year has been a great one for America in London. The Exhibition in West Kensington, with its Wild West [Show, has attracted its thousands, and at this moment two dramas (both from the United States) are very popular in the Strand and Oxford Street. A few nights ago, anxious to save you the trouble of filling a stall with your customary urbanity and critical acumen (to say nothing of your august person and opera-glasses), I visited the Princess's, to assist at a performance of *The Shadows of a Great City*. It was really a most amusing piece, written by JEFFERSON, the *Rip Van Winkle* of our youth, who you will remember was wont in years gone by to drink to the health of ourselves and our wives and our families at the Adelphi. The *City* was New York, and the most substantial of the *Shadows*, Mr. J. H. BARNES, a gentleman who might be aptly described as one of the "heaviest" of our light comedians. He played a fine-hearted sailor with an earnestness of purpose that carried all before it. I cannot conscientiously say that he gave me the idea that he was exactly fitted to take command of the Channel Fleet, but after seeing him I retained the impression that he would have felt entirely at home on the quarter-deck of a Thames Steamboat. Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, who has so often assisted to make the fortune (as a jocular scoundrel) of a Drury Lane melodrama, was also in the cast, and so was Miss CICELY RICHARDS, *the Belinda* of *Our Boys*. Then there was Miss MARY ROEKE, a most sympathetic heroine, and several other excellent performers, whose names, however, were less familiar to me.

The play, admirably mounted with capital scenery, recalled a number of pleasant memories. Here was a suggestion of *The Ticket of Leave Man*, there a notion from *The Colleen Bawn*, and yonder ideas from *The Long Strike* and *Arrah-na-Pogue*. There is nothing new under the sun, and *The Shadows of a Great City* is no exception to the rule. However, it is a thoroughly exciting play, full of murder and mirth, wrong-doing and waggery, startling incidents, and side-splitting comicalities. It was certainly greatly enjoyed, when I saw it, by the audience, who cheered Mr. BARNES and Miss ROEKE to the echo, and hissed all their enemies to their heart's content, as a reward for the most effectively-simulated villany.

Very soon all the Theatres will be busy with the Autumn-cum-Winter Season. The first on the List is Drury Lane, which, reserving PAYNE for the Pantomime at Christmas, opens in September with *Pleasure*.

Always yours sincerely,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Still at Royat. Hotel Continental.—*À propos* of PULLER "airing his French" Miss LOUISA METTERBRUN said something delightful to him the other day at dinner. PULLER had been instructing us all in some French idioms until Madame METTERBRUN set him right in his pronunciation. He owned that he had made a slip. "But," says he, wagging his head and pulling up his wristbands with the air of a man thoroughly well satisfied with himself generally, "but I think you'll allow that I can speak French better than most Englishmen, eh?"

Madame METTERBRUN doesn't exactly know what to say, but Miss LOUISA comes to the rescue. "O Mr. PULLER"—he is frequently at their house in London, and they know him intimately—"I always say to Mamma, when we're abroad, that I do like to hear you talk French"—PULLER smirks and thinks to himself that this is a girl of sense and rare appreciation—"because," she goes on quietly, and all at table are listening, "because your speaking French reminds me so of home." Her home is London. I think PULLER won't ask Miss LOUISA for an opinion on his French accent again in a hurry.

* * * * * *

I have just been reading VICTOR HUGO's *Choses Vues*. Admirable! *Fuite de Louis Philippe!* What a pitiful story. Then his account, marvellously told, and the whole point of the narrative given in two lines, of what became of the brain of TALLEYRAND. Graphically written is his visit to THIERS on behalf of ROCHEFORT. Says THIERS to him, "*Cent fournaux me traînent tous les matins dans la boue. Mais savez-vous mon procédé? Je ne les lis pas.*" To which HUGO rejoined, "*C'est précisément ce que je fais. Lire les diatribes, c'est respirer les latrines de sa renommée.*" Most public men, certainly most authors, artists, and actors, would do well to remember this advice, and act upon it.

* * * * * *

"*Choses Vues*," written "*Shows Vues*," would be a good heading for an all-round-about theatrical and entertainment article in *Mr. Punch's* pages. Patent this.

* * * * * *

PULLER has recovered his high spirits. The temperature has changed: the waters are agreeing with him. So is the dinner hour, which M. HALL, our landlord, kindly permits us to have at the exceptional and un-Royat-like hour of 7·30. At dinner he is convivial. Madame METTERBRUN and her two daughters are discussing music. Cousin JANE is deeply interested in listening to Madame METTERBRUN on WAGNER. The young Ladies are thorough Wagnerites. La Contessa is unable to get a word in about SHAKSPEARE and SALVINI, and her daughter, who, in a quiet tone and with a most deliberate manner, announces herself as belonging to the "Take-everything-easy Society," is not at this particular moment interested in anything except the *menu*, which she is lazily scrutinising through her long-handled *pince-nez*.

Mrs. DINDERLIN, having succumbed to the usual first attack of Royat depression, is leaning back in her chair, smelling salts and nodding assent to the Wagnerite theories, with which she entirely agrees. For my own part, I am neutral; but as the METTERBRUNS are thorough musicians,—the mother being a magnificent pianist, and the eldest daughter a composer,—I am really interested in hearing all they have to say on the subject. Our bias is, temporarily, decidedly Wagnerian, for Cousin JANE, who is really in favour of "tune," and plenty of it,—being specially fond of BELLINI and DONIZETTI,—in scientific musical society has not the courage of her opinions.

From composers the conversation travels to executants, and we name the favourite singers. After we have pretty well exhausted the list, and objected to this one as having a head voice, or to that as using the *vibrato*, or to the other as dwelling on an upper note ("queer sort of existence," says PULLER, gradually coming up, as it were to the surface to open his mouth for breath,—whereat Cousin JANE smiles, and Miss CASANOVA lazily nods approbation of the joke—while the rest of us ignore PULLER, putting him aside as not wanted just now,—when down he goes again), we generally agree that GAYARRÉ is about the best tenor we have had in London for some time; that SANTLEY is still unequalled as a baritone; that there is no one now to play and sing *Mephistopheles* like FAURE; that M. MAUREL is about the finest representative of *Don Giovanni*; that Miss ARNOLDSON shows great promise; that ALBANI is unrivalled; that MARIE ROZE is difficult to beat as *Carmen*; and that it is a pity that PATTI's demands are so exorbitant; and having exhausted the list of operatic artists,—Madame and her daughters holding that certain Germans, with whose names we, unfortunately for us, are not even acquainted, are far superior to any French or Italian singers that can be named—there ensues a pause in the conversation, of which the Countess CASANOVA takes advantage, and extending her right hand, which movement sharply jingles her bracelets, and so, as it were, sounds a bell to call us to attention, cuts in quickly with an emphatic, "Well, I don't profess to understand music as *you* do. I know what I like"—("Hear! hear!" *sotto voce* from PULLER, coming up again to the surface, which draws a languidly approving inclination of the head from Miss CASANOVA, and a smile, deprecating the interruption, from Cousin JANE).—"and I must say," continues the Countess, emphatically, "I would rather have one hour of SALVINI in *Othello*, than a whole month of the best Operas by the best composers,—WAGNER included," and down comes her hand on the table, all the bracelets ringing down the curtain on the first act.

We, the non-combatants, feel that the mailed gauntlet has been thrown down by the Countess as a challenge to the METTERBRUNS.

"O Mother!" faintly remonstrates Miss CASANOVA, who loves a stall at the Opera. She fears that her mother's energetic declaration means war, and fans herself helplessly.

I am preparing to reconcile music and the drama, and am getting ready a supply of oil for what I foresee will be troubled waters, as the METTERBRUNS are beginning to rustle their feathers and flap their wings,—when PULLER, leaning well forward, and stretching out an explanatory hand, with his elbow planted firmly on the table, ("Very bad manners," says Cousin JANE afterwards to me) says genially, "Well, *voyez vous*, look here, you may talk of your WAGNERS and SHAKSPEARES, and GAYARRÉS, and PATTIS, but, for singing and acting, give me ARTHUR ROBERTS. Yes," he repeats pleasantly but defiantly, and taking up, as it were, the Countess's gauntlet, "SALVINI's not in it with ARTHUR ROBERTS."

The Countess's fan spreads out and works furiously. The steam is getting up. The METTERBRUNS open their eyes, and regard one another in consternation. They don't know who ARTHUR ROBERTS is.

"Not know!" exclaims PULLER, quite in his element. "Well, when you come to London, you send to me, and I'll take you to hear him."

"He's a Music-Hall singer," says the Countess, fanning herself with an air of contemptuous indifference.

"Music-Hall Ar-*tiste!*" returns PULLER, emphasising the second syllable, which to his mind expresses a great deal, and makes all the difference. "Now, Miladi," he goes on, imitating the manner of one of his own favourite counsel, engaged by PULLER & Co., conducting a cross-examination, "Have you ever seen him?"

"Yes," she replies, shrugging her shoulders, "once. And," she adds, making the bracelets jingle again, as with a tragedy queen's action of the right arm she sweeps away into space whole realms of Music Halls and comic singers, "that was quite enough."

"Didn't he make you laugh?" continues PULLER, still in the character of a stern cross-examiner.

"Laugh!" almost shrieks the Countess, extending her hands so suddenly that I have only time to throw myself back to avoid a sharp tap on the head from her fan. "Heavens! not a bit! not the least bit in the world! He made me sad! I saw the people in the stalls laughing, and I said,"—here she appeals with both hands to the majority of sensible people at large—still at large—"'Am I stupid? am I dull? Do I not understand?'"

"O Mother!" expostulates her daughter, in her most languid manner, "he *was* funny!"

"Funny!" ejaculates the Countess, tossing her head.

"I'd rather see ARTHUR ROBERTS than SALVINI," says PULLER, waggishly, but with conviction.

"I think I would, for choice," says Miss CASANOVA, meditatively, but seeing the Countess's horrified expression of countenance, she takes care to add more languidly than ever, as if taking the smallest part in an argument were really too exhausting, "but then, you know, I really don't understand tragedy, and I love a laugh."

"Prefers ARTHUR ROBERTS to SALVINI!" exclaims the Countess, and throws up her hands and eyes to the ceiling as if imploring Heaven not to visit on her the awful heresy of her child.

Here I interpose. SALVINI, I say, is a great *Artiste*, no doubt of it, a marvellous Tragedian; and ARTHUR ROBERTS is not, in the true dramatic sense of the word, a genuine Comedian; but he is, in another sense a true Comedian, though of the Music-Hall school.

"What a school!" murmurs the Countess, and with a pained expression of countenance as though she were suffering agonies.

The METTERBRUNS see the difference. Madame remembers a fat comic man in Berlin, at some garden, who used to wear a big hat and carry a large pipe, and make her laugh very much when she was a girl. Certainly, in his way, he was an artist. Is this ARTHUR ROBERTS anything like MAX SPLÜTTERWESSEL? At this point, as we have finished coffee, and the Countess finds the room hot, I propose adjourning the debate to the Restaurant in the garden, as we are too late for the band at the Casino Samie.

The party is broken up in order to walk down to our rendezvous.

PULLER, whose idea of making things pleasant, and, as he expresses it, "sweetening everyone all round," is to order "drinks" for everybody, insists upon the party taking "*consommations*"—he loves saying this word—at his expense. The Countess at first objects, as also does Madame METTERBRUN; but, on PULLER's explaining that he belongs to "The Two-with-you Society," they accept this explanation as utterly unintelligible but perfectly satisfactory; and so, accepting PULLER's *al fresco* hospitality, we form a cheerful group round two tables put together for our accommodation. PULLER's hospitality has taken the form of grenadines, chartreuses, and "sherry-gobblers,"—he loves this word too,—for us all round, and he has ordered for himself a strange mixture, which perfumes the night air as if some nauseous draught had been brought out of a chemist's shop, and which looks like green stagnant water in a big glass. It is called by PULLER, with great glee, an "Absinthe gummy."

Anything nastier to look at or to smell I am not acquainted with in the way of drinks. However, he is our host, and I have a grenadine before me of his ordering, and between my lips an excellent cigar which is his gift. I can only say mildly, "It looks nasty;" and Cousin JANE expresses herself to the same effect, remarking also as she looks significantly towards me, that it is late, and that I am not keeping Royat hours. I promise to come away in ten minutes. PULLER is in the highest possible spirits: surrounded by this company, all drinking his drinks, he as it were takes the chair and presides. He knocks on the table, which brings the waiter, to whom he says, holding up a couple of fingers "Two with you,"—whereat the waiter only smiles upon the eccentric Englishman, shakes his head, and wisely retires.

"Ah, Miladi," says PULLER, "you must take a course of ROBERTS. He's a rum 'un." Then he sings, "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to hear him *fust*."

His guests politely smile, all except the Countess. I preserve a discreet silence. Taking this on the whole for encouragement, PULLER commences the song from which he has already quoted the chorus. What the words are I do not catch, but as PULLER reproduces to the life the style and manner of a London Music-Hall singer, and cocks his hat on one side, it is no wonder that the French people at the other table turn towards us in amazement.

"For goodness sake, Mr. PULLER!" cries the Countess, rising from her chair in consternation. JANE also rises, Miss CASANOVA is laughing nervously. The METTERBRUNS look utterly astonished. I feel I must stop this at once.

"My dear fellow," I say, magisterially, "you really mustn't do this sort of thing"—he is breaking out again with "*O what a surprise!*"—but I get up from my seat to reprove him gravely. "You would not do this if you were in a London Restaurant."

"No," he replies, not in the least offended—"that's the lark of it. I belong to 'The Out-for-a-lark-and-Two-with-you-Society.' Don't you mind me," he adds; then turning with a pleasant wink to the ladies, who have been putting on their wraps and mantles, and are preparing to leave, he sings again,—

"I'm all right when you know me—
But——"

We leave him to finish the song by himself.

And to think that my friend PULLER, with his hat cocked on one side, a big cigar in his mouth, a tumbler of "absinthe gummy" before him, a rakish expression in his eye, is the same PULLER to whom, as partner in the firm of HORLER, PULLER, BAKER AND DAYVILLE, Solicitors, I would trust my dearest interests in any matter of property, of character, even of life itself! The strange story of *Hyde* and *Jekyll* is no fiction, after all.

WHITMAN IN LONDON.

(*Adapted from the American.*)

OH, site of Coldbath Fields Prison!
Oh, eight and three-quarter acres of potential Park for the plebs!

A Salt and Battery.

I gaze at you; I, WALT, gaze at you through cracks in the black hoarding,
Though the helmeted blue-coated Bobby dilates to me on the advantages of moving on.
I marvel at the stupidity of Authorities everywhere.
I stand and inhale a playground which in a week or two will be turned into a Post Office by Government orders!
Instead of plants growing here, bricks will be planted.
Instead of girlhood, boyhood playing here, cash will be counted, stamps will be affixed (savagely) by the public, and letters weighed when the young women have time, and also inclination, to do so.
I, from the wild Western Continent, wilder myself, weep for this Park soon to be devoured.
I am like a buck-jumper: I buck at it.
I am like the Giant Cowboy: only I am not gigantic, and I am cowed by it.
Oh, Northerly end of Farringdon Street! Oh, Coldbath Fields Square! Oh, dwellers in all the adjacent slums and rookeries, redolent of old clothes' shops, swarthy Italian organ-grinders, and the superannuated herring,
Are you going to see another House of Correction—a Postal one—built where the old one stood?
If so, it is *I* who correct you: I, who am so correct myself!

And you, too, Clerkenwell Gaol!
What are the dodrotted Authorities going to do with *you?*
Eh? Clear you away, and build a Board School there?
But why build anything?
Clerkenwell is mine: I am *à propos* of Clerkenwell: Clerkenwell is *à propos* of me.
Morally, if not legally, it is mine; morally it is yours as well, you wizened, pallid, blue-nosed, dunderheaded Metropolitan Citizen!
In this jungle of houses, what is wanted is fresh air.
Everyone of you toilers should be given the real "Freedom of the City," by having free spaces bestowed on you.
It is better to learn how to expand the limbs, and play rounders, and leap over the frog, and fly kites,
Than to acquire in a school-room elementary education, consisting of algebra and Assyrian hieroglyphics, spelling, Greek, Italian, and advanced trigonometry.
Allons, then! *Esperanza!* Also *cui bono!* Go to your Home Secretary, your Postmaster in General, and tell them that no Post Office or School shall be built on this spot,
Because I, WALT, hailing hoarsely from Manhattan, have spotted it,
And *Punch*, the lustrous *camerado*, the ineffable dispensator, will spot it too!

COMPENSATION.

Effie. "BUT, DEAR MAMMA, HOW CAN WE *HELP* BEING SELFISH, MAUD AND I? YOU AND PAPA HAVE ALWAYS GIVEN WAY TO US IN EVERYTHING! UNSELFISH PARENTS ALWAYS MAKE SELFISH CHILDREN, YOU KNOW—AND *VICE VERSA!*"

Maud. "YES; AND, ACCORDING TO THAT, MUMMY DARLING, JUST THINK WHAT NICE *UNSELFISH GRANDCHILDREN* YOU 'LL HAVE, IF WE EVER MARRY!"

JUPITER TONANS!

"Shall I fetch your thunderbolt, Jove?" inquired Ganymede.—*Ixion in Heaven.*

Modern Jupiter loquitur:—

A BOLT, a potent one, and brought at need!
That B-LF-R is a ready Ganymede.
And yet—and yet—ah, well, upon my soul,
A troublous function is the Thunderer's *rôle*.
'Tis vastly fine, of course; if fate would smile,
I fancy that the Cloud-Compeller's style
Would suit me sweetly; just the line I love;
Resolute rule 's the appanage of a Jove.
But SHELLEY's dismal Demogorgon's self,
That solemn, shadowy, stern, oracular elf,
Plus obstinate Prometheus, did not play
Such mischief as the parties do to-day,
With Law and Order. Who would be a god
When force forsakes his bolt, and fear his nod?

Yes, here 's the bolt forged ready to my hand,
But,—will it fly obedient to command,
And hit the mark I mean? Would I were sure;
Then should I hold my new-found seat secure,
Without a thought of Saturn, or that Hour
Which sets a term e'en to Olympian pow'r.
But what if like a boomerang, it fly
Back to my hand, or, worse, into mine eye?
Ah, Ganymede, Jupiter Tonans seems
A splendid part, in young ambition's dreams,
But, Ganymede, who would aspire, I wonder,
To be a Jove who 's half afraid to thunder?
With doubts about the handling of my bolt.
And half Olympus in half-veiled revolt;
With hostile Titans mustering on the plain,
And old Prometheus "popping up again";
With Demogorgon lurking down below,
Disguised as Demos, with its muffled, low,
But multitudinous slowly-swelling voice,
How should I in Olympian power rejoice?
I grasp the bolt; I cannot well refuse it;
But—I half hope I may not have to use it!

"HOMES IN THE HILLS."

[The absence of skilled nursing in the British Military Hospitals in India having long been felt to be a serious evil, leading to the needless sacrifice of brave and valuable lives, the SECRETARY of STATE has sanctioned the employment of Lady Nurses in these hospitals. The Government of India have undertaken the whole cost in connection with this scheme, except the provision of "Homes in the Hills," as restorative resorts for the Nursing Sisters, when their own health feels the strain of their arduous duties in such a climate as that of the plains of India. The money required for this most essential purpose the Government consider might be "appropriately left to the active benevolence of private individuals interested in the welfare of the British Soldier in India."

For aid towards the establishment of these "Homes in the Hills," Lady ROBERTS, wife of the gallant Indian hero, Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS, makes an appeal which *Mr. Punch* desires most earnestly to second.

Subscriptions will be received by the Alliance Bank, Simla; Messrs. Cox & Co., Craig's Court, London; and by Lady ROBERTS herself.]

To nurse our stricken Soldiers! Nobler task,
Or more ennobling, can our Sisters ask?
Whilst stout hearts suffer, soft ones shall not fail
In selfless readiness to soothe and save,
Sharing the tribute rendered by the brave
To FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Her sex's strong and sweet exemplar, she
Must surely send across the orient sea
To "NORA ROBERTS," as a kindred heart,
Message of warm good-will. And we at home
For whom our soldiers fight, and watch, and roam,
Shall we not do our part?

'Tis sad to think that in that burning land,
For lack of ministry from woman's hand,
Strong men and gallant boys have sunk and died.
Gladdening to hear that Nursing Sisters now,
To cool hot lips and ease pain-fevered brow,
Will seek our Soldiers' side.

But who shall nurse the Nurses? When the strain
Of ministry on India's torrid plain
Brings the fatigue that, long-neglected, kills,
They 'll need, as health-resorts whereto to send,
For rest restorative, the soldiers' friend,
Homes in the cooler hills.

For these the Lady of our gallant Chief,
Whose brilliant march brought Candahar relief,
Pleads to a public whom that honoured name
Alone should stir to sympathy and aid.
Help for the Helpers! *Punch* is not afraid
That plea will miss its aim!

JUPITER TONANS!

"HA!—A POWERFUL WEAPON!—HOPE I MAYN'T HAVE TO USE IT!!"

HOLIDAY HINTS.

(From Crowded-out Correspondents.)

SIR,—The plan of your Correspondent, "A DOUBTFUL SAILOR," who alleges that he avoids sea-sickness by drinking two bottles of Champagne before starting, and then goes on board accompanied by his Family Doctor, who administers alternately nitrous oxide gas and ginger beer to him every ten minutes till the passage is over, though no doubt an efficacious preventive, strikes me as less simple than the means I invariably employ to secure a comfortable crossing. They are easily available, and are as follows. Before I start I provide myself with a six-foot mattrass, several yards of rope, and four screw-hooks, which, the moment I enter the cabin, I proceed with a large gimlet to fasten to the ceiling, and, before the Steward or passengers have had time to protest, I have rigged myself up a capital swinging bed in the very centre of the vessel. To jump in, occupy it, and keep officials at bay with an umbrella, only needs a little nerve and practice, and when once fairly out of port, specially if if be rough, one is not very easily dislodged. In the course of thirteen passages, I have only been overturned eleven times, in nine of which I was cut down by order of the Captain; and though on several occasions, through clinging to the swinging-lamp, I brought it down in the struggle, and had to pay for the damage, I can confidently recommend any one who has a horror of the Channel crossing, and does not mind a brisk physical encounter with three Stewards, the First Mate, and half the crew of one of the Folkestone and Boulogne boats, to follow my example.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ABAFT THE FUNNEL.

SIR,—"ONE WHO HASN'T YET DONE IT," wants to know how, travelling with only one ticket, he can secure an entire third-class compartment for the whole journey to himself. I will tell him. Let him install himself in his quarters taking with him five full life-sized lay-figures dressed in old great-coats with hats pulled down over their ears and eyes, and let him arrange these picturesquely about the carriage in attitudes indicative of the suffering of much internal torture. Then let him stand at the window with a genial and good-humoured expression on his face, and pointing over his shoulder to the scene behind him, explain briefly to any passengers who are thinking of entering, that he is travelling with "five aged uncles in the last stage of delirium from a contagious and infectious fever," and he will find they will instantly desist from their efforts and hurry to another portion of the train. To carry out this little *ruse* successfully it may be sometimes necessary to wink at the ticket-collector and give him threepence, but this does not follow as a matter of course. The plan will be found to work excellently on comparatively short excursions to the sea-side, during which people sent in search of health are necessarily anxious to avoid anything approaching to the risk of contagion. For longer distances, such as a journey to the North for instance, there is nothing like travelling with an Indian Chief, and if possible, with a hyæna. The appearance of the former in gleaming paint and feathers brandishing a tomahawk and uttering wild war-whoops at every station, will be sure to prevent the intrusion of women with babies, while even a country farmer, on seeing the hyæna emerge from under the seat, and on your remarking smilingly, "He isn't muzzled, but I don't think he'll bite," will be likely to select some other compartment. I have travelled from King's Cross to Inverness several times under the above conditions, and except on one occasion at Perth, where the hyæna got loose and eat thirteen half-crown breakfasts, for which I had to pay, and on one other at Edinburgh, when the Indian Chief scalped a ticket-collector by mistake, I have never met with any sort of *contretemps*, but enjoyed the journey in comfort, and kept the carriage the whole way entirely to myself. At this season of the year when so many who are off "for the grouse," think twice before putting their hands into their pockets for the exorbitant fare of a journey first-class, my method of securing all its comfort at half the cost, may possibly find some votaries willing to profit by my experience. Such as it is, it is thus freely placed at their disposal.

By yours inventively,
THERE AND BACK.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, a "STIFLED INVALID," wants to know how, in these days of ill-drained and ill-ventilated lodgings, he can secure a breath of fresh sea-air without the risk of being prostrated by a local fever, or poisoned by sewer gas. His course is simple enough. He has only to do as I have done. Let him get a furniture-van (if he is a married man with a family, he will want more—I have five), and hire a traction-engine to drag him to some well-known watering-place, and deposit him on the Pier. I have tried the experiment, as yet, with every prospect of success. Here am I, with my five vans, well installed at the end of the Pier of a well-known fashionable health resort, the band playing twice a day, with the fresh air blowing all about me, and the sea surrounding me on every side. We managed to get on when the man who takes the tickets was away having his dinner. The situation is quite delightful, and but for the fact that all the local Authorities have commenced proceedings against me, and that there was a slight riot last night during an ineffectual attempt made by six-and-thirty cart-horses to move me on to the Marine Parade, I have every reason to be satisfied with the result of my experiment. I am living rent free, and, beyond the cost of a family ticket for the Pier, which, though it is disputed by the Committee, I insist gives me a right to have my vans on as well, have, as yet, been put to no expense whatever. There was a report that the Local Fire Brigade had resolved, in the event of my not moving off, to force me to do so by "pumping" me out, but I am loth to believe this. Meantime we are having some excellent fishing with a lawn-tennis net. The traction-engine is to call for me in a month. Strongly recommending my "Plan of Campaign" to a "STIFLED INVALID," I beg to subscribe myself, your obedient servant,

NO LAND LUBBER.

THE NOVEL-READER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. I believe you are a very rapid reader of fiction?

Answer. Certainly. My average rate is three and a half volumes a day. This gives me plenty of time for meals, sleep and skipping.

Through Booking, First-Class and otherwise.

Q. Do you skip a great deal?

A. A very great deal. For instance, I have skipped about two-thirds of *Isa*, by the Editor of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*, in spite of it being only in a couple of volumes, and containing for an introduction the following rather lengthy sentence:—"If the devil were in a laughing mood, what could seem more grimly humorous to him than the vision of a fair young spirit striving consciously after ethereal perfection, but overweighted unconsciously by the bonds and fetters of human infirmity and passion, and dragged at last headlong down the abysmal descent to perdition?" "Abysmal" is good—very good.

Q. Well, and what of the book itself?

A. Chiefly horrors. Nightmare after a pork-chop supper I fancy. *Nelly Jocelyn* (*Widow*), is a welcome contrast. One of the best things Miss JEAN MIDDLEMASS has done. The character of *Paul Cazalet* capitally drawn and foreign local colouring admirable.

Q. What do you think of *His Own Enemy?*

A. Fancy the title somehow must refer to the Author. Clerical sketches full of unconscious humour. Two volumes but *very* big ones. Quite a relief to get to *A False Start*,—by HAWLEY SMART, which is most entertaining. But in this case the name of the Author is a safe guarantee for something worth reading.

Q. What do you think of *A Modern Circe?*

A. I fancy it is not quite so good as *Molly Brown*, by the same Author.

Q. What do you know of *Molly Brown?*

A. Nothing—I have not read it.

Q. What have you to say about *Scamp?*

A. That it is by the Author of *The Silent Shadow*, which I fancy must be the sequel of another novel called *The Garrulous Ghost*. In the first chapter the heroine *Scamp*, (a young lady) is discovered up a tree from which coign of vantage she throws a yellow-paper-covered novel at the gardener's head.

Q. The first chapter then must be vastly entertaining?

A. Vastly. I am absolutely dying to read the chapters that follow it, and will—some day.

Q. What is *Brother or Lover* about? *A.* I don't know—do you?

Q. This is trifling! Pray describe *Out of Tune*.

A. Ought to have been called *Out of Paganini*—founded upon that distinguished fiddler's life, although (as the Author says) "it is necessarily speculative as to its details."

Q. Have you read *In the King's Service?*

A. Some of it. Fancy it deals with the Peninsular War.

Q. How about *Jill and Jack?*

A. Book I imagine written before the title. Rather hard work to get up the hill which ends with the last chapter.

Q. What is *Hidden in my Heart?*

A. Seemingly the words which finish the third volume, "It is two years now since *Hubert* died, and to-morrow is my second wedding-day."

Q. Is this the first novel that the Authoress has written?

A. Oh dear no. She has also published *Out of Eden*, *Quite True*, and a book which apparently refers to the late-in-life "finishing" of an uneducated ecclesiastic called *The Vicar's Governess*.

Q. Don't you think that you are rather hard upon the novelists?

A. I hope not. I am sure I owe them a deep, deep debt of gratitude.

Q. How so? *A.* Without them I should be a victim to insomnia.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE VERY DRY WEATHER.

Secretary to Water-Works. "TUT-T-T-T. 'GETTING VERY SERIOUS, Y'KNOW! IF THIS DROUGHT CONTINUES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE——"

Friend. "LOOK HERE,—CAN'T YOU TURN ON SOME WHISKEY IN THE SERVICE? MY DEAR FELLOW, IT WOULD INFALLIBLY PREVENT WASTE!"

THE WHISTLING RELIEF.

(A Song for the Sleepy.)

"Baron H. DE WORMS informed MR. LAWSON, that the Board of Trade had communicated with some of the Railway Companies as to the nuisance caused to the inhabitants of the Metropolis by the constant use of railway whistles at night, and the Board were assured that every effort would be made to reduce the nuisance."—*Parliamentary Report.*

AIR—"*The Whistlin' Thief.*"

WHEN one is tired or ill,
And fain asleep would be,
A whistle loud and shrill
Oft brings the "big, big D."
"DE WORMS," young LAWSON said,
"This whistling is a bore."
"All right," says the Baron; "don't you be afraid.
They 'll whistle at night no more."

"I've lived a long time, Baron,"
Says *Punch*, "in the world, my dear,
But of a nuisance settled *at once*,
I never yet did hear.
Yet if you 'll lessen nocturnal shines,
And let us sleep or think,
Your jolly good health all the commonwealth
In a bumper deep will drink."

ECCENTRIC CONDUCT OF A JOURNALIST ON THE SPREE.—The Editor of the Berlin *Echo* has offered a prize for the best Poem in praise of the Mother-in-Law. This singular demand proves that the gentleman cannot be married.

CHANGE OF NAME.

IF thus Penny Papers are freely allowed
To fling right and left their absurd imputations,
To find a new name for the quill-driving crowd
Will surely be one of our first obligations.
The Penny-a-Liner for long has been known
As a genial gusher, a fine phrase-refiner;
But now that he false and malignant has grown,
We must call him "The Penny Maligner."

THE FLY AND THE FARMERS.

"The Hessian Fly is causing great alarm amongst the agriculturists. Its extinction is attracting the attention of the Faculty."—*Daily Paper.*

Now we number the Potato
Beetle 'mong the scares gone by;
But a cuss has found its way to Fields of corn — the Hessian Fly.
Unde derivatur
"Hessian"?
Named from whence the fly had flown,
Under quite a wrong impression,
No such thing in Hesse's known.

Catching Perch with a Fly.

Cecidomyia destructor,
(What long names have little things!)
Comes o'er Ocean by conductor;
Straw, pestiferous, *pupæ*, brings.
They turn, each, into a small gnat,
Not a blow-fly, bottle-blue;
Cecidomyia, vulgò, gall-gnat,
Galls both growths and growers too.

So the Farmers, full of trouble,
Help imploring go about,
They are told to burn the stubble;
No way else to stamp it out.
True the *Chalcis* is reputed,
On the Gall-gnat's grub to feed;
But, for service to be suited,
How that parasite can they breed?

Yet there is a vermin-killer,
Like to thin the dipterous pest,
To the farmer and the miller,
Which instruction may suggest.
What, may be, the question narrows,
If they doubt they can but try,
Is, if let alone, the sparrows
Might keep down the Hessian Fly.

BLESS HIS 'ART.—If there is anything in a name, the recently suggested appointment of *Artin Effendi* as Turkish Commissioner at Sofia ought to mean something. Certainly the situation is one demanding the exercise of no little diplomatic art. But the question is, whether the proposed Commissioner has got, as ROBERT would put it, his *art in* the business. There 's the point.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.—The Riots at Ostend.

THE SIGH OF THE SEASON.

GOOD-BYE dinner, good-bye lunch,
Good-bye turtle, good-bye punch,
Good-bye jambon soaked in cham.,
Good-bye venison, cutlets lamb,
Good-bye salmon, smelts, and sole,
Good-bye HEIDSIECK's Monopole,
Good-bye hock, sauterne, and sherry,
Good-bye all that makes me merry,

Pilled at the Club.

Good-bye liqueurs, *petite verre*,
Good-bye Sauce *au Vin Madère*,
Good-bye all these joys of life,
Good-bye fork, and good-bye knife,
Good-bye all I take when out,
Good-bye *then* this twinge of gout!

WORTH NOTICE.—There is this slight difference between the conventional Yankee and the average Home Ruler, that whilst the former swears "by Gum," the latter swears by G. O. M.

"THE STORY OF A KISS."—(*A "Novel" Reading.*)—Kiss and tell! For shame!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 51.

THE LATE PARLIAMENTARY HARVEST.

(Facsimile of Sketch by Our Out-of-Town Special.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday August 22.—Peers at last face the inevitable. As records have shown there has been for week or two no work for them to do. Still, they have eased their tender consciences by assembling to see HALSBURY take the Woolsack. (Always a pleasing spectacle. Innate grace of LORD CHANCELLOR comes out in every step and gesture.) To-night there was, as usual, nothing to do; but Noble Lords really could not again make believe that Nation could not get on without them. So stayed away, and for one night House of Lords abolished.

In Commons at hour for commencing public business barely a quorum present. Both Front Bench and Treasury Bench vacant. GEORGE BALFOUR, always ready to throw himself into breach, took possession of seat of Leader of Opposition, and calmly gazed across table. Never should it be said as long as he had seat in House that Liberals were as sheep without a shepherd. Few Members on back benches visibly brightened up at sight of veteran volunteer.

Only a few questions, but unwonted difficulty in getting through them. Some cases the questioner not present. In others Minister addressed not yet arrived. MCARTHUR had question down pretty early in list. SPEAKER called upon him. No response. Went on to next question. Quarter of an hour later, all other questions run through. MCARTHUR coming in put his question to Parliamentary Secretary for Foreign Affairs. FERGUSSON, who had also just arrived, supposing that MCARTHUR had put question in due course, apologised to him for not having been in his place; whereat House laughed uproariously. Very grateful in these times for anything that looks like joke.

P. STANHOPE brought under notice of Home Secretary case of enterprising parish constable in North Hunts. P.C., a supporter of Her Majesty's Government, resented Liberal candidate presenting himself before constituency. Determined he should not be heard. Brought down enormous rattle; swung it about throughout candidate's speech. JOSEPH GILLIS pricked up his ears. What a notion this would be for adaptation to Parliamentary usage! Suppose he had rattle and swung it whilst SAUNDERSON or JOHNSTON were speaking? Will consult SPEAKER as to how far this would be in order. HOME SECRETARY declined to be responsible for either parish constable or his rattle.

Business done.—Votes on Supply.

Tuesday.—Lords sat ten minutes to-night. Home to dinner, with sense of deserving well of country.

Commons at work again in Supply. Considered Vote for Science and Art Department, South Kensington. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK contributed one or two speeches of great interest. Thin attendance, and prevalent air of lassitude. But, whilst on legs, C.-B. riveted attention. Very indignant with neglect of Art in common life. Old Members accustomed to Right Hon. Gentleman's little trick, of

which he is sole repository. But new Members tremble, and grow pale, as, when denouncing any person or practice, Right Hon. Gentleman mysteriously raises his hair till it stands on end. Once this phenomenon came about when he denounced certain weighing-machines, which, he said, had recently been put up at London railway stations. Tops of this machine, he said, were supported by two columns, one supposed to be Ionic, and the other Doric.

"As matter of fact," said C.-B., his hair slowly uprising, "they're neither one thing nor the other, but simply German!"

As he spoke, fixed fiery eye on HOME SECRETARY. MATTHEWS, so accustomed to be badgered, and feeling his perfect innocence in this respect, shook his head. Phenomenon witnessed again when BENTINCK discovered that picture, bought at CHRISTIE'S for 120 guineas, subsequently sold to National Gallery for 400. Hair rose in angry protest.

Business done.—Thirteen Votes passed.

Thursday.—Dreary wilderness of House of Commons blossomed to-night like a rose-garden. Yesterday, and for days before, empty benches and a fagged remnant wrestling with routine votes. To-night House crowded, and buzz of excitement filled chamber. GLADSTONE going to move hostile Resolution on Government proposal to proclaim Land League. Every Member in town early in his place. Members from afar arrived post haste. Even RANDOLPH, temporarily returns. Old Morality smiles ghastly smile of welcome, but knees tremble as he wonders what RANDOLPH means to do. The O'GORMAN MAHON back again, PARNELL having elected him for Carlow County. The old boy as young as ever, and full of reminiscences of his early Parliamentary career, which goes back immeasurable distance.

"Ah," he said, looking at the Mace, "there it is agin. I remimber well the afternoon—we always sat in the afternoon thin—when CROMWELL came down, and said, 'Take away that bauble, ye spalpeens, or I'll make it worse for ye.' I was younger then, TOBY me bhoy, indade quite a young man."

Old boy's limp is, I fancy, getting better. He has suffered it for some years now. Seems that one day towards the close of last century BURKE flung dagger on floor of House by way of peroration. Weapon rebounded, and struck The MAHON on the instep. If you step into the lavatory with him, he'll show you the scar.

"A mere thrifle, a mere thrifle, acushla! They were lively bhoys when I was in me proime."

GLADSTONE in fine form and excellent voice. Honoured occasion by donning one of his biggest collars and a new necktie. Curious proof of his persuasiveness how he gradually talked his necktie round till knot rested under left ear. BALFOUR squealed forth his disapprobation for upwards of an hour. Rather a pitiful spectacle, the more so by reason of the contrast.

"He should try to avoid immediately following GLADSTONE," said RANDOLPH, looking down contemptuously at his former friend.

C. Br-dl-gh.

Best speeches after first, *longo intervallo*, were BRADLAUGH'S and ROBERTSON'S, the Scotch Solicitor-General. Conservatives quite forgotten their old animosity to Member for Northampton. As for Parnellites, cheer him madly as they do PARNELL. Certainly BRADLAUGH has acquired House of Commons' manner. Speeches in good style and full of point.

Quite a treat to hear such speech as ROBERTSON'S from Treasury Bench. Mem. for Markiss. Why not double his salary, and let him speak from MATTHEWS'S brief, and, above all, from BALFOUR'S?

Business done.—Debate on Proclamation of National League.

Friday.—Amphibious old Warrior, who has been Admiral afloat, Generalissimo ashore, and is now Member for County Carlow, reappeared to-night, and took oath. It was a moving scene. Old veteran got up in rather young-looking costume, light tweed, with white waistcoat, in cut what young beau of twenty might wear.

"Why, Colonel," said CYRIL FLOWER, a judge of these things, "you look younger than ever in your new suit!"

"New, bedad," says The MAHON, "why I had 'em made to go to the wedding of WILLIAM and MARY. All Mimbers of Parliament invoited; special seats in Abbey; and, what 's more, a good luncheon at BELLAMY'S. Haven't worn suit lately; thought it would do for this festive occasion."

The MAHON 's advance to table to take oath a triumphal progress. Members on both sides cheered like mad. The Colonel stopped half way, and, facing friends and countrymen, blew them a kiss from tips of fingers. Turning to Ministerialists, who joined in applause he bowed gracefully. Clerks had greatest difficulty in convoying him to SPEAKER'S Chair. Broke away from escort, and shook hands with Old Morality. No joke when The MAHON shakes hands. Pumps away violently for several moments, as if ship were leaking, and all depended on him. Next got hold of BALFOUR, and avenged long woes of Ireland. At last got at SPEAKER. Thought he 'd never let go. Pumped away till the SPEAKER had hardly breath to call "Order! order!" Finally flopped himself down next to GLADSTONE, on Front Bench, and gave him fearful shaking up.

Lord H-rt-ngt-n's attitude towards Mr. Gl-dst-ne.

This, liveliest episode in debate. Some pretty good speaking, but everyone sick to death of topic.

A little movement of interest when HARTINGTON rose; but happiest moment when bell rang, and Division actually at hand. *Business done.*—Proclamation of Land League approved.

A SUMMER SOLILOQUY.

By Jaques Junior.

A BEE, or not a bee? That is the question.
Whether 'twere better not to mind, and suffer
The stings that every summer are our portion,
Or take the trouble but to move an arm,
And, by opposing, end them. It flies—it creeps,
It creeps, perchance it stings! Then comes the rub,
When we have shuffled off our clothing. Soft,
'Twas but a bluebottle! How sweet it is
To lie like this i' the sun, and think of nought
Save how sweet 'tis to lie, and think of nought;
And that meseems to many wordy sages
Were small refreshment in this windy time.
How many are there who do cheat themselves,
And with themselves the many, that they are
The very vaward leaders of the fray,
The lictors of the pomp of intellect.
Whereas they are the merest driven spray,
The running rabble heralding the march
Impelled by what they herald;—
Who ever glance behind to see which way——
Oh, my prophetick soul! my Aunt ELIZA!

[*He is stung!*

IRISH NET PROFIT.

IN connection with the establishment, thanks chiefly to the munificence of Lady BURDETT-COUTTS and the Duke of NORFOLK, at Baltimore (Cork) of a New Industrial Fishery School to the end of teaching the fishermen there how to make the most of their hauls, the *Times*, as one example of the need of that instruction for those toilers of the Sea, very justly observes that "their ignorance of the art of curing fish causes them endless loss." The hap of Kill or Cure may be hazarded by physicians, but the practice of fishermen should be to kill and cure too—kill first and cure afterwards. Sure, no Irishman can fail to see the force of that. An Irish peasant sometimes when his pig is poorly, kills the animal, as he says, to save its life, wherein, of course, he means, to save his bacon. Fishermen should be up to curing all fish that are curable—except—they are not bootmakers—the cure of soles!

"Putting the Carte before the Hoarse."

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To *there will be no exception.*

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF ASCENA LUKINGLASSE.

(*By* PHIL UPPES, *Author of* "*An Out-of-Luck Young Man*," "*Jack and Jill went up the Hill*," "*The Bishop and his Grandmother*," *&c.*

ASCENA'S NARRATIVE.

THE story which I have to tell is more than strange. It is so terrible, so incredible, so entirely contrary to all that any ordinary reader of the *London Journal* or the "penny dreadfuls" has ever heard of, that even now I have some doubt in telling it. I happen, however, to know it is true, and so does my husband. My husband will come in presently with his narrative. There! that ought to make you curious. A very good commencement.

My early life was uneventful. I was a foundling. I was left with two old ladies (I fancy I may work them up some day into "character" sketches) by a perfect gentleman, who, after giving them £200, went away the next morning to Vienna for ever. He left with these two old ladies a little wardrobe full of clothes, but there was not a mark, nor so much as an initial, upon a single thing. They had all been cut out with a sharp pair of scissors.

This again ought to excite your curiosity. Bear it in mind. Mysterious parentage—no mother, no marks, and father gone to Vienna for ever.

The two old ladies kept a school, in which I first was a scholar, then a teacher. There I remained until I was seventeen, when I was tall and strong for my age, and looked more like three or four and twenty. One day one of the old ladies said to me—

"Now, my dear, I will tell you what we are going to do. We are going to sell the school, and buy a little cottage at Bognor. It doesn't face the sea, and just holds two. So, as we have considered you more or less our own daughter, we are going to kick you out. Now don't let's talk any more about it to-day, but tell us to-morrow at breakfast, like a dear good girl, that we are going to do what you wish."

"I shall tell you to-morrow," I answered, firmly. "I'll pretend to think the matter over with all my might and main, until to-morrow morning, and then give you an answer as solemnly weighed, and as carefully set out, as a Saturday afternoon essay."

So I was kicked out.

I became a governess in the household of Mrs. COWSTREAM. That household consisted of the master, whose manner was what old ladies in Lincolnshire call "rampageous," the children, who were, beyond doubt, hopelessly dull, and the mistress, who was colourless.

Nothing particularly happened save my dismissal (after receiving a salary of about a thousand to twelve-hundred a year) within six months. With about four-hundred pounds in hand I went to the Charing Cross Hotel.

I feel I am a little plot-less. So far: foundling, old ladies at Bognor, aimless engagement by Mrs. COWSTREAM and advertisement for the Charing Cross Hotel. All good in their way, but not quite enough. I want an incident. I have it.

Having untold gold, I thought I would buy some gloves in the Tottenham Court Road. I entered an omnibus, was much struck by an old woman who sat next me, bought the gloves, was arrested as a thief for passing false money and saved from penal servitude for life by old woman. Come, there's action for you! Still, I don't know why it is, but we don't seem to get much "forrader."

The old woman hurried me about from place to place feeding me simply on grapes and bonbons. For some reason I was not allowed to know where I was. I didn't want to, and not caring a brass-farthing for the selfish old ladies at Bognor, it mattered nothing to me whether they heard from me or not. After a time the old woman asked me to sign this with my blood.

"In consideration of seven pounds a week, I agree to sell my dreams between sunset and sunrise, the payment ceasing on my death, and my dreams, if any, immediately becoming only, and unconditionally my own."

I broke out laughing and signed it. Then the old woman said:—

"I am old enough to be your mother, and I am sure you know I feel kindly towards you. I am not entirely my own mistress—think well of me if you can."

Then placing by my side a little bottle of champagne, potted meats, Devonshire cream, and dainty biscuits of various kinds, she left me. The next day I was kicked out and carried in a carriage to Dawlish. I had a nice little dinner — tender beefsteak, new potatoes, asparagas and spinach, a bottle of sound port and a ripe stilton. After this, somehow or other, I had a restless night. I was tormented with strange dreams in which appeared a person whom I had never seen in my life. Certainly not that I can remember. He was an old man wearing an immense opal on his right-hand little finger. I had never seen such an opal before. The dream was confused, I can only give these facts about it.

Let's see how I am getting on. Mysterious parentage. School life. Old woman in omnibus, ghastly-comical agreement, heavy dinner and consequent nightmare. Is that all? No, I have forgotten the advertisement for the Charing Cross Hotel. All told, I can't say that there is much in my story. Must get on. More heavy dinners, more nightmares. Went to Brighton. Saw Doctor who said, "your nerves are out of order, you are suffering from a malady called Incipient Detearia. What do you drink?"

"Nothing but port, maraschino, and champagne."

"Quite right. Persevere. I am going away for a fortnight. Continue your diet, and, when I return, I will come and see you again. By that time your malady will have reached an acute stage. By the way, do you ever eat?"

"Not as much as I drink. I sometimes have a plate of turtle soup, but chiefly as an excuse for a glass of punch."

"Quite so. Good day."

After this, my dreams became more and more confused, and I grew quite ill. Then I met a gentleman at the *table d'hôte*, called Captain CHARLES. He was most kind, asked me on board his yacht, and, when we had got to Dieppe, said,—

"Miss ASCENA, I think we both understand each other. I am afraid I have done very wrong in kidnapping you. Well, now, I am going to put a question to you, straight and fair. When the yacht slipped anchor at Brighton, I had a marriage-licence in our names, in a morocco case in my pocket, upon which any clergyman on the Continent is bound to act. It's no Gretna-Green business, I can assure you."

"I'll talk about it this afternoon, if I am well enough," I said, holding on to a rope (it was very rough), and, feeling myself turning deadly pale,

"Are you married already?" he asked, with a something like a choking in his mouth.

"No, no, no," I cried. "I like you very much."

I got out of the general embarrassment by fainting away until I found myself in the Hotel Royal, Dieppe.

Again I pause to say that I fancy somehow I am making a mess of this story. To my list I have added an absolutely pointless and superfluous case of kidnapping, which would be unpleasant were it not ridiculous.

Well, the Doctor came, and said I was to have a large glass of port wine and a small glass of beef tea every ten minutes. This did me good. After a few hours of this treatment, feeling more communicative, I told Captain CHARLES all I have written here. I also explained to him my difficulty in carrying on my tale without a *collaborateur*.

He stooped over me, kissed me gently on the forehead, and said—

"Never mind, dearest. I will send for a curious old man from Strasburg, and have myself a shot at the story. Two pens are better than one."

I could only wonder how it would all end, and vaguely hope for the best.

CAPTAIN CHARLES' NARRATIVE.

My name is ALBERT CHARLES. I have a curious old friend who lives at Strasburg, called OUTHOUSE. I am CHARLES, his friend. I wrote to OUTHOUSE and told him Miss LUKINGLASSE'S story—of course, in unscientific language. He replied, it was deeply interesting, and he would come to me at once. He arrived, and immediately performed the old "drop of ink trick," where, it will be remembered, a chap is made to describe what he sees in a little writing-fluid.

Then OUTHOUSE turned to me with a strangely solemn face.

"We have got our finger," said he, "on the tarantula in his hole, the viper in his lair, the *pieuvre* in his cave. Such monsters should not be allowed to live."

I was bewildered. We made our way from Newhaven to Chislehurst. We called upon the old man with the opal, of whom we had so often talked. He trembled. OUTHOUSE seemed to swell to twice his natural height. Then the old chap with the opal appeared to wither under his gaze. Then he changed to all manner of colours, and literally exploded. He went off with a feeble bang, like a cheap firework. Not waiting to pick up his pieces, we returned to Dieppe, collared the omnibus old woman (whom we found on the point of strangling ASCENA), and got her sent to prison, where she very properly committed suicide to save us further embarrassment. After these preliminaries had been successfully accomplished, I am pleased to say that ASCENA enjoyed peaceful dreams and sweet repose.

There now! I have cleared up things pretty well, and don't think it bad for a first attempt.

ASCENA'S NARRATIVE.

I am married to Captain CHARLES, and OUTHOUSE is to live with us for ever. This is pleasant. I am a little disappointed that circumstances over which I have no control should prevent me from telling you why I was a foundling, what was done with my juvenile wardrobe, why my father never returned from Vienna, what on earth became of my dreams when I sold them to somebody or other for a pound a day—in fact, what it is all about. You will say that I am a fraud, a mistake, an unconsidered trifle. You will be right. Mrs. Captain CHARLES is very stupid and commonplace. Alas! there has been a great falling off since the days of ASCENA LUKINGLASSE!

A PARVENU.

(THE COMING ARISTOCRACY OF MIND.)

He. "CHARMING YOUTH, THAT YOUNG BELLAMY—SUCH A REFINED AND CULTIVATED INTELLECT! WHEN YOU THINK WHAT HE'S *RISEN* FROM, POOR FELLOW, IT REALLY DOES HIM CREDIT!"

She. "WHY, WERE HIS PEOPLE—A—INFERIAH!"

He. "WELL, YES. HIS GRANDFATHER'S AN EARL, YOU KNOW, AND HIS UNCLE'S A BISHOP; AND HE *HIMSELF* IS HEIR TO AN OLD BARONETCY WITH EIGHTY THOUSAND A YEAR!"

A TALE OF TERROR.

He sat, or rather grovelled, amongst a pile of daily newspapers. His eyes were wilder, much wilder, than the Wild West of BUFFALO-BILL, his hair was as dishevelled as that of an infuriated Irish M.P. after an All-night Sitting. He looked as mad as a hatter.

"What ails you?" I inquired, sympathetically, soothingly. For all answer—as the ebulliently sentimental she-novelist saith—he pointed to the pell-mell pile of morning papers.

"Poor fellow!" said I. "Have you then been trying to understand Sir HENRY ROSCOE'S erudite Address to the British Association?"

He shook his head emphatically.

"Or to make head or tail, flesh, fowl, or good red herring of one of AUBERON HERBERT'S acidulous jeremiads?"

Again he shook his head, and tore his hair at the same time.

"Or to learn from MATTHEW ARNOLD'S moony meanderings, complacent assumptions, and tart imputations, what is the real nature of his favourite, quiet, reasonable person,

"Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ?"

Once more that action of decided dissent.

"Then perhaps you have been trying to find the 'sweet reasonableness,' and the invaluable 'dry light' of Science in Professor TYNDALL'S furious fulminations from the Alps?"

"Nay, nay, not so," he sobbed, insanely.

"You may have been endeavouring to reconcile all Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home-Rule utterances during the last ten years, to identify the Mr. BRIGHT of to-day with the People's Tribune of forty years syne, to measure the motives of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, or appraise the intrinsic importance of JESSE, 'the Member for Three Acres and a Cow?'"

"Alas, no!"

"Humph! You cannot possibly have been so foolish as to venture the brain-dizzying dangers of a course of the 'Thunderer's' tempestuous Home-Rule leaders?"

He had not, and intimated as much, mournfully.

"Dear me! Desperate man, *do* not say that you have been trying to analyse the authoritative 'Analyses' of this year's County Cricketing, to test their apportionment of champion honours, or track out their distracting decimals to their last hidden lair!"

"Worse than that—far worse!" he moonily muttered.

"You alarm me, rash man!" I cried. "Can it possibly be that from a comparison of the works of the (Sporting) Prophets you have foolishly essayed to spot the winner of the coming St. Leger?"

"No such luck," said he, with a shudder.

I drew near to him, and whispered low in his ear—

"Have you—*have* you been seeking the meaning of the verses of some peer-poet in the *Morning Post*?"

"Would—*would* it were but that," he groaned, picking a single straw from the truss or so that stuck porcupine-quill-wise in his tangled fell of hair.

"I have it!" I cried. "You have an attack of veritable 'Whitmania,' arising from a too long indulgence in the intoxicating yet enervating flow of Swinburnian superlatives?"

"The deuce a bit of it," he snapped, testily.

I was growing impatient, and inclined "to give it up."

"Oh! this is worse than ARGYLL on Political Economy, or a Double Acrostic!" I grumbled, angrily. "What in the name of Eleusis *have* you been up to?"

"*Listen!*" he whispered, placing his lips close to my ears; "listen, and marvel if you may; aid me if you can. *I have been trying, by a comparison of the comments thereupon in the various party papers, to understand the real significance of a* BYE-ELECTION!!!"

"Miserable man!" I gasped, "that way indeed Madness lies. Know you not that human imbecility in those identical comments reaches its absolutely 'lowest deep' of abject folly and crazy inconsequence. Know you not that nothing—positively *nothing* in the whole history of this crack-brained world—is so mad and so maddening as a Tory article on a bye-election won by a Liberal, or a Liberal article on a bye-election gained by a Tory? Know you not that in these dismally, delirious lucubrations, all the rules of arithmetic, all the laws of logic, all the palpable bearings of facts, all the obvious meanings of words, to say nothing of the dictates of veracity, and the impulse of fairness, are deliberately inverted, perverted, played moral havoc and intellectual pitch-and-toss with? Know you not that the gibberings of Bedlam are clear and continent sense compared with the argufyings of a party-scribe 'explaining away' an opponent's success, or picturing an ally's crushing defeat as a 'moral victory?' Know you not that the (supposed) necessity of penning such frantic fustian makes a Tory Thunderer drivel like a drunken THERSITES, and a Radical RHADAMANTHUS equivocate like a pettifogging attorney? Know you not——?"

But with a howl of horror the wretched victim of party silliness and factious sophistry pitched head-first amidst the pile of papers—MAD!!!

Laissez-Faire.

"I believe, if you would let alone this unhappy peasantry, there would be no difficulty whatever."—Mr. BALFOUR, *on the Irish Question.*

THE Irish Landlord has lost his tenants,
And doesn't know where to find them;
Let them alone, and they 'll come home,
And bring rents (in their pockets) behind them.

A Real "Inky Flood."

"HERE lies one whose name was written in water," was the sad but happily inappropriate epitaph which KEATS suggested for himself. Had he lived in our days he would have felt it to be equivocal. People are writing to the papers with "ink," said to be made out of Thames water. Styx itself was surely nothing to this. An inkstand has been called "*mare nigrum*," but hitherto no poetic trope-maker has been bold enough to speak of a river as an inkstand. Facts *are* stranger than fiction!

'ARRY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are you, old oyster? *I*'m doin' the briny, dear boy;
Got my usual fortnit, yer know, as I makes it a pint to enjoy,
Things is quisby at 'ome, and they pressed me to chuck up my annual spree,
And stand by to look arter the mater who's down with rheumatics. Not me!

Relations are that bloomin' selfish it fair gives a feller the sick,
I'm jest tidy myself, flush of tin, with no end of a thunderin' "pick,"
And now I've a chance of a outing to keep myself up to the mark,
I'm to stay in the doldrums at 'ome! It's *too* much of a screamin' old lark.

No, CHARLIE, boy, self-preservation's the fust law of Nature, yer know;
So I jest slung my 'ook like a shot and came here for a bite and a blow.
I'm as red as a bloomin' tomarter already, and talk about stodge!
Jest you arsk the old mivvey as caters for me at the crib where I lodge.

Number Seventeen, Paragon Place, is my diggings, mate, floor Number Three,
From the right 'and bow-winder's off-corner you ketch a side-squint of the sea.
White stucco and hemerald sun-blinds, trailed up with a fine "Glory" rose,
And a slavey as pooty as pie, if it weren't for the smuts on her nose.

Oh, I'm up to the knocker, I tell yer; fresh 'errins for breakfast, old pal,
Bottled beer by the bucket, prime 'bacca, and oh, such a scrumptious young gal!
Picked 'er up on the pier, mate, permiskus, last Wensday as ever was. Whew!
She would take the shine out of some screamers, I tell yer, my pippin, would Loo.

Dropped 'er 'at the feet of yours, truly, and 'ARRY, of course, was all there.
Her 'airpins went flyin! Thinks I, that's a jolly fine sample of 'air;
As black as my boots, and as shiny, and oh! sech a 'eavenly smell.
"Hillo! Miss," sez I, "while you 're 'andy, there's no need for Mister RIMMEL."

That nicked 'er, my nibs. It's the patter as does it, of course *with* good looks;
Gals do like a chap as can gab, as you'll find by them Libery books.
Take WEEDER, my boy, or Miss BROUGHTON; you'll see if a feller would tackle
A feminine fair up to dick, he 'as got to be dabs at the cackle.

And that's where *I* score, my dear CHARLIE. Lor bless yer, in 'arf an 'our more,
Me and Loo was as cosy as cousins, tucked up in a nook on the shore.
Gives yer 'oliday outing a flaviour, the feminine element do,
Although, *ontry noo*, dear old pal, it's a tidy stiff drain on yer "screw."

'Owsomever, flare up and blow "exes" is always my motter, yer see;
And I never minds blueing the pieces purwided I gets a good spree;
Wich is jest wot I'm 'aving at present. You'll say, at this pint, I expect,
"'ARRY's doing the Toff as per usual." To which, mate, I answers, "*Ker*-rect!"

Socierty's right, my dear CHARLIE,—Socierty always *is* right,—
GLADSTONE's gab about "masses and classes" is all tommy rot and sour spite.

There is only one class worth consid'rin', and that is the reglar *fust*-class;
And the chap as don't try to get into it—well, he is simply a ass.

Socierty sez, "When the Season is hover, slide off to the Sea!"
It's *the* place for a fair autumn barney." And shall I dispute it? Not me.
'ARRY knows his tip better than that, Sir. Your juggins may 'ave 'is own whim
About bicycling, boating, or wot not; *I* mean bein' well in the swim.

Lor, it warms a cove's heart dontcherknow, puts his sperrits right slap on the rise,
Wen the Niggers are dancing a break-down or singing *Two Lovely Black Eyes.*
To see lardy Toffs and swell ladies, and smart little gals with no fuss,
'Anging round on the listen and snigger as though they wos each one of *hus.*

They likes it, my lad, yus they likes it, the Music Hall patter and slang.
Yet some jugginses kick at *my* lingo as *vulgar!* Oh, let 'em go 'ang.
Take a run, Mister Mealymouthed Critic, go home and eat coke, poor old man.
All Toffs as *is* Toffs share my tastes; we are built on the very same plan.

Wots the hodds if yer rides in a kerredge, or drives in a double-'orse drag,
With a 'orn and a loud concerteena and lots o' prime prog in the bag?
It is only a question of ochre, the principle's ditto all round.
It is larks by the Sea we all seek, and they suits us all down to the ground.

But now, I am off to the Pier, CHARLIE. Boat 's coming in from Boolong,
And I wouldn't miss that not for nothink. The wind blows a little bit strong,
And there 's bound to be lots on 'em quisby, some regular goners, dessay;
And it *is* sech a lark to chi-ike them, the best bit o' fun of the day.

Old jokers in sealskin caps, CHARLIE, drawn over their poor blue old ears,
Pooty gals with complexions like paste-pots, old mivvies gone green with the queers;
Little toffs with their billycooks raked, jest to swagger it off like, yer know,
But with hoptics like badly-biled whelks. Oh, I tell yer it 's all a prime show.

Larf, CHARLIE? It bangs ARTHUR ROBERTS, and makes a chap bloomin' nigh bust.
I must take a 'am sanwich to munch. Wen a cove ketches sight on it fust,
And I sings out, "Hi! who 'll 'ave a fat 'un?" to see that bloke shudder and shrink,
And go gooseberry green in the gills, is *too* lovely, mate. Wot do *you* think?

And all this, with the larks on the sands, niggers, spotting the bathers,—that 's spiff!—
Sails round, going bobbing for whiting, and singing at night on the cliff,
Not to mention rides out, as per posters, and quiet flirtations with Loo,
I was quietly asked to chuck up 'long o' Mother's rheumatics! Yah boo!

'ARRY 's not sech a mug, I essure you. Sweet Home is dashed fiddledeedee.
I'm not nuts on yer dabby domestic, it spiles a smart chap for a spree.
Ony sorry my time 's nearly hup; but, as fur as the ochre will carry,
Do the briny with swells *like* a swell, is the tip of Yours scrumptiously, 'ARRY.

"OVERCAST."

THEY WERE OUT FOR A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—WERE LATE AT THE STATION—HE LEFT IT TO HER TO TAKE THE TICKETS—A HORRID CROWD—FRIGHTFULLY HOT—AND SHE WAS HUSTLED AND FLUSTERED CONSIDERABLY WHEN SHE REACHED THE CARRIAGE.

He (*cool and comfortable*). "HOW CHARMING THE YELLOW GORSE——"

She (*in a withering tone*). "YOU DIDN'T 'XPECT TO SEE IT BLUE, I S'PPOSE!" [*Tacet!*

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Thirteenth day of Cure at Royat. Hotel Continental.—The view from my window is charming, whether on a bright morning or a moonlight night. But I am not contented with it. There is within me an "OLIVER, asking for more." Had I the faith which moves mountains, I would order that hill opposite to be removed, so as to give me a more extensive, and a grander view.

* * * * *

The Beggars at Royat.—A nuisance and a disgrace to the place. Why are these wretched creatures allowed to trade on their fearful afflictions? Are there no free hospitals, no charitable institutions, where they can be taken care of? Of course there are. Is there no power to compel them to go in? Is there no "*traitement*" for them?

* * * * *

As for the little beggar boys and girls who are brought up to the trade and who waylay us all day, cannot they be put to some useful work and be forced into school? These able-bodied paupers should be employed in mending the footpaths leading up to Gravenoire and the environs, which are in a very bad condition.

The Whine of the Country.

* *

I do not object, indeed by this time I take rather kindly to the *vin du pays*, but I detest what Mr. "DUMB-CRAMBO" would call—

* * * * *

À propos of walks in a wretched condition, why don't their Worships, the Maires of Royat and Chamalière, lay their heads together and mend the footpaths? In making the above suggestion, I do not contemplate wood-pavement. No: but I do think that these beggars might be utilised.

* * * * * *

Pensées d'un Baigneur.—A bather has plenty of time to emulate the celebrated parrot. What can he do—the bather not the parrot—in his bath, except think? He can talk, hum, or sing. He can recite: and exercise his voice and memory. But this would attract attention, and I fancy the talking, singing, or reciting bather would very soon be requested to keep quiet. Therefore he must think. He may not sleep: it is not permitted by the faculty. No: thinking is the thing. The time in a bath,—thirty-five minutes of it—passes as a dream, and the thoughts are as difficult to catch and fix as butterflies. Here are a few:—

It is absolutely necessary to please oneself even in things apparently indifferent. Out of politeness, I yielded yesterday to an invitation to take a drive of two hours. I was ill for nearly a couple of days afterwards. . . . . So was the kind person who took me. I believe she meant it well, and intended it as an act of politeness. (N.B. This was written within the first seven days of the "*traitement.*" This sort of thing must come out of you. The waters bring out selfishness and ingratitude.)

* * * * *

Morning after morning I find myself staring at the notice on the wall at the foot of my bath. From that I gather that I am a "titulaire." My bath-cell is No. 17. So as Titulaire I am Number Seventeen,—like a convict. My Gaoler, the bathman, does not know me perhaps by any other name than "Monsieur &c., Dix-Sept." Ah, well, I never thought I should be seventeen again. But I am—at Royat. How it must be re-juvenising me!

* * * * *

I have been looking over a list of excursions to various "Salubrities Abroad." Among them I find this:—"*De Lyon en Savoie et en Dauphiné par Saint-André-le-Gaz, et retour.*"

"St. Andrew-the-Gas" sounds a novel name in a calendar. He was evidently a Saint much in advance of his time. An excellent man of course "according to his lights."

* * * * *

I saw a subject here for Mr. MARKS, R.A. A bearded Franciscan Monk in his brown habit, with cord and rosary at his waist, sending a telegram at the telegraph office. Imagine the surroundings. Mr. MARKS might call it an Anachronism.

* * * * *

When abroad, I make notes of the names of any new dishes. The following one was new to me as a name, not as a dish, which was simple enough, "*Culottes de bœuf à la fermière.*" What next? "*Caleçons de veau à la baigneuse?*" "*Gilets de mouton à la bergère?*" "*Culottes de veau à la Brian O'Lynn?*" "*Chapeau de volaille à la coq?*"

* * * * *

Music.—This morning, the fifteenth of my sojourn here, the band is playing something new. This is refreshing, as I am becoming a little tired of the overtures to *Zampa*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Italiano in Algeria*, selections from the *Huguenots* (highly popular as a good finish to any concert) and the dance music, waltzes and mazurkas, which have been popular for the last two years.

* * * * *

The clocks of Royat are still in an undecided state. The uninitiated person who takes his time—(*Note, en passant for all baigneurs here*—Never be in a hurry, and always "take your time," no matter from where you take it)—from the Hotel, and starts at 7·30 in order to reach his bath by 8,—a walk of five minutes,—will find, on arriving at the *Etablissement*, that it is just 8·5, so that he has taken a quarter of an hour to do the distance. If he starts from the *Etablissement* at 8·30, to meet a friend at the station, on arriving there he will discover that it is 8·15 by the Railway Clock, so that he is at the end of his journey a quarter of an hour before he set out, having done the distance in considerably less than no time,—a record worth preserving. The Post Office Authorities, in despair, have put up a notice informing everybody that their clock has no connection with that of the *Etablissement*, which may just do what it likes and be wound to it, and ignoring all church-clock authority and all municipal authority too, they (the Post Office Authorities aforesaid) announce that they intend to take their time from the Railway station, but even then will give themselves a margin of five minutes one way or the other, so that the public wishing to send letters must ascertain what the post times *ought* to be, and then give themselves another margin of at least ten minutes on the safe side. The calculation is not very complicated when you are accustomed to it, and its uncertainty lends a gentle stimulus to the ordinary routine of the uneventful life at Royat.

* * * * *

For "Excursions from Royat by Rail or Road," see my Guide-Book, forthcoming.

* * * * *

This advice, "*See my Guide*," or "*See my History*," is perpetually recurring as a friendly hint—it really being a most artful way of introducing an advertisement to your notice—in that invaluable publication, the *Guides Diamant, P. Joanne*, series, HACHETTE & CIE., without which no traveller's pocket or bag is completely furnished. Time for *siesta*.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

A Song of the Cricket Championship.

Em met. (Yorks.)

THE GRACES are hers, but the Parcæ have tost her
Of late, so the Championship won't go to Gloucester;
Despite brave Lord HARRIS, and efforts well-meant,
That honour won't fall to the bold Men of Kent.
'Twould have charmed not a few of the "better for wus" sex,
Had luck smiled (not she!) on their sweethearts of Sussex;
And, though it is famed as the pluck and hard-work shire,
The top of the tree is not reached yet by Yorkshire.
Dame Fortune, that Sphinx of the riddle-cum-diddle sex,
Crowns not with success the crack Batsmen of Middlesex.
Spite of SHREWSBURY, GUNN, and such cricketing pots,
Her Song for this season is "*No, not for Notts.*'"
And, although "runner-up" (if like greyhounds one rank a shire)

Pilling. (Lancs.)

She's *just* missed first place, has stout HORNBY-led Lancashire.
Thanks—in chief—to young LOHMANN, whom fate canot flurry,
The Championship once more comes South. Bravo, Surrey!

OMINOUS.—Lord R. CHURCHILL is to address a meeting of Unionists at Sunderland. Hardly strikes one as quite a suitable spot for that purpose, *Sunderland* being rather suggestive of the Separatist policy that Lord RANDOLPH and his friends are so strongly opposed to. The Home Rulers would have chosen Cumberland as more appropriate.

DRURY LANE WITH PLEASURE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Pleasure Parties.

IT was only what might have been expected that a large audience should assemble in the National Theatre to see the new piece by Messrs. PAUL MERRITT and AUGUSTUS HARRIS. The very title was inviting, and when to that title were added scenes in Oxford, Monte Carlo, Nice and Gloucestershire, who could refuse the invitation? Certainly not I. So I accepted, with pleasure, and was present at the initial performance. I refreshed my recollection of college life at Oxford where men certainly were not quite as serious as *Mr. Jack Lovell*, in the long since of the "fifties." I could not help regretting that the Oxford of thirty years ago had not the unconventional Mr. NICHOLLS amongst the Undergraduates. Had he been there at the period to which I refer, I undoubtedly should have sought the honour of his acquaintance, but on the condition that he did *not* introduce me to the aforesaid *Jack Lovell*, who on matriculating at Drury Lane was about as lively as a mute at a funeral. I was not at all surprised to find him rather out of sorts. Frankly, *Mr. Jack Lovell* in *Pleasure* is not a nice young man. He reads for the Church and gets plucked, as indeed he should, as he seems to have employed the time that he ought to have occupied in hard reading, in behaving in the most disgraceful manner to *Miss Jessie Newland*, otherwise the ever charming Miss ALMA MURRAY. Very properly refused a family living, he succeeds to a peerage, and immediately publishes the story of his betrothed and refuses to marry her.

Bringing Down the House.

Personally, I must admit that I received with joy the news that he was drinking himself to death, and only felt the deepest regret when I learned that he had not perished in an admirably contrived Earthquake.

But, in spite of *Mr. Jack Lovell*, Oxford, at Drury Lane, contained a number of interesting persons. The *Doddipotts*, father and son, with their American relative (Miss BROUGH), were most amusing, and I was quite satisfied to accompany them to Nice and Monte Carlo, to see the Battle of Flowers, the Carnival Ball, and last, but not least, the Earthquake. This latter effect, in more senses than one, "brought down the house." In *Pleasure* the stage-management is excellent throughout, and, of the joint authorship of the piece, I think I may safely say that its chief merit lies in the name of HARRIS. Not a mythical "HARRIS," like unto the friend of *Mrs. Gamp*, but some one far more substantial, the great AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS himself. Whether one is gazing upon the Sheldonian Theatre (the background to an Oxford Mixture of no common kind), or

An Oxford Mixture.

the Barges, or the Promenade des Anglais, or the Carnival Ball, the presence of an excellent master of effect is seen in every group, in every detail.

Pleasure is described as a Comedy-Drama, and the plot is not, perhaps, as strong as some of its predecessors. As "strength" at a theatre invariably spells "murder" or "sudden death," I am not at all sure that this absence of the ultra-melodramatic is not to be welcomed, in spite of the taste for the horrible which is supposed to be the characteristic of those who patronise the pit and gallery. But what the People (with a capital initial letter) lose in the ghastly, they certainly gain in the beautiful. If the scenery at Drury Lane of the Riviera does not cause "Personally conducted tours" to be more numerously attended next year than ever, I shall be more than surprised—I shall be disappointed. Even the Earthquake should not be a deterrent, for as far as I could learn from "the incident" at Drury Lane, no one was a penny the worse for the shaking. Even the unworthy *Lovell* escaped—I fancy up the chimney. If this were so, it would only be in keeping with his character.

In the first Drury Lane success, *The World* (by the same authors as *Pleasure*), there was a wonderful clergyman, played by the late Mr. RYDER, whose cynicism was equal to his audacity. This strange ecclesiastic I remember, having sown an unusually large crop of wild oats in his youth, on his return from Evening Service in his middle age, imperiously refused to allow a lady to remain in his parish because she had once been deeply attached to him, and had loved him "not wisely, but too well." I shall never forget the dignified earnestness of the late Mr. RYDER as he explained to this lady his position as a married man, and sternly ordered her to move on. Had *Mr. Jack Lovell* been ordained, I fancy he would have made an excellent curate to this reverend gentleman, and that between them they would have formed what is satirically termed a "pretty pair."

It is possible that the original intention of the authors of *Pleasure* may have been to have conferred on the hero of their piece a Deanery, or even an Archbishopric, and that the recollection of this prior clerical creation may have influenced them to alter their contemplated Church patronage into a temporal peerage linked with twenty thousand a-year. Be this as it may, *Jack* and his prototype will rest in my memory as companion pictures, of what a clergyman might, could, would (but should not) be. The scenery and the admirable stage-management make *Mr. Lovell* and his doings bearable. They pull him through. For the rest, *Pleasure* is an amusing play, well mounted, and capitally acted, and should keep the boards until December brings to Drury Lane and a delighted world the Christmas Pantomime. On the first night all went well up to the end of the Fifth Act; but the last, after the excitement of the Riviera scenes, came as rather an anti-climax.—I beg to sign myself, in compliment to and emulation of the Earthquake, ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

Sweets to the Sweet.

A Hint to the Howlers.

BETWIXT Paddies who kick up wild hullabaloo,
And rude Radical raffs who will play the Yahoo,
There apparently is not a Tanner to choose;
Though the Irishmen boast of the better excuse!
Rads the Message of Peace will not hasten, I trow,
By taking a hand in this Donnybrook row.
To "trid on their coat-tails" is policy mad,
But to help them to swing the shillelagh's as bad.
To ape angry Pats in their weakness for fights,
Is the very worst way to get Ireland her "rights."

AN ADDRESS TO PARLIAMENT.—Shut up!

SEA-SIDE WEATHER STUDIES. SET FAIR. WHITBY.

"ON HIS OWN HOOK!"

A POLITICAL "ANGLER'S SONG."

(Imitated, at a respectful distance, from Piscator's Song in "The Compleat Angler."

Piscator pipeth:—

Now private pique breeds party talk,
Some G. would bless, and some would baulk;
Some seem to find it pretty sport,
Changeful constituencies to court.
To share such games I do not wish,
No, for awhile, I'd rather—fish.

Just now I might to danger ride,
There's doubt about the winning side,
One's little game may often prove
Advanced by a *retiring* move.
For faction's fetter, party's snare,
Whilst angling here I need not care.

Such recreation is there none,
As playing one's own game alone.
Aught else is risky, more or less,
And well may land one in a mess,
My hand alone my work can do,
Here I can fish, and study too.

I care not much to fish the seas,
Me party-angling more doth please;
My present task I contemplate
With patience, not with heart elate.
But in safe waters I would keep,
And floods at home run wild and deep.

I'm not *quite* cocksure on which side
At present runs "the flowing tide;"
I'd not be stranded with the ebb—
I've shunned the Grand Old Spider's web;
I am not like a simple fly;
I take my hook, and mind my eye.

I'll not with Caucus gudgeons wait,
Prepared to gorge whatever bait.
How poor a thing, wire-pullers find,
Will captivate the Caucus mind!
Yet latterly, to my surprise,
Unto *my* bait it fails to rise.

But here, though while I fish I fast
From the political repast,
Yet, as my new-found friends invite,
I'll take the swim, I'll watch the bite.
Should chance the Coalition dish,
There'd be a pretty kettle o' fish!

So I'm content this post to take,
Alone, but calm and wide awake.
Anglers "lie low" just now and then,
Much more so we fishers of men.
Here I can "bob," smoke, make a name,
And from afar watch the whole game.

I fancy that, were RANDOLPH here,
He'd smile, and share my bottled beer.
Both fishers we, by brain not book,
Take our own line, on our own hook.
I'll watch which way the home wind blows,
And when 'tis settled—well, who knows?

AT HOME WITH ATOMS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—After listening to Sir HENRY ROSCOE'S Address at the Free Trade Hall last evening, my brain feels very much like a "molecule on the eve of being broken into atoms," by the grandeur of the subject on which he discoursed, and as he so kindly told us this catastrophe "may be brought about not only by heat vibrations, but likewise by an electrical discharge at a comparatively low temperature," the present state of the weather rather adds to the anxiety I feel about the seat of my mental organisation. Still "there is a fundamental difference," he tells us, "between the question of separating the atoms in the molecule, and that of splitting up the atom itself," so that there seems to be a remote chance in any case of my preserving an atom or two of sound sense and intelligence in the midst of impending chaos, the more so, as "even the highest of terrestrial temperatures, that of the electric spark, has failed to shake any atom in two."

In the course of his address Sir H. ROSCOE also said, "There is no such thing in nature as great or small." I was always considered the smallest in my family, and it seems difficult, though at the same time encouraging, to believe I am equal in physical quantities of height and weight to the other members. What such nice men say must be true—at any rate until something *truer* is found out. I shall therefore cherish the idea I have hitherto been under a delusion. Mind may have some inscrutable quality wherewith to balance Matter. I remember my tallest sister was the one who thought least. Mind and Matter are now so much mixed, that they may be interchangeable molecules; who knows? Sir H. ROSCOE observed also that "heat is evolved by the clashing of the atoms." I felt how true that was when we twelve molecules quarrelled as children.

I think, *Mr. Punch*, for a woman, I have gathered a great deal of information in a few hours.

Yours truthfully,
THE BETTER HALF OF SOMEBODY.

The Peccant Member.

A Wail by a Weary One.

PARLIAMENT sitting still—and in September!
It's all along of "the unruly member"—
That is, the tongue. But, to adapt it duly
To modern days, it should be called *Home-*
Ruly!

"NOT IN THE HUNTS."—Mr. SANDERS.

"ON HIS OWN HOOK!"

JUDICIOUS JOE. "A BIT ROUGH—BUT, PLEASANTER THAN *HOME WATERS*—JUST NOW!"

STREET PUZZLE. TO FIND LAW AND ORDER.

STRAND, 10·45 P.M.

CIRCUS PERFORMANCES.

SIR,—I see that there is a senseless outcry against the proposed plan of the Board of Works to build on a portion of the open space now available at Piccadilly Circus, and I write to protest against the pestilent heresy that prompts it. What, Sir, I ask, has the Board to do with "beauty"? As a public body, responsible to the rate-payers, they have only one thing to consider, and that is, "utility." Why, then, should they not seize upon every vacant inch of ground at their disposal, and convert it into a Central Pig Market? Such a thing could not be better installed than at the end of Regent Street, and here is the very site for it. Expecting to see some active steps taken to set this on foot, I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

NOTHING IF NOT PRACTICAL.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "ONE WITH AN EYE TO THE SUBLIME," is right in attacking the gross Vandalism of the Board, but, in his proposed scheme for statues and fountains, he falls miserably short of what is really wanted to make Piccadilly Circus what it should be; namely, the grandest open space in Europe. The ground should be cleared from St. James's Church to Leicester Square, East and West, and opened up southwards the whole width to the Duke of York's Column. Upon the space so secured, a white marble pavement, broken only by colossal water-works, groups of classic statuary, splendid monuments, and groves of orange-trees, should be laid, and here, to the plash of silvery cascades, utterly outrivalling the greatest display of which Versailles is capable, and, to the music of half-a-dozen separate military bands, the jaded Londoner should disport himself from morn to dewy eve. You ask as to the cost. Well, a rate of fifteen shillings in the pound for a hundred and fifty years would soon settle that, and I am sure there is not a taxpayer in the parishes immediately concerned who would not willingly jump at this trifling charge to see the scheme realised. At least, this is the view at the present moment taken of the matter by

Yours, obediently, AN ENTHUSIASTIC OUTSIDER.

SIR,—They are talking of pulling down St. Mary-le-Strand and wish to cut off the steps of St. Martin's. Why not *move them both* and set them up back to back on the disputed ground? One could face Piccadilly and the other look up Coventry Street. The idea is a happy one and has the merit of bringing together in juxtaposition the works of our two great *Renaissance* architects GIBBS and WREN. I offer it to your artistic readers for what it is worth and beg to subscribe myself, Yours, tentatively, A LOCAL MECÆNAS.

SIR,—There was some time since some sensible talk of erecting a gigantic iron tower in the neighbourhood of the St. Martin's Baths and Wash Houses. Surely no finer site could be found for such an erection than that provided by Piccadilly Circus. Here, with a sufficiently ample base, such for instance as could be furnished by the entire available space in question, a thing of the kind might rise to, say, the height of 1,000 feet and have one, two or even three theatres at the top. Several restaurants could be accommodated on the upper floors, and the lower 500 feet might be partly relegated to a sausage manufactory and partly let out in chambers. The whole would afford a pleasing and striking *coup d'œil* to any one approaching it either from Waterloo Place, Piccadilly or Shaftesbury Avenue, and prove, I think, a happy compromise and solution of the somewhat vexed question of the utilisation of the disputed space. At least, so the matter strikes your suggestive Correspondent, A HOPEFUL ÆDILE.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

A Page from his Bulgarian Ollendorff.

HAVE you perceived the Triumphal Arch at the entry of the City?

No, I have not perceived the Triumphal Arch at the entry of the City, but I have noticed the cold shoulder of the Generals.

This must be the congratulatory Round Robin of the Officers.

Yes, it is the congratulatory Round Robin of the Officers, but here also is the placard proclaiming me a Usurper.

Has the Snub arrived from the Porte?

Yes, the Snub has arrived from the Porte, and with it the Ultimatum from the CZAR.

In any emergency would you depend upon the omnibus horse provided for you by the War Department?

No, in any emergency I would not depend upon the omnibus horse provided for me by the War Department, but on the list of trains proceeding to the frontier, as furnished in the local *Bradshaw*.

NAUGHTICAL?

Yachting Friend (playfully). "HAVE YOU ANY EXPERIENCE OF SQUALLS, BROWN?"
Brown. "SQUALLS!" *(Seriously.)* "MY DEAR SIR, I 'VE BROUGHT UP TEN IN FAMILY!"

FOR AN IRISH TRIP.

(Some Preparatory Memoranda.)

1. To get up the early Celtic history, and establish my undoubted right to call myself an Irishman, by tracing my pedigree directly back to FERGUS THE FIRST.
2. Lend colourable certainty to this by hiring a low-comedy Donnybrook Fair suit from NATHAN'S, and wearing it on all public occasions.
3. Make arrangements to take a dozen lessons in jig-dancing and shillelagh-flourishing from some recognised Music-Hall celebrity engaged in this special line of business.
4. Get the words of the *We'll have the Tail off the Cow, Pat*, and other patriotic songs, by heart, and have an encore verse ready in case of being called upon to give it in any popular emergency.
5. Familiarise myself with the use of such expressions as "Whist! Whist!" "Arrah! are ye shure now," "divil a bit!" and other Irish colloquialisms, and accustom myself to interspersing my orations with shrill whoops to give emphasis to a sentence or point to a period as occasion may require or suggest.
6. Conceive a defence of boycotting and bring it oratorically, in an airy and genial way, within a measurable distance of legality, and back it up if possible with some biblical and Homeric analogies.
7. Study the Plan of Campaign practically, by hurling boiling pitch, meal, lime and brickbats through a besieged cabin-window into the faces of imaginary constabulary without.
8. Habituate myself to mild indulgence in "potheen," occasional drinking of confusion to the "Sassenach," and to taking care not to lose sight of my return ticket.

CASE-O'-MY-BANKER.

(The Story of Another Child.)

THE Boy stood in the sweltering street,
Whence all but he had fled;
The fast-departing dog-days' heat,
Flamed full upon his head.

He was not beautiful nor bright,
Nor born to rule the storm;
A most unlucky urban wight;
A small, yet grimy, form.

His parents could not grant the boon
—A fortnight's Country air;
They would have spared him precious soon,
But had no cash to spare!

He called aloud: "Kind Public, say,
If me you have forgot!"
But far from Town the Public play
Unconscious of his lot.

"Speak, millionnaires," again he cried,
"If I may not levant!"
And but the falling leaves replied,
And daylight growing scant.

Upon his brow he felt the breath
Of summer slowly fail,
And looked and prayed for kindly aid,
As seaman for a sail.

Meanwhile the Children's Country Fund,
Formed near the roaring Strand,
(At Buck'n'ham Street, the Number Ten,)
Had no more cash in hand!

He murmured faintly once again,
"Kind Public, must I stay?"
While to the seaside cab and train
Bore happier lads away.

* * * * *

Ah, Public! You this Summer's heat
Have felt at Pleasure's marts;
Think how you'd like it in the street,
Before it quite departs!

A Real Sporting Event.

ARROW-THROWING is said to be the latest new sport—in Yorkshire. Newer even than Frog-spearing in France! What next? Perhaps "Javelin-men" will soon mean something modern, and not perfunctory. Then "Hatchet-throwing"—in a sense having no relation to travellers' taradiddles—may become the vogue; and Mr. HANBURY, who is so much concerned about the Salary of the Master of the Hawks, may move in the House to have it transferred to a new and actual public functionary—the Master of the Tomahawks.

GEOLOGISTS talk learnedly about the immense antiquity of what they call "the Coal measures." The modern coal-measures needed now, are measures for arm[illegible] Coaling Stations.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

From the Notes of a Colleague of the Member for Barkshire.

House of Commons, Monday, August 29.—I was afraid that TOBY would give himself a holiday. For some time since the Whips have kept an uneasy eye upon the most independent, the most talented, the most industrious of their following. And now he has gone! "He will return—I know he will," before the end of the Session; but for the moment he is away—the deadly dulness that prevailed at Westminster a fortnight since was too much for him; and so I follow him in the House—be it well understood, at a respectful distance. His absence will not be pleasing to any one—even the sprightly AKERS DOUGLAS, forgetting for the moment the destination of votes, will regret him. But, as he good-naturedly observes, under the impression that he is adapting SHAKSPEARE to the exigencies of the situation, "Votes may come and votes may go, but the Session seemingly goes on for ever!"

A. Ak-rs D-gl-s.

To return to August 29. The Patriots have determined it shall be a grand week for the "Ould Counthry." Many previous weeks have been equally grand weeks, or as they would put it "months." When the SPEAKER took his seat, scarcely a quorum present. Ministerialists "in reserve," (like policemen when some one writes to tell Sir C. WARREN he is going to demonstrate in Trafalgar Square) in various parts of the House. Gladstonian Whips well *en évidence* to act as guides to sole representatives of the Non-Dissentient Liberals, WOODALL and CHILDERS.

Unprejudiced North Briton DOUGLAS CRAWFORD has a question for young NORTHCOTE about pig-iron and coal. Seemingly Scotch firms have been overlooked. Surveyor-General of Ordnance very gravely answers question, goes home and tenders his resignation, "in consequence of recommendation of Committee reporting upon War Office organising and suggesting changes." NORTHCOTE had enough of it. Couldn't even say something funny about "burning questions *re* coal generally ending in smoke."

After JOICEY had wanted to know why great guns should be let off at Tynemouth Castle, and STANHOPE had promised that for the future they should be fired (if possible) in a whisper ("Savours of a bang," put in CHILDERS, *sotto voce*), the Irish gentlemen got to their favourite sport, KING-HARMAN baiting. They had one or two good sets-to, making it particularly unpleasant for the Under Secretary about the trial of O'BRIEN, Resident Magistrates, and Horse-breeding. But this "illigant divarsion" was only a sort of *hors d'œuvres* to the *pièce de résistance*, "Supply—Irish Votes," which was as strong and savoury as the National Stew itself.

H. N-rthc-te.

DILLON began the ball by moving a reduction of the Constabulary Votes, saying that the chief duties of the officers were, driving out with the Country Gentlemen, flirting with all the Young Girls, and shooting with the Landlords.

"Ah, so it is," said JOSEPH GILLIS, with a flush of scarlet indignation mounting his noble brow, "It's not the driving and shooting I object to—it's the flirting!"

JOSEPH GILLIS is very excitable when the fair sex is mentioned, and no doubt meant what he said.

TIM HEALY followed on, regretting that GRANDOLPH was not there, no doubt for the same reason that the Irish gentleman with a shillelagh was sorry to see no bald pates neat and handy. He said that the Boycotted were the happiest inmates of the distressful country, possibly feeling that they had plenty of time for drinking and fighting.

Then the various votes were taken and "talked at," in the customary way until the hands of the clock marked Three in the morning. Whenever a chance showed itself of a war-whoop—whiz—and down came the club upon somebody—anybody. A couple of hours after midnight the Irishmen became more conciliatory, soothed by the thought that on the following evening they would have KING-HARMAN at their mercy.

Sm-ll and B-gg-r.

"He will take a deal of bating," said TIM, "but whist, you will see how I shall get at him. He 's been to Cremorne——"

"Fie, for shame!" cried JOSEPH GILLIS. "don't talk of such sinful places!"

Tuesday.—Lords had a real good afternoon's work. The LORD CHANCELLOR (with his usual grace—rather suggestive of the *pavan* in the Gray's Inn Maske) took his seat at 4·30. Squabble about the Woman's Suffrage Bill, which, after being deferred for six months, had come up again—scowling. Lord DENMAN proposed "previous question," but LORD CHANCELLOR (great tactician, but not great lawyer) suggested the matter should stand over until the next sitting. Reproach of "got no work to do" consequently removed from the Upper House.

Lords adjourned at Five o'Clock for a week, to recover from their exertions.

"Whist, bhoys, be aisy now," said TIM, in the Commons, when KING-HARMAN was seen going to his dinner. Then came the deluge.

"It is grand, Sorr," said the only Home-Ruler who does not use an accent; "it is just illigant, Sorr; and it's myself is proud of this day."

TIM walked into the Under Secretary with "joy." He "scathed" him, and said all manner of things about him. He used, amongst other weapons his legal knowledge (TIM is a great authority upon all legal questions) to describe him as a "returned convict."

"Look at that now!" observed JOSEPH GILLIS. "It's disgraceful that we should be ruled by a man who has assaulted the perlice!"

In the midst of the excitement KING-HARMAN suddenly returned from his dinner. No doubt he had sacrificed, in his haste to defend himself, or rather, what the only Home-Ruler who does not use an accent calls his "Ka-rack-tare," from the aspersions of the "inimy," three courses, a dessert, to say nothing of a cup of coffee and a *chasse*. He drew a picture of being a lad of two-and-twenty when he assaulted the police at Cremorne. Would not Hon. Members of Home-Rule persuasion have done the same at that age? Indignant denial of the entire Home-Rule Party, who are horrified at this suggestion! "Would *they* tread on the tail of anybody's coat? And at two-and-twenty? Look at that, now! Bedad! they would just like to get at the Under Secretary's head with a shillelagh for making such a suggestion."

M-tth-ws.

And so the war was carried on, TIM's heart being at last softened by KING-HARMAN declaring that he had saved him from ill-treatment at Dungannon at the hands of some gentlemen who wanted to show him "how to cheer for the QUEEN" with a stick. "I got hold of the men by the neck and hurled them back," cried KING-HARMAN, unsuccessfully controlling his emotion, "and now he—he—he says I got into a ro—ow—ow at Cremorne."

"Craymorne, not Cremorne," shouted the Home-Rulers who are proud of accuracy.

And while all this excitement reigned around, the HOME SECRETARY

A PRETTY CENTENARIAN.

(Mr. Bull's Song on Miss Columbia's Hundredth Birthday.)

"The chief authorities of the several States of this Union have resolved to celebrate, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th days of September next, at Philadelphia, the first centennial anniversary of the framing of the Constitution of the United States, with military and industrial displays, and with other suitable ceremonies."—*Letter of Invitation to Mr. Gladstone from the Constitutional Centennial Commission.*

John Bull. "A HUNDRED YEARS OLD, MY DEAR! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT! BUT THEN YOU HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL CONSTITUTION!"

AIR—"*I'm getting a Big Boy now.*"

You have passed through the troubles of national youth,
(To have safely survived them 's a boon,)
You have cut your eye-teeth, you look pretty, in truth,
But much the reverse of a "spoon."

We gaze on you fondly, admiringly, dear;
Few traces of age on *your* brow.
A hundred this year? Then it 's perfectly clear
You are getting a great girl now.

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now,
And you know it, COLUMBIA, I trow.
Philadelphia's "boom"
Leaves for doubt little room
That you're getting a great girl now.

I feel like Papa, who though elderly's fresh,
And with younkers can sympathise still;
You are bone of my bone, you are flesh of my flesh,
And I bear you the warmest good-will.
My centennial dates which have rapidly run,
I have given up counting, somehow;
Like me, you'll be learning life is not *all* fun,
For you're getting a great girl now.

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now.
With health and that radiant brow,
One hardly would say
You're a hundred to-day,
Though you're getting a great girl now.

You've gone in for Parties,—my plague, dear, at home;
If anyone's sick of 'em *I* am,—
Your land is so large you need hardly to roam,
Yet you're known from St. James's to Siam.
We greet you as Cousin, our family throng
Is wide, but you're welcome, I vow.
Come often, stay long, you can hardly do wrong,
Though you're getting a great girl now.

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now,
The rawness of youth you outgrow.
I am proud of your looks,
Like your art, and your books;
You *are* getting a great girl now.

To your big birthday party 'twas kind to invite
My WILLIAM; I'm sure he'd have come
And danced at your ball with the greatest delight,
But for years, and some business at home.
He's really a marvel, you know, for his age;
At your great Philadelphia pow-wow
He'd have reeled you off columns of talk, I'll engage,
Though he's getting an Old Boy now.

Chorus.

He's getting an Old Boy now,
Yet but for our big Irish row,
He'd have come like a shot,
And orated a lot,
Though he's getting an Old Boy now.

Your health, my COLUMBIA! A hundred? Seems queer!
What a sweet Centenarian you make!
I suppose it's your fine "Constitution," my dear;
Which nothing, I hope, will e'er shake.
You have proved you have not only swiftness, but stay;
Well, long may you flourish and grow!
Many happy—and hearty—returns of the Day!
You are getting a great girl now!

Chorus.

You are getting a great girl now;
May you prosper, and keep out of row;
Shun bunkum and bawl,
All that's shoddy and small,
For you're getting a *great* girl now!

THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

A CASE of some interest to Self-made Men, the conviction of a boy fined half-a-crown for playing, with some other boys, the game of "brag," occasioned Mr. SHIEL, on the Southwark Bench, to observe that "Gambling was the first step towards crime. Boys who began with gambling, very often ended by being thieves." Too often, perhaps, but, it may be hoped, not always. The boy who begins by playing at pitch-and-toss, surely doesn't always grow up to be a man who actually commits manslaughter. He may possibly stop short of larceny, burglary, or housebreaking, and do nothing worse than getting a useless, but not absolutely criminal livelihood, by betting on the Derby and the St. Leger, or speculating on the Stock Exchange.

FORM.

Public School Boy (*to General Sir George, G.C.B., G.S.I., V.C., &c., &c., &c.*) "I SAY, GRANDPAPA,—A—WOULD YOU MIND JUST PUTTING ON YOUR HAT *A LITTLE STRAIGHTER?* HERE COMES *CODGERS*—HE'S AWFULLY PARTICULAR—AND HE'S THE *CAPTAIN OF OUR ELEVEN, YOU KNOW!*"

WORDS IN SEASON.

NEWS are by no means wanting in the newspapers. A surprising telegram from Vienna announces that:—

"A large shark has been captured close to the harbour of Fiume. It is four and a half mètres long, and weighs 1,460 kilogrammes. The stomach contained a pair of human feet with the boots on."

The shark with two feet, and boots inside of it to boot, beats JERROLD'S "San Domingo Billy," in *Black Eyed Susan*, with a watch in his maw—whereby hung a yarn. Provincial journals, please copy, and report a jack that was so big as to have swallowed jack-boots. You may calculate that they will go down with some of your readers too. Nothing like leather.

The gooseberry season is over, but if this were the height of it, the prodigious fruit of that family would be unmentionable to any scientific assembly. Nevertheless, Dr. C. FALBERG read a paper to an audience at the British Association upon "Saccharine, the New Sweet Product of Coal Tar," which, in connection with the John Hopkins' University (U.S.) he discovered in 1879. Coal tar has been brought to a pretty pitch. He averred this saccharine to be 250 times sweeter than sugar. Must have used nice means to calculate that quantity of the quality of sweetness. Said it had become an article of commerce—had a large sale in Germany, was perfectly harmless, he had himself used it for nine years, and it produced no injurious effect upon him. Apparently, then, he used to eat it, and if he didn't might have invited his hearers likewise to eat him. This "Saccharine" bears a somewhat long name, which, as it is a commercial article, might perhaps be compendiously replaced with "Sugarine."

The sea-serpent, *Python marinus—Python Ambulatoris*, or *Python Walkerii*—seems not just yet to have been satisfactorily sighted either by sailors or marines. However, he may be expected to turn up again very soon, this time probably coiled in constrictor fashion, as an oceanic ophidian, around a Laocoön or leviathan of a species very like a whale.

The Duke's Motto.

MR. DUKE, Secretary to the Liberal-Unionists, says that they consider Liberal reunion as desirable, but "with one opinion" they decline to do anything until publicly authorised to do so by Lord HARTINGTON and the Liberal-Unionist leaders. This DUKE'S motto is evidently "Ditto to Lord HARTINGTON." DUKE'S "Dittos" may in future pair off with GLADSTONE'S "Items."

A VERY PRETTY TALE BY ANDERSON.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In producing *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum, that most charming young actress, Miss MARY ANDERSON, deserves well, not only of her country (if she insists upon calling England "abroad," like some of her compatriots), but also of our country, which, I presume, was furthermore the country of her ancestors. If the shade of Master WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE will pardon the liberty, the play is a very good one. It has an interesting plot, with plenty of scope for good acting, good music, and last, and not least, good scenery. Why it should not have been revived before I cannot imagine, unless it be that London theatres have men and not ladies to manage them. Had it been produced in the IRVING *régime*, Miss ELLEN TERRY could have played—and played well—the parts of *Hermione* and *Perdita*; but I fail to see where the name of the lessee would have come in. *Leontes* is not a very prominent personage, and even had it been coupled with *Autolycus*, still the demands upon Mr. IRVING'S talent would have been insufficient, not only to please himself, but also (which is of equal importance) to satisfy the audience.

A Picture from the Stone.

However, when Miss ANDERSON takes the reins of stage management in to her own fair and shapely hands, the necessity of providing for a tragedian of the first class disappears. The "leading man" of her company is Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON—a most talented person. He can paint pictures, and play remarkably well in certain characters. His *Captain Absolute* was far from bad, and his *Romeo* more than good. As *Leontes* he has a part rather out of his line; but, all things considered, he fills it very well. It may be objected that he is rather effeminate, and that his costume would have been more becoming had he worn what the ladies (I believe) term "half sleeves;" but for all that, his reading of the character was entirely conscientious, if not absolutely right. But naturally the success of Saturday evening was Miss ANDERSON, who was as matronly dignified as *Hermione*, as she was deliciously girlish as *Perdita*. She "looked" both parts to perfection. It may be my fancy, but I imagine she has greatly improved since we saw her last in London. The bass notes of her silvery voice have mellowed, and her attitudes, always graceful, are seemingly now more spontaneous, and consequently more natural. Charming as *Juliet*, she is more charming as *Hermione*, and most charming as *Perdita*. Nothing prettier than her dance in the "Pastoral Scene," has been seen in a London Theatre for many a long year.

Young and Harpy.

And my reference to the "Pastoral Scene," (by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN) recalls the fact to my mind that all the scenery is excellent. The *Palace of Leontes* by Mr. W. TELBIN, is only equalled by Mr. W. TELBIN'S *Queen's Apartment*, and a wonderful cloth of a roadside with a view of a flock of sheep grazing on the brow of a hill (again by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN, who seems to have become Artist in Ordinary to Arcadia), is not more remarkable than Mr. HANN'S *Court of Justice*. *In the last stage-picture* it is possible, but not probable, that the hypercritical might suggest that the accessories are slightly suggestive of a kitchen, on the score that the altar is something like a silver grill, and the Court Herald appears, during a portion of the action of the piece, to be cooking chops. Personally, I think this idea rather far-fetched, although, of course, there is some resemblance (no doubt purely accidental) between the helmets of the soldiers and the brass coal-scuttle of a modern drawing-room. And I will even go further, and admit that, to a careless observer, some of the warriors may appear to be wearing the garb of Harlequin; but when it is hinted that *Leontes*, in his first attitude on his throne, is not unlike a Guy on the Fifth of November, I feel that the wish must be father of the thought, and that the resemblance is purely imaginary.

A Scene on its Metal.

Leaving the scenery to come to the acting, I may say that the play is generally well cast. Mr. MACLEAN and Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE are both very amusing, the first as *Camillo*, and the last as *Autolycus*, and Mr. GEORGE WARDE is quietly humorous with the baby. When I say quietly humorous, I do not mean that he trenches in the least on the ground occupied by either the Clown of Pantomime or the Clown of SHAKSPEARE. He does not sit upon the infant, or throw it about—no, nor even sing to it a little comic song. He gets all his effects by merely carrying it quietly about, and showing it, with an assumption of gravity that is killing, to Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON. To turn to the less important characters of the play, Mr. DAVIES as a gaoler suggests that in "those days" prison officials were sometimes whatever happened to be the equivalent of the period to the modern "masher." Miss ZEFFIE TILBURY, Miss HELENA DACRE, and Miss DESMOND ("1st Lady with a song" and gigantic lyre) are all equally good, and even the subordinate female parts have efficient representatives.

Returning to the gentlemen (a difficult task when it entails leaving such pleasant company) Mr. F. H. MACKLIN as *Polixenes* is sufficiently robust in his manly bearing to suggest the necessary contrast with *Leontes*, and Mr. FULLER MELLISH is picturesque, painstaking and conscientious as *Florizel*.

An Infant Phenomenon.

I began with Miss ANDERSON and (much to my regret) I must end with her. She is equally charming as *Hermione* and *Perdita*. Her cry of horror and dead faint in the Hall of Justice on learning of the loss of *Mamillius*, is one of many points that profoundly impressed the audience, and in her comedy scene with *Polixenes* in Act I, in which she asks him *à propos* of *Leontes*, "Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?" her smiling glance at her sombre lord is simply inimitable. I can quite fancy that *Leontes* when he saw *Hermione*, and *Florizel Perdita*, must have talked of their condition (allowing for the loss of their hearts) as I describe myself when I assume the signature of

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

(To the Ladies of England.)

Lo! the sea-gulls slowly whirling
Over all the silver sea,
Where the white-toothed waves are curling,
And the winds are blowing free.
There's a sound of wild commotion,
And the surge is stained with red;
Blood incarnadines the ocean,
Sweeping round old Flamborough Head.

For the butchers come unheeding
All the torture as they slay,
Helpless birds left slowly bleeding,
When the wings are reft away.
There the parent bird is dying,
With the crimson on her breast,
While his little ones are lying
Left to starve in yonder nest.

What dooms all these birds to perish,
What sends forth these men to kill,
Who can have the hearts that cherish
Such designs of doing ill?
Sad the answer: English ladies
Send those men, to gain each day
What for matron and for maid is
All the Fashion, so folks say.

Feathers deck the hat and bonnet.
Though the plumage seemeth fair,
Punch, whene'er he looks upon it,
Sees that slaughter in the air.
Many a fashion gives employment
Unto thousands needing bread,
This, to add to your enjoyment,
Means the dying and the dead.

Wear the hat, then, *sans* the feather,
English women, kind and true;
Birds enjoy the summer weather
And the sea as much as you.
There's the riband, silk, or jewel,
Fashion's whims are oft absurd;
This is execrably cruel;
Leave his feathers to the bird!

ROBERT AT MARLOW.

"HERE we are again!" as the Clown says in the Pantermine, at butiful Great Marlow, looking jest as bootiful as ever, though there is jest a few tears a falling from the dark clowds coz the sun doesn't shine as it did when we was in grand old Lundon last week, and turn all the drops of rain into reel dimons. My son WILLIAM has cum with us, and he says as how this lovely place makes quite a Poet of him, so he dashed off the following description of it larst nite when the rain was a coming down in palefuls, witch we all thinks to be amost as butiful as it's trew:—

"To Marlow have we come, a little city,
Famous for pretty girls and boating, he
Who has not seen it, will be much to pity,
So says King ROBERT, and I quite agree
Of all the towns on Thames there's none more pretty, [see.
Pangbourne perhaps, but that you soon may
Our nice clean lodging's near the flowing river,
A noble stream, much like the Guadalquiver."

I haven't corrected none of his raythe rum spelling, but writ it down jest as he wrote it all out of his hone hed. Not having ever herd of the place that he says the River is like, I natrally arsked him where it were, and he said in Sow Ameriky. What it is to be not only a Poet but a geolergist as well! ah, it's all owing to the Bellowsmender's Skool.

I don't find much difference in the old Place xcep that it's gitting bigger, witch it's a pity, but how can one be surprized. If peeple finds out a perfec pairodice they natrally tells their friends of it, and so more cums ewery year. Among others we've got a real live Hem Pea, but he's here on the sly, having told the Tory Whip as he's bin obligated to go to Swizzerland to see his pore sick Mother-in-Law! A nice sort of green Whip he must ha' bin to be so eesily gammond. His wally told me as he had shaved off his beard so nobody knowed him, but for fear of accidence he passes ewery Satterday and Sunday at a farm yard inland. Wot a lively life for a reel Swell!

I've ony bin here jest a few days, and I've had another startling adwenture. I never seed such a plaice as this is for adwentures. I had taken my favorit stroll to Temple Lock, and had my customary chat with the werry intellegent Lock Keeper there on things in general, and Locksmen's trubbles in partickler, and was walking gently home, wen I herd the most unusual report of Guns close by me, on the hopposite Bank; and jest as I came up to where they was a shooting, I seed three Gents raise their sanguinary Rifels and haim bang at my dewoted hed! I hadn't time to shout tout or to run away, so I had to stand it like a traitor or a dezerter. Luckely they missed me, and, laying down their murdrous weppons, went into the ouse. I was so prostrated with estonishment that I remaned fixt on the spot. Luckely my son WILLIAM came by in a Bote, so I hollowed to him, and, getting in, he pulled me across the foaming River. I luckely remembered hearing 2 of the Tems Consewatifs a torking at the LORD MARE's Bankwet about the Buy Lors, and that one on em was a fine of 40*s.* for ewerrybody as shot a gun across the River. So, harmed with this nollidge, I at wunce adrest myself to the estonished Gents about the enormous sum as they wood have to pay me if as how as I went and told. I had bin a making the Calkerlashon all the way across, so I was able to say boldly, eleven shots, at 40*s.* per shot, is twenty-too pound! One of the gents turned gashly pail, and another sed as they woodn't do it not never no more, so I kindly promist not to do wot I might do, and rode away in our Bote with the feeling of a Judge a pardoning 3 criminals. They did say as they could not have bin a haiming at me becoz they fired up in the hair, where the birds was; but how was I to know that, wen the dedly weppens was pinted bang at me, and how, too, about the falling bullets? They must have bin quite fust-rate shots, for wen a hole flock of pidgeons flew into their garden, amost close to 'em, they all three fired at the lot, and acshally wounded one of 'em, poor thing.

When warking by the side of the River this arternoon, I was arsked by a young, but not werry successful angler, what o'clock it was. I told him, in course, and he said as he coudn't fish no more, as it was lunch time, so we warked along together, and he told me all his trubbels. He had bin at it for five days, and had never cort but one fish, and he was too little to keep. He was a nice brite young chap, so I simpathised with him. He said other peeple cort plenty of fish, but they came and looked at his bait, and then turned round and swum away; so I gave him a bit of adwice as I had wunce herd of. Don't buy your flys, I ses, but make 'em yourself. Anythink will do if it has 4 legs, and 2 wings made of gorze. And when the fishes sees it they will say to one another, "Hullo, BILL, here's a rum-looking fly—I never tasted one like him—so here goes," and he gobbles up your fly, and so you has him slick. How my young frend did larf. Ah, says he, that's the frute of indulging your curiossity. I'll set to work this evening and make one, as I've no dout he did.

I took a walk this morning in butiful Quarry Woods, but O what a site met my gaze! It used to be one of the atrakshuns of the place for anyboddy as could walk. What is it now? All the roads as bin dug up, and left so, and at the entrance to the lovely paths there are orrid bords put up, saying, "No path—trespassers persecuted." But it isn't true. They are Paths, and they leads everywhere, and I wasn't persecuted. All the finest trees are smeared over with dirty bills, saying, "No person allowed to camp, land, or picknick," and sumbody had added, "Or cough, or sneeze, without permission!" As a poor feller said to me, who was hobbling along on the horful road, and who knew the late propryeter, "Ah, a kind, Cristian Landlord ought to live as long as he posserbly can, for he never can tell what's to foller."

There's a place there where the Wolunteers practises firing, and I'm afraid they must be werry careless, for they writes up, "No one must damage the property of the Corpse," which is werry kind of 'em, so far.

ROBERT.

A VIKING ON MODERN FASHION.

"WHAT DOES T'LASS WANT WI' YON *BOOSTLE* FOR? IT AREN'T BIG ENOUGH TO *SMOGGLE* THINGS, AND SHE CAN'T *STEER* HERSELF WI' IT!"

THE WAIL OF THE MALE;

Being a British Workman's View of the Cheap Female Labour Question, respectfully submitted to the Trades Union Congress.

Bill Smith to his Shopmate, Ben Jones, loquitur:—

EH? Give 'em the Suffrage—the Women? Why not?
What else, that 's worth having, lads, *haven't* they got?
If it 's levelling up, let 'em have it all round,
And *we* shan't be the first to complain, I 'll be bound.
They 've cut down our wages, and copied our coats,
And I really don't see why they shouldn't have Votes.
Wish *I* was a woman, old fellow, that 's flat;
I should then have a chance, and know what to be at.
I have just got the "bullet," Mate—sacked without notice,
I wonder what pull *my* possessin' the Vote is?
She hasn't got ne'er a one—*she* 's got my job,
I lose a fair crib, and the boss saves ten bob!
I 've been at it five years, kept a family on it,
And she—well, the first thing she buys is a bonnet!
They 're cutting us out, Mate—the Women are—straight,
And I s'pose it 's no use for to kick agen Fate,
But it seems blooming hard on the wife and the kids,
She 's a woman, of course, though she can't earn the "quids,"
But then, being married, she 's out of the hunt
For earning or votes. Look here, BILL! If they shunt
You and me, and our like, as they 're doing all round,
Because Women are cheap, and there 's heaps to be found,
Won't it come to this, sooner or later, my boy,
That the most of us chaps will be out of employ,
Whilst the Women will do all the work there 's to do,
And keep us, and the kids, *on about half our "screw"?*
Who 's a-going to gain by that there but the boss?
And for everyone else it is bound to be loss.
A nice pooty look-out! Oh, I know what they say;—
That the women work better than us for less pay,
And are much less the slaves of the pint and the pot;
What 's that got to do with it? All tommy rot!
We have all got to live, and if women-folk choose
To collar our cribs or to cut down our screws,
They will have to be bread-winners, leaving us chaps
To darn stockings at home with the kids on our laps.
Well, I hope as they 'll like it. I tell you what, neighbour,
The world 's being ruined by petticoat labour.
Besides, Mate, in spite of this Woman's Rights fuss,
Work don't make 'em better *as* women, but wus.
It mucks 'em for marriage, and spiles 'em for home,
'Cos their notion of life is to racket and roam.
Just look at that work-girl there, her with the fringe!
She 's a nice pooty specimen! Makes a chap cringe
To think of that flashy young chit as a wife.
That 's what cheap woman labour will do for our life.
Oh, give 'em the Vote, and the breeks, while you 're at it,
Make 'em soldiers, and Bobbies, and bosses. But, drat it,
If this blessed new-fangled game 's to prewail,
I pities the beggar who 's born a poor Male!

BACKING BACO.

THE movements of Prince FERDINAND, as recently reported, appear to be shrouded in some mystery. It was announced that his Mamma was about to join him, and that a suite of apartments was being already prepared for her reception at the Palace. No sooner, however, was this encouraging piece of news published, than it was followed by a sinister rumour that the Prince himself was about to hurry off from Sofia to Baco, one of his country-seats on the frontiers of Hungary. As there is no mention of his being accompanied by his *suite*, it is doubtful if, in going to Baco, the Prince intended to take "returns." Naturally the Sobranje would like to be assured that, in going to Baco, he was really only going there and back, and did not mean, as the name of the place might suggest, to back out of the situation altogether. But perhaps there may not be, after all, any good foundation for the story of the proposed journey, in which event all this disturbing talk of a visit to Baco will probably end, as it naturally should, in smoke.

DEAR AT THE PRICE.—The farmers of Derbyshire have been meeting together and trying to fix "the price of milk during the ensuing winter." Well, the price that we in London pay for milk seems only too often to be—scarlet fever. *That* price requires regulating.

THE "FINAL TABLEAU."

("A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."—SHAKSPEARE.)

PROBLEM. TO FIND THE LAW COURTS.

(Sketched on the spot, Arundel Street, Victoria Embankment.)

HOUSE AND HOME.

MY DEAR MONEYPENNY,

PRAY excuse one more refusal of your kind and seasonable invitation, so often repeated, to come and stay with you at the "Sycamores." Believe me, there is nobody in the world than yourself I had rather live with if obliged to choose somebody. But to pass more than a few hours at a stretch in anyone's house besides my own, is more than I can abide, unless now and then for a night or so at an hotel, where I am not expected to notice anybody, and nobody minds me except the waiters in attendance, whom I am not ashamed of giving trouble. Besides, my dear fellow, you have no idea of what my making myself at home in your quarters as I do in my own would mean. Am in the first place, a very late riser. If my mind is occupied with any problem, usually lie in bed and think it out, very often until noon, or, even later.

When I have done breakfast (invariably taken in my own room), I always smoke a pipe, and then set-to at reading or writing for a longer or shorter time, and go on smoking at intervals in the meanwhile. Sometimes sit and meditate till I lapse into a brown study, and am then liable to dream day-dreams, and fall into fits of unconscious cerebration, in which I frequently start up and spout SHAKSPEARE, or sing songs, or hum passages in operas, oratorios, symphonies, and overtures, a trick which, as my voice is very harsh and discordant, would of course be most irritating and offensive to anybody who could hear me, as would be generally the case anywhere out of my own den. Could never bear to be punctual to meal times, must always dine at what time it suits me; am utterly incapable of observing regular hours.

So I might go on. But I trust I have now said enough to show you what a bore I should be if I were to repay your generous importunity to become your guest and do whatever I pleased so ill as to comply with it. Enough. I am afraid I have already bored you with much too long a letter. Let me only add that almost all social amusements, particularly cards and dancing, and every sort of small talk, common-place conversation, chaff, or gossip, or discussion of any subject, except philosophy, science, politics and theology, on which I am prone to argument, whilst my opponents generally lose their temper—are all so many bores of the very first magnitude to your sincerely candid and scrupulously outspoken friend,

Tub Snuggery. ANTONY CAVEBEAR.

THE BRIGAND'S DOOM.

Brief libretto for a Trades-Unionist Grand Opera written up to date.

The Scene represents a Country Mansion surrounded by its grounds. Members of the New Labour Electoral Association discovered hanging about in threatening attitudes. As the Curtain rises they sing the following Chorus:—

CHORUS.

SEE us here, in jubilation,
A brand-new Association.
Still, the truth to tell, although
What we want we don't quite know.
We are bound the world to wake,
If sufficient noise we make.
Hail our programme then with bliss,
Which is, briefly stated, this:
No longer we 'll trust representative *nous*,
But force for ourselves Parliamentary gates,
As Members we 'll take our own seats in the House,
And have our expenses paid out of the rates.

A LOCAL RATEPAYER (*andante*).

Nay, nay! To take your seats, you 're free,
But not, oh! not, to burthen me!
Enough am I already charged,
And would not see the sum enlarged,
Your pay,—that is your own affair;
I care not whence it emanates:
I only most distinctly swear,
You shall not get it from the rates.

CHORUS (*advancing on him threateningly*).

Be still, and know that the whole nation,
Bows down to the Association!

[*The Local Ratepayer cowers before them.*

And yet this question of the land
We own we don't quite understand.
Is there no specialist who 'll try
To make it clear?

Enter Mr. JOSEPH ARCH. *He bounds into their midst.*

MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

Why here am I!
You want your intellect to march?

[*They express assent.*

Then listen all to JOSEPH ARCH.

[*They group themselves in attentive positions gracefully about him.*

BALLAD.

A man may own jewels and gold,
A piano, horse, railway shares,
A cellar of wine, new or old,
A house, and the clothes that he wears.
Everything he may sell, or may buy,
That is purchased by wealth or by toil;
But he mustn't own—no matter why—
A single square yard of the soil.
He this who from HODGE, its true owner, perverts,
Is a brigand, and merits a brigand's deserts!

This park that around you you see,
These gardens you so much admire,
Each hedgerow, each copse, every tree,
Is the owner's bequeathed from his sire.
He may have remitted his rents!
What of that till the Nation cries "Quits!"
His land, with the march of events,
Being purloined and cut up into bits?
For until to its true owner, HODGE, it reverts,—
He 's a brigand, and merits a brigand's deserts!

[*At the conclusion of the ballad* Mr. JOSEPH ARCH *gives a signal and the* OWNER OF THE PROPERTY *is led on in the custody of Trade-Union Myrmidons.*

CHORUS.

Rob him! fleece him! gag him! seize him!
Drive him from his country place.
Of his right of tenure ease him;
Call him "Brigand" to his face!

OWNER OF THE PROPERTY (*recitative*).

Oh, outrage horrible
And entirely unsatisfactory,
Thus to fasten with salutations
Eminently unpalatable
On the defenceless monied one of the County!
Know ye not that my venerated sire,
A Soap-boiler successful in his line of business
Beyond his wildest visions,
Purchased for eighty thousand pounds sterling,
These acres, as an investment
Speculative and commercial.
Say, then, is it reasonable that I,
His hopeful heir and offspring,
Should be defrauded of what.
At present prices agricultural,
Is but a return dim and disappointing
On his original outlay.
Why call me "Brigand"? Tell me why?

MR. JOSEPH ARCH (*con fuoco*).

Your father had no right to buy,
And, as the land to HODGE is due,
We take it thus by force from you!

A Crowd of Radical Land Reformers rush in, and seizing on the property, hew down the timber, cut away the brushwood, and parcel it out into small allotments.

OWNER OF THE PROPERTY (*con animo*).

And is there for no compensation room?

MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

No! none! And now, behold the Brigand's doom!

[*Points triumphantly to the work at the back, while he waves the draft of a new Act of Parliament over the prostrate form of the* Owner of the Property, *as the Curtain slowly descends.*

"MUFTI."

Materfamilias (*flurried*). "OH, PLEASE, WILL MR. CHARKLE COME TO OUR HOUSE DIRECTLY —THE SOOT IS FALLING INTO THE NURSERY, AND——"

Mrs. Charkle. "CERTAINLY, M'UM. LEASTWAYS MY 'USBAND *AIN'T IN BLACK* HISSELF TO-DAY, M'UM, BUT I 'LL SEND SOMEBODY AT ONCE, M'UM!"

MORE ADVICE GRATIS.

VICTIM.—We should not advise you to prosecute the constable who "pummeled you severely," and then took you up for being drunk and disorderly, because you happened to drop your hymn-book on the pavement on returning from Church last Sunday evening. We cannot, either, recommend your going to the Police Station to lodge a complaint, unless you are an expert pugilist or take the precaution to wear sheet-iron next the skin. Perhaps the poor fellow was trying to introduce the *massage* treatment to your attention.

RIPARIAN OWNER.—Yes, you can, if you think it worth while, sue the owners of the five houseboats which have moored themselves close to your front-garden, and to whose proximity you fancy the two cases of typhus and one of cholera in your family are to be attributed. You ask what the maximum costs would be. Costs are things which have no maximum. Multiply your yearly income by the number of boats, and you will be pretty near the amount.

HISTORICAL STUDENT.—1. THOMAS CROMWELL was called the "Lord Protector" *because he protected* the Lord Chancellor (WOLSEY) from the King's vengeance. 2. No, the expression "short commons" has nothing to do with the Long Parliament.

POLITICIAN.—1. You are under a misapprehension in supposing that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has undertaken to delimit the Afghan frontier. He has been appointed a Fishery Commissioner, with full power to investigate the condition of the Margate whelk-trade. 2. North Sea "Smacksmen" are not so called in consequence of their recent treatment by the Ostend fish-wives.

VOTARY OF SCIENCE.—The Antarctic regions were so named to distinguish them from the Arctic regions. A rather illiterate sea-captain discovered them, and at once exclaimed, "Why, these *Aint Arctic!*" They have retained this quaint title ever since.—No, the British Association does not require its members to have, as you suppose, "a profound knowledge of Chemistry, Physiology, Dynamics, and all other branches of Modern Science." Payment of a guinea entrance-fee is all that is needed.

NERVOUS INVALID.—It is unfortunate that the last Southbourne Park train should "blow off steam and whistle continuously for half an hour under your windows," at 1·30 A.M. Still, this does not quite excuse your smashing all the furniture and throwing the fire-irons into the street in one of the paroxysms you speak of. When you have a lucid interval write to the Company. No, don't "put a bullet through the engine-driver's head," as you suggest. Try a *mandamus* first,—also try some soothing syrup.

ANXIOUS ENGINEER.—You ask "if there is any danger attending the experiment of mixing equal parts of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, and sulphuric acid in an iron tank in your back-garden?" We have never tried it, so cannot say. The best *modus operandi* would be to invite your landlord, mother-in-law, and nearest tax-collector to come and see the fun. Go off yourself to the seaside, and get one of them to do the mixing. You would be sure to be interested in the result.

THE LOST RECORD.

(*A Chaunt by an ex-Champion.*)

AIR—"*The Lost Chord.*"

RUNNING one day on the "Cinder,"
I led all the field with ease;
I felt I was going strongly,
I romped in quite "as you please."
I knew not what I was doing,
I was "fit as a fiddle" then,
And I made a "Record" that morning
I never shall make again.

It flooded the sporting papers,
I got the pedestrian palm.
They called me Champion of Champions;
The praise in my ears was balm.
But another "Ped."—confound him!—
"Cut" my record, in our next strife,
By exactly one-tenth of a second.
I should like to have his life!

I was Champion of Champions no longer,
Gone, gone was my pride, my peace.
Oh, the cheers for my hated supplanter!
I thought they would never cease.
I have struggled, but struggled vainly,
By practice and training fine,
To regain once more that "Record,"
Which for a brief month was mine.
It may be the man who licked me
Will be licked by yet better men,
But the "Record" I lost that morning
I never shall win again.

AN "ORANGE FREE STATE" THAT SHOULD HAVE ITS LIBERTY CURTAILED.—Peel on the pavement.

THE HOUSE "UP" AT LAST!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, September 13.—The House is "up," or nearly so, and if not altogether, more shame for it. *We* are, as will be seen from thumb-nail sketch annexed. I'm not only up, but have been off for a clear week. Come back just to hear HARCOURT's Speech. Liked to go finally before, but ARNOLD MORLEY wouldn't let me. "Get a pair," said he, when I again broached subject, "and go as soon as you like."

All very well to say, "Get a pair," but where do they grow? In moody thought, and growing despair, met HARTINGTON's dog. Here was chance! "ROY" rather nondescript politician. Says he's a Liberal, but barks in favour of Government, and, though admits they're not always right (opposed them, for example, on CADOGAN's Amendment to Land Bill, and on Proclaiming of National League), yet steadily votes for them. Is, in short, a Liberal-Unionist. We're asked not to pair with Liberal-Unionists. But exceptions to every rule; will make one here. "ROY" delighted. Says he's sick of politics, and would like a roll on pasture-land.

Nearly everyone else off, pair or no pair. Irish Members, with exception of PARNELL, have nowhere else to go, so make up their minds not only to stop themselves, but to be the cause of stopping in others. PARNELL long ago gone off shooting. The O'GORMAN MAHON shook his hand all the way across Palace Yard, and assured him he might go without a sense of uneasiness.

"I'll keep mee oi on things when ye're gone, dear Bhoy," he said, giving his Chief resounding whack on back that nearly knocked him down. "We learnt a thing or two when gettin' the Bill o' Roights through, and I've seen a thrifle since."

A dreary place the House, yet struggling through fag-ends of work. Not a cheery Session from any point of view. No new reputations made; some old ones shaken, some shattered.

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

12 NOON after Breakfast.—Now to lay down the lines for my Drama. . . . .Eleven—and the only lines I have laid down, as yet, are "Act I., Scene I!" I must stimulate my imagination by the sight of salt water.

On the Sands.—Dense crowd. Deafening noise. Penny bagpipes, comb and paper, Italian girls with accordion, trumpet from sailing-boat. "'Ere y'are for a jolly sail out, Sir!"—which happens to be just the precise thing I am *not* here for. Nor (I should have thought) do I look the kind of person likely to buy that "strong and amusing toy, one penny, the little Chinese Bandalore"—but these fellows have no eye for character. Several shoeblacks very anxious to black my boots, which, as I tell them, would be "painting the lily." Don't think they understand me. Stop thoughtlessly to look at a cage containing a tree-frog and two Japanese rats. Proprietor approaches with plate: "This little Jubilee Menagerie open free to the Public," he says—"we ope the Public will respond by a simular liberality." Well, well, if I must—but it really was *not* worth a penny.

Join a crowd: a conjuror—good, I am fond of conjuring. Conjuror now going to introduce his "celebrated and favourite Shell-trick." Crowd very obligingly make way for me—capital place in front row. Conjuror takes a large Nautilus shell. I have never seen this trick—it looks a good one. . . . . It appears this is his way of making a collection—he comes to me first. He is sure, he says (he is an impudent dog), that I shall feel hurt if he passes *me* over. No change. He begs me not to get flurried—sooner than deprive me of the pleasure of patronising him, *he* will give me change—he does. This is the end of the performance. Singular how depressed I feel by this petty incident. Blazers in great force on the sands. Teasing half-offended nursemaids, playing penny "nap" on newspapers, or lying in pits scooped out of sand, with their heads on the laps of their fair ones, or pursuing the fair ones, and putting sand down their backs.

Charing—Cross.

Most flourishing institution on the Beach is certainly Phrenology. No less than three little platforms, each with a Consulting Chair, a table, on which stands a meek bust, and a canvas awning overhead, and row of garden-seats (free) in front. Have long wished to gain insight into this Science. Think there certainly is something in it. As a Blazer near me remarks, "Why, you 'd say Cocoa-nuts looked all alike, till you come to see there 's differences—and it 's the same with 'eds." Cockney tone about this. To find his proper station, I should have to go, I fancy, to Charing Cross, Cannon Street, or Waterloo.

Find a Lady-Professor on first platform giving a "delineation" of a live subject—a turnip-headed little boy of three, who sits with his tongue out, under the impression he is at the Doctor's. "His self-will is strong," she is announcing in Sibylline accents to his proud parents, "and I should say you would find him very strong-willed. I should check it by curbing his will. Conjugality large, and therefore we may say that he will be fond of his wife and of his home. Self-esteem only moderate. It will be useless to bring up this little boy to any trade or business of a mechanical kind, unless he developes an after-taste for it, which I do not say he may not—far from it. But he has a brain which will fit him for great success in some artistic profession. Give him colours and a brush, and you will see he will immediately commence to paint—likewise draw. Or he has an organ with which he can be a great Composer, if you care to develope him that way. Or he would write books or poetry—that would come very easy to him, he would have no difficulty in *doing it at all. I think that is all with this subject.*"

Canon's Treat.

Pass on to Professor PODDER. Venerable gentleman with dark grey beard, and a certain ponderous playfulness. He has got a subject too—a pretty little impish girl of eight, who is struggling to suppress a fit of the giggles. "This is a thoughtful little one we 've 'ave here," he says, patting her hair in a fatherly way. "She thinks. Turns over things in her mind. Reflects. Compares. Memory for dates moderate. She will be fond of her home, fond of her parents. She will be capable of passing in an examination—if she takes pains. She finds no difficulty in doing anything that comes easy to her." (*Here the patient giggles.*) There is one thing I should like to see—a little more Veneration. Where Veneration should be I find a distinct depression. This young lady has a keen sense of the ridiculous. Easily detects what is ridiculous." (*Here the subject breaks into a scream of laughter by way of corroboration.*) "I have done, young lady. Now, we have a nice large audience—I hope some other subject will oblige us by stepping up. We like to see one coming up briskly after another, you know. We don't like to be idle."

Water-loo.

His eye seems glancing in my direction. Off to hear Professor SKITTLES. He is a bony, lantern-jawed young man, in velveteen jacket, with a puggaree round his hat. As I come up, he is delineating a lady of portentous plainness, who sits and sniggers with a dreadful bashfulness. "This young lady has a large and powerful brain," he says—"plenty of Wit and Humour, Thoughtfulness and Consideration for Others, Caution, and Memory for Events that impress her strongly. Her Social Brain is large; she is fond of Society, and likes to see others enjoying themselves. Thinks more of others' happiness than her own. We should like to see a little more 'ope."

This Professor, I find, enjoys the highest reputation; he measures more, for one thing, and has an Assistant, who enters all the measurements in a ledger, which naturally inspires confidence. The Lady delineator, I also hear, does not think it necessary to measure so much, and is of opinion that Professor SKITTLES "studies too hard."

Tennis-Sun and Miltin'.

New subject; quite a typical 'ARRY, round back, hock-bottle shoulders, has shambled up, and taken the chair. No forehead nor chin worth mentioning; but, as he removes his hat (which he puts on the bust), a tall crest of yellow hair starts up like a trick wig. Professor measures him solemnly as he sits with a crooked grin.

"The measurement of this brain is rather below the average," says the lecturer, forbearingly. "Here we have a brain measuring only eighteen and three-quarter inches. A very tall and narrow head. You would find that this gentleman arrives at his ideas without conscious reflection, or exercise of thought." (*'ARRY looks gratified.*) "He takes a strong and deep interest in religious subjects." (*Derisive "hor-hor!" from 'ARRY.*) "Language strong. He will find no difficulty in putting what he wishes to say into language with considerable fluency, though perhaps not with much variety. Great Firmness and Benevolence. The Moral Brain is large, and your moral standard"—("*My* what?" *interrupts 'ARRY, with a suspicious cock of his eye*)—"Your moral standard is high." ("Right!" *says 'ARRY, mollified, and séance terminates.*)

These delineators certainly put things very agreeably. One might get some useful hints, too. If Professor SKITTLES could tell me whether I am most poetic, or witty, or dramatic, I should know exactly what to aim at in my Nautical Drama. I have never been able to decide which I love the best — TENNYSON, MILTON, or CAMPBELL. And, after what he found to say about 'ARRY——but it is all so very public, I don't think I *could* bring myself to do it—I will go on . . . .

Cam-belle.

I hardly know exactly how I came here—but here I am on the platform, sitting in the Professor's chair. He is measuring me with a sliding scale, the brass end of which feels cold against my forehead. Curious sensation, as if I was upside down at a Bootmaker's. Sun in my eyes. Tittering from girls on benches in front.

A party of Blazers has just come up—I fear in a frivolous spirit. Begin to wish now I had had this done privately.

THE LAND OF THE 'ARRY'UNS.—'Am'stead 'Eath.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. *No there will be no exception.*

RECORD OF THE SESSION—422.

AKERS-DOUGLAS. COLONEL WALROND. BARON HENRY DE WORMS. } Dead Heat.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

Royat Improved.—I have said Royat ought to be rebuilt. The Grand Hotel is of a sort of Doll's House order of architecture, splendid front, no depth to speak of, and built on so steep an ascent that it is hoisted up at the back like a lady's skirt by a dress-improver. *Beau site* all the same, and magnificent view.

* * * * * *

Last year the Hotel Continental formed part of a group of hotels—which seemed to have been the result of some violent volcanic eruption, when the mountain threw up several hotels, and left them there anyhow—is at present separated from the Splendide and its other former companions by an impromptu wall, and from all its front windows it commands varied, beautiful, and, on the Clermont-Ferrand side, extensive views. It has a pleasant garden, a most enjoyable terrace, and it only wants to be in the hands of a firmly fixed and intelligent management to make it quite the best hotel in Royat. "Personally recommended," that is, as managed under the direction of M. HALL this year.

The service at the *Etablissement de Bains* is about as good as it can be. There are, however, no *bains de luxe*. A few of these would attract those "whom" as the appeals to the charitable used to have it, "Providence has blessed with affluence."

"La Compagnie Brocard," which manages Royat's bathing arrangements and undertakes a portion of the mild yet (to my mind as a serious bather) sufficient amusements, is not, unfortunately for the public, in accord with M. SAMIE, the spirited Proprietor of an opposition Casino, where there is a small theatre, in its way a perfect gem. Here all the "Stars" of any magnitude make their appearance on visiting Royat. As a "Baigneur de Royat" puts it, in a local journal, the Compagnie Brocard cannot consider their stuffy little room ("*le petit étouffoir*") where theatrical performances are given as a real theatre. It is a pity that M. SAMIE and La Compagnie Brocard cannot, like the "birds in their little nests," agree. But as to Theatres and spectacles, my rule at Royat, or at any other Water-cure place, would be this:—

"*Any baigneur found out of his hotel or lodgings after* 10·15, *p.m., shall be arrested, conducted back to his hotel, his number taken, and for the second offence he shall be fined. The fine to go to such objects as the Direction shall determine.*"

In short there should be introduced here the English University system of Proctors and bull-dogs.

* * * * * *

Another Rule.—No theatrical entertainment should last more than two hours with *entr'actes* of seven minutes each. The ventilation of the *salle de spectacle* should be assured.

* * * * * *

If a company wanted to play a piece in four Acts, they must stop here two days; and, if they couldn't do that, then they must begin their performance in the afternoon, have one *entr'acte* of an hour and a half to allow for dinner, and recommence at eight o'clock. I would discourage all evening indoor entertainments. Music, coffee, *petits chevaux*, M. GUIGNOL'S show, *ombres chinoises*, everything in fact that can be done *al fresco*—(and why not good plays *al fresco?* After the Labouchérian *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Twickenham, which I am told was perfection)—*cafés chantants*, and so forth, including the "*consommation* devoutly to be wished," and all the lights out by 9·30. Lights in bedrooms to be extinguished same hour. This rule would mean, Early to bed, and early to rise, and the "*baigneurs*" would receive double the benefit they derive from these places, as now constituted. Life in the open air should be the rule; plenty of exercise, riding and walking, and regular hours for everything for three weeks. The *baigneurs* to choose their own hours, and be kept to them strictly.

* * * * * *

But I have personally no sympathy with the *baigneurs* who find such a water-cure place as Royat dull. What do they want? If they cannot get on without a sort of continuation of the London Season, let them stay away altogether. Don't let them come and make night hideous with balls, suppers, dances, and won't-go-home-till-morning parties.

* * * * * *

The above are my suggestions for the improvement of Royat; and now I go on to La Bourboule, and Mont Dore. By the way, the waters at these places are all supplied, as I am credibly informed, from the same source; but the waters flowing towards La Bourboule and Mont Dore traverse certain *couches* on their way, and come out arsenical. It is strong drinking at La Bourboule and Mont Dore.

* * * * * *

One Joanne Guide introduces you to another Joanne Guide, or a history, you can't help yourself. The Joanne Guides are so united a family, that as soon as any member of it establishes itself on a friendly footing with you, your hand is always in your pocket while you are travelling on that *Guide Joanne's* account. An insidious tribe: and they make themselves absolutely essential to the traveller's existence and comfort.

* * * * * *

Each *Guide Joanne* tells you about his own country all that is requisite for you to know, and just so much more as inspires you with a thirst for further information. Say for example you see an old Château. Let us say *Le Château de Jean*. You want to know everything about it. Good. You inquire of the Guide Joanne which professes to show you all over France, and which does it, mind you, in what would be an exhaustive style if it was not written with such an evident eye to the bookselling business. For example suppose you are looking for information about the well-known ancient Château de Jean, here is a specimen of what Joanne would say on the subject:—

"*Sur la rive g.* (*V. ci-dessous B.*) *restes d'un château, style ogival,* (*mon. hist.,*) *bâti par le célèbre Jean Bienconnu-aux-enfants* (*V. mon. hist.* x^e *et* xii^e *s.*), *beau portail, jolis détails d'architecture* (*mon. hist.*) *et en particulier l'appartement dit de la Donzelle toute désespéré* (*pour le visiter, s'addresser au gardien, pourboire*), *qui a conservé une grande partie de sa décoration originale et de sa peinture* (*mon. hist.* xi^e). *Le donjon renfermait une oubliette profonde nommée* DU RAT DÉVORANT, *qui autrefois servait de grenier au malt* (*V. mon. hist.*). *Ascension des Obélisques sur la terrasse* (*splendide panorama*) *et belles promenades autour de la petite chapelle dite* DU PRÊTRE CHAUVE. (V. VI. *L'Itinéraire du Pays-de-Bonnes, Guide Diamant.*)"

AN END OF THE SUMMER.

JUPITER PLUVIUS,
Sluicer, full-spout,
Downpour diluvious,
Pumped on the Drought.
Checked, aloud crying,
The voice of the Swain;
The rootcrops be dying,
From long lack of rain!

PLUVIUS poured away,
While the wind blew;
TONANS, he roared away,
Hullaballoo,
Kicking up, dweller
In quarters on high,
He, Cloud Compeller;
The Czar of the sky.

Clouds, in convulsion,
Or calm, he keeps under;
Rules, by compulsion:
The reason of thunder.

So did he lately
Compel them to rise,
Piled up in stately
Array on the skies.

Castles aërial,
Splendid when falls,
Sheen on etherial
Vapoury halls,
Battlements, bartizans,
Phantoms of towers,
Fenced round with partisans;
Cloud-cauliflowers.

Mountainous forms
In the realms of felicity,
By Jove, to move storms,
Fraught with force—electri-[city,
They serve to betoken
What mortals may tell;
The weather is broken:
Summer farewell!

Light from Wind.

THE *Times* says that experiments are being made at Cap de la Hève, near the mouth of the Seine, on the production of electricity for lighthouse purposes by means of the force obtained by windmills. Light from wind! *Could* the notion be applied at St. Stephen's? The Session just over has been mainly wind, so exceptionally "ill wind" that it has blown no good to anybody, and most certainly has thrown no "light" on anything. By all means let M. DE LANOYE-BEAUMANOIR be empowered to experiment on the windbags of the House of Commons when they next meet.

QUITE ENGLISH.

(New Version, as Sung by the Comte de Paris.)

HERE I come in complete Constitutional coat
(That 's English, you know; quite English, you know):
The type of true Monarchy based on the Vote.
(That 's English, you know; quite English, you know.)
To have a legitimate King on the throne,
To make all the Country's best interests his own,
Great, grand, patriotic, but *not* overgrown
(That 's English, you know; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

Oh, the things that you see and the things that you hear
Are English, you know; quite English, you know.

My mind, like my last Manifesto, 'tis clear,
Is English, quite English, you know!,

Just now a great calm meets the national eyes
(That 's English, you know; quite English, you know):
But imminent perils it cannot disguise
(That 's English, you know; quite English, you know).
We have deserved well of Conservative France;
A Monarchy only her bliss can enhance;
And now of its nature I'll give you a glance
(That 's English, you know; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

The things will much please which you're going to hear
(They're English, you know; quite English, you know).
Legality banished must soon reappear
(That's English, quite English you know).

What one Congress does can't another undo?
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know.)
The *Eternal* Republic has gone all askew
(Not English, you know; not English you know).
'Twill presently get quite incurably queer,
And *then* will the Monarchy promptly appear.
I fancy myself that the moment is near.
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know.)

Chorus.

Mark the things which you see and the things which you hear
(That's English, you know; quite English you know).
There's nothing that's solid or stable, I fear
(That's English, quite English, you know).

Direct, universal, free suffrage, my friends,
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know,)
Will vote—well for Me, and all trouble then ends
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know).
The King, with the Chamber's concurrence, will rule.
The Deputies then can no more play the fool,—
CLEMENCEAU, BOULANGER, and men of that school
(That's English, you KLOW; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

Heed the things which you see and the things you now hear
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know).
Economy, Order, and Justice *sans* fear!
(They're English; quite English, you know!)

The Soldier and Citizen then will agree,
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know,)
The Press and the Priesthood alike will be free
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know).
Then will France to her ancient pre-eminence rise;
The German will watch her with reverent eyes;
All the Powers rush forward to be her allies
(*That's* French, you know; *very* French, you know).

Chorus.

These things you shall see which you now only hear
(That's certain you know; quite certain, you know):
If only you'll let my new System appear.
(That's English; quite English, you know!)

Constitutional principles, these, my good friend!
(They're English, you know; quite English, you know)—
They Conservative needs and Equality blend,
(That's English, you know; quite English, you know).

Do at my new Royal rig-out take a glance!
In this to the front I shall proudly advance,
As the true King of all, and first Servant of France,
(But English, you know; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

The things which I say it is time you should hear
(They're English, you know; quite English, you know).
The principles these to make France without peer
(Though they're English; quite English, you know)!

THE STATE OF THE GAME.

Lady Customer. "HOW MUCH ARE GROUSE TO-DAY, MR. JIBLETS?"

Poulterer. "TWELVE SHILLINGS A BRACE, MA'AM. SHALL I SEND THEM——"

Lady Customer. "NO, YOU NEED NOT SEND THEM. MY HUSBAND 'S OUT GROUSE-SHOOTING, AND HE 'LL CALL FOR THEM AS HE COMES HOME!!"

Aphorism.

(By a Snubbed Poet.)

"A THING of Beauty is a joy for ever;"
Except a pretty girl, who thinks she 's clever.

NOMENCLATURE.—Somebody calls the "Thunderer's" daily fulmination against Mr. GLADSTONE an *ignis fatuus*, or foolish fire of Party journalism. Would not "Whip poor Will" be a more suitable title?

MEM. FROM DERBYSHIRE.—The real "Lovers' Leap"—Marriage.

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE seen *The Barrister* at the Comedy, and want to see him again, because he is a most amusing gentleman and figures in a case full of good things. There are two authors—as there should be—a Leader and his Junior. Mr. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN (a very excellent novelist) is the "silk," and he has for his junior Mr. DARNLEY. This latter gentleman be it understood, represents only the best kind of "stuff," for the play is good throughout. It is in three Acts, and there is not a dull moment from commencement to finish. I do not feel equal to describing the plot, which is bustling and clever, nor to jotting down the jests which are funny and novel, nor to criticising the acting, which is all that it should be. My time was fully employed on the first night, in laughing, an occupation shared by the entire audience. The play was never in danger. There was not a weak spot. No, not even the space covered by Mr. DARNLEY'S moustache. It may be said that an earnest Barrister should be clean shaven, but the remark would only emanate from those who are bachelors. The married advocate has not only to consider his Judge and Jury, but also his wife, and nine times out of ten she combines in her own person the judicial functions with the power of the executive. Where all are good it seems invidious to particularise, but had I to call witnesses for the defence, I think I should choose Miss SUSIE

Winning a Verdict.

A Witness for the Defence.

VAUGHAN, and Messrs. MERVIN, CAFFREY and PRINCE MILLER. Another great merit of *The Barrister* is that he is closely associated with the word "brief." He makes his appearance every evening at nine and has retired for the night before eleven. I fancy, that unlike many other "gentlemen of the long robe," he will have plenty of work to do during the Long Vacation and after.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who has become lessee of the Haymarket, has commenced his management by producing a one-act romantic play, called *The Ballad Monger*, a version (capitally adapted by the two WALTERS—POLLOCK and BESANT) of M. THEODORE DE BANVILLE'S *Gringoire*. I remember the same piece was "done into English" some twenty years ago at a Gaiety *matinée*, when the translator, Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, appeared himself as the principal character, with the probably unlooked-for result of shelving the drama, so far as London was concerned, from that distant date until last Thursday evening. However, the *motif* of the play is pretty well known. *Gringoire*, a revolutionary "Poet of the People," with the connivance of *Louis the Eleventh* of France, is induced to recite an anti-Royalist song in His Majesty's presence, and is then promised his forfeited life by the same amiable sovereign if he can woo, and win, a maiden who has never set eyes on him before, within a quarter of an hour. In the scene at the Haymarket a table is discovered spread with a meal (I could not quite make out from the text whether it was intended to represent breakfast, dinner, supper, or tea), including some wine, a few grapes, and a freshly-cooked goose redolent of savoury perfumes. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is the poet, and were his method of performance only equal to his power of imagination, he would be very good indeed. Unhappily his excellent ideas are not carried fully into

Beerbohm Tree-son.

action, and consequently, after seeing him for forty minutes, or thereabouts, sniffing at a property goose, staggering about the stage with a wine-cup, and declaiming poetry of unequal merit to Miss MARION TERRY, one feels that the piece could only have "a happy ending" were *Gringoire* to be carried away for immediate execution. It is a little unfortunate, too, that the maiden to be wooed and won should be the charming actress I have just mentioned. Miss MARION TERRY, in a "piece of absurdity" called *Engaged*, made a great hit some years ago by appearing as a young lady with a chronic appetite for food, that she was for ever seeking to satisfy. Since then I have always looked upon her as one craving for her meals. Consequently when I found her within easy reach of a goose and in an atmosphere of herbs of a savoury character, it seemed unnatural to me that she should deliberately turn her back upon all these good things to listen to Mr. TREE'S poetically (but lengthily) expressed views upon liberty. I could but wonder why her choice had not fallen upon the goose on the table. Mr. BROOKFIELD as *Louis the Eleventh*, incidentally suggests that that wily monarch was guilty of a crime with which he has not hitherto been credited—a proneness to give imitations of Mr. IRVING in the character of *Mephistopheles*. For the rest, the piece itself is most interesting, is capitally staged, and in the subordinate characters, fairly acted. In the *Red Lamp*, which followed the *Ballad Monger*, Mrs. TREE appeared as *Princess Claudia*, the part originally played, and excellently played, by Lady MONCKTON. Although probably accustomed to *rôles* of a lighter kind, she was fairly equal to the occasion. As for her husband, as *Demetrius*, he was simply admirable and inimitable.

At the Olympic Mr. WILLARD has made his mark as the *Pointsman*. Since this clever actor first attracted attention by his wonderfully striking assumption of a "gentleman-burglar," in one of the earlier successes of Mr. WILSON BARRETT at the Princess's, he has never had so good a chance of showing what he can do in the polished-scoundrelly line. He is the most accomplished murderer on the

A Shooting Party in September.

modern stage, and really, if one were forced to die a violent death, Mr. WILLARD seems to be the individual one would naturally select to perform the necessary, but unpleasant, operation. It does not in

the least matter to an Olympic audience how he comes to be the proprietor of a low Thames-side tavern when he seems better qualified to lead a *cotillon* in quite a fashionable West-End Square. All that is required of him by the Pit and Gallery, ay, and the Private Boxes and Stalls—is to do his little assassinations and kindred villanies in an educated and refined manner that can be appreciated by those who have benefited either from the good offices of the School Board or the careful tuition of the leading Universities. Mr. WILLARD is so good that no one pays particular attention to the efforts to please of his fellow-actors and actresses. The scenery of the *Pointsman* is sufficiently ingenious to satisfy the cravings for sensation of a typical British audience. The Railway collision worked as a sort of transformation scene, —the interior of a signal-box changes into the site of a fatal accident—creates much enthusiasm, but the winsome if vindictive WILLARD still remains the centre of attraction. In the last Act a good deal of gunpowder is burned advantageously to the simplification of the issue. It is scarcely necessary to say that, when the Curtain falls, what remains of Virtue is triumphant, and all that is left of Vice is on the road to justly merited punishment. *The Pointsman* is likely to remain on the line of the Olympic bills for many a week to come. I should not be surprised to find him still there at Christmas.

Exhausted with the labour of looking in at all the principal London Theatres,

I have the honour to remain, my dear *Mr. Punch*,

ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

A BARR DRINK.

HOORAY for the *Thistle!* Scotch yacht without peer;
May she win in her race with the smart *Volunteer*.
Punch hopes, Captain BARR, that no "slip" may turn up
'Twixt your lip and the yearned-for American Cup.
On both sides the Border we wish you success,
And we trust of the race you'll not make a BARR mess.
Your health in a cocktail, although you're afar,
And we can't call you—yet—an American BARR!

A REGULAR CELL.

SIR,—I am writing in the name of all the righteously indignant sons of Erin, to protest against the base shameless and infamous treatment accorded to that glorious champion and apostle of National freedom, the hero, WILLIAM O'BRIEN, by the despicable set of traitors, who, under cover of the title of "Her Majesty's Government," are trampling, at Westminster, the liberties of my beloved country in the mud and preparing to fling her sons by thousands into the depths of the foul and filthy dungeons already marked out for their reception. It is reported that this, the first victim of their malignant spleen and hatred, is to be subjected to the gross indignity of receiving the ordinary treatment of a common criminal, and be subjected to the usual regulations of gaol discipline. Now, Sir, in the name of all that is enlightened and progressive, I ask, if, at the close of the nineteenth century, such outrage is to be committed? Surely in answer to my appeal the generous people of England will rise in their might and with one voice compel the myrmidons appointed to carry out the malignant and iniquitous behests of the Castle to provide the noble spirit that they had intended to torture with chains and darkness with a comfortable and roomy four-post bedstead, cheerful apartments, a champagne dinner with not less than seven courses, daily carriage exercise, the use of a piano and billiard-table if required, and an introduction to the best society of the neighbourhood, including the Bishop, the Mayor and other notables. Thus, and thus only, should Irish martyrs be allowed to suffer for Ireland's wrongs, and in this way alone will the Irish people in their thousands consent even to the momentary incarceration of the heralds of that mighty struggle with a tyrannic despotism that they are heroically maintaining, backed by the hearty and enthusiastic support of an onlooking and applauding Universe, against the blind and blustering bullying of a blood-thirsty Government. If I write with moderation and temperately it is because I feel confidently that the trivial relaxations I propose must, if not at once conceded by, be forthwith instantly wrung from the thieves and scoundrels who at the present moment are responsible for the Executive of my patient and law-abiding country. Relying on the generous impulse of all those who would not wish to see the patriot deprived of his home comforts, I beg, Sir, with much self-restraint, to subscribe myself,

Your calm and dispassionate Correspondent,

EMANCIPATOR HIBERNICUS.

INDEPENDENCE.

"I 'M AFRAID YOU 'VE FALLEN DOWN AND HURT YOURSELF, MY LITTLE MAN!"
"WELL, AND IF I 'AVE, IT AIN'T NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS!"

SIR,—What's all this fuss about pushing this fellow O'BRIEN into a cell, nine feet by six? By all means push him in, or into one six feet by six, for anything I care. If he can't breathe the fresh air he wants inside, what of that? Serve him right. He has been egging on the dupes and fools who have listened to him to commit acts that, if the Executive were a trifle stronger, would soon crowd every gaol in the country to the roof, and now he has got a taste of the same medicine himself. I hope he likes it. As to his talking of "suffering in his health," who, I should like to know, supposes he goes to prison to improve it. Again, I say, "Serve him right!" and if he is let out some eighteen months hence well broken down, perhaps the experience will teach him to hold his tongue in future, and not go posturing on a platform with his political claptrap, for the purpose of interfering with the vested interests and inalienable rights of

Yours, rabidly,

AN IRISH TORY LANDLORD.

SIR,—That political prisoners should not be regarded precisely in the same light as common criminals, public opinion, by a very generally accepted consent, readily admits. Yet Mr. W. O'BRIEN can hardly expect to find residence in a Government gaol in all respects as comfortable as that supplied to him in his own chambers. Still he may probably reasonably expect no harsh, certainly no vindictive treatment, at the hands of the Authorities, but merely that constraint and subjection to ordinary discipline which his detention necessarily involves. As, after the issue of the warrant for his arrest, he was allowed virtually to choose his own time for its service, ride on an open car with a Mayor, preceded by a brass band, playing a solemn march, take up his residence at an hotel, and subsequently address a crowd from the balcony, the Executive cannot be said to have been very hard on him, at least in their preliminary treatment, and probably they will follow it up somewhat in the same lines, and, without making his incarceration a farce, allow it to to be softened with such relaxations that, while not incompatible with the surrender of his liberty, may yet be found consistent with a due regard to the requirements of his health, and the circumstances which have led to his rather injudiciously placing it in jeopardy. Such, at least, Sir, is the view of the situation taken by

Your devoted and constant Correspondent,

COMMON SENSE.

SEA-SIDE WEATHER STUDIES. "THE SEVENTH WAVE."

WHAT WAS IT?

I HAD been reading a lot of "Letters to the *Times*." *That* may account for any little confusion in the details of the subsequent events.

My interlocutor was tall and thin, and looming up lanky against a dusky sky, reminded me equally of an attenuated M.P., a phantom telegraph-pole, and PETER SCHLEMIL, the Shadowless Man.

"TYNDALL is quite right," murmured he.

"Glad to hear it," said I, earnestly. "I had been thinking lately that the distinguished *savant* was going decidedly wrong."

"Ah! he understands *me!*" sighed the Spectre.

It was more than *I* did; and I said so.

"Who and what are you, anyhow?" I inquired.

The lines of Long-thin-and-hungry seemed to shift and re-shape.

"Ah!" came his voice, the same yet not the same, "elevation does not always give coolness, and one may be torrid and tempestuous even among the Alps."

Somehow this statement, though a truism, did not seem to fit on to previous remarks.

"I was once said to be 'Up in a balloon,'" continued Proteus (now looking rather like the Ancient Mariner, "long and lean and brown," "but letters written to the *Times* even from the utmost height lately attained by the French Aëronauts—to say nothing of the top of the tallest Lightning Conductor—would, I fear, be hot and ill-balanced. Look at Mr. H. O. ARNOLD-FOSTER!"

"Perhaps—in a sense—we *are* Lightning Conductors, you know," pursued my companion.

"As how?" I asked vaguely.

"Well we attract, and carry off harmlessly—it doesn't hurt *us* you see—the accumulated political electricity, which otherwise might rend and rive the State about which these Angry Amateurs are so passionately anxious."

I felt more mystified than ever.

"TYNDALL, GRIMTHORPE, and SYMONS, F.R.S., are entirely right," continued old Length-without-breadth; "A Lightning Conductor which does not conduct lightning, like a Leader who cannot lead, or a Follower who will not follow, is worse than a nullity, it is a *nuisance* and a danger."

"Quite so," I rejoined, grasping eagerly at something which seemed definite and comparatively relevant.

"Lightning Conductors are, in their way, as essential as Law and Order. But as TYNDALL says, in one case, and as I should say in the latter, all depends upon quality, efficiency, accurate adaptation to ends. Would you say, Oh! never mind about their quality or fitness, the first duty of the Executive is to maintain its Lightning Conductors?"

I replied that it really had not occurred to me to make any such statement, but I dared say I should.

"The *Times* said of the 'Report of the Lightning Rod Conference,' 'The book is one of the highest practical value, and all who are responsible for the preservation of public buildings should endeavour to render themselves familiar with the contents.' How true! That's my find old temperate 'Thunderer.'"

"Who are you who are so down upon TYNDALL?" I asked.

"*I* down on the learned Professor?" retorted my companion, shifting, dislimning, and elongating singularly. "On the contrary, I am grateful to him for being 'down upon' the incompetent architects and careless surveyors who would make of me a pitiful sham. Only" (here another phantasmagorical shift) "when he angrily declares a certain prominent political personage, who shall be nameless, to be 'a pitiful sham,' why, then I think, like so many other and unscientific 'writers to the papers,' he needs the Conductor of cool Common Sense to divert, carry off, and disperse his too furious fulminations."

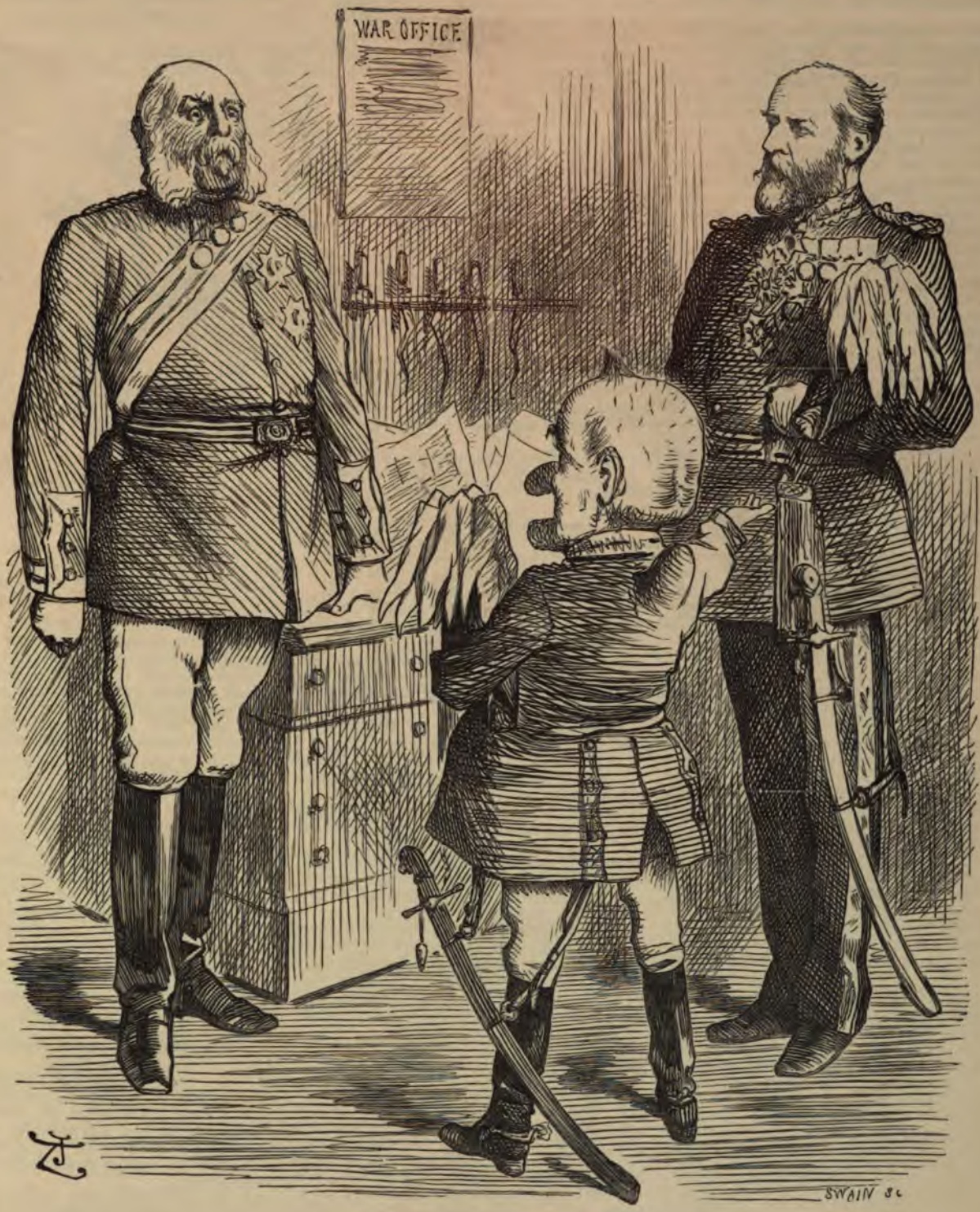
"Then *you* are only a Lightning Conductor, after all?" I queried, with some sense of being disappointed, not to say "sold."

"*Only!*" retorted my spectral and shifting visitant, again shifting spectrally. "Why, I'm thinking of writing, for the *Nineteenth Century*, an article on 'Political Lightning Conductors,' which, I rather flatter myself, will comprehend everything, convince everybody, and conciliate even Professor TYNDALL. If you like I will read, from the advance-sheets, a few passages which——"

But here I roused myself to determined resistance, and—awoke.

On the Wing.

IN getting fair hold of the Coburg, Prince FERDINAND,
Bulgaria palpably thought she'd a "bird in hand,"
But the Prince and the Bulgars, when put to the push,
Will probably wish the "bird" back in the bush.



"OVERLOOKED!"

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH (*to H.R.H.*). "REALLY, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, IN THE PRESENT STATE OF OUR DEFENCES, *IS* SIR EDWARD HAMLEY QUITE THE SORT OF MAN TO BE *SHELVED?*"

[Sir EDWARD HAMLEY served in the Eastern Campaign of 1854-55, including the affairs of Bulganac and McKenzie's Farm, the Battles of the Alma (horse shot), Balaklava, and Inkerman (horse killed), the Siege and Fall of Sebastopol, and repulse of the Sortie on the 26th October, 1854 (mentioned in Despatches, Medal with four clasps, Brevets of Major and Lt.-Colonel, Knight of the Legion of Honor, Sardinian and Turkish Medals, and 2nd Class of the Medjidie and C.B.). Sir EDWARD HAMLEY is the Author of *The Operations of War*, a work that may confidently be characterised as one of the most valuable modern Military books extant—"There exists nothing to compare with it in the English language for enlightened, scientific, and sober teaching in the general art of war"—*vide* the *Times* of 1st November, 1869. Served in the Egyptian War of 1882, in command of the 2nd Division, and was present at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where he led the Division (received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, twice mentioned in Despatches, K.C.B., Medal with clasp, 2nd Class of the Osmanieh, and Khedive's Star).—Hart's Army List, July 1, 1887.]

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

THE young Reciter is seldom happy in his delivery of blank verse. To which the unsympathetic may retort, that he does not deserve to be. *Mr. Punch*, however, recommends his pupils to treat such sneers with the contempt they merit, and to study the little dramatic exercise which has just been thrown off by a Blank Verse Bard who is kept on the premises. It can be announced on programmes as

VENGEANCE FOREGONE!

(*You should have an ordinary wooden elbow-chair and a print wrapper within easy reach. Come on crouching, with an air of tigerish anticipation.*)

'Tis he! Can I mistake the clustered curls
Upon his hated hyacinthine head?
Have they not wiled from me the fickle heart
Of perjured BANDOLINA! There, he stands
Before my window, where a winsome form,
Rotating slow with measured self-display,
Has caught his errant eye. Now, demi-siren,
[*Hands extended in passionate invocation.*
Make languorous those lustrous crystal orbs!
Wreathe, waxen arms, and lure him in, to me!
So—once again!—he falters—he is Mine!
[*Savage exultation, with eyebrows.*
Let me be calm. (*Self-restraint, indicated by violent heaving of shirt-front.*) Good morning, Sir, to you.
I pray you—(*with a forced sickly smile*)—step within, and seat yourself.
I will attend you in a moment. (*Hold open imaginary door; then resume soliloquy in fierce undertone.*) . . . Trapped!
He knows me not. (*With dark suspicion, which is easily conveyed by half closing eyes and pressing knuckle of bent fore-finger against lower lip.*) Unless I be deceived,
No hazard freak of hooded Fortune's urn,
[*A nasty line for the "h"-less.*
But BANDOLINA'S dainty insolence
Decreed this visit. . . Ha! my victim calls!
I come anon, Sir (*fawningly, with a side-glance of withering hate at your chair*). Patience, peevish worm!
Are you in such a hurry, then, to writhe?
[*Fierce aside.*
(*Here you draw the chair forward, and, placing yourself behind it, speak the following lines with easy fluency, accompanied by such pantomime as may suggest itself to you.*)
I crave your pardon for my tardiness,—
Allow me to dispose these lendings—thus:
[*Here you shake out the wrapper.*
This band above the elbows—tighter—so.
I do assure you, Sir, this is no gag—
'Tis but a poor contrivance of mine own
To guard the mouth against th' encroaching sud. ther!
Refreshing, Sir, indeed, this change of weather!
But one more knot . . . . and now (*here you stride to a position in front of the chair, which you survey with folded arms, and a mocking smile*)—my feigning 's done!
Writhe as you will, I have you at my mercy.
BALDWIN MCASSIR, have we met at last?
[*In a terrible voice.*
You know me not?—then quail, for I am he
By you bereft of BANDOLINA'S love!
Fear not that I would stoop to seek your life—
My vengeance shall be sated on your hair,
And that is doomed to perish past recall!
Cast up your eyes to yonder whirling wheel:
[*Point to ceiling with air of command.*
Then on this brush—'tis set with bristling wires [*Frizz*),
(Some frivoller termed it my *Cheveux de*
Which, with revolving teeth, shall shortly
Those curls by BANDOLINA oft caressed, [rake
[*With a cold sneer.*
You like the prospect? I have fluids here—
"Elixirs to evolve the latent hair," [mood)
With others, christened (in some] franker
"Depilatory Agents,"—scarce less potent:
Upon your helpless head I'll pour them *all!*
(*Arm raised—savage and threatening aspect.*)
Nay, smile not thus defiance through your gag—
I swear to lay that haughty crest so low,
That never shall it soar in pride again!
Enough of words—to action! . . . Still that smile—
So bitter, yet so calm—it maddens me,
I'll stay my hand no longer!—(*violent plunge with right arm—after which you recoil and seem to gaze aghast at some object you are holding*)—juggling fiend!
Was *this* the secret of your dauntless port?
And could my practised eye be so deceived?
(*In a tone of lofty and dignified resignation.*)
Yet, seeing I am thus forestalled by Fate,
I do renounce my purpose—since I must:
Take back your wig, MCASSIR, go in peace.
[*Bitter scorn.*
Stay—while, in token that my heart is
I coax it into comeliness anew. [changed,
Permit me to unloose you—you are free,
And owe me but a trifle—eighteenpence,
[*Mournfully.*
Pay at the counter as you pass without.
(*Here you are supposed to watch your rival's exit with a gloomy scowl.*)
Thus ends my vengeance as some idle dream,
Yet no—'tis but deferred, with interest!
(*You conclude with a bitter apostrophe to your intended victim.*)
Back to your BANDOLINA, plumaged daw!
Be bald, but resolute, in your disguise,
Till haply on her honeymoon she learns [hair,
How you have drawn her with that single
And I may be avenged! Till then, adieu!
(*Stalk gloomily off, and allow somebody else to remove the chair.*)

ON THE STUMP, IN TWO SENSES.—So the Parliamentary Session *and* the Cricket Season are over at last, and contemporaneously. The latter has been productive of long scores and high averages, the former of little but long speeches and low language. And now *two* teams of British Cricketers are outward bound by the *Iberia*, for a holiday campaign in Australia. Nobody knows exactly how many teams of slogging politicians are also going for *their* holiday campaign—"on the stump," all over the Kingdom. *Mr. Punch* wishes the two lots of willow-wielders, led respectively by Mr. VERNON and ARTHUR SHREWSBURY, a far merrier time and much better "scores" than he fears will fall to the lot of the peripatetic Parliamentarians.

THE HOME RULE CURE.—Mrs. M. understands that the only remedy possible for Irish complaints is Antimony.

GREAT NEWS FOR THE IMPECUNIOUS.

I HAVE just received intelligence of so astounding a character and fraught with such glorious results to the great majority of mankind, that, although I may be said to have partly promised to keep the wondrous secret to myself until after I had turned the information to my own enormous advantage, I do not hesitate to reveal to a delighted universe, information which, if true, will so revolutionise the whole constitution of society, that every individual member of the almost innumerable class of the indebted, will feel at once enfranchised from the demon that now pursues him with his insatiable demand for more, and his poor oppressed soul will, as of old, sing with joy. What then is this glorious discovery that is thus wondrously to relieve the gentlemen of society from the base bondage of debt? I am naturally forbidden to reveal all its minute details, but a general outline I feel justified in laying before the world.

My informant, then, who will be one of the very first to take advantage of the discovery directly it has reached a practical stage, assures me that in an island somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, named I rather think Ungyway, a discovery has been made of a Gold Mine of so extraordinary a character that the precious metal lies in it in huge seams like those of a copper or lead mine.

Now comes the financial part of this great discovery. My friend has calculated that the money, owing by the various respectable classes of society to whom I have already alluded, and the great National Debt, could all be paid off for, say, a sum of 2000 millions. This somewhat considerable amount could be raised from the Ungyway Gold Mine at a cost of two millions of money only, and leave a large profit. The quantity of gold to be so raised would be a mere trifle of 20,000 tons, which, at the fixed price of £3 17*s.* 10*d.* per ounce, at which price the Bank of England is compelled to purchase any quantity offered to it, would be amply sufficient for all the glorious purposes to which I have referred. The members of the class above alluded to, would be permitted to purchase the quantity required by them to free them from their cruel liabilities, at the cost price of the gold, so that a debt of £1,000 could be extinguished by, say, an expenditure of twenty shillings! and the crushing National Debt by an immediate payment of about £750,000! Away fly at once the iniquitous Income-Tax, and the duties on tea and coffee, and wine and beer, and figs, and almonds and raisins!

No wonder that both France and Germany have been sending out expeditions to discover this Fortunate Island, but all in vain; and long before these lines meet the gaze of my astonished readers, the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze will be fluttering bravely on the topmost towers of Ungyway. I need scarcely add that we shall in future pay for all our imports in gold, and send away our superabundant pauper population, native and foreign, each with about one hundred golden sovereigns in his capacious pockets, the cost price of which being about two shillings.

Of course the one thing to do before the great scheme is finally settled by Messrs. ROTHSCHILD and BARING, will be to get largely into debt at the present price of gold, and pay it off at the price of the future, and so, as ROBINSON says, spoil the Israelites; and so great is his faith in the success of the scheme, that he actually offers to join me in the transaction, and to obtain the money on our joint security. I am to give him my final answer on Saturday.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

THE BOY AND THE BEAR.

A Ballad of Bulgaria.

It was the little Bulgar boy, and oh! it was the Bear,
Whose affectionate relations were remarkable as rare;
For the Bulgar boy of Bruin was the glory and the joy,
And if anyone loved Bruin, 'twas that little Bulgar boy.
It was very very touching, for your Bear, however good,
Has seldom any liking for your boy—except as food;
And your boy—or man—from feelings that humanity may blame,
Has commonly no yearning for your Bear—unless as game.
But this Bear—on his own showing—was a Bear of simple worth,
He was not a western "Grizzly," but a Bruin from the North,
Which we know is "true and tender," or at least so poets swear,
And these Northern traits—who doubts it?—are conspicuous in the Bear.

Had he not that boy befriended in the kindest sort of style, [of guile,
In a fashion full of valour, as 'twas destitute
When a Bubblyjock gigantic from the Bosphorus who hailed,
Had assaulted that small Bulgar boy, and—thanks to Bruin—failed?
And all that Bear expected [in return for what he'd done,
(And who of such a sentiment will venture to make fun?)
Was the gratitude, and confidence, and love, and—well subjection,
Of the boy whom he had taken 'neath his paws—I mean protection.

But alas for human nature, which is radically bad! [Bulgar lad,
(And conservatively sinful) this same little
When he found himself in safety from that Stamboul Bubblyjock,
Took and acted in a manner that humanity must shock,
For says he, "Oh, thank you, Bruin dear,—and now I'll go and play,
And I'll just select the game myself, and work it my own way.
You were quite disinterested, for you said so your own self,
And I'm sure you don't want power, and of course you can't seek pelf,
At your little friend's expense, Bear. No, I thank you very much,
You have made a free boy of me—and I mean to act as such."

So he ups and makes selection, this ungratefullest of boys,
Of his soldiers, and his swords and guns, and crowns, and other toys;
And when Bruin put his paw down in expostulation vain, [it up again.
The Bulgar boy suggested he should—take

You may easily imagine gentle Bruin's sore disgust, [and his trust.
At this sad reciprocation of his fondness
Says he, "This little rascal is just rushing on his ruin, [arms of Bruin."
For his only place of safety is the guardian
And sundry other animals, and birds, and things, agreed with him,
And cried, "The boy is mad, Bear; we must preach to him, and plead with him.
Ay, even if 'tis needful, though against our natures mild,
We must—well, we mustn't spare the rod, and spoil the—Bulgar—child."
There were several Eagles thought this way; the Lion didn't quite,
But he had a sort of feeling that this fight was not *his* fight;
And the Bubblyjock at Stamboul was found acting with the Bear,
From rather mingled motives, which that fowl did not declare.

Well, the Bulgar boy persisting still in making his own game, [to blame,
The Bear assumes a sternness it is difficult
From the Bruin point of view, at least, for strength must be put forth
Now and then, e'en by a (so-called) Divine Figure from the North.
And so Bruin rears his carcase, and his sanctimonious "mug,"
Takes a menacing expression, "Come," he cries, "into my hug,
And be happy, naughty Bulgar boy; what can you have to fear?"
And the rest of the Menagerie of Europe say, "Hear! hear!"

But like another "little boy," of whom you may have heard, [absurd,
With a cabalistic action as discourteous as
(The Bulgar boy maintains it means no more than prudent doubt)
He "puts his thumb unto his nose, and spreads his fingers out."

Now whether Bear will bear it, after all his love and care,
Or whether that small Bulgar boy will cave in to the Bear,
And how those Birds, the Eagles and the Bubblyjock, will turn,
Are questions none can answer now; but he who lives will learn.

COSTUMES FOR THE RECESS.

(NOT SO) BAD HOMBURG.

TRAVEL NOTES, FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Homburg, Monday.—GEORGE TREVELYAN once told me that his eminent Uncle, having gone all abroad to Dieppe, wrote to his sister, describing voyage from Dover by five groans. Our journey from Dover to Calais might be described by five smiles. Sea not absolutely calm; but dancing waves, curling in sunlight, nothing to *Victoria*—not our Gracious Sovereign, but Queen of L. C. & D.'s fleet. Made passage smoothly and swiftly in little over hour. Railway journey hither, by Brussels and Coblenz, pretty fair for *le Continong*, but not a patch on the L. C. D. Express from Victoria Station to Dover. They manage some things better abroad; certainly not express trains or express boats.

Arrived here to find it raining in torrents. Everybody said it hadn't rained for two months before. Glad to hear this, but didn't keep us dry. Rain only just commenced; all the shops and doorways thronged with people, in full summer costume; not an umbrella among twenty; forgotten what rain was like; now forcibly reminded of its peculiarities. With intermission of one full day, and occasional hours, been raining ever since. If it must rain, Homburg as good a place to be in as most public haunts; lies within narrow compass; soil rapidly absorbent; if it rains in torrents at ten o'clock, and sun afterwards comes out, roadways dry by noon. Then there is the Kurhaus always open; palatial building, not to be outdone in size and beauty by Casino at Monte Carlo; but sound of roulette table is silent. The "game is made" for ever; *on ne va plus*. Sometimes, on wet afternoons, there is found in the lofty, and otherwise cool room, one or two elderly gentlemen, who play doleful game of *écarté*, poor shivering ghosts of departed gamesters. Gambling played out, but there remain the magnificent halls. The Ball-room still used, the music on the Terrace still listened to, the banqueting-hall still crowded, and the gardens still glowing with roses, and shaded by lindens. Only disappointed gamesters who call the place Bad Homburgs; even with the rain, it is not so bad after all.

By the way, talking of nature of soil, a dog I met here drawing milk-cart, told me curious story. Homburg resorted to by invalids of both sexes and all conditions; take the waters inside and out; but my friend told me of another cure not less remarkable. Soil of Homburg composed of Fuller's-earth, warranted to absorb superfluous grease from cloth substances. Obese Englishman hearing this on arrival, asked why this quality should be confined to application to cloth? if Fuller's-earth took superfluous fat from piece of cloth, why not from body of stout Englishman? Decided to solve question; dug hole in back-garden; lay in it for twenty minutes with loose soil shovelled over him up to chin; repeated bath on alternate days for three weeks; end of first week hole too roomy; end of second week had to be further filled in; end of third week his clothes no use to him; had to lie in bed for three days whilst re-fitted. Went home quite a slim person.

Prince of WALES still here when I arrived. Been the lifes and souls of the party for nearly three weeks. "You here, TOBY?" says he, when we met on first morning; "is House up, then?" "Not yet, Sir; but *I've* been all night. Doctor ordered me to be here at seven in morning; this an immaterial extension to us who have been sitting up at Westminster every night of week till three or four in morning. So had all-night sitting, and here I am punctually at seven o'clock."

Don't see how I'm going to keep it up though, through three weeks; must find some other way of getting up at half-past six. Can't imagine how H.R.H. does it; but here he is every morning at seven o'clock, taking his glasses of water with the rest of the "patients," and going the regulation walk in the intervals. For an invalid, looks uncommonly robust; does his final four miles well within the hour.

Saturday.—Rain again, but really so occupied with cure that haven't time to notice it, and certainly can't let it interfere with Doctor's orders. No more all-night sittings now. End of third went off to sleep at noon after bath. Didn't wake till six next morning, just in time to dress and down to Elizabeth Well with the rest. Found this much better arrangement. So now go to bed about nine in the afternoon; get up at 6·30 in dead of night. Arrived at Well, take glass of water, then march up and down for fifteen minutes by Homburg clock. Another glass and another fifteen minutes; a third glass, and hour's walk; after which allowed to totter home, and breakfast. Amount of things you are not to eat and drink amazing; some of them never tasted in my life; now strongly tempted. But hotels under sceptre of Doctor DEETZ. He watches unseen over *table d'hôte*, and prevents most nice things from coming to dinner.

After breakfast (bread, tea, or coffee, no butter, much less mild breakfast bacon), bath on alternate days, between eleven and noon. Something like a bath; on first investigation, seems bottomless; but plummet reaches conclusion at last. Here sit up to the chin for

twenty minutes, shivering at thought of what would happen supposing bath sprang a leak. Luncheon at one, strictly supervised; between three and five, more tumblers of water at another Well, with more vigorous walks round and round, as if you were looking for the Post Office, couldn't find it, and began to feel certain you would miss the next despatch. Dinner at six, with the shadow of the good Doctor DEBIZ pervading the place, and ordering off all the toothsome dishes. Afterwards a stroll in the Kurhaus, where the band is playing, and men, maids, and matrons, not all quite so young as they were, chatter and flirt.

Such is our life in Homburg, enlivened, about a fortnight ago, by great scandal, which wild horses shall not drag from me. But ask any lady fresh from Homburg. Will, at first, say, "No, she really can't; too painful," and so on. But *après, le déluge* of confidence.

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

IN Professor SKITTLES' chair—with the sun in my eyes. He has not begun to read my character yet; he is still measuring—with tape this time. I must say he takes great pains. Blazer contingent has moved up closer; they pretend to recognise me as "Cousin BILL." Take no notice of them—try to fix my thoughts far away—on ETHEL DERING. How pretty she looked that night! Wonder, if I had plucked up my courage and spoken, whether she might not have—— However, I didn't, and she couldn't. How full is life of these missed opportunities! ("You're leaving out his nose, Guv'nor!" from a Blazer, and giggles from idiotic girls in front.) I feel very forlorn and friendless up here. Professor has finished measuring, and is preparing to "delineate" me.

Cross my legs, and compose myself to listen seriously. ("Cheer up, Sir; he'll tell you when he's going to 'urt you!" *yelps a beast in the background.*)

"Here we 'ave a gentleman," says the Professor, passing his hand along the top of my head, "in some respects rather a contrast to our last subject." (*I should hope so, indeed!*) "This gentleman's 'ed is the second largest we have had under examination to-day." ("'Ear-'ear!" *from the Blazers, and a meaningless suggestion that I should* "make a good 'atter!") "His Mental Brain is scarcely so large as we might expect; in fact, if the development of the lower brain were in proportion, we should find the gentleman—well, I *was* going to say, an idiot. Fortunately the brain, though not tall, is wide. He has Firmness, Energy, and what we call Driving Power, very large. This is a very curious gentleman"—("Oughter be stuffed!" *puts in a ruffian, and everybody laughs—even the Professor—confound him!—smiles indulgently.*) "He likes to go everywhere, and see everything. He can sit down to a good dinner, and enjoy it." (*Shouldn't have thought that a rare characteristic—but it delights the audience.*) "His Self-Esteem is large." (*There he is quite wrong—I haven't nearly* enough!) "Acquisitiveness also large; this gentleman believes in getting the full value for his money." (*Don't believe I shall get it here, at all events!*) "He is very cheerful and social." ("Don't he *look* it, too!" *from a Blazer, and, of course, roars of laughter.*) "In fact, if he were a little *less* social, it would be better." (*This to me—who have come down here for absolute seclusion. This Professor is a fool!*) "He will be fond of his children and of his wife." ("And can't she comb his 'air for him!" *from the usual quarter. I am a bachelor, and this sort of thing is getting scandalous.*) Professor says, "I must appeal to this gentleman's friends"—(*this gentleman's "friends!"*)—"to keep a little more quiet while we are delineating. There is very small Eventuality—we should like to see a little more Eventuality—he must try to cultivate his Eventuality." (*Indeed? Perhaps he will kindly tell me how I am to set about it.*) "Approbativeness large; so we shall see him very anxious to gain the good opinion of others." (*When I don't care a straw what people say of me! Phrenology is bosh—absolute bosh.*) "Destructiveness small; this is not a gentleman who will do very much damage." (*Sighs of mock relief from Blazers.*) "Nor is he, we should find, particularly combative." . . . ("You 'aven't seen 'im of a Saturday night," *interrupts some vulgar brute.*) Psha!—I won't listen; regard the audience with calm reproach. What a face that is on the second bench! what a pair of brown eyes!—kind of eyes *Juliet* must have had. ETHEL'S are light grey—what a serious, simple expression! She is not giggling, like all those fools—I could almost fancy she feels for me. How superior she seems to all the rest. ETHEL DERING herself could not look more exquisitely out of place. In fact, I am not sure that ETHEL would keep her countenance so well as this girl, who is bending forward with parted lips, and that sweet, interested light in her eyes. . . . I am getting sentimental. Was *Romeo* ever "delineated"? Professor is summing me up—I may as well listen.

July yet.

Row me O!

"This is a gentleman of excellent business ability, and I should say he would be perfectly capable of managing a tolerably large business concern." ("Then how was it he got the sack from the 'am-and-beef shop?" *inquired one of the pests.*) "He is pushing and energetic, and he would get on well—even in a 'olesale business." (*He is growing absolutely fulsome!*) "If in business for himself, we shall not find him in a hurry to shut up his shop exactly at the hour of closing, if he thinks he could make more by keeping open a little longer." (*Considering that I am in Government employ, with a decided leaning to literary pursuits, which has not, as yet, met with much support—this is rather too much, but it would be snobbish, perhaps, to say anything.*) "I may add," concludes the Professor, with the air of a man who is conceding somewhat, "that this gentleman would be qualified to succeed, would do very well, as an artistic decorator. Are there any questions you would like to ask?"

Not after that—no, none; I haven't the heart to ask him if he thinks I could write even a creditable Nautical Drama! Besides, my faith in Phrenology is shaken. Let me get away—out of sight and hearing of these infernal Blazers.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow." *Shakspeare.*

Rise and leave with ironical dignity. Professor calls me back—thinks I forgot to pay my shilling. Annoying, because it *had* escaped me. "You didn't tell us he had a bump for bilking!" jeers a fiend—"bilking," I believe, is 'Arryan for going away without paying. Ironical dignity a failure. "Will I pay half-a-crown extra, and have a written report of my character?" I will *not*. Blazers seem sorry to part with me.

Afternoon.—Too much depressed to work at Drama. Sands again. Crowd—Conjuror. I shall see this time. "I want a soft gentleman's hat," he says, suddenly. "Do you mind?" He takes mine—the crowd roar. "Will I assist him in this trick?" I did not mean to catch his eye—but I don't like to be disobliging.

I am in the centre with the Conjuror. "May he do what he pleases with my hat?" "By all means," I say, graciously. Then he'll *keep* it, he says. Childish joke that! "You're quite sure there's no hole in it?" he asks. I am not, I tell him, in the habit of wearing a hat with a hole in it. "Ain't you really? how do you get your head in?" he retorts, sharply. Very old—but Starmouth people easily amused.

"Do I ever toss for drinks?" No, I do not. Then he will show me how to do so, and win every time. He tosses up a penny on the little table, and covers it with my hat. "Which do I think it is?" I say heads—to please him. Again. "Now, Sir, heads or tails?" I happen to have seen it fall head uppermost—but no doubt he has manipulated it some way—if I say tails, he will look rather foolish. Tails, then. Will I lift my hat? I do—a *guinea-pig!* Renewed roars. I ought to be above feeling annoyed at this tomfoolery—but these conjuring fellows go too far.

"Here's for thy pains." *Shakspeare.*

Evening.—On Pier. Military Band. Bazaar: ladies and children touting for it. Wonder whether my "Firmness" *is* as large as Professor SKITTLES declared.—Because I certainly never *intended* to buy a box of cracker-bonbons, or a basket of ripe tomatoes—and yet here I am, carrying them about! And when I took a ticket for a raffle, I hardly counted upon winning this particularly gaudy sofa-cushion. Clergyman wants to sell me a very small plumcake, only three shillings . . . . I find I *can* be firm after all.

The girl with the brown eyes is on the pier, too, with a stout respectable old female—probably her maid. I think they recognise me as the victim of Phrenology; they glance at me with interest. Ah me! I wish—I wish, but what is the use of wishing?

In the Bazaar again. Young lady proposes to tell me my fortune for a penny, with a revolving card. I am in a superstitious mood—I want encouraging. She spins the card; the dial indicates, as she informs me, with unnecessary glee, "You spend your time in trifles."—Is a Nautical Drama a "trifle," I should like to know? I can't be quite the thing, for this incident affects me almost to tears. I have had a depressing day. Bed in low spirits.

☞ NOTICE.—*Rejected* Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE WAIL OF MESSRS. BURT AND FENWICK.

The Northumberland Miners' U-ni-on
Have bidden their Burt bego-o-one.
It seems, by the ballot, we soon shall be all out,
And there'll be an end to our fun.

Chorus.—We've got no work to do-o-o-o!
We have no work to do-o-o!
We are poor Members, poor Working-Men Members,
Who've got no work to do!

Oh, Morpeth and Wansbeck, o-o-oh!
This same is a pretty go-o-o!
The feelings why hurt of your Fenwick and Burt?
We wouldn't have served *you* so!
Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

The Working-Men's Members of la-a-ate
Were getting a power in the Sta-a-ate,
But now they're rejected, or coldly ejected,
Which same is a sorrowful fate.
Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

Joe Arch he had to go-o-o-o,
Then Leicester, the other Jo-o-oe!
And now we two'll have to forfeit our "screw,"
Which is jolly hard lines, you know.
Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

It's hardly fair play to gi-i-ive,
To a Labour-Representati-i-ve,
For without your cash, O Miners most rash,
How, how shall we manage to live?
Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

It is no doubt exceedingly tru-u--ue;
We've found little work to do-o-o,
In the House. For that same 'tis not *we* who're to blame,
But the long Irish bullaballo.
Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

We know these are very hard ti-i-imes,
To scrape up the dollars and di-i-imes;
But when *we*, dear Miners, are robbed of the shiners,
We're punished for other folks' crimes.
Chorus.—We've got no work, &c.

Of course if you give us the sa-a-ack,
Our Gladstone bags we must pa-a-ack,
But perhaps for this hurry some day you'll be sorry,
And wish Burt and Fenwick both back.
Chorus.—We've got no work to do-o-o-o!
We're ballotted out of our scre-e-ew;
Poor Working Men's Members, this worst of Septembers,
In sorrow we sigh and boho-o-o!

THE 'EAT OF DISCUSSION.

(A Fancy founded on Facts.)

He left the court with his colleagues at twenty minutes to one o'clock. He said nothing, but listened intently while the question of the Inquest was canvassed. Was it to be a verdict of Manslaughter or Murder, or only Accidental Death? He listened so intently that he was quite surprised when the clock struck two.

Yes two o'clock—time for his lunch!

He rose from his seat, and went to the door. He spoke to one on the other side, he talked of cuts from the joints, and chops and steaks.

He was answered with laughter!

Then he returned to his chair, rather put out at this ill-timed pleasantry, and listened once more to the arguments of his colleagues. They had got beyond the verdict now, and were discussing the "riders." The first, elaborately blaming the Magistrates, had been framed and passed, and the second dealing with the bye-laws of the Town Council was under consideration. Before it was finally settled the clock struck three!

Yes, three! and since twenty-minutes to one he had been locked in luncheless! He went to the door and beat it with his fists!

"Might he have a cut off the joint?"

"No!"

Again he was silent, and again his colleagues continued their discussion. They spoke in lower tones now, because they too were feeling the want of food. Four struck, and then five.

He staggered once more to the door, and in piteous tones made a last request,

Might he have a sandwich?

No!!!!!

It was too much! He ground his teeth in rage! Five hours had elapsed, and then the last and eighth rider, suggesting that after its final completion a theatre should be thrown open for public inspection for a week before a licence was granted, was passed. The work of the Jury was over.

It was indeed a painful scene. The eleven men who had taken part in the discussion were entirely exhausted. Some were slumbering from weakness, others were wearily "talking on their fingers." Hunger had made these last absolutely dumb. Reams of papers were scattered about covered with writing. Here and there was a quill-pen partly consumed. Even the blotting-pads testified to the presence of hungry men—some of the leaves showed the traces of a stealthy nibble. In the heat of argument hours before, a juryman, anxious to impress an opinion upon a sceptic colleague, had offered to "eat his hat." He now gazed at the head-gear with greedy eyes, as if anxious to carry out his proposition.

The Foreman, in a whisper, asked if anyone had any further suggestions to make.

Then the rage of the starving one gave him fictitious strength. He stood up, and shrieked out, "I express my opinion that the non-supply of refreshments to the Jury for several hours is a blot on the legal system of the country!"

In a moment the Foreman and his colleagues sprang to their feet, and, making a supreme effort, shouted out, "Agreed! agreed! agreed!"

And what further did these poor famished men, these heroes of the long, foodless day, these martyrs to a cruel system—a wretched system—these victims to an abuse that should be swept away like chaff before the wind—ay, what further did they do after their trumpet-tongued cry of indignant denunciation?

Why (it is to be sincerely hoped) that they went home and had their dinner!

THE BICYCLISTS OF ENGLAND.

"Mr. Sturmey, in the preface to the new edition of his *Handbook of Bicycling*, sketches the progress of this enormously popular amusement since the appearance of his last edition, rather more than five years ago."—*Daily Paper.*

Ye Bicyclists of England
Who stride your wheels with ease,
How little do you think upon
What Mr. Sturmey sees.
The wheelmen's standard rises high
With every year that goes.
Wheels sweep, fast and cheap,
Whereof Sturmey's trumpet blows—
Our cycles range more swift and strong,
And Sturmey's trumpet blows.

The Cycles of our fathers
Were "bone-shakers," and few,
But the cinder-path's broad field of fame
Shows what their sons can do.
When Wyndham rose, and Stanton fell,
The pace was cramped and slow;
Their creep to our sweep
Rouses Sturmey's scorn, you know—
Our Cycles now run fleet and strong,
And Sturmey's trumpets blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark-
Tariffs her trade to keep,
Her "wheels" are found on every path;
Coventry's not asleep.
Our Woods and Howells wheel like fun,
Jack Keen can make 'em go.
Foes we floor from each shore,
Whereof Sturmey's trumpets blow—
Our Cyclists lick the world by long,
And Sturmey's trumpets blow.

The "Meteor" wheels of England
Shall yet terrific turn;
'Tis true that France gave us a start—
Now she has much to learn.
To you, our brave wheel-warriors,
Our song and glass shall flow;
To the fame of your name
Mr. Sturmey's trumpets blow—
Cycles or Cyclists, *ours* are best,
So why should we *not* blow?

Heavy Lightning. — Lord Grimthorpe, *à propos* of Lightning Conductors, with his customary courtesy, writes to the *Times* of his opponent's (also a Correspondent to the leading journal) desire "to display his own smartness," and speaks of that opponent's opinions as "mere nonsense, due to his ignorance!" He concludes, "If he wants the last word, he is welcome to it." Lord Grimthorpe's last word (if really the last) is preferable.

AMERICAN CHINA.

"The Mandarin had an only daughter, named Li-Chi, who fell in love with Chang, a young man who lived in the island-home represented at the top of the pattern, and who had been her father's secretary. The father overheard them one day making vows of love under the orange-tree, and sternly forbade the unequal match; but the lovers contrived to elope, lay concealed for awhile in the gardener's cottage, and thence made their escape in a boat to the island-home of the young lover. The enraged Mandarin pursued them with a whip, and would have beaten them to death, had not the gods rewarded their fidelity by changing them both into turtle-doves. The picture is called the Willow-Pattern, not only because it is a tale of disastrous love, but because the elopement occurred 'when the willow begins to shed its leaves.'"—*Legend of the Willow-Pattern.*

Scene—*that of the tradition. Season, willow-fall. Hour, sundown.*

Li-Chi (*sings*)—

The poor soul sat sighing by a rum-looking tree,
Sing, once a green willow;
But now all its leaves smell of base £ *s. d.*;
Sing willow, willow, willow!

The old stream runs by her, not with the old tones,
Sing willow, willow, willow!
But, churned by coarse paddles, it plashes and groans;
Sing willow, willow, willow!

Chang. Ah, yellow and irradiant sunflower of my soul's secret shrine, sing not thus dolefully, I entreat thee. What avails the permission to escape awhile our old ornithological metamorphosis, and revisit once again the glimpses of the Mandarin's country seat, the pavilion, the peach and the orange-tree, the elegant wooden fence, the bridge, the boat, and, above all, the willow, only to sing songs whose spirit-cleaving cadences sting thy Chang more than ever did the angry Mandarin's whip-lash?

Li-Chi (*mournfully*). What, indeed? But O, sublimated saffron-bag of my spirit's idolatry, who can help weeping at sight of *this?*

Chang (*reading*). "National and International Amalgamated Bank!" O, mighty but much-too-free-with-the-whip-hand-of-parental-authority Mandarin of the Middle Kingdom, what would you have thought of this transformation?

Li-Chi. Papa was impetuous. Our—our elopement angered him. But Telegraph-poles, Telephone Exchanges, River Steamers, Banks and Blazing Posters!!—Alas!!!

Chang (*hotly*). By the isolated button of Celestial supereminence, it is too bad! What *can* Li Hung Chang, that dragon-claw of the throne, that amber-souled prop of imperial perpendicularity be about, I wonder?

Li-Chi (*meditatively*). We—e—ell,—perhaps he knows, after all.

Chang. What meaneth the tintinnabulant tea-blossom of my trivial and ephemeral personality?

Li-Chi (*archly*). The "Heathen Chinee," as the wanton Western scribe insolently calls him, is indeed "peculiar," as perchance even Count Eugene Stanislow Kostka de Mitkiewicz and Mr. Jay-Gould, Hood, Mackay the multi-millionnaire, and Barker Brothers the Bankers, New York Syndicates and Philadelphian Silver Rings, may yet discover as clearly and completely as did *Bill Nye* and *Truthful James* of the ribald ballad.

Chang (*admiringly*). Verily even the orbicular contractility of dexter-optical semi-closure becometh those almond eyes, oh! flesh-enshrined opium-ecstasy of my most transcendental inwardness.

Li-Chi (*smartly*). I should think it did, indeed! A wink is as good as a nod to a blind lover. "Melican Man" is very 'cute and enterprising; but whether he 'll find it quite so easy as he fancies to "run" the Celestial Kingdom, or "exploit" the Flowery Land, remains as the never-sufficiently-to-be-commended-and-left-carefully-unread Kung-foo-tze would say, "to be duskily adumbrated in the spirit-speculum of the yet To-be."

Chang. Quite so. Still, O million-berried mulberry-tree of my mean and inconsiderable soul-garden, to have our own secular love-legend and its many-centuried Scene thus sordidly transmogrified, cannot, O, shining one of my spirit's crepuscular gloom, O, beneficent betel-nut of my supersensual palate"——

Li-Chi. Well, Chang, after all, novelty hath its charm—after a cycle or two, you know. Marquis Tseng talks about "the awakening of China." As if there was ever a Celestial who, for all his childlikeness and blandness, was not very wide-awake indeed! Why, Li-Chi, if ever *we* had our time over again, *do* you think that transmutation into a pair of turtle-doves,—bird-beatitudes, my Chang, are *so* limited!—would form the acme of our mutual aspirations?

Chang. Well, per—haps not, Li-Chi.

Better fifty years of Europe
Than a Cycle of Cathay,—

—as turtle-doves, you know. Still, that chuckling and cavorting American fowl, that two-headed and vulturine Russo-Polish Eagle, do not quite fit into the Mongolian Arcadia of the Willow-pattern plate; now do they? We have fallen, lily of my life, upon sordid, and subversive, and sceptical times, when millions of taels move our Mandarins to Modernism, when Silver Rings and Syndicates, can set up a Party of Progress in the Realm of the Immutable, and when doubts have been thrown by shallow scribes upon the existence of the Great Wall of China itself!

Li-Chi (*shuddering*). Dreadful, dear! Let 's turn back into turtle-doves at once, and coo ourselves into truly Celestial obliviousness of this colossal Yankee *coup*, which threatens—perchance prematurely—to fix for all time *this* preposterously Western and barbaric picture as the Willow Pattern of the Future! [*They do so.*

SAGACITY.

Countryman. "Fi' Pounds too much for him? He 's a won'erful good Sportin' Daug, Sir! Why he come to a Dead Pint in the Street, Sir, close ag'in a ol' Gen'leman, the other day—'Fust o' September it was, Sir!—an' the Gen'leman told me arterwards as his Name were 'Partridge'!"

Customer. "You don't say so!" [*Bargain struck!*

"PAYING THEIR SHOT."

A Party of excursionists from the Tyne thought it a pleasant way of spending a Bank-holiday to go wantonly shooting swarms of sea-birds on the Farne Islands. When remonstrated with by the more humane man in charge, they considered it still greater "sport" to threaten to push an oar down his throat, and make a target of him. These sportive souls indeed managed amongst them to "hit his felt hat and graze his left thumb" with shot. But when 239 of them were summoned under the Wild Birds Act, and had to pay fines and expenses to the tune of some £70, they probably modified their notion of the nature and claim of "Sport," and found that "paying the shot" in that sense was the least pleasant part of shooting. Some of them were probably left without "a shot in the locker." A few more such wholesome lessons, and the "Cad with a Gun," the "Brute with a Double-Barrel," may no longer be found depopulating Nature's feathered preserves and disgracing the name of honest Sport.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

At last I have seen him!—the travelling Englishman, the English Milord of the French Farce—"Oah, c'est moa!" of the *Journal Comique*.

* * * * * *

But if the farce Milord is grotesque, the English "Mees" is equally ridiculous. I met, the other day, a lady of Albion, who was strutting about with an enormous "handled" *pince-nez* raised to her eyes, while she expressed her opinion "that those foreigners really *do* dress *so* absurdly!"

"L'Anglais pour rire."

Mees "O'Shocking!"

* * *

Diary of a Day.—At all these Stations Thermales the pleasantest hours of the day are sacrificed to the interests of the band, the casinos, the cercle, and the evening amusements. *Les Baigneurs sérieux* ought not to require any amusement after 9·30, and by ten they should be in bed. Their hours for walking and other exercise should be very early in the morning, or late in the evening before dinner. The remainder of the day should be given up to baths, to drinking waters, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and rest.

* * * * *

By the way, at the top of the daily *menu* at the Continental Hotel the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 11 A.M. is styled "Lunch." Puller resents this as strongly as he does a waiter's answering him, "Yees, Sare," when he has given an order in his best French. Now this meal at 11 A.M. is not an English lunch, but *is* the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Is it becoming the common practice in hotels on the Continent? If so, the English will soon remember that they don't come abroad for lunch—they can "lunch" well enough at home—but they do come abroad for *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and, if they do not get it, they will stay away.

"It's confoundedly insulting!" exclaims Puller, indignantly. "Do they think we don't know what a *déjeuner à la fourchette* means? But, dash it, you know," he goes on, in the tone of a man whom a very little more of this sort of treatment would disgust with life generally, "they're making everybody abroad so English." Then he repeats, "So English, you know," in imitation of some American burlesque actor, and this has the effect of restoring his good humour. He thinks the quotation so apt and so humorous, that he expands in chuckles, and goes out of the *salle-à-manger* doing a step, and repeating, "So English, you know!" The French, Spanish, and the visitors of various nationalities, shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and evidently hope he is harmless. The waiters smile, and this reassures the guests.

The Cravate au Moulin.

* * * * *

The special merit of the Royat Drinking Waters and Baths consists in the large amount of iron contained in them. Over the gates of the Park at Royat, where the *Etablissement* and *Buvettes* are situated, should be inscribed, for the benefit of English visitors, "Washing and Ironing done here."

* * * * *

The Uncertain Bather.—My acquaintance Mordel is another variety of the genus *baigneur*. He is dissatisfied only with himself. He is perpetually having a row with himself. The Hotel is good enough, he says; the Doctor is all that can be desired. The baths and waters are managed very well; but the question is, he says to himself, "Was I right in coming here at all? Ought I not to have gone to Aix? or to Vichy? or to Homburg? or to Mont Dore, or to La Bourboule?" "Well, but"—I say to him, with a view to reconciling him to himself—"are the waters doing you good?" He reluctantly admits that they are not doing him any harm—as yet. In this state of uncertainty he remains during the whole course of treatment, and, to the last, he is of opinion that he ought to have gone to some other place, no matter where.

* * * * *

It is a real pleasure to see Smith, of the Colosseum Club, meet Brown, also a member of the same sociable institution. He greets Brown heartily,—never was so glad to see anybody. Yet they are anything but inseparables in London; and it certainly was not owing to Smith's good offices that Brown was elected to the Colosseum. Brown has just arrived at Royat, and is not so effusive at the sight of Smith, as Smith, who has been here ten days, is on beholding Brown. "Thompson's here, so's Jones," Smith tells Brown, beamingly. "Are they?" returns Brown, who recognises the names as those of eminent Colosseum men. "And now," exclaims Smith, heartily, "in the evening we can have a rubber!" This was why Smith was so overjoyed at meeting Brown; not because he was an old friend, not even because he was a member of the same social set, but because *he would make a fourth!* "You'll want a rubber," adds Smith, cajolingly. "If he does," interposes Puller, in excellent spirits this morning, "he'll have to go to Aix-les-Bains. They don't do the *massage* here. Aix is the place for Rubbers." The joke falls among us like a bombshell, and the group disperses, each wondering how long Puller is going to remain at Royat. His movements may govern our own!

* * * * *

Uneventful! General Boulanger has called here to-day. No, not on me, but on a noble English poet, who is staying at the Continental. From the portrait in the *Salon* I should have expected a fine fellow of six feet high, rather Saxon and swaggery. Had he resembled his portrait I should not have believed in him. Now I do. There is hope for Boulanger. He is a short man. Napoleon was a short man. "*Il grandira!*"

* * * * *

Encore des Pensées.—"There is a time to talk, and a time to be silent." The first occasion is, when I have something to say, and an audience to say it to; the other is, when I don't feel well, and hate everybody equally. Puller, when high-spirited, cannot understand this. Undergoing these Royat Waters, Puller and myself are on a see-saw. When he is up, I am down, and *vice versâ*. After trying to breakfast together, and to be mutually accommodating, which is done in the most disagreeable manner possible, we separate, on account of incompatibility of temper. Temporarily our relations are strained. This only applies to the morning. I want to be quiet in the morning, and detest early liveliness. Jane and myself, in future, breakfast together at our own time, and at our own table, in a corner. (And this is also within the first seven days of the *traitement*.)

The dear Old Things who won't have a Door or Window open in our small Salle-à-manger.

* * * * *

By the way, what a chance of *réclame* I lost on the occasion of Boulanger's visit. It never occurred to me till too late. I ought to have been at the front door, awaiting his departure. At the moment of his leaving, I should have left too. Then the report could have been spread about that I had "gone out with" General Boulanger. How astonished M. Ferry would have been. "Quite a Fairy tale for him," says Puller, who wishes to exhibit his acquaintance with the proper French pronunciation of M. Ferry's name.

* * * * * *

The Twenty-Second Morning.—I shall give myself three days' leave of absence, and revisit La Bourboule and Le Mont Dore. These two places are higher up in the mountains of Auvergne.

* * * * *

La Bourboule Revisited.—Very beautiful the line of country between Royat and La Bourboule. But the latter is an out-of-the-way place as compared with Royat, which has the great advantage of being within a quarter of an hour's ride, or walk, of such a real good town as Clermont-Ferrand, whereas La Bourboule and Mont Dore are an hour-and-a-half's drive each of them from their own station, Laqueuille, which is nothing more than a mere country railway station, with a simple buffet, and four hours from Clermont-Ferrand, which I suppose is the market town, and certainly the only place of any importance to which one can go, "there and back again," in a long day.

Of course the descendants of Balbus, who "*murum ædificavit*" in

our old Latin Grammar—(Are Balbus and Caius still at it in the Grammars of the present day?)—could not leave La Bourboule alone, and villas have been springing up in every direction. Shops, too. Already one side of a Boulevard has been commenced, represented by half-a-dozen superior shops, one of which, it is needless to say, is a sweet-stuff emporium, and another a Tabac. Then they've a Hotel de Ville at La Bourboule. In our time there was only a solitary Gendarme, in full cocked-hat and sword, who, as an official, was a failure, but, as a playmate of the children, and a friend of the *bonnes*, was a decided success. He looked well, and inspired the stranger on his arrival. But the feeling of awe soon wore off. Perhaps he, also, was a *baigneur*. Invalid Gendarmes might be usefully employed in this manner, their imposing appearance at various watering-places would inspire confidence, while they might be benefiting their physique. Policemen could be also effectively used in this way. "Recruiting Sergents-de-ville" they might be called, engaged in recruiting their own health.

* * * * *

A storm of rain and wind swept us out of La Bourboule—we subsequently heard that there was snow at Mont Dore—and drove us post-haste back to Royat warmth—comparative warmth, that is, for they were having two or three cold, rainy, and gusty days at Royat, too, preceding the day fixed for the Eclipse. But such weather is bearable at Royat, if you have once experienced it at La Bourboule. The valley of Royat is fairly high up, and well sheltered; but as to the situation of La Bourboule and Mont Dore, one may say, reversing the quotation, "And in the highest heights a higher still!" "Only not, by any means still," says Puller, who knows the country, and whom no inducement will lead away from Royat.

* * * * *

I have mapped out a short tour by way of return from Royat, which is at the disposition of anyone who is preparing to make himself a *baigneur* and a *titulaire* next season.

* * * * *

My *itinéraire* is this: London to Paris, taking care to travel by the *Empress* from Dover to Calais. Inquire beforehand at the L. C. and D. Station, Victoria. Go by the A.M. Dine in Paris at 8·30. In a forthcoming little work I contemplate benefiting the travelling public generally with a few useful details, of which these are only hints. Paris next morning, to Clermont-Ferrand, for Royat. At Royat, I should naturally recommend the Hotel I know best. This is the Continental. It may change hands next year; if it changes hands, it changes heads at the same time, and my advice may or may not be useful.

* * * * *

Stay at Royat for cure; visit—as excursions easily done in a day, when you're in fettle—La Bourboule and Mont Dore. For all information, ask the most civil of men, and the most obliging, the agent, who has an office in a line with the few shops situated on the upper terrace of the Parc. He will tell you everything—and be delighted to do it.

* * * * *

By the way, when once you've settled your tour, take my advice, and visit Messrs. Cook, of Ludgate Circus. Provide yourself with all your tickets beforehand. It will save you a heap of trouble afterwards. Too many Cooks can't spoil your journey, as you will take them on the "play or pay" system, and it binds you to nothing, except, in case of not using them, a slight discount; whereas, on the other hand, it helps the person who is at all "infirm of purpose" to make up his mind, and keeps him to his original plan, which any experienced traveller will agree with me in saying, is, nine times out of ten, the wisest and best course to pursue. Of this more anon in my forthcoming *parvum opus* on this and cognate subjects.

* * * * *

Royat (if you are a *baigneur*, recommended here by your Doctor) is an easy place to get to, and to get away from. My friend Skurrie, who, immediately he has arrived at any place, passes all his time there in consulting guide-books, maps, *Bradshaws*, Cook's tourist books, and local *indicateurs*, with a view to see how he can best get away, comes to me with a paper full of closely-written details, and says, "Here's my plan:—Royat, Lyon (why do we put an 's' on to it, and make it 'Lyons?' it would be as sensible for the French to call Liverpool 'Liverpools,' or Manchester 'Manchesters.' And why can't the French call London 'London,' instead of 'Londres?')—then Aix-les-Bains (for a *massage*, and an excursion or two) . . then Geneva. This is, if you've got time to spare. If not, in a week you can make a really refreshing tour by pushing on from Lyon to Geneva, to Bâle, to Heidelberg, to Mainz, down the Rhine to Cologne, then Antwerp, Flushing, Queenborough. This will complete your week, and you will return to England with a store of variety to last you a year."

Valuable Mem. for a certain Architect in his next Building Operation.—"To construct a much-more-*Exiter* Theatre than the one recently destroyed by fire."

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Theatrical and Re-assuring.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—The sole Lessee and Manager begs to inform his patrons, the public, that he has left no stone unturned to render it by a long way

THE SAFEST THEATRE IN THE TWO HEMISPHERES. The mere perusal of the advertisements appearing in the daily press, furnishing the intending audience with a complete handbook of escape in the event of any sudden catastrophe, must, he feels, afford them

REAL PLEASURE, which, owing to the precautionary measures he has taken for their protection, they may genuinely experience when securing their places for a performance in the unique fireproof auditorium.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE EXITS.—A hop, skip and a jump will take any member of the audience from any part of the house directly into the street outside in five seconds.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE has all its doors taken off their hinges the moment the performance commences.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE possesses concrete Stalls.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE has its private boxes constructed with perforated shower-bath ceilings that drench the occupants without ceasing the entire evening.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—An "Apprehensive Playgoer" writes:—"We were in one continual downpour from the rising of the Curtain to its fall; and though we are all still suffering from rheumatism, our party was enabled, with the aid of umbrellas and waterproofs, to enjoy the evening's entertainment with a sense of security that was as novel as it was refreshing."

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—The Management provides everyone paying at the doors with a Fire-Escape, that can be left outside, and a Life Assurance Policy, available for the duration of the evening's entertainment.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE has, in every gangway, a steam fire-engine served by a fully-equipped complement of members of the London Fire Brigade, who inspire the audience with confidence by, from time to time, playing on portions of them with a five-inch hose.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—People recommended a cold *douche* by their medical adviser, cannot do better than secure a front seat in the upper boxes.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE is provided with cast-iron scenery, and has, as its Stage Manager, a retired Fire-King.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE is surrounded by a network of balconies, affording access, by iron staircases, to the roofs of all the adjacent houses in the neighbourhood.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE has in effect no walls, and is practically all "Exit."

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE can be virtually emptied before a checktaker could say "Jack Robinson!"

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE.—A "Nervous First-Nighter" writes: "Being seized the other evening in the middle of the front row of the stalls with a purely private and personal, but uncontrollable panic, I rushed from my place, and made with all the haste I could command for the street. Though, in my hurry I found it necessary to have a couple of vigorous fights of several rounds each with two box-keepers in succession, which resulted in my being eventually removed from the house, struggling with three policemen, six refreshment-stall-keepers, and nine firemen, it only took me twenty-seven minutes and a half from the time I started from my place inside till I found myself deposited in the midst of a jeering crowd on the steps of the principal entrance."

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE will set up chronic lumbago in the Dress Circle.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE is the dampest Public Lounge in Europe.

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE may be visited freely by pleasure-seekers, in whom, as Members of Burial Clubs, their families take a lively interest.

REAL PLEASURE, to be experienced nightly by those who pay a visit to

THE ROYAL UNINFLAMMABLE THEATRE, affording the only recognised Incombustible Entertainment on record.

SEA-SIDE WEATHER STUDIES. STORMY.

THREE PIC-NIC PARTIES SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY THE RAIN.

WANTED, A THESEUS;

Or, The Betting Centaurs of the Race-Course and the Cinder-Path.

Half-man, half-horse! A fitting blend indeed
To type the monster of a modern breed,
The mongrel thing, half Houyhnhnm to the view,
But fouler than the Swiftian Yahoo,
Who makes the race-course rascaldom's resort,
And shames the manliest scenes of British Sport.

Sport? The Cad-Centaur hath as little sense
Of the fine joy to which he makes pretence,
The English glorying in a fair-fought fight,
A well-run race, a show of speed or sleight,
As of the love that males of British breed
Moves in the presence of a gallant steed.
No Sportsman's fervour his; he never thrills
To the contagious sentiment that fills
The solid Saxon when, with thundering stride,
Ormonde and *Minting* struggle side by side;
When Cam and Isis prow to prow contend;
When George and Cumming strain from end to end
Of the long cinder-path in panting speed;
When wheelmen swift alternate lag and lead;
When white-plumed yachts spread emulative wings
To the salt wind that through the cordage sings;
When Notts and Surrey fight for pride of place,
Or the ring cheers the "many-centuried" Grace.
Bound by his betting-book, the cynic churl—
With coarse-gemmed hands and greasy frontal curl,
When fortune smiles, or frowsy when she frowns
As wolfish waifs that haunt the slums of towns—
Is brute all through and ever; blatant, base,
"Rough" in his speech, and rascal in his face;
A radiant rowdy now when some base stroke
Of juggling skill has flushed him; now "stone-broke,"
Black-hearted, beetle-browed, true gaol-bird type,
Reeling and reeking, ever ruffian-ripe
For any coward act of ruthless greed
That craft may scheme, or violence may speed.

Curse of the race-course and the cinder-path!
Roughdom no dirtier, darker danger hath,—
Roughdom, that gulf of guilt with peril rife,
That lurks beneath our glittering civic life,
Like fires beneath the smiling southern wave,
Which, given volcanic vent, make earth a grave
And sea a sepulchre. Too bold it grows
In the neglect of its appointed foes,
The modern Fenris-wolf whose ravening maw
Needs muzzling with the Gleipner-chain of Law.
Eurytus at the banquet gorged with glee;
"Most savage of the savage Centaurs," he,
As Ovid sings. Pirithous, lulled to trust,
Forgot the secret strength the lurking lust,
Until wine-freed and fury-fired they broke,
From sleek civility's too slender yoke;
Then tables overset, and feast disturbed,
Destructiveness unleashed, and wrath uncurbed,
"The appearance of a captured city," lent
To the late scene of concord and content;
Then disappointed craft and thwarted greed,
Broke law's frail barriers like a trampled reed,
And the tumultuous storm of wild desire,
Found vent in rioting force and ravening fire.

Is there no moral in the classic tale?
Let vigilance but sleep and vigour fail,
Authority of prescience be bereft,
And, like Hippodamia, Law is left
To battling, fierce brute forces, prone to blood,
Civilisation's coarser Centaur-brood.
Of old the heroes conquered. At the stroke
Of angered Theseus' club of knotted oak,
The Centaurs feared and fled toward the sea,
Pursued by the triumphant Lapithæ,
Law's Lapithæ lay prone in our late fray.
Do we not need a Theseus then to-day?

NOT A "DEUS EX MACHINÂ."

Some philosophers are very anxious to demonstrate that man is a mere Automaton. A man, however, can at any rate be regulated, and, at need, "run in," which it seems that the Automatic Cigarette and Sweetmeat Machines now so much in vogue cannot. Naughty little boys are convicted of beguiling them of Butter Scotch by means of discs of card and base metal, instead of coins of the realm. On the other hand the Automata are charged with absorbing the coppers of honest would-be purchasers without rendering up the proper portion of Toffee or Tobacco. Machines which are at once dishonest themselves and the cause of dishonesty in others can hardly be looked upon as an improvement upon living vendors, who if they have little conscience to appeal to, have at least persons to be punished.

WANTED, A THESEUS;

OR, THE BETTING CENTAUR.

HYGIENIC.

No; that sickly-looking child that you notice entering the Board School is not, as you imagine, "pining for the fresh air of the country." He is recovering from an acute attack of scarlet fever, and is described by his fond parent as "peeling wonderful."

"Why does the medical man who attends the case,"—you ask—"not give instant notice to the Local Sanitary Authority, the Parish Doctor, the School Board Officials, and the nearest Fever Hospital?" Because self-preservation (or preserving a case for oneself) is the first law of nature, and also because in London neither the registration nor the isolation of infectious disease is considered at all essential.

Of course it is to be regretted that some of the fever patients who were taken the other day first to the West London Hospital in Hammersmith, then to the London Fever Hospital, and afterwards to Stockwell, and who finally—as those institutions were quite full—spent the night in a draughty corridor of the Homerton work-house, should have collapsed owing to exhaustion; but then what an admirable thing it is that there should be so many places for the reception—or rejection—of patients, and that they should be scattered all over the Metropolis!

It is really rather irritating that the laundress, whose services we have had to dispense with owing to five of her children being down with typhus, should call us "selfish" and "finicking," and threaten to summon us to the Police Court for interfering with her business.

Yes, a trip by steamer on the Thames can be confidently recommended to delicate persons in search of health. Wrap the whole face in cotton-wool, which has previously been soaked in some powerful disinfectant. Get the man at the wheel to sprinkle your clothing every ten minutes with the anti-cholera mixture. When passing "Barking Outfall," be particularly careful to go below, and keep your head completely buried in a basin containing a mixture of smelling salts in solution and Eau de Cologne. Beyond a sore throat for a week or two, you will probably—thanks to these precautions—experience no evil results.

SUBJECT FOR A GRAND HISTORICAL CARTOON.

THE SULTAN IMPLORING MR. PUNCH NOT "TO TAKE HIM OFF."
(See Daily Papers.)

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I THINK, however pleased you may look in your stall while listening to the charming music of Mr. CELLIER in *The Sultan of Mocha*, you will agree with me that that gifted gentleman has been most unfortunate in the selection of his *librettos*. *Dorothy* was certainly feeble, but the revived opera at the Strand is feebler still. I admit that the work is well staged, equally as to scenery, dresses, and *mise-en-scène*, but the plot and the dialogue are unworthy of serious criticism. When the curtain rose upon a capital "set" of the Thames near Greenwich Hospital, when there were a lively chorus and a pretty dance, I imagined I was "in" for what other occupants of the stalls would have called "a real good thing." But the characters had only to talk to cause a sense of depression to envelope me that nearly moved me to tears. Ponderous allusions to such recent "topics" as Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S signal from the Royal Yacht at the Naval Review, the ENDACOTT matter and Turkish impecuniosity now and again attracted my attention, and I felt that I would give worlds to slumber as does the hero in the Third Act who appropriately sings himself to sleep. But Mr. CELLIER'S music made a success of *Dorothy*, and it is not impossible that "the movement may be continued" in the *Sultan of Mocha*. Of those who take part in the performance I may single out Mr. CHARLES DANBY as fairly amusing. I do not remember to have seen him before, and it is to be trusted that the applause of a London audience will not cause him to favour a policy of exaggeration. So far he is good—not too good (as Mr. BROUGH was wont to amusingly observe), but just good enough. The voice of Miss VIOLET CAMERON is as strong as ever, but at times I traced a *tremolo* that might wisely be abandoned. Mr. C. H. KENNEY has good intentions, and no doubt some day will be seen and heard to greater advantage. I was not surprised to learn from the playbill that as the *Sultan* Mr. ERNEST BIRCH was making "his first appearance." Of the remainder of the cast, Mr. BRACY sang well and acted fairly as "a heart of oak," and the sailors, villagers, and slaves were sufficiently comely to satisfy the requirements of a Strand audience met together to enjoy an *opéra bouffe*.

A new *lever de rideau* added to the programme of the Globe has called attention to the merry moments of *The Doctor*. From the first this piece went wonderfully well—now it goes better than ever. The house is nightly full of patients, who seem willingly to give themselves over to what I may call "the laughter cure and joke treatment."

Dandy Dick has moved from the Court to King William Street, Strand. Mr. CLAYTON, capital as the Dean, and Mrs. JOHN WOOD inimitable, exquisite, everything-superlative as the lady horse-owner. Mr. BISHOP now plays Mr. ARTHUR CECIL'S part in a manner that reduces our regret at the absence of his predecessor to a minimum.

A wonderful piece called *Racing*, by the "Great MACDERMOTT," is being performed at Islington. It is composed of a mixture of Comedy and Tragedy. Both ingredients are equally funny.

Removing my *gibus*, and laying down my programmes and opera-glasses, I again sign myself ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.

GARDEN TALK.

As arranged for the neighbourhood of the Round Pond under existing circumstances.

CAN this be Kensington Gardens, or is it Tophet? This perfume is scarcely suggestive of flowers.

How nicely this little girl is burying the dead cat.

What a game at hide and seek those boys in white sailor suits are having in that reeking garbage.

It is strange, but the morning breeze is laden with *Bacteria*.

Why, that is the fifth dust-cart that has emptied its contents here this afternoon.

How merrily the dustmen are spreading the refuse over the surface of the grass.

The haggard Park-keeper seems to be growing paler and paler every day.

I wonder why that entire family of children have broken out into green spots.

Who would have thought that the baby that had been brought here for a little fresh air would have turned blue in the perambulator!

Who is really responsible for the conversion of an open pleasure-ground into a deadly centre for the dissemination of fever?

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

"The King of the BELGIANS is understood to be acting as his own Ambassador in the matter of the North Sea Fishery disputes. His visit to this country is stated to have for its object the prevention of future conflicts between British and Belgian fishermen in the North Sea."—*Times*.

Mr. Punch. Ah! happy to see you, *mon Chef!* *Here's* a mess!
You'll soon put it all straight, Sir; you couldn't do less.
Your people you'll find are entirely to blame
For the kettle o'erboiling, the steam and the flame.
What *is* there in fish that in every quarter
So leads—in non-natural sense—to hot water?
And why should a Billingsgate dame, or a trawler,
Or Belgian or British, so oft be a brawler?
A Saint once held forth, Sir, the fishes to teach.
What a sermon to us, Sir, the fishes might preach!
The sea's lavish harvest was certainly sent
Man's palate to please, and his hunger content;
Not, *not*, my dear *Chef*, as mere strife-stirring spoil
His kitchen to slop, and his cooks to embroil.
Verb. sap.—you are sapient, I know, like your Sire—
And—you'll take this strange "kettle of fish" off the fire!

"MIGHTY POLITE."—Last week Mr. HARRINGTON, Barrister-at-Law (in Ireland), was called to account by Mr. EATON, and threatened with removal from the Court over which that Magistrate presided, for conduct unworthy of a Counsel. Had "the learned gentleman" had the advantage of the influence of another Eton earlier in his career, his manners would doubtless have been less deficient in polish.

A PLANK OF THE WRONG PLATFORM.—The Plank-bed.

(NOT AT ALL) BAD HOMBURG.

Travel Notes, from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

Thursday.—Homburg emptying and re-filling; but former process decidedly winning race. Change in class of company moreover striking. Natural order of things here reversed. The butterfly disappears and the grub succeeds. Now have come to us young men and maidens from the country. Elderly burgesses, wives and families from Frankfort, Coblentz and more distant Cologne. Prices specially designed for English falling away. Principal hotels humbly proffer pension at ten marks a day, and proprietors are accused of rapacity by their fellow-countrymen.

At *table d'hôte* last night at Hotel Russie, overheard one of those "things one would rather not have said," feigned by the fancy of English Artist of world-wide renown. Gentleman of distinguished appearance opens conversation with lady on his left:

He. "Homburg still seems very full."

She. "Yes, but they 're a horrid lot now arriving compared with those who have just left; doncha think so?"

He. "Really, Madam, I cannot say, as I reached here only this afternoon." Pause in conversation.

Friday. — There are compensations for everything. Weather has not permanently recovered earthquake-breaking-up on day of our arrival. Still sun occasionally comes out, making it worth while to be on foot at seven o'clock in the night, when the sky is an unclouded arc of blue, and the sun sparkles on dewy grass. Pleasant then at noon, or afternoon, to stroll about under the lindens in the Park, still full of leaves, or to lounge in Tennis grounds watching the play. Oftener it is cold and rainy, and here 's where philosophic mind finds its recompense. Homburg perhaps most open-windowed town north of Alps. On sunny days not a window in any house closed. Every home has its piano, more or less in tune. Every piano has its relays of players. Pianist at No. 14A, Untere Promenade, cannot help hearing pianiste next door, and plays loud to hold the field. Next door hears practitioner on other side, and plays louder still; so it goes on all up and down the street. Here and there the uproar is pierced by the shrill voice of a singer. It is the same in the next street, and in the street after, till all Homburg becomes a Pandemonium of piano-pounding. Now I sit in my room, with windows closed, listening with gratitude to the pelting rain and the soughing of the wind through the dripping trees. All other windows are necessarily closed, and above wind and rain is audible undertone of universal piano-playing, like the sound of a barrel-organ in far-off back-street. Perhaps not quite worth while coming all the way to Homburg for; but I like to make best of things.

Monday.—His Serene and Blind Highness still here, dutifully taking waters, and pluckily striding forth to complete regulation-turns. No one would guess at his affliction, except upon close observation. A photographic portrait of him on view in one of the Studios here, in which he looks forth open-eyed as keenest-sighted of his subjects; a kindly, genial, brave-hearted gentleman. All unconscious, he is made the occasion for a little satire on Royalty which would have delighted Thackeray. To him ladies, entering into passing conversation, curtsey; gentlemen doff their hats; and *Jeames de la Pluche* stands bare-headed as he hands him glass of water from spring. It is horrible to think that Jeames might, with impunity—there being no on-lookers—shake his fist playfully in his Royal Master's face. Hope he never takes base advantage of his opportunities. But there is a look in Jeames's eye, as he hands the glass of water, which melikes not.

Tuesday.—Between one and two in afternoon of revolving days, great centre of life in Homburg is Madame Brahe's little shop in Louisen-strasse; little only on first glance: contains unsuspected recesses in rear, whither surplus population flows. A model place for light luncheon such as Dr. Deetz ordains: also for English visitors convenient exchange and mart for latest gossip and display of newest dresses. Whilst season in full tide, Madame Brahe's painfully reminiscent of Bourse at Paris. Evil communications have wrought proverbial effect; Germans feared throughout Europe by reason of their conversational shouting; but English ladies, and some gentlemen, met for luncheon *chez* Madame Brahe, might give them odds and beat them. Three or four girls, decently spoken at home one hopes, seated at small table here, carry on conversation at top of voice; many small tables, and as many friendly parties; one group not to be shouted down by a neighbour. British ladies never acknowledge defeat; competition kept up all round, till, dazed and deafened, the stray traveller gulps down luncheon and rushes into street.

Wednesday.—Homburg really not Bad at all, but best part of it lies outside. To the north are delightful walks through illimitable beech woods and pathless pine forests. Messrs. Blanc, who created the place, knew very well ruling passion of gamester. The green tables, the sound of the roulette ball, the pattern on the cards, and the brilliantly-lighted Casino, only ostensibly attractions for him. What his heart desires is opportunity for communing with Nature. The solemn silence of the beech wood, the fragrance of the pines, the modest beauty of the wild flowers that gem the edges of the wood, are what he really hankers for. So Messrs. Blanc took surrounding country in hand; planted splendid pine woods with delightful footpaths, with benches wooing the pensive and wearied traveller.

Walked to-day by devious shady ways to Friedrichsdorf, a few miles out; a quaint old-world village of charmingly-tiled houses, straggling down a villanously paved street. Only one street in Friedrichsdorf, but more in it than meets the eye. Houses have way of playing hide-and-seek; you look up passage that seems entry to back of premises, when, lo! there lurks a complete house, with tiny casement-windows, and graciously-sloped red-tiled roof. Jessie Collings ought to know Friedrichsdorf, and Right Hon. Ritchie would find in it encouragement for Amended Allotments Bill. It is, like many other villages hereabout, home of colony of small land-proprietors. All the rich and smiling country that lies around is theirs. Passed them working in the fields, men and women, comfortably dressed, sturdy, and apparently happy as day is long. Every man has at least his three acres, many more; the cow is also there, but is chiefly in shaft of cart or plough. As we picked way down awesome street, Friedrichsdorf, save for few children and old men, seemed deserted village; all able-bodied inhabitants at work in field. By-and-by, when sun goes down, they come trooping home, tramping down stony street, a jocund throng.

Thursday.—Rain departed; for days in succession Homburg been at its best; almost seems like early spring, save that we still have roses; sun shining in cloudless sky, trees still rich in foliage; grass thick and green, with here and there abundant crocuses. Still emptying process going on with increasing rapidity. "Lawn tennis," writes anonymous author of *Miss Bayle's Romance*, "has become the outdoor dissipation at Homburg, and Dutch Top the indoor one." Only stray couples are left to frequent the courts on the tennis-ground, and the rattle of the Dutch Top is happily silenced. Still the band plays thrice a day. Springs go on like The Brook, and the few who are left begin to think that, after all, Homburg more enjoyable without the crowd than with it.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

"A—A—Boy! Have you seen any Birds about here this Morning?"

"Ees, Zur! I seed a lot of 'em about 'arf an hour back, a sittin' on the Telegraph Woires!"

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

MY Nautical Drama is not making much progress. Must go more amongst men and things. That is the only way to gain ideas. World full of *dramatis personæ*, who will provide their own dialogue, if you can only find them a good part. Interview old sailor; capital character—the very man to be "discovered drinking," (which must have frequently occurred to him) as curtain rises. Talk to him half-an-hour, but without hearing a single really telling line. Half-a-crown wasted! Pleasure-boat just "putting off,"—which is naturally a dilatory operation—Skipper says they are only waiting for me. I hesitate; does Art demand this sacrifice? Hitherto my voyages have been chiefly confined to journeyings in a penny steamer from Chelsea to Lambeth. But can I reasonably expect to become familiar with marine matters without some actual experience? If M. ZOLA could go and live for weeks down a coal-mine, surely I may trust myself in a pleasure-boat for one short half-hour? It is only sixpence.

Chill-sea.

I subdue my diffidence, and embark—that is, I fall over the stern, and stumble to the only vacant seat—a thwart in the middle. Should have *preferred* a place nearer the gunwale. . . We are off; boat pretty full, twenty-four passengers, to crew of two boatmen and a cornet-player. People enjoying what they call "a blow on the jetty," wave handkerchiefs to us as we pass. Curious, this blind impulse to wave greetings to perfect strangers—does it spring from vague enthusiasm for humanity? Chatty old gentleman next to me *will* talk: he tells me confidentially that it is a singular thing, but it does so happen that he has never been on the sea without an accident of some sort occurring,—never! There is no superstitious nonsense about him, it seems, so he thought he would "chance it" once more. Very creditable—but more considerate if he would chance it in a canoe. The Cornet-player quite a cockney Arion (though nobody thinks, somehow, of pitching him overboard). He performs appropriate airs during trip. *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, as we start; *Only a Pansy Blossom*, (though I don't see the precise connection of this) as we tack; and the *Harbour Lights*, when we turn. Somehow, this rather vulgarises the Ocean—for me. Sea fortunately smooth: nobody at all unwell. I feel nothing—except perhaps a growing conviction that a very young infant opposite should not be permitted to eat a jam-puff in public. Boatmen use no nautical expressions. Passengers lively at first, though, by time we turn, the expression on our features, like that of young lady who wore the wreath of roses, seems "more thoughtful than before." We are close in now—the musician is sending round his hat. Resent this privately, it is *not* seamanlike! In beaching, yacht swings round with her broadside to breakers, causing sudden wave to drench the Jonah gentleman and myself before we can disembark. He seems rather gratified than otherwise by so apposite an illustration of his ill-luck. The brown-eyed girl on sands watches me alight—on all fours, dripping. Sea-trip a mistake. I feel damped rather than fired.

On the Beach again.—Cheap photographers, galvanic machines, chiropodist, tea-stalls, grim old ladies eating shrimps, as if they were cherries, out of paper bags. Open-air music-hall, where comic songs are shouted from platform by dreary men in flaxen wigs to harmonium—this always crowded. Enjoyment at Starmouth hearty perhaps—but hardly refined. Constantly haunted by song from open-air platform about "The Gurls," with refrain describing how "they squeeze, And they tease. And they soy, 'Oh, what joy!'" (or perhaps it should be—"sigh, 'Oh, what jy!'") Either way, it has hit the popular taste here. I may be prudish—but, even if a couple *are* engaged, it seems to me that a nicer sense of propriety would deter them from dozing in a sand-pit, *coram publico*, with their arms around one another's neck. Nobody thinks anything of this at Starmouth, however.

Lamb-bath.

What a matter of circumstance are our prejudices! I should once have thought that nothing would induce me to drive about on a *char-à-banc*—like one of the band in a circus procession. Yet I have just returned from a drive in one—and enjoyed it!

She—my brown-eyed divinity of the Phrenology lecture—was on one of the seats, which redeemed a drive otherwise prosaic. We went to ruined castle; scenery unpicturesque (she showed, I thought, delicate perception of this by reading *Family Herald* all the way). Starmouth children ran by side of carriage, turning head-over-heels, and gasping comic songs for coppers. Had last glimpse of them *standing* gratefully in a row on their heads.

We did not alight to see castle, as coachman said there was nothing to see. On way home, conductor made collection on his own account. (The hat is not much worn at Starmouth.) Yet I was happy—I have made *her* acquaintance! Charming as she is beautiful—so simple and *naïve* in the few remarks she made. She is called LOUISE, and the person I took to be her maid is, it appears, her aunt—a most shrewd and sensible old lady, full of quiet good sense. We became friendly at once.

A Week later.—No time for notes lately—too absorbed in study of LOUISE'S character—most complex and fascinating. Am I drifting into love? Why not—who could help it? The rank she occupies is not, perhaps, a lofty one; but at least there is nothing unfeminine in the duty of providing old ladies and children with light refreshment from behind the counter of an Oxford Street confectioner. And her tastes are refined; she is a gentlewoman by nature and instinct. The lady-phrenologist has delineated her (privately), and declared that LOUISE "could learn science easily, and play the piano, if she turns her attention that way." As a matter of fact, she has not, because neither science nor the piano is in demand at a confectioner's; but still she undoubtedly possesses a superior intellect; no ordinary girl would enter into the Nautical Drama, for instance, as she does.

"A Blow on the Jetty."

We have been to see *Caste* at the theatre. LOUISE very grave and critical; she only laughed once, and that was when *Eccles* blew rather loudly down his pipe to clear it. So many girls have an inconvenient sense of humour—quite unsexing, I have always thought.

Her aunt is not precisely patrician in her manner, which would be totally out of place in a Fancy Wool Repository—but, after all, I shall not have to go through any experiences like poor *D'Alroy's*. And I am sure my uncle's heart will warm to LOUISE at once. Why hesitate, then? I will not.

I have taken the plunge—LOUISE has consented. She tells me that she was won by my appearance in the Professor's chair, and still more by the character he gave me. How our choicest blessings masquerade! Drama, for the moment, in the background—but only apparently so. Literature has no stimulus like love, and I am constantly talking the play over with LOUISE. She has made one suggestion that convinces me she has a keen sense of dramatic effect—a hornpipe in one of the Acts. I am to read her the first Scene, as soon as it is put into shape.

Her brother "ALF" is expected down to-night. LOUISE is certain we shall "take to one another," he has "such spirits," and is "quite a cure." Always thought a "cure" was a kind of jumping clown—but ALF is a clerk in a leading establishment, somewhere in Marylebone—a steady, industrious young fellow, no doubt. However, I shall meet him to-morrow.

I *have* met ALF. Although I love LOUISE with the first real passion of a lifetime, I cannot disguise from myself that her brother is an unmitigated Blazer. I would almost rather that he did not take to me—but he does. In half an hour he is addressing me as "Old gooseberry-pudden." If he is going to do this often, I shall have to hint that I do not like it.

I have been strolling with him on the sands, where he has already found several of his acquaintance. He *will* introduce me to all of them. Hearty, high-spirited fellows, full of rough but genuine British humour. From the manner in which they all inquire "How my bumps are getting on," I infer they were amongst Professor SKITTLES' audience the other day. But they mean to be friendly enough—I must not let them see how they annoy me. . . . It is absurd to be stiff at Starmouth.

THE TYMPANUM.

(A Remonstrance at a Railway Station.)

THE tympanum! The tympanum!
Oh! who will save the aural drum
By softening to some gentler squeak
The whistle's shrill *staccato* shriek?
Oh! Engine-driver, did you know
How your blast smites one like a blow,
An inward shock, a racking strain,
A knife-like thrust of poignant pain,
Whilst groping through the tun-[nel murk
You would not with that fiendish jerk
Let out that *sudden* blast of steam
Whose screaming almost makes *us* scream.

Thy whistle weird perchance may [be
A sad and sore necessity,
But cannot Law and sense combine
To—well, in short, to draw the line?—
Across the open let it shrill [gloom,
From moor to moor, from hill to hill,
But in the tunnel's crypt-like [room,
The Station's cramped reverberant
A gentler, *graduated* blast! [past,
Do let it loose, whilst dashing
So shall it spare us many a pang;
That dread explosive bursting [num!
"bang"
Which nearly splits [the aural drum,
The poor long-suffering tympa-

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. **To this rule there will be no exception.**

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

THE BATTLE OF THE WAY.

A Lay of Lake-land.

"Now, Lake-men, claim your right of way, and see the business done,
Come with your crowbar, spade, and pick;—and sure the battle 's won,
For bolts and bars show Spedding's race that you don't care a fig,
And prove that right's no match for might when rallied round Latrigg."

So shouted Routh-Fitzpatrick, and Lake-men with a cheer,
To Fawe Park Gates from Keswick's peaceful slopes were drawing near,
When high upon the topmost wall as if to break the spell,
There uprose the Solicitor of Mrs. Spencer Bell.

He spoke and as his voice he raised his arms he waved around,
"Beware," he cried, "what you're about, for this is private ground.
With sundry pains and penalties you 'll surely be repaid,
Who dare to-day set hand to move this lawful barricade!"

But Routh-Fitzpatrick heeded not his protest, nor replied;
So Mrs. Bell's Solicitor, he promptly stood aside,
And watched the next proceedings with a disapproving frown,
For up went crow-bar, pick, and axe, and gate and bar went down.

Yes, 'neath the sturdy Lake-men's blows the barriers gave way,
And lo! in rushed the joyous thronging crowd without delay;
And some on foot, and some in drags, and some in waggons stowed,
Held on their way triumphantly down the disputed road.

So onward towards Silver Hill advanced the active host,
And cleared each wire fence away, and levelled every post;
And when with crowbar, pick, and axe, they 'd made their purpose plain,
To Nichol Ending they returned in triumph once again.

Then Secretary Jenkinson uprose and spoke a word,
And said how by the sights that day his manly breast was stirred,
And how that, if on Saturday as they had now begun
They held their own, they might regard the fight already won.

And then a telegram from Mr. Plimsoll he read out,
The which the Lake-men greeted with a hearty answering shout;
And Mrs. Bell's Solicitor retired from the field,
But with an ugly look that seemed to say, "We 'll never yield!"

And so commenced the fray that day, and though we know, of course,
As everybody tells us, there 's no remedy in force,
Still, if the Lake-men's pick and axe this matter sets at rest,
We must admit how ills to cure at Keswick they know best.

But which side wins or loses in the still impending fight,
Whether force of public freedom, or trick of legal right,
The eager world on-looking may have watched a deadlier fray,
But none more keen in contest than the Battle of the Way!

Parnellite Proverb (*applied to the Baleful Balfour*).—Give him an inch (of law) and he 'll take a (National) League.

THE MORNING'S REFLECTIONS.

Scene—*Breakfast-table of an Illustrious Statesman of stalwart proportions and "Gladstonian" politics. Illustrious Statesman discovered, admiringly perusing three closely-printed columns of leading Morning Paper.*

I. S. (*soliloquising*). Hah! Really reads very well, *very* well indeed. Points neatly put, hits smartly delivered! They shan't call me the "Champion Slugger" for nothing. American pugilist, named Sullivan, original bearer of that honorific title, I believe. Should like to see Sullivan. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous—curious. *Not* kind, always, or Joseph and William—but no matter.

Hm—m—m! Hm—m—m—m! Excellent! Sparklers calculated to illuminate Lewes, startle Sussex, electrify the country. Slugging and sparkling my specialities. One or two decent speakers about; "our distinguished leader" can—distinguish, at great length and with considerable verbosi—I mean eloquence. Randolph can rattle, and Morley can pound, and Rosebery twitter pleasantly. But they can't coruscate *and* crush. The power of the bolt, which at once shines and smashes, is Jovian—not Rhodian, as Dizzy once nastily suggested. "My thunder," and I 'm proud of it.

By the way, wonder what the *other* "Thunderer" thinks of it. Touches a tender chord, the chord of memory. Lost chord now, indeed. But no matter, let 's see. [*Turns paper.*

Hm—m—m! Hm—m—m—m! Hah! *Too* bad! "His bludgeon, or—considering his present connection—may we say his shillelagh?" Tut-tut! The Cloud-Compeller as a bludgeon-man, the Titan-queller flourishing a blackthorn like a tenth-rate Theseus, a Hibernian Hercules! Absurd! No sense of keeping whatever. "Swashbuckler," too! Nasty, and not even new!

As to "beating the big drum in Sussex"—why, how often have I done it—to their delight—in their own pages! "Travesty of contemporary history"—this to their own omniscient Historicus!

Shows the "Champion Slugger" has struck home, though. Your hard-hitter—your fellow who smites, as the appreciative rustic (Sussex man, I wonder?) put it, "blooming hard, blooming high, and blooming often," generally scores—even in the cricket-field. I am the Bonnor of debate, the Thornton of the platform. And doesn't the "Ring" like it?

Knocked holes in the "Jubilee Session," I fancy, "Ignorant people who mistake the flush of fever for the bloom of health, the torpor of apoplexy for the tranquillity of sleep," think that blazing Balfour and stertorous Smith are never "a penny the worse" for my repeated poundings. Pooh! "Salted with fire"—*my* fire—they—not being of the indomitable race of Dizzy—will *not* "undecaying live" much longer. I prophesy—but no, prophecy, *private* prophecy at least, is not profitable. Don't suppose a Delphic priest, or even a Derby tipster ever wasted time in prophesying *to himself!*

Still—still, *if* Champion "slugging" combined with coruscation *does* lead to Leadership—as why should it not?—I fancy I know some one who will have what the sporting patterers call, I think, "a look in" one of these days. Parochial shrewdness is all very well, so is philosophical precision combined with Puritan fervour. But the "swashing blow" strikes home, and if the Unionist bucklers are beaten down thereby, let who likes cry "swashbuckler!" As to "shillelaghs"—why is not "blackthorns to the front!" the order of the hour? [*Left smiling.*

In Troubled Waters.—Mr. Chamberlain is being praised in some quarters for saying that we should leave Irish affairs, and "attend to our own business." The inference seems to be that "Irish affairs" are *not* "our business." Is not Ireland as much a part of the United Kingdom as England, Scotland, or Wales? We shall be glad of a line from Mr. Chamberlain—when he gets to his Fisheries.

GOLD AND STEEL· OR. SOMETHING LIKE A "SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER."

The Nizam of Hyderabad (to Britannia). "HERE, MADAM, IS AN EARNEST OF MY GOOD-WILL—AND MY SWORD IS READY WHEN WANTED."

Mr. Punch, as Britannia's Chief Spokesman and First Plenipotentiary, replies to the Nizam of Hyderabad, First of India's Mahommedan Princes:—

THANKS, great descendant of GHAZEE-OOD-DEEN!
A gracious gift! It well may move the spleen
Of England's enemies—and yours. The Bear
Will stir, and growl in his chill Northern lair
To see the Indian Tiger arm-in-arm [charm
With England's Lion, linked by the strong
Of mutual confidence and common aim.
A generous friendship, Prince, is our best game.
Not loyalty alone approves your gift,
But wise self-interest, and sagacious thrift.
Sage SALAR JUNG would cordially approve
The liberal impulse, the far-sighted move.
Punchius, my Prince, is far too great to gush,
And fulsome flattery wakens manhood's blush.
England's true honour England's hand must hold;
Steel for defence, and for equipment gold

'Tis hers to furnish ; when that hand shall fail,
Auxiliar sword or purse will nought avail
To prop her sway, or 'stablish shaken power,
Not though she had the more than Danaë dower
Of all "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind."
Fear must not shake and softness must not blind
The man, the people, who would lead and light
Progress's Army in the World's great fight.
Each nation finds, when Fate its courage tests,
Its last, best frontier is its soldiers' breasts.
War's sinews, though, wise captains won't contemn,
Loyalty, liberal aid,—who laughs at *them*
Is churl and goose at once. All England's ranks
Will hail your generous gift with cordial thanks,
NIZAM-OOL-MOOLK! Our DUFFERIN has wit,
Trust him to make the wisest use of it;
Or failing that—which doubtless will *not* fail—
Trust *Punch* to throw his *bâton* in the scale,
Whose wood, in hands like his, as skilled as bold,
Ofttimes outweighs the worth of steel *and* gold.
NIZAM, that North-West Frontier, *Punch's* eye
Shall watch henceforth with sharpest scrutiny.
The lakhs not lacking, should swift wisdom lack,
That *bâton* will descend with thundering thwack
On dolts who dull delay shall cause or suffer;—
But there, our DUFFERIN is not a duffer.
Red-tape itself would hardly be so mad
As to misread the moral Hyderabad
Reads to Calcutta in this princely proffer.
Punch—for his QUEEN—acknowledges the offer
Of him who brings, a tribute free as leal,
Gold for her peace, and for her war-time steel.

ROBERT AT LILLIE BRIDGE.

WELL, it does seem raythor rum, I confess, but it's nevertheless true, that hardly nothink of a singlar and xtraordinary charackter seems to appen in London that I don't seem to be present. In these dredful dull days, when there ain't not no great dinners a going on, no not hardly one Livery Company a dining in their Alls of dazzling light, and the LORD MARE hisself a injoying of his olliday at Pangburn, what is a pore Hed Waiter to do to wile away a idle hour or 2; so hearing as two of the seven Champions of England was about to run a race of ever so many hundred yards in just a few seconds, at Lilly Bridge, me and BROWN went there on that now sillybrated Monday, and saw sich a rewolutionary riot as would have done justice to old Ireland itself. Determined to be in good time, we went early, and took up our plaices, and patiently waited. At about 5 o'clock pea. hem. the two galliant Champions walked on the ground, and took a good look at it. I didn't think werry much of their pussonal aperance, and shouldn't a thort as they was Champions if I hadn't bin told, and one was a good deal older than the other one, which didn't seem quite fare to me. However, I didn't interfere, as it wasn't no bizziness of mine, and the two running Champions walked in to dress, or rather praps I should say, to undress for the race. Harf past 5 came, and no Champions, and 6 o'clock struck and no Champions, and we began to get jest a little fidgetty; at a quarter-past 6 a wild roomer spread around that we was all a going to be sold!

There was about a hundred thowsand on us, more or less, a waiting patiently and quietly for a sight that thousands had cum hundreds of miles for to see, and we was told as how as the two galliant Champions had had a jolly row jest as they was a undressing, and then both on em dressed themselves again, and set off at their werry best speed, in quite different and rong directions, and never cum back! At this howdacious swindle our true British pluck begun for to arise, and we all with one acord began to shout tout, "Give us back our Money!" As they didn't do it, we all made a rush to the Pay Places, jest to help ourselves to our several shillings, but the cowardly money-takers had bolted with our money!

Then we Great Britains, feeling as we had been hartfully swindled, rose up in our mighty wroth and wowed wengeance! And wengeance we took! Some of the leading sperits among us who had come hundreds of miles to see the Recorder beaten, tho why they wanted to beat him I coudn't at all understand, shouted out "We'll have sumthink for our money afore we gos back," and quite right too, if they'd ha' stopped at the beer and lemonade, and the spunge cakes, at which the first rush was made, but when it came to destruction and fire and rebellyon, me and BROWN withdrawed our countenances from the hole thing and remembered our duty to our QUEEN and Country, and seeing as the blue Gardiens of the Peeple was raythor hard pressed by the raging and angry Mob, we got two of our friends, as was there, to jine us, and then them, and me, and BROWN, thinking as perhaps a reserve force might be wanted, and out of respect to the great Country that begot us, and bread us, and eddicated us, we stood a long ways off and formed ourselves into a reserve Corpse accordingly, and from there we surweyed all the wild and wicked proceedings in peace and quietness, and, strange to say, wasn't wanted after all!

Ah, if a few more of the few respectable-looking gents as was there had imitated our bold xample, things might have ended werry different to what they begun, but so it is, the mere mob is jest as easily led away to do rong as to do rite, it 's only the few who has the moral curridge to judge for theirselves as can stand apart on the roof of a publichouse, and look down with pitty and contemp on what is quite beneath 'em.

As I stood a moralising from my exhalted persition, with a glass of werry nice hot rum and water to keep up my sperrits and keep out the cold, I coudn't help thinking wot a werry wunderfull chap is the Brittish Publick when he hasn't noboddy to guide him. In this werry partickler case, becoz sumbody had bin and robbed 'em all of a shilling a peace, they sets to work, and not only gobbles up all poor Mrs. KING'S refreshments, but breaks all her glasses and things, although she knowed more about it than the Emperor of CHINA, and that coudn't ha' been werry much, and smashes down all the palings and places, and then sets 'em on fire, altho' they belonged to a Gent who was out of Town miles and miles away.

Well, I must say that, having in my werry long xperience seen lots of crowds of all sorts and sizes, for a thorough blackguard set as doesn't seem to have one single good quality, or, if they has, they hides it so carefully that not no one can never find it, but who seems to delight in orful langwidge and senseless mischief, commend me to a sporting mob in the naybourhood of Lundon; and the less they are allowed to congregate there, the better for all honest and decent people.

ROBERT.

AN ANXIETY.

Aunty. "WHY, LAURIE, YOU SEEM TO BE GROWING EVERY DAY!"

Laurie (whose one idea is his Birthday next week). "YES, AUNTY; I 'M AFRAID I SHALL BE SIX BEFORE MY BIRTHDAY!"

VICARIOUS WHIPPING.—Why are Railway Chairmen and Directors like JAMES THE FIRST when he was a boy? Because, according to received tradition, His Majesty, *in statu pupillari*, was provided with another boy, who, whenever JEMMY deserved the rod, had to be flogged, as a substitute, in the Royal youth's place; and the Railway Authorities are allowed similar substitutes, namely, signalmen, engineers, and other subordinates, against whom, when fatal accidents happen by their superiors' fault, Coroners' Juries usually return verdicts of manslaughter.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ASSASSIN.—"A Man who takes life seriously." N.B.—I never like hearing a Medical Man so described in ordinary conversation.

"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE."

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

(*En Route for Home after the Royat Treatment.*)

At Geneva I meet an old friend, one of the heartiest men I've ever known and one of the best. He is delighted, really delighted, at our accidental meeting. I am for going on, but he will not hear of it.

"I know the place," says he, cheerily, with a wink and a nudge, "and I'll take you about."

What a wink it is! and what a nudge! So full of humorous appreciation of life and character. Such a knowing not-to-be-done-by-anyone sort of wink. And the nudge is intended to draw your attention to the wink and emphasise it. John Birley is the frankest, openest, freest-and-easiest of men, with a boundless capacity for enjoyment, the strongest sympathies with suffering, and of a reverential grateful spirit that thanks Heaven for all bounties, and accepts misfortunes and sorrows as kindly reminders from Providence that the misfortunes and sorrows of others have to be considered and relieved, and again he thanks Heaven for having put it into his power to relieve them. His chief enjoyment is in giving pleasure to others. The most selfish would gain some good from contact with John Birley; and the craftiest, to whom it might occur to make John Birley's acquaintance for the sake of what he could make out of him or by him, would soon discover his error, and would be informed that he stood detected, very clearly, plainly, and straightly, not by anything that John Birley would say, but he would have it intimated to him beyond possibility of mistake by John Birley's wink and a playful nudge from John Birley's elbow in his left or right side, for John speaks with both elbows. The crafty rogue would there and then know—if he were not too fatally crafty for himself as are so many rogues, or too conceited to realise the humour of the situation,—that his little game, whatever it might have been with John Birley, was up, that his schemes were upset and that to "try it on," any further with John Birley would be utter waste of time and trouble. That is what John Birley's wink would convey to the rogue. But to the honest man, to the friend, the wink and nudge assure good comradeship and something rare in store for him. To the unfortunate and suffering there is another tone to the wink and nudge, and to these they are full of promise of hope and help, and act as a fine invigorating tonic.

Such is John Birley, whom I meet *en route* and who insists upon my stopping with him and showing me the place. He travels a great deal, he knows everybody and everybody knows him. No matter what the language of the country may be, no matter whether he is in France, Germany, Russia, Egypt, India, or Africa, among cultivated peers, outlandish peasants, or uncouth savages, John Birley invariably makes himself thoroughly understood, for any deficiency in his acquaintance with the language he ekes out with a wink and a nudge adapted to the occasion, and he is sure to obtain exactly what he wants, or an excellent substitute for it, if the thing itself is not to be had. And this has always been so. It so happens that he has retired from business and is now very rich, but long ago when he was working hard, and struggling too, his manner and method were just the same; he has never been discouraged, never been discontented, always energetic, always sanguine, and has elbowed his path for himself through the crowd, politely, pleasantly, apologising sympathetically for any toes he may have accidentally trod upon in his onward course, and working himself well into the front rank by the magic charm of his wink and nudge. He has pulled some others after him who have clung on to his coat-tails, and brought out of the ruck not a few of those on whose toes, as I have already *said*, he had pressed rather heavily in passing.

I know I cannot be in better hands, and he is going to show me about everywhere within the very few days I can absolutely spare, now that my cure is finished, my Royat time over, and that I am on my way back to England, home, and beauty.

He maps out a few excursions. He has taken them all before, long ago. But, delighted to go over old ground, the greater part of his pleasure will be found in my enjoyment; for to revisit places associated with pleasant memories, or with nothing but the remembrance of their loveliness, their grandeur, or their solemnity, is to him, in some way like welcoming old friends. All John Birley's friends are old ones; he has no new ones,—he never had. Some men of the world discussing him, aver that it is a sort of proof to themselves of there being something good still left in them, that they can reckon themselves among John Birley's friends. They are of all shades and colours are his friends, and they will analyse each other's characters behind each other's backs in the presence of John Birley, and afterwards they will be more inclined towards each other, more sympathetic, and more charitably disposed, in consequence of each other's good points having been brought out into strong relief by John Birley's kindly light. So it is with seeing the beauties of nature or art in his company; and so it is that I consider myself to have alighted on my legs in having come across him in this, the lovely playground of Europe, the home of the Merry Swiss Boys and Girls.

There is the Lake to be done; there is Nyon, Thonon, Rolle, Lausanne, Ouchy, Evian-les-Bains, Vevey, and then there are the heights above, including the ascent to St. Gergues, and to wherever can be obtained the best views of Mont Blanc, the Dent du Midi, and the other well-known "objects of interest." Were Puller here, he would say that "the best views of these mountains can be obtained at the photographers"—but he is not here, he is finishing his treatment at Royat. So it is all arranged, and we dine together, as a commencement.

"You don't mind a third party present?" says Birley to me, apologetically, "as I have just found old Sir Alec McQuincey, wandering about without a companion. Wretched to be alone, eh? and not well, eh? Suffering from liver—nasty that—gives jaundiced view of life. So must cheer the old boy up. He's off for a cure to Evian-les-Bains; so I said to him, 'Dine with us to-night, and we'll land you there to-morrow, eh?'—that's right, isn't it?"—and he gives me a cheery wink and nudge, taking me, as it were, into partnership with him in his scheme for entertaining Sir Alec McQuincey, and for keeping up the latter's spirits, previous to seeing him off to-morrow to the place across the Lake where he is to undergo his treatment, which I trust may enable him to "live happily ever after," and enjoy any amount of City dinners ("He is a City magnate," says Birley, with a nudge, "and that's not good for liver complaint, eh?") till the end of next Season.

Sir Alec is a capital companion, hearty, cheery, and full of anecdotes. He has got an excellent listener in John Birley, whereat I am rather astonished as John generally has a lot to say for himself, and a good story from one man invariably draws out another from J. B. But on this occasion he is so unusually silent that I am puzzled. It is true that Sir Alec commences most of his anecdotes with an apology to Birley in this shape, "I've told this to Birley before, but," turning to me, "you haven't heard it, and it may interest *you*," whereupon Birley nods approval, and I politely assure Sir Alec that I am already deeply interested by anticipation, and in the words of the ancient drama, now obsolete, I feel inclined to add, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much; proceed."

The sweet warbler, who, by the way, is a trifle hoarse and occasionally a little indistinct, tells several of these narratives—they are narratives—and I cut in with occasional observations more or less to the point, which are silently acknowledged by Birley, but not by Sir Alec, who seems bent upon getting on with his series, interspersed with anecdotes, to the exclusion of all other conversation. He begins with the fish, and his first story about somebody who rose from nothing and arrived at being something, lasts, with the assistance of several discursive but illustrative anecdotes, till we reach the merry Swiss cream and stewed fruit. With the coffee and cigars he opens volume two of his interesting and remarkable stories of great men—each biographical monologue being really interesting by itself, only taken together they ought to be spread over a considerable period, like the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and still Birley contentedly listens, gently inhaling his cigarette, and, when referred to, nodding corroboration. It occurs to me that as Sir Alec has told all these before to John Birley, so the latter may have told most of his to Sir Alec and to myself, and that that is why he is now so silent. At all events, he only rarely makes observations, and these of the curtest. I fancy he wants me to come out and amuse Sir Alec, in return for Sir Alec interesting me; and it occurs to me that I shall be ungrateful if I do not cut in with something new, just to save Birley from hearing Sir Alec's stories all over again, and Sir Alec from hearing Birley's, with which I presume, as they are such very old and intimate friends, he must be acquainted.

So I rouse myself, with a strong determination to shine or perish in the attempt. I make a sharp and apposite remark on some portions of the story which Sir Alec is now recounting, whereat Birley smiles, and Sir Alec smiles too, but resumes his narrative at once, as if he were afraid of losing the thread in consequence of my interruption. I am conscious of having only glimmered; I have not yet shone. On he goes again; he is telling us of a wonderful silver tea-pot, how it was lost in a cart, how some one saw it outside the Old Bailey, how some one came up at that moment and a Judge said to an Alderman, "That's the tea-pot!" Now at this moment I remember that I have a story which neither of these two has ever heard of a Judge and an Alderman which will come in capitally here, and so as I am quite certain that if I keep it to myself and allow the opportune moment to pass, I shall forget it entirely, and so lose a magnificent chance of shining brilliantly in the presence of Sir Alec (who if favourably impressed can be, I am aware, of the greatest possible service to me), I take advantage of Sir Alec drawing strenuously at the last half-inch (he is a thrifty man evidently) of his expiring cigar, to say briskly, "By the way,—excuse my interrupting you—but that reminds me," and then I give my story of the Judge and the Alderman, which makes Birley laugh, and brings a smile to Sir Alec's lips, though it seems to me there is a puzzled expression on his countenance, as though he couldn't quite understand the point, and was appearing to be amused chiefly out of politeness to me as being a friend of John Birley's.

However, Sir Alec does smile, and then forthwith resumes his narrative. When he has finished, as he has mentioned the names of some persons with whom I am acquainted, I ask him if they are so and so, and he replies, "Yes," and adds something which elicits from me a sharp remark that gets a roar from Birley, and produces on Sir Alec's countenance another smile and the same sort of puzzled expression I had noticed before. I feel that I have shone, but that somehow I have not turned my light strongly enough on to Sir Alec. I question him as to the identity of some other celebrated persons he has been mentioning, and he replies with something about them which doesn't seem to exactly correspond with my question; but once more—being in the happiest vein, and shining in a manner that positively astonishes myself, I let off another brilliant jest, which is received in precisely the same manner by my audience as were my previous conversational fireworks. I think to myself, "I am ingratiating myself with Sir Alec. This will be a first-rate thing for me and for several members of my family, as a man in Sir Alec's influential position," &c.

Sir Alec now starts another subject, and as I foresee that if he sticks to it, I have something which will cap everything, I at once question him as to something he has just uttered. He replies, but, as before, I am bothered by his reply, which seems to me utterly inconsequent. So I repeat my question. And he smiles, nods and says, "Well—yes—" doubtfully. But my question required quite a different sort of answer. It had been, "How many times did you say Lord Grangemore sneezed on that occasion?" To which it is evident that a doubtful "Well—um—yes," is not a satisfactory answer. So I repeat the question, whereupon he turns towards me confidentially and says, "No, I don't think so. It was her sister he married." I look at him inquiringly to see if this is his fun, but at that moment I catch a wink from Birley who is putting up his hand to his ear and intimating in the clearest possible pantomime for my private and particular benefit, that our entertaining friend Sir Alec McQuincey is uncommonly deaf!

Now I comprehend Birley's silence. Now I comprehend why Sir Alec goes on talking, and why he looks puzzled at any interruption, and why he could only smile when he got the cue, as it were, from his companion, and was made aware that there had been something said which required to be smiled at.

I relapse into silence. I accept an excellent cigar from Sir Alec, and I let him talk for the rest of the evening uninterruptedly, until he looks at his watch, says that nine-thirty is late enough for him, that he has enjoyed his evening with us amazingly, and goes off to bed.

"Agreeable old chap," says Birley, stretching out his legs, preparatory to taking a short stroll. "Seen a lot of life has old Alec. He's a capital Chairman at a Board-meeting. Just deaf enough when he doesn't want to hear any arguments. I let him talk on."

"So I see," I say, and we walk out to bid good-night to Mont Blanc.

"The Mons looks like a warrior taking his rest—his last rest," says Birley, gravely, giving me a subdued nudge. "Napoleon the Great, and his cocked hat, carved out of white stone. Ah!" and, meditatively we linger, and then walk slowly back to the Hotel.

"We'll take old Alec to his warm bath at Evian-les-Bains to-morrow," says Birley. "Good night." Then he pauses on the stairs, as with a wink full of fun, and last playful nudge, he says, "I suppose you'll let him have all the talk to himself, eh? Won't you? Ha! ha! I shall."

* * * * * *

My friend Skurrie to whom his own Plan of Return, which I have accepted, is as the law of the Medes and Persians, says he will give me three days more for Geneva and Birley, and that then we must emphatically start homewards as he insists on Jane and myself seeing Heidelberg *en route* and every half hour of our time from Wednesday to Monday is so carefully adjusted that to miss one train will upset all the plans he has taken such pains and trouble to arrange for us. I am closeted with him for two hours, when he explains it all to me, gives me, so to speak, the key of the puzzle, insists on my verifying the items by *Cook's Tourist Train-Book* (an invaluable work), and then reducing it to writing. After this I am headachey, and exhausted.

[P.S.—Revising this, long after the event, I say, "Beware of Skurrie and his fixed plan of sight-seeing against time."]

GRASP YOUR THISTLE.

Mr. Punch, Sir,—I would like to ask you, slick out, if you reckon it was all fair and square with that there *Thistle's* keel. For to hear that interested parties in that race had gone down in a diving-bell the evening before and screwed themselves on to that yacht would not have surprised me. And, let me tell you had they done so, they would have considerably impeded her progress the following day. That Captain Barr was cute enough when he said, "he couldn't make out what had come to his ship." Take my word what had come to it was just that diving-bell, and I shouldn't mind calculating that the owner of the *Volunteer* was boss of the interested parties fixed up inside of it.

Light Puffs raised a Little Swell.

You ask "can such things take place in the States?" Wal—I guess they just can. Muchly so, when there's money on it. As to the diving-bell advantage, I speak feelingly, as I have assisted over a twenty-mile course in one myself. We were on that occasion found out at the finish. But it was all straight. The umpire, whom we had previously squared, and who was above reproach, gave it in our favour. It's knowing these things, coupled with the fact that I backed the *Thistle* for two hundred dollars, that makes me just throw out these friendly hints to you, Sir, from,

The Port Bow.

The Other Side of the Atlantic.

A Point of Law.

(*By a Pun-propounding Gladstonophobist.*)

He's "popping up again," despite our praying;
Fools and fanatics flocking to his side.
Him to suppress I'm sure would not be slaying,
But "Justifiable G. O. M.-icide!"

Butter for Ailesbury.—The Jockey Club's decision!

Reporters at the Reporters' Congress.—Scarcely Short-handed!

"HOME! SWEET HOME!" (ALAS!)

THE LAST (SIGNAL) MAN.

VERITY IN A VISION.

(*With Apologies to the Shade of Campbell.*)

"The effect of material progress, and of the growth of mechanical invention, is to place the lives and interests of an increasing number of people in the keeping of a single man. Responsibility becomes concentrated to a dangerous and a truly alarming degree."—*Times.*

Of all dark shapes of human doom,
The lot of darkest dye
Is his whose soul must sole assume
RESPONSIBILITY!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
The earth had swung with secular sweep
To the last gulf of Time.
I saw the last of human mould,
Alone, unfriended, unconsoled
As ADAM when the night first rolled
O'er Eden's early prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan;
The wrecks of shattered thousands were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in pain,—its brands
On clammy face and clutching hands,—
In sudden palsy some.
Among them was no sound or tread
Even of Death among the dead,
Pain's very voice was dumb.

Still, statue-like, that lone one stood,
With fixed earth-seeking eye,
Silent as a flame-blasted wood
When winds have all swept by.
The last surviving unscathed One!
His face was grey, his race was run,
Cold as antarctic snow,
Unmoved by hopes, untouched by fears,
Left by the tide of human tears
That never more may flow.

He moaned, "No more shall man let stand
His power, his pride, his skill;
The arts that made fire, flood, and land
The vassals of his will.
Yet shall *I* mourn man's vanished sway,
The Systems that have had their day?
Out on the sordid arts,
The triumphs with which earth once rang,
The Progress which spared not one pang
To trampled human hearts!

"No; let oblivion's curtain fall
On me too, last of men.
I would not if I could recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its burden I would not bring back,
Responsibility's iron rack
No more shall make me writhe;
No lapse of vision, loss of word,
Shall make me feel a man abhorred,
Strew earth with slain as by War's sword
Or Death's relentless scythe.

"No more with weary wandering eyes
I'd watch, where, if I tire,
Hundreds in hideous agonies
May helplessly expire.
No man that breathes mere mortal breath
Alone should stand at odds with Death.
Systems? O learning lost!
On nerve, sight, sinew—human all,
And apt to fail at urgent call—
The bitter burden had to fall;—
Behold at what a cost!

"On me it fell, ah! not on Him,
The Corporate Demon dark,
Whose greed of gain gave systems dim
Capricious action. Hark!
The click, the crash! Nay, never mine—
Thank Heaven!—again to watch the line
With chill and catch of breath.
The knowledge that at last I fly
Thy rack, Responsibility,
Takes all the sting from Death!

"'Justice' no more shall hale me up
To answer this wild waste
Of human life. *That* bitter cup
At least I shall not taste.
Go, Sun, and say,—if e'er thy face
Shine on another earthly race,—
On what an ill-paid clod
Man laid Responsibility—
Because its Justice ruled awry,
And Mammon was its god."

Poor Old England!

THESE are hard times, and the oracles of the newspapers teem with thrifty suggestions. The last advice to the hard-pressed agriculturists is, to go in for cultivating mushrooms and blackberries. What a prospect for the country children! Fancy every mushroom-meadow tabooed to the early rural rambler, and all the blackberries strictly "preserved," in the sense of partridges, not of plum-jam. And what a fate for the land of the oak, the apple-tree, the wheat and the bearded barley, to come down, like tramps and village-urchins, to fungi and bramble-fruits!

POLITICAL ECONOMY. — Lord ROSEBERY, when next in power, will insist on the Government being "short-handed."

JUSTICE AT FAULT.

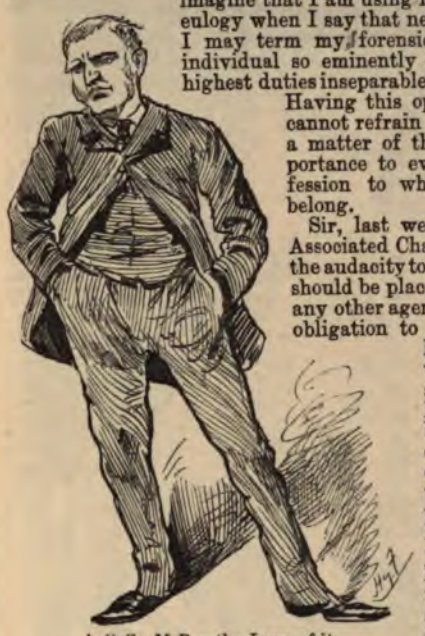
MR. PUNCH. "YES—YOU'VE GOT ONE OF 'EM! BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE *BOTH!!*"

"It is intolerable that a Railway Company should, for the sake of increasing its receipts, play fast and loose with the safety of great numbers of human beings. The block-system ought, in fact, to be made compulsory, and it should not be in the power of a Railway Company to suspend it."—*Morning Paper.*

CROSSING THE BAR.

Mr. Punch—My very dear Sir,

As on more than one occasion you have done me the honour of publishing some of my experiences, I feel that in you I am addressing a gentleman of keen intelligence, admirable judgment, and excellent sense. I am sure that you will not for a moment imagine that I am using language of exaggerated eulogy when I say that never in the course of what I may term my forensic life have I found an individual so eminently qualified to assume the highest duties inseparable from the Judicial Bench. Having this opinion of your merits, I cannot refrain from addressing you on a matter of the greatest possible importance to every member of the profession to which it is my pride to belong.



A Q.C., M.P.—the Long of it.

Sir, last week the Members of the Associated Chamber of Commerce had the audacity to affirm that every Counsel should be placed in the same position as any other agent in respect of his legal obligation to do the best he could for his employer. In other words, these gentlemen are anxious to prevent Barristers from accepting briefs unless they are sure of appearing in Court to conduct the cases to which they refer. Really nothing would be more monstrous! It is alleged, Sir, that we with a dozen cases in hand cannot do justice to them all! That we pick and choose, exerting ourselves in those which interest us most, and confer most distinction upon us, and neglecting the rest! This is a very old cry, and a very unfair one. I have been for very many years a Member of the Bar, and can assure you that, in my own professional career (which is a typical one), I have never been guilty of the abuses credited to us. The Representatives of the Associated Chambers of Commerce can know very little of the matter to which they are pleased to call attention by their superficial observations. I should like some of these Representatives to attend with me in the Royal Courts in Term Time, to mark us as we labour in the cause of our clients, and then to accompany me to the House of Commons, to watch us as we attend to our Parliamentary duties. Amongst our number, I would show him Mr. Waddy, unexhausted from impassioned appeals to the Jury, standing with Blue Book in hand, ready to use his mighty voice in defence of those liberties so dear to the heart of every Englishman. And when they were weary of admiring that gentleman, I would beg of them to regard Mr. Finlay, with his wig off and his gown discarded, giving gratuitous service to the best interests of the British Public. Their portraits should be hung up in every Chamber of Commerce, to remind our detractors that we have souls above fees, voices beyond the regulation of retainers! Moreover, I feel, Sir, that those who would attempt to degrade our social status by making us the peers of the commercial community are as short-sighted as they are ungrateful. It is said that we throw over our cases—that we do not appear when the names of our clients are reached in the Cause List! Has it ever occurred to these Associated Chambers that as litigation is admittedly to be avoided, the less law we give the Public the better? But I will not descend to an argument that should be kept in reserve when something infinitely stronger will serve my purpose better. From my name you will see that I can speak with authority. In that name I solemnly declare that I have never picked and chosen my cases, but have ever taken in all of them equal interest, and done to all of them equal justice.

Another Q.C., M.P.—the Short of it.

I deny that, by running after *me*, the Public has been guilty of an insane action. At least in the sense attached by Mr. Norwood to the accusation. Further, I have yet to learn that the Public ever *has* run after me. And if the Public has run after me, I absolutely and entirely contradict the absurd statement that it could get much better work done by others—*at any rate for a third of the money!*

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

(*Signed*) A. Briefless Junr.

Pumphandle Court, Temple.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Secret Inheritance is the title of Mr. B. L. Farjeon's latest, and only not his best, Romance, because his others have all been as absorbingly interesting and as exciting as this. Yet because in this the author adheres strictly to the point, without any carpenters' scenes of humour, which are distracting and irritating, I am inclined to set this down as the best of all Mr. Farjeon's,—in fact,—the best-by-Far-jeon. He is, for many reasons, better than Boisgobey.

Sketch of a Review. The March of Intellect.

In an admirably got up and well-arranged Jubilee volume about Pope Leo the Thirteenth, by John Oldcastle, we find an item of information which may be advantageously recommended to Emperors, Empresses, Monarchs of all they survey, Princes, Lord Mayors, and Aldermen. It is "the Pope's dinner." Listen, "A few minutes suffices for its consumption." "He does not spend a hundred francs a month for his table." Not one pound a week! Not three shillings a day on his food, wine included! He dines "at two o'clock: his mid-day meal lasts not longer than half-an-hour, and is very frugal, consisting of soup, one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, some fruit, and, by the doctor's orders, a glass of claret." His supper at 9·30 consists of "soup, an egg, and some salad." Is there a Radical living who could tax the Pope's bill of fare as exorbitant?

The Red Spider, by the Author of *Mehalah*, &c., is the *Un-read Spider* as far as I am concerned, for I could not manage to get through it, and I did try.

Book Worm.

THE NU DIKSHONARY.

Deer Punch,

Az I speek, so I rite, az neerly az possibl. I hope that wunce popular soshial and intellectual recreashon meeting the "Spelling Bee," (*sic*) will soon be revived, with a difference. It may be expected to cum up agen under the name of a Fonetik Spelling B, and the auspices of the American Spelling Reform Associashun. A competishun in spelling English wurds acording to thare sound may divert superfishl hearers; but no dout menny of those who hav cum to scoff wil remane to spel.

The adopshun of fonetik spelling must tend to elevate the Masses in respect of orthografy to a level with the Classes, az it will enable the former to spel az they speek correctly, when they do speek so. But, for that matter the fonetik orthografy, wunce adopted, wil naturally be followd by an adaptashun of all the prezent rules of Grammer to popular uzage. Perhaps the aspirate wil be expeld from the Alfabet, and there wil be an end to the supersilius aristocrat's derizhun of the Peeple for dropping their h's.

However, an Act of Parliament mite be necessary to effect the rekwisit reforms of the Queen's Inglish if possibl.

If the Republic of Letters cood be persuaded to employ those of the Alfabet fonetically, a popular system of spelling wood soon prevale. At leest all ordinary parts of speech mite by common consent be ritten as pronounsd. But a certin difficulty wood perhaps be prezented by proper names. I am afrade my friends who spel their own Marjoribanks, Ponsonby, Grosvenor, Poingdestre, DeCrespigny, Dalrymple, and others whom I could mention, wood almost as soon be hanged as pen fonetik signatures. As for myself, however, I hav no such objecshun. I happen to inherit a name of which the tradishonal orthografy is Colquhoun. It is far too much of a mouthful to be pronounced az so spelt, and I, for my part, deferring all pride of pedigree to a great intellectual movement, do not hesitate to sine it, regardless of the double meaning it may convey to an American reeder,

Coon.

P.S.—Ben Jonson's signature is clearly fonetik. As for Shakspeare, Shakespeare, Shakespear, or Shakspere, he seems not to have known how to spel his own name.

'ICHABOD!"

Scotch Wife (to her Gossip). "Ah dinna ken what 's come ower the Kirk. Ah canna bide to see oor Menester spankin' aboot on yon Cyclopædy!"

THE MEDICAL NEW YEAR'S DAY.

[The London Medical Schools open in the first week of October.]

In the dim days of chilly October,
When leaves are grown ashen and brown,
Let us hope to be steady and sober,
The Medicals come up to town.
They will study all lore anatomic,
To ease future patients from pains;
And must vow that no "Champion Comic"
Shall win them from muscles and veins.

With dissecting *extensor* and *flexor*,
They 'll find work enough for the knife;
While a *plexus* of nerves a perplexer
Will sometimes remain for all life.
While that life as an "organisation
In action," if critics speak truth,
Will remain the supremest attraction
For doctors in age or in youth.

In the summer their studies botanic
Will take them to flood and to field;
Well we know that the structures organic
Serene satisfaction will yield.
They will gauge both *corolla* and *calyx*,
Till examinations are o'er,
May they find, with the study of *salix*,
They need wear the willow no more.

Then *Materia Medica*'s charming,
They 'll learn all about Oil of Rue,
And if *Tinct: Podophylli*'s alarming,
They 'll turn to their Squills and Tolu.
In the *Hordeum Decorticatum*
They 'll find an old friend when they 're ill;
While the Ferrum that 's dubbed *Tartaratum*
Is not quite the thing in a pill.

Then our chemistry comes, and each symbol
Will vary, it seems, every age,
And the man has a mind that is nimble,
Who conquers each intricate page.
There 's $AgNO_3$ as the Nitrate
Of silver as plain as can be,
And anon comes the Sulphate and Citrate
Of Iron, that 's known as Fe.

Very steep is the pathway to knowledge,
As Medical Students will find;
And we 'll hope that they 'll work, when at College,
Or what they denominate "grind."
And hereafter, amid the aroma
Of weeds, they 'll think tenderly still
Of the dear days before the diploma
That gave them the "Licence to Kill!"

How Then?

Mr. Bright, backing up the Anti-Vaccination fanatics, says, "If honest parents object to have their children vaccinated, I would not compel them to submit." He would, in fact, substitute voluntary for compulsory vaccination. But what if voluntary vaccination for the few means involuntary small-pox for the many, Mr. Bright?

In Nuce.—Mr. Gladstone, adversely criticising Dr. Ingram's *History of the Irish Union*, compares that gentleman to a buoy tossed about on the waves. Indeed, the ex-Premier's article may be thus compendiously summed up *à la* Paul Bedford:—"I *don't* believe you, my Buoy!"

FOREST TALK.

Compiled for the Use of the Epping Deer-stalkers.

This wounded buck that is approaching us, painfully dragging its shattered hind-leg after it, must be the same creature we peppered, after such good sport, last Tuesday week.

Dear me, I did not know that our hunting-pack consisted of a mastiff, two poodles, three bull-dogs, a beagle, and a bloodhound.

Are these clumsy sportsmen, who blaze away without knowing what they are firing at, the "gentlemen" invited by the Verderer to assist him at the chase? Ha! I think, from the way he shakes his head as he makes off, that I must have hit that old buck nearly in the eye.

No, I am mistaken. I can clearly see now from the manner in which he is limping that I must have wounded the young deer badly in the ankle.

I wonder whether I shall find him lying down in a copse and dying some time next week.

My friends will certainly have to wait for their venison, for, strange to say, that is the seventeenth buck I have maimed this morning who has managed to drag himself off after being hit.

Fortunately the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are engaged in Town.

While this lasts, however, there cannot be a doubt but that the quality of the sport is excellent.

I wonder whether the Conservators are really fully aware of what a regular good time of it I 'm having.

"LONDON QUITE EMPTY!"

Sketched in October—East by West.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE COCKNEY CLERK.

"I know of no cure but for the Englishman (1) to do his best to compete in the particulars where the German now excels; (2) to try to show that, taken all round, he is worth more than the German."

Mr. Gladstone on English Clerks and German Competition.

All very fine, O orator illustrious!
But I as soon would be a Mole, or Merman,
As a short-grubbing, horribly industrious,
Linguistic German.

A Clerk's a Clerk, that is a cove who scribbles
All day, and then goes in for cue, and "jigger,"
And not a mere machine who feeds by nibbles,
Slaves like a nigger.

Learn languages? And for two quid a week?
Cut barmaids, billiards, bitter beer and betting?
Yah! that may suit a Sausage, or a sneak!
Whistles need wetting.

That is if they are genuine English whistles,
And not dry, hoarse, yah-yah Teutonic throttles.
I'm not a donkey who can thrive on thistles.
No, that's "no bottles."

I've learned my native tongue,—and that's a teaser—
I've also learned a lot of slang and patter;
But German, French, Italian, Portuguese, Sir,
For "screw" no fatter?

Not me, my old exuberant Wood-chopper!
Level *me* to the straw-haired Carls and Hermanns?
No; there's another trick would do me proper,—
Kick out the Germans!

Old Bismarck's "Blood and Iron's" a receipt meant
For Sour-Kraut gobblers, sandy and sardonic;
But for us Britons that Teutonic treatment
Is much too tonic.

The cheek of 'em just puts me in a rage,
Send 'em back home, ah! even pay their passage!
Or soon, by Jove, we'll have to call our age,
The German "Sauce"-age!

A STABLE COMPANION.

We read in the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 30th the following:—

NO SALARY.—A Widow Lady (39), well educated but not accomplished, will give her Services as Housekeeper in return for a comfortable HOME, and to be treated as one of the family, and the occasional use of a good hack, no need to have carried a lady before. Thoroughly understands the management of a gentleman's house, companionable, and ladylike appearance. Superior references.—Address, &c.

Is it the comfortable home which has "no need to have carried a lady before"? or the "family" of which the Advertiser desires to be one? We should imagine that this very masculine lady would be more likely to carry the family. Failing answers to her advertisement, she had better apply to a Circus for a post. "The occasional use of a good hack" would evidently be instead of salary. But she is much too modest. Why say she is "not accomplished" when she knows how to break in a horse? Any Rugby Football Club would give her "the occasional use of a good *hack*."

Theatrical Index Wanted.—"The Way Out."

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

I MUST say they take *rather* a matter of course view here of my engagement. No one would suppose from their manner that there was anything at all unusual in a match between a Government official and a confectioner's assistant! LOUISE's Aunt, indeed, (whether sincerely, or from motives of policy, I hardly know,) does not conceal her regret that a certain ROBERT PONKING had not "spoken out" while he had the opportunity. PONKING is a rising salesman in the trimming department of some upholstering business, and doing, I understand, extremely well. Still, I do flatter myself — but one can't *say* these things, unfortunately!

A Cutter making for the Peer Head.

An encounter — which, but for LOUISE's exquisite common sense, might have been awkward—has just taken place. We met PONKING on the Pier. It struck me that the Aunt's surprise was a little overdone, but he was evidently unprepared for *me*. LOUISE perfectly composed, however; introduced me as "her intended" (a trifle *bourgeois* this, perhaps, but it *is* difficult to know what to say—I felt it myself.) PONKING allowed her to see he was fearfully cut up, and I am afraid she is reproaching herself a little, poor girl!

We have met him again; he has reached the saturnine and Byronic stage; LOUISE remonstrated with him for smoking so many cigars, which she was sure were bad for him (*his* cigars are bad for everybody else at all events!) and he replied gloomily that there was no one to care *now* what he did, and oversmoking was as pleasant a way of leaving the world as most. I can see this is depressing LOUISE; she is not nearly so bright when alone with me as she used to be—she does not even take much interest in my Drama! I do my best to comfort her by declaring that PONKING is only "posing," and has not the remotest idea of dying for love; but that only seems to irritate her—she has such a tender little heart.

As we are constantly meeting him about, I appeal to him privately to brighten up a little. He is much affected, says I must make some allowance for his position, and implores me not to forbid him LOUISE's society altogether. He will make an effort to be gayer in the future, he promises me, the mask shall only be dropped in private. After all, he is ALF's friend, and an especial favourite of the Aunt's. If he does not recognise the propriety of going, I can't send him away —we must see something of him. I should be sorry for him myself —if only he were not such an underbred beast!

There is certainly a decided alteration in PONKING; he now affects the most rollicking high spirits — though why he should find it necessary to dissemble his grief by playing the fool all over the sands is more than I can understand. But he grinds piano-organs, and goes round with the tambourine; receives penny galvanic shocks, and howls until he collects a crowd; has "larks" with the love-birds which pick out fortunes, and chaffs all the Professors of Phrenology, choosing, as the head-quarters of his exploits, any place where LOUISE and I happen to be, to whom he returns, with roars of laughter, to tell us his "latest." Then he plays practical jokes on *me*, chalking things on my back, and putting sand down my neck. It is all very well for him to plead that he does these things "to hide an aching heart,"—but if he hides it in this way, he won't be able to find it again—that's all! I can see, too, it disgusts LOUISE, who bites her lips a good deal, although, she says, it is "quite a treat to see how Mr. PONKING is enjoying himself." I am afraid, for all that, that she thinks me a little too serious. Perhaps I am—I must prove to her that it is possible to rollick with refinement. But, somehow, I can never make her laugh as PONKING does.

"Thou counterfeit'st a bark." *Shakspeare.*

I very seldom have a quiet hour with her now; her brother has persuaded her that she ought "to see more of what 's going on," and "do as others do." Her wishes, are, of course, paramount with me—although I cannot see the enjoyment of going to the open-air Music-Hall *quite* so often, nor did I come here to play "penny nap," on the sands all the afternoon. If, too, LOUISE must speculate, she might "go nap" with more judgment, and I do strongly object to the ostentatious generosity with which PONKING throws away his best cards, rather than rob her of a trick—it is in the *worst* taste, and yet I fear she is touched by it. In the evening several of us promenade the town arm in arm; PONKING has a banjo and ALF an accordion. *Louise begs me to go, to see that* ALF *does not get into trouble—which may be necessary enough, but who will see that I get into none?*

It is unpleasant to be warned by a policeman not to make so much noise over the "*Soy, oh, what Joy,*" ditty, and I don't know why he singled *me* out—I was only *humming* the confounded thing! They generally come in and have supper with me, which Mrs. SURGE complains bitterly about; she says the gentlemen stay so late, and are so noisy, and her room smells of smoke so next day. I am aware of that, because I have to *sit* in it. I don't like PONKING at any time, but, if possible, he is rather more detestable in his sentimental moods, which generally come upon him after supper, when he informs me that the 'alo has departed from his life, and begs me, in broken accents, to allow LOUISE to visit his tomb occasionally. If he were only *there!*

"Uneven is the course. I like it not!"—*Shakspeare.*

To-day LOUISE appeared, for the first time, in a striped yachting-cap. I merely hinted, very gently, that, as she had never been on board a yacht in her life, and the cap did not even suit her, I preferred her ordinary style of head-dress, when she grew angry at once. *Everybody*, she informed me, was not of my opinion—Mr. PONKING had complimented her particularly—hang PONKING!

I find myself constantly greeting and being greeted by Blazers. I am sure *I* don't know how I have come to be acquainted with so many—they all ask me "How is myself," and, in answer to my polite, but scarcely warm, inquiries after their health, reply that they are "ter-rifie"—which they *are!* PONKING was asked by LOUISE the other afternoon whether he was "ready for his tea;" and answered briefly, but emphatically, "Wait till I get 'old of it!" LOUISE remarked afterwards that he was "so quick." I doubt very much whether she would say as much of *me*. I am as fond of her as ever—in some respects, fonder—but I cannot help noticing these things—I cannot help seeing that Starmouth is not doing her any good.

Afternoon: on the Sands.—LOUISE and ALF have been scooping a pit. When it is dug, she says coquettishly that there is just room for me. I decline, a little curtly perhaps—but I really am surprised at LOUISE—such extremely bad style! Her Aunt, who is eating plums hard-by, says "some people seem to think themselves too grand for anything." I can hear ALF whispering that LOUISE would not have to ask "poor old PONK" twice.

LOUISE says, pouting, that she shall not ask *me* again. I can see I have hurt her feelings. After all, it is possible to be *too* particular —there is no harm in it—countless couples around us are making themselves at least equally conspicuous. Somehow I never can be as firm with LOUISE as I am with most people . . . . I *ought* to be comfortable, with her head resting upon my shoulder and my arm encircling her waist (*she* insists on this)—but, as a matter of fact, I catch myself remarking how very much LOUISE has caught the sun of late. And she has developed quite a *tawny* within the last few days!

PONKING has just come up; he has arranged with a photographer to take us all, just as we are, in a group. As PONKING and ALF consider it humorous to be taken in the act of making horrible grimaces, we promptly become objects of general interest. I should *not* like to be seen by any of the fellows at the office just now.

Coming with a Rush!

We are all posed—and a nice picture we shall make!—when, on the outskirts of the crowd, I see a slender stately figure, which does not seem quite to belong to Starmouth.

There is actually a sort of resemblance—but that is absurd! She notices the crowd, and as she pauses with a half-indifferent curiosity, I see her full face . . . . It is almost too terrible to be true—but I am under no delusion,—*it is* ETHEL DERING!

"Quite steady all, for one moment, please," says the photographer. If I could only bury my head in the sand like an ostrich,—but *that* would excite remark, I suppose, and, besides, there is no time!

Theatrical Noes to Queries.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD is not engaged with a sequel to *East Lynne*, but with JOHN CLAYTON.

ARTHUR CECIL was not a favourite of Queen ELIZABETH; and she never received him at the Court in his life.

WILSON BARRETT does not always make a speech after an earthquake.

And lastly it is not true that Mrs. JAMES BROWN-POTTER was instructed in her art by Mrs. SIDDONS, Mrs. JORDAN, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT, and Miss MINNIE PALMER.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.*

'ARRY ON OCHRE.

Dear Charlie,

Hoctober, my 'arty, and 'Arry, wus luck! 's back in town,
Where it 's all gitting messy and misty; the boollyvard trees is all brown,
Them as ain't gone as yaller as mustard. I *do* 'ate the Autumn, dear boy,
When a feller 'as spent his last quid, and there 's nothink to do or enjoy.

Cut it spicy, old man, by the briny, I did, and no error. That Loo
Was a rattler to keep up the pace whilst a bloke 'ad a brown left to blue.
Cleared me out a rare bat, I can tell yer; no Savings Bank lay about *her*.
Yah! Women is precious like cats, ony jest while you strokes 'em they purr.

Lor', to think wot a butterfly beauty I was when I started, old pal!
Natty cane, and a weed like a hoop-stick, and now!—oh, well, jigger that gal!
Cut me slap in the Strand ony yesterday, Charlie, so 'elp me, she did.
Well, of sech a false baggage as Loo is, yours truly is jolly well rid.

Wot a thing this yer Ochre is, Charlie! The yaller god rules us all round.
Parsons patter of poverty's pleasures! I tell yer they ain't to be found.
If you 'aven't the ha'pence you' re nothink; bang out of it, slap up a tree.
That 's a moral, as every man as is not a mere mug must agree.

They talks of "the Masses and Classes,"—old Collars is red on that rot!—
There is ony two classes, old pal, them as 'as it and them as 'as not.
The Ochre, I mean, mate, the spondulicks, call the dashed stuff wot you please.
It 's the Lucre as makes Life worth livin', without it things ain't wuth a sneeze.

O Charlie, I wish I 'd got millions! I *ought* to be rich, and no kid.
I feel I wos made for it, Charlie. To watch every bloomin' arf quid,
Like a pup at a rat 'ole is beastly. Some stingy 'uns *carn't* go the pace,
But I know I should turn out a flyer, and so ought to be in the race.

Oh, it ain't every juggins, I tell yer, who 's built for the bullion, dear boy!
You must know the snide game that 's called "Grab," you must know what it means to "enjoy."
Neither one without tother's much use, but the true Ochre Kings are the chaps
As can squeeze millions out of "the Masses." They win in life 's game, mate, by laps.

That 's jest wot "the Masses" is made for; *them asses* I calls 'em, old man,
Same letters, same thing, dontcher know. Yus, Socierty's built on this plan.
Many littles makes lots, that 's the maxim; and he is the snide 'un, no doubt, [mugs who 're about.
Who can squeeze his lot out of the littles of half the poor
Twig, Charlie, old twister? Yer sweaters, yer Giant Purviders, and such
Is all on that lay. Many buds, and one big bloated Bee, that 's the touch!
Wy, if bees was as many as blossoms, or blossoms as few as the bees, [little honey to squeeze.
Him as nicked a whole hive to hisself would find dashed
The honey—or money—wants *massing*, that 's jest wot the Masses can do—
And the "Classes," my boy, are the picked 'uns, as know 'ow to put on the screw.
That 's the doctrine of "Dannel the Dosser," a broken-down toff, as I know;
And if Dannel ain't right, I 'm a Dutchman. *That 's* ow yer big money-piles grow.

Rum party the Dosser is, Charlie—I can't make him out, mate, not quite.
Laps beer, when he can, like a bricky, though brandy 's his mark. His delight
Is to patter to me about Swelldom, Socierty, wot he calls gammon—
That 's Ochre, dear boy, dontcher know. I suppose arf his gab is sheer mammon.

He eyes me in sech a rum style, Charlie, sort of arf smile and arf sneer,
Though he owns I 'm a Dasher right down to the ground—when he 's well on the beer.
A pot and a pipe always dror him, and I 'm always game to stand Sam, [like a lamb.
For his patter 's A 1, and I pump 'im,—a lay as he stands
"You *ought* to be rich, my young Cloten!" sez he. It 's a part of his game
To call me nicknames out of *Shakspeare*, and so on; but "Wot 's in a name?"
"My brain and your 'eart now together, would make a rare Dives," says "Dosser."
I don't always know wot he means, and I doubt if *he* does, poor old josser!

'Owsomever, the Ochre 's my toppic. Some jugginses talk about "Thrift,"
Penny Savings' Bank bosh, and that stuff. Wouldn't 'ave their dashed brains at a gift.
Save, hay,—out of two quid a week! No, it doesn't fetch me in that shape.
You must *swag* in this world to get rich; if yer carn't, it 's no bottles to *scrape*.

The Turf or the Stock Exchange, Charlie, would suit me, I 'd trust to my luck,
And my leariness, *not* to get plucked like that silly young Ailesbury duck,
Wot 's life without sport? Wy, like billiards without e'er a bet or a fluke, [be a Dook.
And that 's wy I 'd be a Swell Bookie—that is if I carn't
In fact if I 'ad my own chice, I should jest like to *double the part*,
As I fancy a few on 'em do. Oh, Jemimer! jest give me a start.
With a 'undered or two, and the Ochre I 'd pile 'twould take waggons to carry.
The world loses larks, mate, you bet, when among the stone-brokers is

'Arry.

Turning to the Left.—At a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council (in the teeth of a strong opposition of some of the members of the Board) it was decided to exclude strangers and the Press during a part of the proceedings. The matter under secret consideration, it is said, was the appointment by the Recorder of the Assistant-Judge of the Mayor's Court. It is rumoured that, acting on the opinion of Mr. R. S. Wright, (with him the Attorney-General) the Court decided not to confirm that appointment. But why all this mystery? What had the Councillors to fear? Obviously, they could be doing nothing wrong if they were sustained by Wright!

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

"WHO 'S THAT TINY LITTLE GENTLEMAN TALKING TO MAMMA, TOM?"
"MR. SCRIBBINS, THE WRITING MASTER AT OUR SCHOOL."
"AH! I SUPPOSE HE TEACHES *SHORT-HAND!*"

A LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN DUBLIN.

(A Lay of the Criminal Law Amendment Act.)

"SHURE it 's BALFOUR would be troublin', meeself Lord Mayor o' Dublin,
But every charge he makes I'll meet in fashion you 'll call nate;
For I 'll face the accusation that he brings against the *Nation*,
Attired from head to foot, my boys, in all my robes of State.

"So on with hat and gown, boys, for we 're goin' through the town, boys,
And you must help your City's Chief to make a real display."
Thus TIM SULLIVAN he cried out, as straightway he did ride out,
In civic pomp to near the Court on that eventful day.

And Town Councillors in numbers, woke from their normal slumbers,
And, donning gowns and tippets, rose and put on all they knew,
And with approbation glancing at the City Marshal, prancing
On a hired hack, they followed him, a rather motley crew.

At length the Court they entered, when attention soon was centred,
On a squabble that had risen about the Sword and Mace:
For some swore they were not able to lie upon the table,
Though the Lord Mayor hotly argued it was their proper place.

So when 'twas shown quite plainly, after pushing for it vainly,
Beyond the "bar" the civic baubles had to be conveyed,
With vow that none should floor them, their guardians upstairs bore them,
And in the front seats flaunted them conspicuously displayed.

Then up stood Mr. CARSON, quite as quiet as a parson,
And read out his indictment with a settled, stone-like face,
Till TIM HEALY, quick replying, rose then and there, denying
That the Counsel for the Crown had a shadow of a case.

And then as legal brother argued each against the other,
The while TIM SULLIVAN reclined in all his civic blaze,
O'DONEL he looked vexed there, and he seemed somewhat perplexed there,
As if the matter struck him as involved in doubtful haze.

But after some reflection, with a soupçon of dejection,
He announced that he had settled (though, doubtless, mid some fears
He might stir up BALFOUR'S fury), there was no case for a jury.
His judgment was received in Court with hearty ringing cheers.

Then, wild with exultation, up rose Mayor and Corporation,
And, greeted by the crowd without, were cheered along the way,
Till the Mansion House on nearing, the mob cried, 'midst their cheering,
A speech they wanted, and would hear what he had got to say.

Then TIM SULLIVAN he spouted;—the mob they surged and shouted,
And the upshot of the speech was this, that if, through legal flaws,
By any chance your way you see, to battle with the powers that be,
You 're hero both and martyr if you break the SAXON'S laws.

So it 's no use, BALFOUR, "troublin" the Civic powers of Dublin;
For if you do, you know that they will meet you just half way;
And if fresh accusation you but bring against the *Nation*,
The City shure will answer with another Lord Mayor's Day!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before* Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.)

An Official of Epping Forest introduced.

The Commissioner. Now, Sir, what can I do for you?

Witness. You can confer a favour upon me, Sir, by correcting some sensational letters and paragraphs on "Deer-Maiming in Epping Forest," that have lately appeared in the newspapers.

The Commissioner. Always pleased to oblige the Corporation. Well, what is it?

Witness. I wish to say, Sir, that deer-shooting in Epping Forest, so far as its guardians are concerned, is not a sport, but a difficult and disagreeable duty?

The Commissioner. A duty?

Witness. Yes, Sir, a duty; because, in fulfilment of an agreement with the late Lords of the Forest Manors (to whom we have to supply annually a certain amount of venison), and in justice to the neighbouring farmers, whose crops are much damaged by the deer, we are obliged to keep down the herd to a fixed limit.

The Commissioner. But how about the stories of the wounded animals that linger and die?

Witness. We have nothing to do with them—we are not in fault. I mean by "we" those who have a right to shoot by the invitation of the proper Authorities.

The Commissioner. But are not the poor animals sometimes wounded?

Witness. Alas, yes! Unhappily the forest is infested by a gang of poachers of the worst type, and it is at their door that any charge of cruelty must be laid. So far as we are concerned, we kill the deer in the most humane manner. We use rifles and bullets, and our guns are excellent shots. As no doubt you will have seen from the report of the City Solicitor, such deer as it has been necessary to kill, have been shot by, or in the presence of, two of the Conservators renowned for their humanity and shooting skill.

The Commissioner. It seems to me that you should put down the poachers.

Witness. We do our best, Sir. You must remember the Corporation has not been in possession very long. We have to protect nearly ten square miles of forest land, close to a city whose population is counted by Millions.

The Commissioner. Very true. Can I do anything more for you?

Witness. Nothing, Sir. Pray accept my thanks for affording me this opportunity of offering an explanation. I trust the explanation is satisfactory?

The Commissioner. Perfectly. (*The Witness then withdrew.*)

THE OCTOPUS OF ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(As much Fact as Fancy.)

"I had one curried, and found it most excellent—something like tender tripe."—*Extract from Mr. Tuer's Letter.*

"Devil-fish" of Victor Hugo,
Dread *Pieuvre* of caves where few go
But are made your palsied prey,
Where are now your gruesome glories,
Dwelt upon in shocking stories?
Realism a big bore is!
"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

You who, worst of ocean's gluttons,
Swallowed man, his boots, and buttons,
Cooked in this familiar way?
You who, in the tales of dreamers,
Sucked down ships and swallowed steamers,
Made the prey of kitchen schemers?
"Octopus *is* cheap to-day!"

Swallowed, *you* colossal cuttle?
Nemesis is really subtle!
Carted on the Coster's tray,
Dressed in fashions culinary,
Which the cunning *chef* will vary
After every vain vagary?
"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

Your huge arms, so strong, so many,
Like tarantula's *antennæ*,
Just like tenderest tripe, they say!
Only wait a little longer,
Turtle soup—as from the Conger—
They will make from *you*, but stronger.
"Octopus is cheap to-day!"

Octopus—or is't Octōpus?—
Fame, that should outshine Canopus,
All too swiftly fleets away.
Yet our feelings it must harrow,
That *your* demon-fame should narrow
To cook-bench and coster barrow.
"Devil-fish is cheap to-day!"

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

("Is this the Hend?"—*Miss Squeers.*)

SKURRIE puts us in the train, gives us our Cook's tickets all ready stamped and dated. No trouble. Then he insists on comparing his notes of our route with mine, to see that all is correct.

"Wednesday," he says, "that's to-day. Geneva *dep.* 12, Bâle *arr.* 7·45." He speaks a *Bradshaw* abbreviated language. "Change twice, perhaps three times, Lausanne, Brienne, Olten. Not quite sure; but you must look out." Oh, the trouble and anxiety of looking out for where you change! "Then," he goes on, "Thursday, Bâle *dep.* 9·2 A.M., Heidelberg *arr.* 1·55."

"Any change?" I ask, as if I wanted twopence out of a shilling.

"No; at least I don't think so. But you had better ask," he replies. Ah! this asking! if you are not quite well, and don't understand the language (which I do not in German Switzerland), and get bold of an austere military station-master, or an imbecile porter, and then have to carry that most inconvenient article of all baggage, a hand-bag, which you have brought as "so convenient to hold everything you want for a night," and which is so light to carry until it is packed! "Then," goes on the imperturbable SKURRIE, "you'll 'do' Heidelberg, dine there, sleep there, and on Friday Heidelberg *dep.* 6 A.M.——"

Here I interrupt with a groan—"Can't we go later?"

"No," says SKURRIE, sternly. "Impossible. You'll upset all the calculations if you do."

JANE says, meekly, that when one is travelling, and going to bed early, it is not so difficult to get up very early, and, for her part, she knows she shall be awake all night. Ah! so shall I, I feel, and already the journey begins to weigh heavily on me, and I do not bless SKURRIE and his plan. "But," I say aloud, knowing he has done it all for the best, and that I cannot now recede, "go on."

He does so, at railroad pace:—"Heidelberg *dep.* 6. Mannheim *arr.* 7·5, *dep.* 7·15. Mayence *arr.* 8·22, in time for boat down the Rhine 8·55. Cologne *arr.* 4·30. And there you are."

"Yes," I rejoin, rather liking the idea of Cologne, "there we are—and then?"

"Well, you'll have a longish morning at Cologne; rest, see Cathedral, breakfast," and here he refers to his notes, "Cologne *dep.* 1·13 P.M., and Antwerp *arr.* 6·34."

"Change anywhere?" I inquire, helplessly. "Yes," he answers, meditatively. "At this moment I forget where, but you've got examination of baggage on the Belgian frontier, and you have two changes, I think. However, it's all easy enough."

"I'm glad of that," I say, trying to cheer up a bit, only somehow I am depressed: and Cousin JANE isn't much better, though she tries to put everything in the pleasantest possible light, and remarks that at all events "the travelling will soon be over."

SKURRIE continues reading off his paper and comparing the details with my notes, "Sunday—Antwerp *dep.* 6·34 P.M. Rosendael *arr.* 7·45—yes—then Rosendael *dep.* 8·44, and catch the 10·10 P.M. boat at Flushing. Queenborough *arr.* 5·50, fresh as a lark, and up to town by 7·55."

"But we don't want to go up to town, we want to go to Ramsgate."

"Ha!" he says slowly, giving this idea as just sprung upon him his full consideration. "Ha!—let me see—" Then, as if by inspiration, he continues quickly—"sacrifice your London tickets, book luggage for Flushing, only then at Flushing re-book it for Queenborough, and once you're there you catch an early train to Ramsgate, and you'll be there nearly as soon as you would have arrived in London. Train just off. Wish you *bon voyage*."

I thank him for all his trouble, and ask, with some astonishment, if he is not going to accompany us?

"Can't—wish I could," returns SKURRIE, "but I've got to go off to Petersburgh by night mail. Business. Should have been delighted to have looked after you and seen you through, but you've got it all down and can't make any mistake. *Au plaisir!*"

And he is off. So are we.

Oh, this journey!! Everything changes. My health, the scenery, the weather, all becoming worse and worse. Poor Cousin JANE, too.

Oh, the changes of carriage! The rushing about from platform to platform, carrying that confounded bag, and sticks, and umbrellas, and small things, of which JANE—poor JANE!—has her share, and, but for her sticking to every basket and package, I should, in *despair, have surrendered to chance, left them behind me somewhere, and should have never seen them again.* All aches and pains, and weariness! At last at Bâle, rattled over stones and bridge in a jolting omnibus, through pouring rain to the hotel of "The Three Kings."

Our treatment in the *salle-à-manger* of that Monarchical Hostelrie is enough to make the most loyal turn republican. A willing head-waiter with insubordinate assistants—and we are miserable.

Off early to Heidelberg. Delighted, at all events, to bid farewell to the worthy Monarchs. This trip seemed to invigorate us, and if civility, polite attention, good rooms, and an excellent *cuisine* could make any invalid temporarily better, then our short stay at the Prinz Karl Hotel—a really perfectly managed establishment—ought to have revived us both considerably. And so it did. A lovely drive to the heights among the pine woods and in the purest air went for something, but alas the knowledge that we had to rise at 5 A.M., to be off by SIX—it turned out to be a 6·30 train—drove slumber from our eyes, and only by means of a cold bath, the first thing on tumbling out of bed, could I brace myself for the effort. Then on we went, taking SKURRIE's pre-arranged tour.

Let the remainder be a blank.

When abroad I had bought a French one-volume novel which I had seen praised in the *Figaro*. I will not give its name, nor that of its author. If it indeed portrays persons really living in Paris, and if these persons are not wholly exceptional (but, if so, why this novel, which implies the contrary and denounces them?) then is the latest state of Republican Paris worse than its former state in the days of the *débrinqolade* of the Empire, and Paris must undergo a fearful purgation before she will once again possess *mens sana in corpore sano*. I read this disgusting novel half-way through until its meaning became quite clear to me, and then I proceeded by leaps and bounds, landing on dry places and skipping over the filth in order to see how the author worked out a moral and punished his infamous scoundrel of a chief personage. No. Moral there was none, except an eloquent appeal to Paris to rise and crush these reptiles and their brood. On the wretched night when feverish, ill, and sleepless, I lay miserably in the saloon of the Flemish steamer crossing to Queenborough, I opened the porthole above me and threw this infernal book into the sea. After this I bore the sufferings of that night with a lighter heart.

* * * * * *

Suffice it that I arrived at home—and how glad I was to get there—broken down, prostrate and only fit for bed——where with railways running round and round my head, steamboats dashing and thumping about my brain, the shrieks of German and Flemish porters ringing in my ears, SKURRIE always forcing me to travel on, on, on, against my will, I remained for about three weeks.

Advice gratis to all Drinkers of Waters.—"The story shows," as the Moral to the fables of ÆSOP used to put it, that when you have finished your cure, make straight by the easiest stages for the seaside at home. Avoid all exertion: and ask your medical man before leaving to tell you exactly what to eat, drink, and avoid, for the next three weeks at least after the completion of your cure.

* * * * * *

While ill, but when beginning to crave for some amusement or distraction, I asked that my dear old BOZ's *Sketches* should be read to me, to which in years gone by I had been indebted for many a hearty laugh. Alas! what a disappointment! Except for a little descriptive bit here and there, the fun of these *Sketches* sounded as wearisome and old-fashioned as the humours of the now forgotten "Adelphi screamers" in which Messrs. WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD used to perform, and at which, as a boy, I used to scream with delight, when the strong-minded mistress of the house, speaking while the comic servant was laying the cloth for dinner, would say of her husband, "When I see him I'll give him——" "Pepper," says the comic servant, accidentally placing that condiment on the table. "He shan't," resumes the irate lady, "come over me with any——" "Butter," interrupts the comic servant, quite unconsciously, of course, as he deposits a pat of Dorset on the table. And so on. Later on, I tried THACKERAY's *Esmond*. How tedious, how involved, and full of repetitions! It is enlivened here and there by the introduction of such real characters as *Dick Steele, Lord Mohun, Dean Atterbury*, and others, and by the mysterious melodramatic appearances and disappearances of *Father Holt*, a typical Jesuit of the "penny dreadful" style of literature. But the work had lost whatever charm it ever possessed for me, and, indeed, I had always considered it an over-rated book, not by any means to be compared with *Vanity Fair, Pendennis*, or even with *Barry Lyndon*, which last is repulsively clever.

* * * * * *

Then I asked for a book that I never yet could get through, and to which I thought that now, with leisure and a craving for distraction, I might take a liking. This was *Little Dorrit*. I tried hard, but it made my head ache even more than *Esmond* had done, and I laid it down, utterly unable to comprehend the mystery which takes such an amount of dreary, broken-up, tedious dialogue in the closing chapters to unravel.

* * * * * *

I took down WASHINGTON IRVING's *Sketch-book*, and read it

with delight. Fresh as ever! It did me good. So did Charles Lamb's Essays. And then guess what moved me to laughter, to tears, and to real heartfelt gratitude that we should have had a writer who could leave us such an immortal work? What? It is a gem. It is very small, but to my mind, and not excepting any one of all he ever wrote, the most precious in every way for its true humour, for its natural pathos, and for its large-hearted Christian teaching, is *The Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens. Had this been his only book, it would have sufficed for his imperishable fame.

* * * * * *

And then what made me chuckle and laugh? Why, Thackeray's *Sultan Stork*, which, somehow or other, I never remembered having read before this time of convalescent leisure. It is Thackeray in his most frolicsome humour, and, therefore, Thackeray at his best.

* * * * * * *

I am almost recovered, and am finding my "Salubrity at Home."

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

From an Anxious Householder.

Dear Toby, — It was in my mind to write to you some days ago, but I have had my time much occupied with a subject of domestic interest. In fact, I have just been laying the carpet presented to me by our fellow-citizens of the ancient and important community of Kidderminster. The carpet, regarded individually, is a desirable and an acceptable thing. It is, as you have observed in the newspaper reports, woven of the wool known to the trade as the Queen's Clip. In colour it is a rich damson, and in quality Wilton. Apart from its suitability and acceptability, we here see in it the beginning of what I confess we should be inclined to regard as a pleasing habit on the part of our fellow-countrymen. As you are aware, my wife and myself have for some years been the recipients of gifts consisting of what a well-known person of the name of *Wemmick* was accustomed to call, articles of portable property. Our journeys to Scotland were always marked by the presentation of gifts that even became embarrassing by reason of their quantity and variety. We have quite a stock of Paisley shawls. Dundee marmalade is a drug in our domestic market. Plaids, snuff-boxes, walking-sticks, and, above all, axes I have in abundance. Through the medium of an interesting periodical, of which you may have heard —(it is known as *Exchange and Mart*)—we have managed to average our possessions, a process not entirely free from adventure. In one instance an unscrupulous individual, probably a member of the Primrose League, succeeded in obtaining a two-dozen case of marmalade and a Scotch plaid presented by the working-men of Glasgow, in promise, yet unfulfilled, of delivery of a bicycle warranted new. I have rather a hankering after trying a bicycle. Lowe gave his up with the ultimate remainder of his Liberal principles. But in old times I have heard him speak with enthusiasm of the exercise. When I noticed this person advertising in *Exchange and Mart* his desire of bartering his bicycle, we entered upon the negotiation which has ended so unfortunately. He has our Paisley plaid and Dundee marmalade, and we have not his bicycle.

This, however, by the way. What I had at heart to write to you about, suggested by the Kidderminster carpet, is the new opening here offered for manifestations of political sympathy at a serious political crisis. We are, to tell the truth, towards the close of a long career, a little overburdened with articles of portable property of the kind already indicated. But our residence is large, and, if I may say so, receptive. Carpets, though a not unimportant feature in the furnishing of a house, do not contain within themselves the full catalogue of a furnishing establishment.

If Kidderminster has its carpets, there are other localities throughout the Kingdom which have their tables and chairs, their bed-room furniture, their curtains, their brass stair-rods, and their gas-fittings. History will, I believe, look with indulgent eye upon an ex-Premier, the Counsellor of Kings, the leader of a great Party, assisting at the hauling in and laying down of an eleemosynary carpet, the wool of which is made from Queen's Clip, has a rich damson colour, and is of Wilton quality. Why should I not give a back to an arm-chair presented by an admiring Liberal Association? or walk upstairs with a bolster under either arm, token of the esteem and admiration of the West of England Home Rulers?

I throw out these thoughts to you, dear Toby, as I sit in my study and survey the carpet of Wilton quality, which covers the floor. As you will have seen in the newspaper reports, "on entering the room where the carpet was displayed the Right Honourable Gentleman remarked that it had a quiet tone, which was so pleasant to the eye; adding that it was a great mistake, (which used to be committed about fifty years ago) when carpets were made with staring patterns." It is, I need hardly say, the growth of Liberal principles which has effected this change in the public taste for carpets. Whether indeed, suppose we were in need of a battle-cry, "Our Quiet Tones and Our Liberal Principles," would not serve as opposed to "Toryism and Staring Patterns," I am not certain. These things we must leave to the evolution of time. Meanwhile I will not deny in the confidence of a friendly letter that we could very well do with a sofa, the tone and construction of which should, of course, match the carpet from Kidderminster. If you are attending any public meeting and you find the popular indignation against the Government of Lord Salisbury rising to an ungovernable pitch, you might gently and discreetly guide it in this direction.

Always yours faithfully,

H-w-rd-n C-stle. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.

P.S.—A mangle and a garden-roller might later, and in due order, occupy your kindly thought.

GENTLE SHEPHERD!

A Ballade for the Board.

"The lobby of the Metropolitan Board of Works offices was recently the scene of a serious assault, committed by Mr. Keevil, upon Mr. Shepherd."—*Daily Paper.*

Gentle Shepherd, tell me true,
Did, selecting time and place,
Wary Keevil go for you,—
Hit you on the chest and face?
Did he, waiting on the stairs,
Watch until you passed him by,
Then adroitly, unawares,
Plant one on your weather eye?
Did, O Shepherd, tell me true,
Wary Keevil get at you!

Gentle Shepherd, answer me,
Say, did you, when last you spoke,
Language use that possibly
Wary Keevil might provoke?
If so, p'raps 'twas not too wise,
Though it could involve no right
To attempt to black your eyes
In a stand-up Board-Room fight!
Ah! sweet Shepherd, sure his due
He will get who went for you!

"Proud o' the Title."—The Bishop of Lichfield, in one of his speeches at the Church Congress last week, included the English Roman Catholics among the "other Nonconformists." Then his Lordship was graciously pleased to observe that he was very willing to acknowledge the Queen as supreme, but objected to the authority of Parliament, in Church matters. It is very evident on which side Dr. Maclagan would have been in the reign of the pure and pious Henry the Eighth, when that amiable monarch ordered the decapitation of those bigoted and obtuse "Nonconformists," Bishop Fisher, and Sir Thomas More.

HARDLY FAIR.

OUR ARTIST PAINTS AN INTERESTING STUDY OF A FURZE BUSH.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

A Colloquy on the Canadian Shore.

Canada. "Westward the course of empire takes its way."
Britannia. The Bishop's famous line, dear, bears to-day
Modified meaning; westward runs indeed
The route of empire,—ours!
Canada. If I succeed
In drawing hither Trade's unfaltering feet
And *yours*, my triumph then will be complete.
Britannia. Across your continent from sea to sea
All is our own, my child, and all is free.
No jealous rivals spy around our path
With watchfulness not far remote from wrath.
The sea-ways are my own, free from of old
To keels adventurous and bosoms bold.
Now, from my western cliffs that front the deep
To where the warm Pacific waters sweep
Around Cathay and old Zipangu's shore,
My course is clear. What can I wish for more?
To your young enterprise the praise is due.
Canada. The praise, and profit, I would share with you.
Canadian energy has felt the spur
Of British capital; the flush and stir
Of British patriot blood is in our heart;
Still I am glad you think I've done my part.
Britannia. Bravely! Yon Arctic wastes no *more need slay*
My gallant sons. Had FRANKLIN seen this day
He had not slept his last long lonely sleep
Where the chill ice-pack lades the frozen deep.
"It can be done; England should do it!" Yes,
That is the thought which urges to success
Our struggling sore-tried heroes. WAGHORN knew
Such inspiration. Many a palsied crew
Painfully creeping through the Arctic night
Have felt it fill their souls like fire and light.
Well, it *is* done, by men of English strain,
Though in such shape as they who strove in vain
With Boreal cold and darkness never dreamed
When o'er the Pole the pale aurora gleamed
Perpetual challenge.
Canada. Here's your Empire route!
A right of way whose value to compute
Will tax the prophets.
Britannia. Links me closer still
With all my wandering sons who tame and till
The world's wild wastes, and throng each paradise
In tropic seas or under southern skies,
See, Halifax, Vancouver, Sydney, set
Fresh steps upon a path whose promise yet
Even ourselves have hardly measured. Lo!
Far China brought within a moon or so,
Of tea-devouring London! Here it lies,
The way for men and mails and merchandise,
Striking athwart your sea-dividing sweep
Of land; one iron road from deep to deep!
Well thought, well done!
Canada. No more need you depend
On furtive enemy or doubtful friend.
Your home is on the deep, and when you come,
To the Dominion's land you're still at home.
Britannia. And woe to him the Statesman cold or blind,
Of clutching spirit or of chilling mind,
Pedantic prig or purse-string tightening fool,
Who'd check such work and such a spirit cool!
Yours is the praise and may the profit flow
In fullest stream, 'midst your Canadian snow
A true Pactolus. Trade's prolific fruit,
Should freely flourish on our Empire Route.

LOADED WITH PRESENTS.—In the account given in the *Times* (Oct. 7) of the unveiling of Mr. BOEHM'S statue of the QUEEN in the presence of its donors, HER MAJESTY'S tenants and servants on the Balmoral Estates assembled at Crathie, there is a funny misprint:—

"At this point (*i.e.* after HER MAJESTY'S reply to the Prince of WALES'S address) the soldiers saluted and fired a *feu de foie*."

As refreshments were supplied by the QUEEN'S command immediately afterwards, perhaps the guns had been loaded with "*foie gras*," tightly compressed into cartridges.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Britannia. "NOW, FROM MY WESTERN CLIFFS THAT FRONT THE DEEP
TO WHERE THE WARM PACIFIC WATERS SWEEP
AROUND CATHAY AND OLD ZIPANGU'S SHORE,
MY COURSE IS CLEAR. WHAT CAN I WISH FOR MORE?"

SOME NOTES AT STARMOUTH.

Ethel Dering has not recognised me yet. Naturally she would not expect to find me being photographed on the beach with such a crew as this—but she *will* in another instant. unless,—ah, Louise's sunshade! my presence of mind never *quite* deserts me. There is a slit in the silk—through which I can see Ethel. As soon as she discovers what the excitement is all about, she turns away . . . . . Thank goodness, she is gone! I have saved the situation—but ruined the group . . . they are all annoyed with me. I had really no idea Louise looked so plain when out of temper!

As we go back, Alf wants to know whether I noticed that "clipping girl." He means Ethel. Louise says, he "ought to know better than to ask me such things, considering my situation." Agree with Louise.

Evening. I am staying at home; *nominally*, to work at the Drama (still in very elementary stage) *really*, to think out the situation. Remember now the Derings have a yacht; they *may* only have put in here for a day or two—if not, can I avoid being seen by her sooner or later? The mere idea of meeting *her* when I am with Alf or Ponking, and my Blazer acquaintances, makes me ill. (Not that I need distress myself, for she would probably cut me!) Can't think in Mrs. Surge's little front parlour. I must get out, into the air! Let me see, Louise and her Aunt (and no doubt Ponking and Alf) will be at the Music Hall this evening, as there is a "benefit" with the usual "galaxy of talent." If I keep away from the sands (where I might see Ethel), I shall be safe enough.

Turn into Public Gardens; nobody here just now, except a couple in front, who seem to have quarrelled—at least the lady's voice sounds displeased. Too dark to see, but as I come nearer—is it only my nervous fancy that—? No, I can't be mistaken, that *is* Ethel speaking now! "Why will you persist in speaking to me?" she is saying, "I don't know you—have the goodness to go away at once." Some impudent scoundrel is annoying her! Didn't know anything could make me so angry. I don't stop to think—before I know where I am, I have knocked the fellow down . . . he can't be more surprised than *I* am! It is all very well—but what is to become of me when he *gets up again?* He is sure to make a row, and I can't go *on* knocking him down! Must get Ethel away first, should not like to be pounded into shapelessness before her eyes. "Miss Dering," I say, "you—you had better go on—leave him to me," (it will probably be the other way, though!) "Mr. Coney!" she cries. "Oh, I am so glad!—but don't hurt him any more—*please*." He is getting up, as well as I can make out in the darkness, I am not *likely* to hurt him any more . . . I wish he would begin, this suspense is very trying. He *has* begun—to weep bitterly! Never was so surprised in my life; he is too much upset even to swear, simply sits in the gutter boohooing. If he knew how grateful I am to him! However, I tell him sternly to "think himself lucky it is no worse," and leave him to recover.

"Why, he 's a man of whacks!" *Shakspeare.*

Must see Ethel safe home after this. She and her father *did* come in the yacht—they are at the Royal Hotel, and she missed her way and her maid somehow, trying to find a Circulating Library. She really seems pleased to meet me. It is not an original remark—but *what* a delight it is to listen to the clear fresh tones of a well-bred girl—not that Ethel's voice is anything to me *now!* She "can't imagine what I find to do in Starmouth,"—then she did *not* recognise me this afternoon, which is some comfort! I should like to tell her all, but it would be rather uncalled-for just now, perhaps. We talk on general matters, as we used to do. Singular how one can throw off one's troubles for the time—I am actually *gay!* I can make *her* laugh, and what a pretty rippling laugh she has! We have reached the Hotel—*already!*

"So many guests invite as here are writ."—*Shakspeare.*

Now I am here, it would be rude not to go in and see old Dering. I do. He is most cordial. Am I alone down here? Critical, this. After all, I *am* alone—in my lodgings. "Then I must come to luncheon on board the *Amaryllis* to-morrow." Ethel (I *must* get into the way of thinking of her as "Miss Dering") looks as if she expects me to accept. I had better go, and find an opportunity of telling her about Louise—who knows—they might become bosom friends. No, hang it, *that's* out of the question!

The Derings' private room opens on to the Esplanade; old Dering comes to the French windows, and calls out after me, "Don't forget. Lunch at two. On board the *Amaryllis*—find her at the quay." "Thanks very much—I *won't* forget. Good-night!" "Good-night!" Someone is waiting for me under a lamp. It is Alf, but I did not know him at first. "Why, where on earth!"—I begin. He regards me reproachfully with his one efficient eye, and I observe his nose is much swollen. Good heavens, I see it all—I have knocked down my *future brother-in-law!* Well, it serves him right.

He explains, sulkily; he meant no harm; never thought anyone would be offended by being spoken to civil; *he* never met girls like that before (which is likely enough); and to think I should have treated him that savage and brutal—it was *that* upset him. Tell him I am sorry, but I can't help it now. "Yes you can," he says, hoarsely. "You know this girl—this Miss Derin'," (he has followed us, it appears, and caught her name)—"you don't ought to play dog in the manger *now*—I want you to introduce me in a reg'lar way. I tell yer I'm down-right smitten." Introduce *him*—to Ethel! Never, not if I won the V.C. for it! "Then you *look out!*"

He has gone off growling—the cub! He will tell Louise. On second thoughts, his own share in the business may prevent that—but it *is* unfortunate.

Next Day.—Have got leave of absence (without mentioning reason). I believe I pleaded the Drama, as usual, and I *have* jotted down a line or two. Am dressing for luncheon—somehow I take longer than usual. Ready at last; the coast is clear, I am a trifle early, but I can stroll gently down to the quay. . . . Turn a corner, and come upon Ponking, with Louise. Fancy both look rather confused, but they are delighted to see me. "Was I going anywhere in particular?" "No—nowhere in particular." "Then I'd better come along with them—they have dined early, and are doing the lions." Louise makes such a point of it that I can't refuse—must watch my chance, and slip off when I can.

Later.—We have done an ancient gaol, the church, and a fishermen's almshouse—and I have not seen my chance *yet*. Ponking determined to see all he can for his money. Louise, more demonstrative than she has been of late, clings to my arm. It is past two, but we are working our way, slowly, towards the quay. Ponking suggests visit to Fisherring Establishment. Now is my chance; say I won't go in—don't like herrings—will wait outside. To my surprise, they actually meet me half-way! "If you want to get back to your play-writing, old chap," says Ponking (really not a bad fellow, Ponking!) "don't you mind *us*—we'll take care of one another!" Just as deliverance is at hand, that infernal Alf comes up from the quay, with an eye that is positively *iridescent!* "Oh, look at his poor eye!" cries Louise. I look—and I see that he means "*being nasty*." He addresses me: "Why ain't you on board your swell yacht, taking lunch along with that girl, eh?" he inquires. Exclamations from Louise:—"Girl? yacht? who? what?" and then—it all comes out!

Thrown over at a Watering-place.

Painful scene; fortunate there are so few looking on. Louise renounces me for ever opposite the Town-hall. "She knew I was a muff, but she had thought I was too much the gentleman to act deceitful!" Ponking is of opinion I "haven't a gentlemanly action *in* me." So is Alf, who adds that he "always felt somehow he could never make a pal of me." There is balm in *that!*

Thank goodness, it is over! I am *free*—free to think of Ethel as much as I like! I see now what a wretched infatuation all this has been. I can tell her about it some day—if I think it necessary. I am not sure I *shall* think it necessary—at all events, just yet.

I am a little late, but I can apologise for that. Odd—but I can't find the *Amaryllis* anywhere! Ask. A seaman on a post says "There *was* a yacht he see being towed out 'bout 'arf an hour back—he didn't take no particklar notice of her name." No doubt I mistook the moorings—better ask at hotel, perhaps. I do. Waiter says if I am the gentleman by name of Coney, there are two notes for me in Coffee-Room.

A love-lorn Romeo ready for his Beer.

Open first—from Mr. Dering.

"Regrets; unforeseen circumstances—compelled to sail at once, and give up pleasure, &c."

Second—from Ethel; there is hope still—or would she write?

"Dear Mr. Coney,—So sorry to go away without seeing you. You might have told me of your engagement yourself, I think—I should have been *so* interested. Your brother-in-law and his aunt thought it necessary to call and inform us. We are delighted that you are having a pleasanter time here than you gave us to understand last night. With best wishes for all possible happiness," &c.

So *that* was Alf's revenge—it was a good one! After that, I shake off the sand of Starmouth—for ever!

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

John Bull (loq.). "Very kind of Her Majesty to let me see Her Jubilee Gifts; but I wonder when Her Advisers will allow me to see my Own!"

ECHOES FROM ST. JAMES'S PALACE. (JUBILEE DEPARTMENT.)

Crowd discovered besieging entrance to Staircase. Policeman examines bags for concealed Dynamite.

Loyal Old Lady (presenting reticule for inspection). Which there's nothing in it but a few cough-drops.

Policeman (exercising a very wise discretion). Pass on, Mother!

On the Stairs.

'Arry (to Halfred—tazing his memory). I dunno as I was ever 'ere before—was you?

Halfred (conscientiously). Not to remember.

A Deliberate Old Gentleman, full of suppressed general information (to his two boys). Now, the great thing is not to hurry—we shall find much deserving of careful study here.

[*Faces of boys lengthen perceptibly.*

An Aunt (to Niece). You'd better go first, Eliza; then you can read it all out to me as we go along.

Confused Murmurs—"Where's Grandma?"—"It *is* ridiklous to go pushing like that!"—"Well, the Pit 's a joke to this!" &c., &c.

In the State Apartments.

Delilah. O. G. This, boys, is the ante-room, and here, you see, is a trophy presented by the Maha——

[*Puts on glasses, to inspect label.*

Policeman (loudly). Now then, Sir, don't block the way, please,—keep moving!

[*O. G. moves on, under protest, to secret relief of boys.*

The Aunt (examining pair of Elephant Tusks set in carved Buffalo's Head). They may call them "tusks" if they like, Eliza,—but anyone can see they 're *horns*. They belong to one of them "Cow-Elephants," depend upon it!

[*Peers anxiously about in vain attempt to discover it.*

Loyal Old Lady. There 's nothing here but these caskets. I thought they'd the Jubilee Cake on view!

Visitor (in state of general gratification). Ha! they 've given her some nice things among 'em, I must say. There, you see,—an arm-chair,—always come in useful, they do!

Female V. Jane, come here, quick! (*They gaze reverentially on carved chest full of slippers.*) That 's what I call a *nice* present, now,—but, if they were mine, I should unpick all that raised embroidery inside the soles before ever I put 'em on!

Jane. Well, I suppose she wouldn't only wear them when she 's in *state*.

Policeman. Now, Ladies, please don't linger! Pass along, there!

The Well-informed Old G. You see this device, formed of green and yellow feathers, boys. Well, these feathers come from——

Policeman (as before). Don't stop the way, Sir, please!

Old G. (hanging on obstinately to barrier) —— The Sandwich Islands, and are worn exclusively by—(*is swept on by crowd, and wedged tightly against case containing samples of woollen products—boys dive under red cord, and escape*).

Two Ladies (from the country). Those Policemen is like so many parrots, with their "Keep moving;" they don't give you time for a good look! *That 's* a handsome pair of jugs the Crown Prince and Princess give her, a little like the pair old Mr. Spudder won with his Shorthorns at the Show, don't you think? Only more elaborate, p'raps. Tell me if you can see the Cake anywhere, my dear. I don't want to go away, and not see *that!*

Intelligent Visitor. That 's a curious thing, now. Look at that label, "Presented by——" and the name left blank!

A Jocular Visitor (seeing an opportunity). *Too* bad, Maria! I'm sure we wrote our names plainly enough!

[*Sensation amongst bystanders, who regard the couple with respectful interest.*

Maria (who considers this trifling with a serious subject). If I had known you were going to be so *foolish*, George, I should not have come!

[*Collapse of* George.

A Practical Visitor. Now, there 's a neat idea—d'ye see? A crown, made all out of tobaccer. There 's some *sense* in giving a thing like that!

The Jocular Visitor (reviving at sight of embroidered Child's Frock in case). Pretty costume, that, eh, Maria? But do you think Her Gracious Majesty will ever be able to *get it on?*

Maria (horrified). I tell you what it is, George, if you go on making these stupid jokes, you will get us both turned out—if not *worse!* I 'm sure that Policeman heard!

Loyal Old Lady. They 've given her scent, and little brass-nailed boots, and cotton reels enough to set her up for life. But there, she deserves it all, bless her!

Party of Philistines (to one another.) You don't want to go in *there*—there 's only a lot of water-colours presented by the British Institute. Let 's see if we can find the Jubilee Cake!

FINAL TABLEAU.—AT THE GENERAL EXIT.

Crush of enthusiastic Britons, gazing at a gigantic ornament from the Jubilee Cake. Various exclamations. "All of it pure sugar, I shouldn't wonder!"—"What do you think of *that* for a cake, JEMMY?"—"Lift JOEY up to have a look!"—"Well, I do call that grand!"

Loyal Old Lady (*forcing her way to the front—disappointedly*). But that's only the *trimmings!*

A Bystander (*correctively*). You can't expect any Cake to keep long, with so many in the family; and, even as it is, you get some ideer what it must have been!

All (*deeply impressed*). Ah, you do, indeed—you get *that!* Well, I'm glad I came; I shan't forget this as long as I live!

[*Exeunt awestruck—their places are taken by others, who gaze long and respectfully on the Cake. Scene closes in.*

BOB SAWYER REDIVIVUS.

(*At the Middlesex Hospital.*)

JUST been given what the newspapers call "the privileges and status of a true Collegian,"—in other words find I'm no longer to be allowed to live in the jolly old free-and-easy way, in one's own diggings, but am to be boxed up inside the Hospital instead! Hang the Authorities! Should like to cup them all.

Anyhow, got a decent room: can show it off to visitors. Visit from Oxbridge friend. Seems surprised at smallness of my apartment. Says it's "not *his* idea of living in College: more like living in *Quad*," he adds, humorously. "Do I really mean to say," he asks, "that I am to sleep in same room I live in, with only a curtain between?" Have to confess such is the intention of the architect. He says, "if he was me, he'd complain to the Dean." Don't like to show ignorance—so don't ask him if he means Dean of WESTMINSTER or ST. PAUL'S. Oxbridge friend declines my invitation to "dine in Hall," and disappears.

Ah! They've given us a Smoking-room, anyhow. Is it a smoking-room? No—a "Library and Reading-room." Disgusting! Ring for brandy-and-soda. Nobody answers the bell! It seems the "Collegiate servants" go out of College between meals. Nothing to do, so amuse myself for an hour in Dissecting-room. Pine for freedom. Go to entrance and am stopped by Porter. Porter says, "Gentlemen not allowed to leave Hospital after dark without leave of House Surgeon." Tell Porter I'm a child of nature, and that I want to visit a dying relative. Porter incredulous—proposes sending one of the resident Physicians instead. No, thanks! Retire to room and think of old rollicking days. Nothing to do. Wonder if Porter would let me bleed him. No, perhaps he's not in the vein.

Hall Dinner.—Hate dining in common—reminds one of the Zoo. Student next to me very shoppy. Brings a bone in with him, and puts it on table, studying it between courses. Tell him, pleasantly, it'll be a bone of contention if he does not remove it. He doesn't understand. Replies, quite seriously, that it's the "*os humeri.*"

After Dinner.—Tedious. Just the time when the "Lion Comique" is "coming on" at the Parthenon Music Hall. And I can't get out to hear him!

Later.—Had jolly spree, after all—also after Hall. Tied new curtains together and let myself down into street, amid yells of large crowd. Rather damaged right scapula, but can't be helped. Went to Gaiety; jolly supper, met BEN ALLEN and a lot of chappies, who are at Bart's and haven't any of these ridiculous Collegiate regulations, and had high old time. How to get back, though? Ay, "there's the rub,"—worse than rubbing scapula, too.

Boldest plan best. Rap Porter up. Porter surprised to see me. Says it's "past one o'clock," and wants to know how I got out. Tell him I'm a child of nature, and if he reports me to House Surgeon I shall certainly cup him to-morrow. Porter asserts, quite untruly, that I am intoxicated.

Next Day.—Authorities have heard how I escaped from Hospital last night. Also Porter—the idiot!—has complained that he goes in fear of his life because of my threats. On the whole, Hospital Authorities come to conclusion to ask me to leave, as "they think I am not fitted for Collegiate life," and I quite agree with them. Pack up, and pack off.

"UNCO GUID!"

So utherner (*in Glasgow, to Friend*). "BY THE WAY, DO YOU KNOW MCSCREW?"

Northerner. "KEN MCSCREW? OO' FINE! A GRAUND MAN, MCSCREW! KEEPS THE SAWBATH,—AN' EVERYTHING ELSE HE CAN LAY HIS HANDS ON!"

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.—The unfortunate Vacation Judge this year has been detained at Court or Chambers five times a week instead of (as in the olden days) thrice a fortnight. He must appreciate the meaning of "getting his head into Chancery"—and his wig too!

THE TWO GOATS.

AN OLD FABLE WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

(*For the benefit of Bolton.*)

Two bellicose goats once encountered each other in the middle of a narrow bridge spanning a deep gulf and a raging torrent. To pass each other seemed (to them) impossible, at least without much more careful and courteous mutual

self-adjustment than either was at all disposed for. For one or the other to make way by temporarily backing, was, of course—to bellicose goats—entirely out of the question. The only alternative was clearly a butting-match.

Our angry goats entered upon it with great gusto. Heads hotly encountered, horns angrily collided. The harder the hits the less did either feel disposed to give way.

But a narrow bridge over a deep gulf is a bad place for a battle *à outrance*. The infuriated animals quickly settled the point at issue, in a way as final as unpleasant, by butting each other over into the gulf, leaving the disputed path clear for the passage of creatures more conciliatory and less cantankerous.

APPLICATION.

Two objects cannot occupy the same space—even in Bolton. Battles upon bridges—even iron bridges—are bad things. A quarrel between two parties—even if they represent Capital and Labour—cannot be regarded as satisfactorily settled by the destruction of both—unless they are thieves, or Kilkenny cats. It is much easier to get into a gulf—even the gulf of Bankruptcy—than out of it. To parties expiring at the bottom of a gulf, into which they have hurled each other, it is small consolation to see more peaceful persons—though they be foreigners—making better use of the bridge which might have carried them both safely over.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A COLLECTION *of Thackeray's Letters* (1847 to 1855. SMITH & ELDER).—It must have cost Mrs. BROOKFIELD a good deal of mental anxiety before she decided upon giving publicity to this correspondence. But she has undoubtedly done well and wisely, as everybody interested in the personal THACKERAY, outside and away from his works, will gratefully acknowledge. THACKERAY was always fond of alluding to himself as the Showman with the puppets, or portraying himself as taking off the cap-and-bells when, from behind the grinning mask, peeps out the sad eyes and the rueful countenance. Now in these Letters we are sometimes admitted behind the scenes, as, for instance, when he is just going to work; but, as a rule, we see him in his leisure, out for a holiday, amusing himself and others, and enjoying himself like an overgrown schoolboy full of fun and frolic, not a bit of a cynic, and there are no sad eyes and rueful countenance when the mask is off. The peculiar charm of these Letters is that they are so evidently private; there is nothing of the *poseur* about them. They were never intended to be addressed *urbi et orbi*.

One favourite style of amusing himself in writing he had, which, by the way, rather calls to mind the way *Mr. Peter Magnus* had of amusing his friends, and that was mis-spelling, and spelling in Cockney fashion. How he must have revelled in writing *Jeames's Diary!* The burlesque element of humour was irrepressible in THACKERAY, and found vent through pen and pencil. Nearly all his sketches, with remarkable exceptions, are, more or less, grotesque. Many of his Vignettes, with which he illustrated his novels, cannot fail to suggest a kind of Dicky-Doyleian humour. Two characteristics of the man are brought out strongly in these letters; first, his humility as regards his own work (he was proud in other matters), and, secondly, his generosity as exhibited in his unaffected admiration for the work of CHARLES DICKENS.

Occasionally we catch a glimpse of his religious tendencies, which are at one time influenced by J. H. NEWMAN, at another by J. S. MILL; and it is interesting to read his *naïve* utterances about Scripture, showing that whatever lectures he may have attended at Cambridge, those on Divinity, or on the Greek Testament, could not have been among them. And this indeed is highly probable. His kindness of heart is evident throughout. His laughing at himself as a Snob when affecting the company of great people is delightful, though there seems to be in this self-ridicule something of the true wood spoken in jest. He makes a burlesque flourish—so like him—about sending in "his resignation" to *Mr. Punch*. As a matter of fact, he remained an honorary member of *Mr. Punch's* Cabinet Council, and retained his seat at *Mr. Punch's* table, up to the time of his death. The present writer remembers WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY being frequently present in *Mr. Punch's* Council Chamber, *Consule Marco*. A most interesting, amusing, and instructive book, especially to literary men—(some novelists must be delighted at finding THACKERAY reading over the previous portions of his own serial in order to recall the names of his characters, and his frantic joy at hitting on the title of *Vanity Fair*)—is this collection of THACKERAY'S Letters. To Mrs. BROOKFIELD our heartiest thanks are due.

Like and Unlike. By Miss BRADDON. Everybody who cares about a novel with a good plot so well worked out that the excitement is kept up through the three volumes and culminates with the last chapter of the story, must "Like" and can never again "Unlike," this the latest and certainly one of the best of Miss BRADDON'S novels. Miss BRADDON is our most dramatic novelist. Her method is to interest the reader at once with the very first line, just as that Master-Dramatist of our time DION BOUCICAULT would rivet the attention of an audience by the action at the opening of the piece, even before a line of the dialogue had been spoken. This authoress never wastes her own time and that of her reader, by giving up any number of pages at the outset to a minute description of scenery, to a history of a certain family, to a wearisome account of the habits and customs of the natives, or to explaining peculiarities in manners and dialect which are to form one of the principal charms of the story. No: Miss BRADDON is dramatic just as far as the drama can assist her, and then she is the genuine novelist. A few touches present her characters living before the reader, and the story easily developes itself in, apparently, the most natural manner possible. *Like and Unlike* will make many people late for dinner, and will keep a number of persons up at night when they ought to be soundly sleeping. These are two sure tests of a really well-told sensational novel. *Vive* Miss BRADDON!

YOUR OWN BOOK-WORM.

A LICHFIELD HOUSE OF CALL.

SHADE of BOSWELL, awake, arise! Know that the Lord Mayor of Lichfield, Mr. A. C. BAXTER, has announced in the *Times* that the house Dr. JOHNSON was born in is put up for sale by auction on the 20th inst. Now, then, is the time for a big brewer who would like to get bigger, or any licensed victualler, with command of a moderate capital, to invest it in the purchase of the premises in which the great Lexicographer and Moralist first saw the light, and in the conversion of them into a public-house, to be called and known by the sign and name of "The Johnson's Head." A likeness of Dr. JOHNSON, copied by a competent Artist from the best of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S portraits, and mounted on the sign-board, would be sure to attract multitudes of respectable people, and others, besides forming a decoration of the tavern at Lichfield, and an ornament to that town. A pub. associated with one of the highest names in literature could hardly fail to be frequented by numerous book-makers. The memory of Dr. JOHNSON might, however, be honoured by the preservation of his home for what many may consider a nobler purpose than that of a liquor-shop; and those who are of that opinion should look sharp and secure his birthplace by coming forward, and taking care that, when under the hammer, it shall be knocked down on their own account to the highest bidder. "The man who could make a pun would also pick a pocket;" true, but he might prefer putting his hand in his own to commemorate the name of the great SAMUEL, by helping to stand Sam.

FAVOURITE SEASONING AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET ON THE 9TH OF NOVEMBER.—Sauce *à la Maître d'Hôtel*.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not* even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

MR. PUNCH'S MANUAL FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

As has been observed earlier in this series, the Amateur Reciter is influence by a natural ambition to harrow his audience to the best of his ability. And, be it said, the average audience is not at all averse to being harrowed—provided this is done with any science and refinement. When persons are met together for social enjoyment, nothing apparently affords them keener pleasure than a performance which produces certain peculiar sensations, such as the feeling of partial want of control over the facial nerves, smarting behind the eyes, increasing obstruction in the throat, and a general conviction that, unless something occurs to make them laugh at once, they will be irresistibly compelled to sob like so many seals. It is, perhaps, a little odd—but the taste exists, and must be taken into account. The sole drawbacks are that, too often, the means adopted to secure the desired result depend more than should be upon sentiment which might almost be described as false; that the incidents occasionally have too little relation to real life; and that, what might have proved eminently touching, is marred by some involuntary association with the ludicrous and grotesque. In his anxiety to preserve his pupils from such pitfalls as these, *Mr. Punch* offers an example in which the blemishes he has hinted at have been sedulously avoided. It is at once homely, wholesome, and tear-compelling—like the common onion. You will find you produce a favourable impression at once by announcing it as,—

POSITIVELY THE LAST PERFORMANCE!

(*You must come on with a general suggestion in your manner that you are supposed to be the proprietor of an itinerant Cat and Canary Troupe. Begin with a slow and somewhat depressed shake of the head, as if in answer to imaginary inquirer.*)

No, we ain't performin' to-day, Sir, and the boys are all on the gape
At seein' the mice in mournin', and the cats in chokers o' crape;
But I'm giving the Show a rest, d'ye see? for I didn't feel up to the job,
(*Pause—then subdued*) For my leadin' comejian's left me, Sir—
(*Explanatory, perceiving you are not understood*)—the brindle kinairy—(*more impatiently*) Bob! [red?
What, ye don't remember? (*Surprise.*) Not him as wore the toonic o' Turkey
What rode in a gilded kerridge with a 'at an' plumes on his 'ed?
And, as soon as we 'd taken a tanner, 'ud fire a saloot from the gun? [*Excitedly.*
There was Talent inside o' that bird, there was, or *I* never see it in one!
(*Philosophic bitterness.*) Well, he's soon forgot—but I've often thought as a *fish* keeps longer than Fame!
(*Sudden comprehension and restored cordiality.*) Oh, ye didn't know him as *Bob?* . . . I see—no, that were his *private* name.
I used to announce him in public on a more long-winded-er scale—
I christened him "Gineral Moultky," (*apologetically*) which he '*ad* rather gone at the tail;
And a bird more popilar never performed on a peripathetic stage,
He was allers sure of a round of applause as soon as he quitted the cage!
For he thoroughly hentered into the part he was down for to play, [day.
And he never got "fluffy" nor "queered the pitch,"—leastwise, till the hother
I thought he'd bin hoverexertin' hisself, and 'ud better be out of the bill,
But it wasn't till yesterday hevenin I'd any ideer he was *ill!* [tip,
Then I see he was rough on the top of his 'ed, and his tongue looked dry at the
And it dawned on me like a thunderbolt—"Great Evings!" I groaned,—"THE PIP!" (*Pause here, to emphasise the tremendous gravity of this discovery.*)
Well, I '*ad* bin trainin' a siskin to hunderstudy the part, (*more ordinary tone for this*) [o' *Hart!*
And I sent him on—(*tolerantly*)—which he done his best, but he 'adn't no notion
So I left the pitch as soon as I could, and (meanin' to make more 'aste)
I cut across one o' them buildin' sites as was left a runnin' to waste.
There was yawning pits by the flinty road, as rendered the prospeck dull,
And 'ere and there a winderless 'ouse, with the look of a grinning skull,
(*Try to paint this scene visibly for the audience; background is essential for what is to come.*)
A storm had bin 'anging about all day (and it *broke*, you 'll remember, at last!)
So I 'urried on, it was gettin' late—and the Gineral sinking fast!
(*You are now approaching the harrowing part, but keep yourself in reserve for the present.*)
But all on a sudding I 'eard him give a kind of a feeble flap, [chap."
And I stops, and sez in a 'opeful way, "Why, you're up in yer sterrups, old
(*A bold metaphor applied to a bird, but characteristic in the speaker.*)
(*Sink your voice.*) Then I see by the look of his sorrowful eye he was thinkin':
"Afore I go,
I'd like to see one performance—for the last—of the dear old Show!"
(*Note, and make your audience feel, the touch of Nature here.*)
And I sez, with a ketch in my voice, "You *shall!*" and I whipped the sheet off the board,
I stuck up the pair o' trestles, and fastened the tight-rope cord;
Then I propped the Gineral up in a place from which he could see the 'ole,
And I set the tabbies a-sparring, and the mice a-climbing the pole.
(*Build up the whole scene gradually; the dreary neighbourhood, the total absence of bystanders, the lurid threatening sky, and the humble entertainment proceeding in the foreground.*)
I put my company through their tricks—and they made my hold eyes dim,
For they never performed for no orjence like they did last night for *him!* [from sich,
Them tabbies sparred with a science you 'd 'ardly expect
And the mouse (what usually boggles) fetched flags with never no 'itch!
Aye, we worked the Show in that lonely place to the sound o' the mutterin' storm,
Right through till we come to the finish—the part *he* used to perform.
He was out of the cage in a minnit—egged on by puffessional pride,
He pecked that incompitent siskin till he made him stand o' one side!
Well, I felt like 'aving a good cry *then*—but the time 'adn't come for that,
So I slipped his uniform over his 'ed, and tied on his little cock-hat. [*With great tenderness.*
And he set in his tiny kerridge, and was drored along by the mice,
A-looking that 'appy and pleased with hisself, I got 'em to do it twice! [*Tone of affectionate retrospection.*
The very tabbies they gazed on him then with their heyes dilatin' in haw,
As he 'obbled along to the cannon, with the match in his wasted claw! [pop—
I never 'eard that cannon afore give sech a tremenjious (*Solemnly.*) And a peal o' thunder responded, as seemed all over the shop!
For a second Bob stood in the lightning, so noble, and bold, and big;—
Then . . . a stagger . . . a flutter . . . a broken chirp—(*you can add immensely to the effect here by a little appropriate action. Pause, and give time for a solemn hush to fall upon the audience, then, with a forced calm, as if you were doing violence to your own feelings*)—he was orf, Sir,—(*a slight gulp*)—he 'd 'opped the twig!
(*Second Pause: then more briskly, but still with strong emotion to the close.*)
So now you 've the hexplanation of the crape round the tabbies' necks,
And kin understand why we close to-day "in token of our respecks."

* * * * *

The time has now come for *Mr. Punch* to bid his pupils farewell, which he does with a pleasure that he has some reason to hope will be not unreciprocated. During the few months over which this course has extended, he has made it his aim to furnish the young carpet-knight for the fray as completely as possible, and, if the Amateur Reciter be not (as some hold) already invulnerable, the panoply of pieces with which he has been armed here should go far to render him so.

All *Mr. Punch* would ask in return is that, when any one of his young friends is retiring, flushed with triumph, amidst an intoxicating murmur of faint applause and renewed conversation, after delivering some composition of his Preceptor's, he will not suffer himself to be completely dazzled by success, but will remember the means which have contributed thereto with such gratitude as he may be able to command.

"DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII."—Under this heading we read in the *Times* that four silver urns of fair size were found, also four smaller vessels, eight open vases, four cups ornamented with leaves, &c. "Urns" for hot water: "smaller vessels," tea-pots; "eight open vases," sugar-basins; "four cups," tea-cups, "ornamented with leaves,"—very fanciful design, probably tea-leaves,—and there we have before us "Five o'clock Tea, as known to the Ladies of Pompeii."

THE LEGION OF DISHONOUR.

The Modern Autolycus sings:—

WHEN *parvenus* begin to peer,
With heigh! the ribbon on the coat!
Why, then the love of rank shines clear,
In base-blood, spite of the People's vote.

The medal gleaming on the breast!
With heigh! the red coins how they ring!
The Citizens clamour with eager zest,
Despite their hate of crown and king!

The *bourgeois* soul star-honours wants,
With heigh! the peacock-aping jay!
The hunger for honours finds singular haunts,
Their sale is a traffic that's bound to pay.

I have served Princes, and, in my time, worn Imperial livery, but now I am in the Republic's service.

But shall I mourn for that, or fear?
Gold glitters, silver 's bright,
And decorations not *too* dear
Citizen-souls delight.

If pedlars may have leave to live,
Though "honours" cram their budget,
A good account I yet may give;
If caught,—I can but trudge it!

Ribbons of all colours, lo!
Crosses—mark their gleam and glow!
Blue as violets, red as roses,
Buy them swift whilst power dozes!
Decorated thus you 'll clamber
To court-height or lady's chamber.
Golden talismans are these.
Parvenus may pass with ease
With these gauds to heights the leal
Buy with brain or stainless steel.
Come buy of me, come buy, come buy!
Cheap "honours" now is all the cry!
Buy ribbons—like tape,
Blue blood you may ape,
They 're dainty, and not too dear-a!
With peers you may tread,
Yet hold up your head,

They're the newest and finest of wear-a!
Come to the pedlar,
Money's a meddler,
That gets *all* men by the ear-a!

[*Has his ear suddenly pulled by Madame La République.*

ROBERT ON SPELLING.

I've bin informed, on such orthority as I carnt for a moment dout, wiz., Professor Bassingham of the White Cross Brigade, that a cumpany has bin formed in Amerrikey to perswade hewerybody as writes English to spell it as I does. I never knowd afore but what I spelt my spelling like other littery gennelmen, but I'm told now that I don't, but that I spells it more nateral like, and so it appears that after about 2 years thinkin of it over, the gratest Orthers in Amerrykey has all resolved to follow my nobel xample and do as I does, as neer as they can git to it. So they has formed theirselves into the "Spelling Reform Association," and has got a Presedent, and Wise Presidents, and a Counsel, and a Seketerry, and all the blooming luxurys of a rich Cumpany, and has jest published their fust Number and charges fore shillins for it, as I nose to my corst, cos I've jest bin and bort one.

Well, having jest a lezzure hour or 2, I've bin a trying to read my noo book, witch is suttenly to me a dear book, but I greeves to say as I don't find werry much in it, as I understands. They suttenly uses sum werry powerful words, and sez sum werry powerful things, and tries their werry best to spell like me, but I don't think as I can troothfully say as they always suckeeds. They spels *hed* like me, and *helth*, and *dropt*, and *enuf*; but who ever seed me use sitch words as *thru*, or *cof*, or *thuro*, or *tuf*, or *ughly*?

Professor Chadband, L.L.D., says that "our senseless spelling makes him ashamed of his language, and yet thru habit he continues it." David D. Field, L.L.D., of New York, talks of our Nobel English Tung "being disfigured," and says I ought to be haild as a deliverer!

Professor Hadley says, "our language is shockingly speld." Lord Lytton says, "it is a lying roundabout puzl-heded delusion!" and our own heloqwent Sir C. E. Trevelyan, K.C.B., says, "it is a labyrinth, a chaos, an absurdity, and a disgrace!" and the Hedditer of the book winds it all up by saying that "it is the wurst there is!" Poor old English Langwidge! I ony wonders how Shakespear and Milton, and Burns managed to get on with it, tho suttenly Burns was a dredful bad speller. Why he used to spell "who" *wha*, and "have" *hae*, and "whom" *wham!* But then he was only a poor plowman, and not an Hed Waiter. I of coarse little thort wen I fust commenced my umbel efforts to instruckt and nliten the world with skimmings from my daily dairy, that I shood ever be held up to the admirashun and gratitood of English mankind as a deliverer of our nobel English Tung from its many defecks, but I of course acceps the pursishun, and, I ope, with becoming umility, and if the Spelling Reform Association chooses, as seems ony nateral, to elect me as one of their Wice Presidents, with a nice cumferal little salary paid quarterly, in adwance, I shall not at all object to become also one of their regular contribbuters, or ewen to hedit sum of their harticles as is really not quite hup to the mark in the spelling line.

Professor F. J. Child, P.D., L.H.D., cums it raythor strong when he says, "Sum hav a religious aw, and sum hav an erth-born passion for our establisht spelling. I don't much care how anybody spells, so he spels different from that." But praps one of the werry greatest staggerers in my four-shilling staggering book, is what the Hedditer says, wiz., "A filologist who should uphold our present mode of spelling, would be like an astronomer who should teach that the Erth is based on a Turtl."

I think that's about the most wunderfullest sentense as ewen a Hedhitter ever wrote, and they does sumtimes cum out with a startler or 2. Fust with regard to the spelling. As I don't in the least know what a Filologist means I carnt of course say much as to that, but if there is one mortal thing in this butiful world of ours as I does know sumthink about, I should think as all the ciwilized world woud agree as it was Turtle, and I refuses at once, without no manner of dowt, to pardon the man who coud carmly and cooly sit down and write that almost sacred name without his final Hee! Turtl, indeed! why it amost makes me shudder as I rites it down; and jest before Lord Mare's Day too, why it's hadding hinsult to hinjury. But ewen that isn't all the marwels of this most egstrordinary sentense. What in the world can he mean by saying as the world is based on a Turtl?

Of course no one can posserbly know better nor me, that without that glorious addition to a gorgeous *Manu*, the werry hiest classes of society, such as Princes, and Lord Mares, and Bishops, and Aldermen, woud find it remarkabel difficult to git through their harduous dooties, but ewen I should never have once thort of saying that the hole world is *based* upon it, which I spose means, carnt posserbly git on without it. No, if there's one thing as I strongly objecs to, it's xaggerashun, and in this werry partickler case I boldly charges it against the Hedhitter of "Spelling," price four shillings, even though he and his frends does do me the hi honour of holding me hup as a benny-facter to all English spelling races.

Robert.

Pose Cript.—I sees as how a gent of the xstrordinary name of "Eizak Pitman" has been and gorn and rote to the *Times* on this werry same subjeck as me; but I'm two busy jest now with prepperrations for the himportantest of all days—need I say the Ninth of Nowember—to be abel to give all my hole mind to it, as it seems to require. But I at once, without not no hezzytation and dowt, gives my caudial assent to his Golden Rule, wiz: "When in dout, selekt the werry simpletonest spelling."

R.

RETALIATION.

Cabby. "Wha's this for, Lady? Which my Fare's Two Shill——"

Old Lady (quite able to take care of herself). "I beg your pardon, Cabman. I know the Distance—it's not Three Miles by Two Hundred Yards. Please knock at the——"

Cabby. "Ugh! Y' 'on't hev a Double Knock, I can tell yer that!"

"Irish Prosecutions."—In the *Times* of Friday last, under the foregoing heading, that most contentious and sledge-hammering correspondent, Lord Bramwell, came down heavily, very heavily, on the unfortunate "American Lawyer," Mr. Mundy, who had presumed to express an opinion opposed to that of my Lord Bramwell. Of course, after this, there's an end of the American Lawyer, and, at all events, up to the date abovementioned, Lord Bramwell may say, triumphantly, "*Sic transit gloria Mundy!*"

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A YOUNG MAN STILL IN THE COUNTRY.

Eaton Hall, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY,—I write to you from here where I stay a day or two on my way to Dublin. I expect by the time it reaches you I will be installed in the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and the National League may prepare to sit up. I have been spending a week or two very agreeably in Scotland, a little out of the way of letters or newspapers. I am told there has been quite a demand for me, a sort of popular outcry that I should forthwith proceed to Ireland. This is, of course, not unflattering. It indicates a general belief which I, for one, am not disposed to contest, that if Ireland is to be saved, I'm the man to do it. That's all very well; but it is, doncha know, something of a boah to be thus bothered at a time when one had two or three pleasant engagements on hand. It used to be just the same in the House last Session. If I did not really live there, entering with the Mace and the SPEAKER, and leaving only at the cry of "Who goes home?" there were impetuous protests. I put in KING-HARMAN at Question time, but they wouldn't have him. Often, as I lay on the sofa in the Chief Secretary's room, looking over *Punch*, or reading the proofs of the forthcoming new edition of my *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, I have heard the distant growls of the Irish Members when KING-HARMAN rose to answer a question addressed to me. Quite touching this personal attachment. At the same time a little embarrassing.

Now I am really going to Dublin, and shall spend a cheerful November there. GRANDOLPH, in his genial way, has tried to make things pleasant by reminding me that from the drawing-room window of the Chief Secretary's Lodge I can see the place where poor FREDDY CAVENDISH fell. "They're sure to take a pot shot at you," he says; "but you're all right. Unless a man can make sure of hitting a lamp-post at fifty paces, it will be no use his trying to bring you down." A nice companionable man GRANDOLPH. Always tries to say something pleasant. But really I don't pay much attention to his kindly apprehensions. I shall be boahed, I daresay; but not by the passage of a bullet, or the thrust of a knife.

People evidently expect great things to follow on my arrival in Dublin. To the accident of my holiday absence in Scotland they attribute all the failures of the Executive. "If BALFOUR had been there," they say, "W. O'BRIEN would now be comfortably in gaol and T. D. S., Lord Mayor, would be laid by the heels." I weally don't know. Fact is, I have not closely followed up affairs either in the newspapers or despatches. There have been some rows, I understand. But that is not unusual in Ireland. Where people are right in kindly looking to me to restore peace and order in Ireland is in the supposition that I have a plan. That is true, though I cannot claim personal and private property in it. Fact is the plan is CROMWELL'S. It worked admirably when originally put in practice, and I do not see any reason why it should fail now. There are, of course, difficulties in the way; prejudice to be overcome, legal forms to be dealt with, and that sort of thing. There is also, next Session of Parliament to be met, and awkward questions by TIM HEALY and the rest. But they need not think to intimidate me by such reflections. I shall put up KING-HARMAN to answer all inconvenient questions. Besides, it is exceedingly probable that in the full development of my plan the Irish Members who last Session distinguished themselves by "wanting to know" will be unavoidably absent from their places. It is an awful nuisance breaking in upon a man's holiday; but it is a difficulty that has to be faced, and as there seems a popular inclination to look to me to *settle it, I suppose* there is nothing to be done but to grapple with it.

One additional drawback from a quite unexpected source makes itself known by correspondence with my colleagues. They are all in a dreadful state of fussy alarm. My uncle the Markiss begs me to be careful. "Firmness without Rashness" is an excellent copy-head, which W. H. SMITH sends me in fine round-hand from the distant Mediterranean. I wish they'd all mind their own affairs. In the intervals of my other occupations I can answer for Ireland, and if any awkwardness arises, I can put up KING-HARMAN to answer for me. So, dear TOBY, don't you have any anxiety on my account. Some half-hour after dinner, with the contemplative toothpick at hand, and my heels on the table, I will, if the subject occurs to me, settle the Irish Question.

Yours faithfully, ARTH-R B-LF-R.

BIG WORK AND LITTLE HANDS.

THAT a child prodigy should have been able twice last week to fill St. James's Hall to overflowing, may not perhaps speak at the first glance very highly for the artistic instincts of the British Public, who, as a thoughtful musical critic remarks in the pages of a contemporary, are sometimes "more impressed by a little boy in an Eton jacket than by the finest music that might be played in less exciting circumstances;" still it cannot be denied that the couple of recitals referred to, given by Master JOSEF HOFMANN, were altogether two exceptionally brilliant performances. Commenting, however, on the little fellow's efforts to give a good rendering of a slow movement, the critic already alluded to asks how, in a long-drawn melody which is a matter of passion and of feeling, "a child of eleven can have much feeling or any passion?" Surely this is hypercriticism. Ask any boy of eleven who has had a whipping, or has come off second best in a fight with his little sister, whether he hasn't much feeling;—and as for passion! Well: but, perhaps this is not exactly what the critic means. Nevertheless, he proceeds rather pertinently to ask whether this singularly gifted young artist will be suffered, "when he has served the immediate purposes of those who have control over him, to continue his studies in a rational manner and far from the fierce light and the hot-house temperature pertaining to the concert platform?" As Master JOSEF HOFMANN is already booked for an American tour, there does not seem any prospect of this highly desirable consummation, at least in the near future. Judging, therefore, from little Master JOSEF'S present arrangements, one would be disposed to apostrophise him sympathetically in the language of Dr. WATTS, and say:—

"Night after night, you'll prove a sight
To draw the cute Yankee,
Because your little hands were made
To stretch from C to C!"

Still, as he is an unquestionable genius who has a future before him, it is to be hoped that he won't be "worked out" early at high pressure, and stimulated by a success that will only blunt his powers by depriving him of that desire for true progress in his art by which alone they can be legitimately developed. "Not too much gaslight, some practice, and plenty of battledore and shuttlecock," is the proper *recipe* for little Master JOSEF. With this he can't go wrong, and will, without doubt, if he stick to it, command the musical world of the future as surely as he has astonished that of to-day.

"NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS!" No MORE "BAD QUARTERS-OF-AN-HOUR" IN CROSSING THE CHANNEL! Try Mons. M. L. MAYER'S Remedy, to be provided on October 24 up to the middle of November, and probably longer, if all goes well, at the Remedy Theatre—no—at the Royalty Theatre, where he intends giving a season of French plays, and brings M. COQUELIN, Mmes. CHAUMONT and JANE MAY,—not all at once but one at a time,—over to afford amusement to those Londoners who can't afford amusement in Paris, or who object to the sea-passage, or who cannot spare sufficient time for the trip. M. COQUELIN has with him a fair-sized bag of tricks which includes, among other things, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, and he means to devote three-fourths of one evening's entertainment to monologues, among which, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE will be delighted to hear, is announced *Gringoire*. M. MAYER, will of course, see that his stars are well supported, and the public, delighted to save the sea-voyage, will support M. MAYER.

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

The suggestion made a month ago by a "Salubrity Abroad," (now happily a "Salubrity at home") that the above title would make a good heading for an all-round-about theatrical and entertainment article in *Mr. Punch's* pages, is at length carried out. In the character of a hero conquering difficulties, I have been here, there, and everywhere. My first triumph was at the Gaiety Theatre, where (after surmounting all obstruction) I secured a place from whence *Miss Esmeralda* could be watched in comfort. This piece is called a "melodramatic burlesque," in two Acts, but I confess I failed to distinguish either the melodrama or the burlesque. It was, however, well mounted with good scenery and pretty dresses. It had further the advantage of an excellent stage-manager in Mr. Charles Harris, and a no less excellent dance inventor in Mr. John D'Auban, but of the book the less that is said the better. Frankly, it is not amusing. This being the case I was not surprised to find the names of its authors printed in the programme in a type just half the size accorded to the style and title of "the producer." The acting calls for no particular comment. Mr. Lonnen sings an Irish song excellently well, but is less diverting when he trusts to attitudinising as a provocative to merriment. Miss Marion Hood's charming face is sweeter than her voice, and Miss Fannie Leslie's singing is as welcome now as ever it was — it recalls many a vocal triumph of the past. Mr. George Stone as *Gringore* is more broadly comic than Mr. Beerbohm Tree in a somewhat similar *rôle* in the *Ballad Monger*. Both the Misses Blanche are all that could be desired in two subordinate characters. In the last Act there is a "Pyramid Ballet,"—which is slightly perplexing. Until my attention was pointedly called to the fact that I was watching a terpischorean demonstration of a game of billiards, I was under the impression that some of the intricacies of the plot of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* were being very cleverly explained to me in easily followed dumb show. Perhaps the best thing (barring the Irish song) in the whole piece is an ingenious dance of Warders and Prisoners in Scene I., Act 2. In alluding to the list of the company I should not have forgotten to say that the names of that admirable comedian Mr. H. Leslie and that evergreen queen of burlesque, Miss E. Farren, are conspicuous by their absence. In spite of this very serious drawback, no doubt *Miss Esmeralda* will be as successful as it deserves to be. The scenery, dresses, and music, are alone worth a visit. And when I say this I leave out the acting, the singing and the dancing.

I also went to the Royal Aquarium the other afternoon, and witnessed the performances of a troupe of genuine Russian Wolves. If I *had* to appear in public myself with a company of performing animals, I think I should prefer poodles, or white mice, though, as a spectacle, wolves are undoubtedly more thrilling. I don't know that these particular wolves did much; but the really striking fact, of course, was their condescension in doing anything, and it was certainly "pretty to see" them jumping a gate, and arranging themselves picturesquely on chairs, with just sufficient display of grinning jaws to make the audience congratulate themselves that the stage was fenced round by temporary iron railings. The creatures are evidently deeply attached to the Professor, who has so ably prepared them for public life. I was convinced of this by the effusion with which one after another advanced and kissed his forehead, on receiving a slight hint to that effect from a whip. But to be kissed—however tenderly—by a wolf, must be a creepy sensation. On the occasion when I was present we were afforded an additional, and I may say an unrehearsed, sensation after the act-drop fell. There was a scurry behind, a shout, and then—a great jagged rent in the curtain. People in the front row of stalls looked uncomfortable—it did seem very much as if one of the wolves had determined to "take a call" on his own account, but it was merely a little mishap with one of the railings. However, there was no real cause for alarm in any case, for an audience would have had ample time to escape while the wolf was amusing himself with the orchestra, which, fortunately, is a remarkably good one.

After the Wolves, by way of contrast, I paid a visit to La Belle Fatma. On delivery of a shilling, I, with other members of the Public, was passed in to a screened-off portion of the Imperial Theatre. A stout French gentleman seated himself at a piano below the stage, and the curtain rose presently, disclosing the fair Fatma and her *troupe* seated in a row, like a new variety of Christy Minstrels. With regard to the principal lady, I am bound to say that her charms did not seem to me to have been at all overestimated, and her portraits upon the posters actually do her less than justice. But this is a matter of opinion; and I must confess that, after all, it was not upon the peerless Fatma that my eyes were most riveted. There was a stout old lady in a turban, two places from her—*such* an old lady! with immense black eyebrows, meeting over flashing dark eyes, and a massive Oriental nose, a wide sternly compressed mouth, and three chins. Upon her knees she held a gourd-shaped drum, which she smacked severely at intervals; she might have sat for Cornelia polishing one of her "jewels"; and when she sang, the illusion was complete!

As to the performance, it was Oriental; and no description can convey much more. We had an Overture on the familiar "Rum-tum-tum, tum-a-tum-tum-tum, tum-a-tum" theme, which revealed considerable "staying power" on both sides of the footlights. Then one member of the *troupe* after another advanced, and, if a lady, *chassé*'d and revolved with slowly waving arms, and an expression that seemed to imply that she would take more pains if it were only worth while; if a man, he capered and grinned and shouted in a manner which, at all events, infinitely amused the performer himself. While this was going on, the old lady continued to "spank"—there really is no better term for it—her drum in a sort of grim *rêverie*, and a young person by her side emitted piercing shrieks by way of enlivening the proceedings. There was a mysterious One on the stage, who reminded me of an immense dice-box muffled in muslin; this, it turned out, was the Colossus of Sousse, to whom was entrusted the function of "presenting" Mademoiselle Fatma at the close of the performance. This seemed superfluous, particularly as the excellent Colossus had no notion of doing more than taking her by the hand and stalking two paces forward. It was all over in a quarter of an hour or so; and, for my own part, I considered the old lady in the turban alone worth the paltry shilling charged for admission.

I have also been to Terry's Theatre, where great precautions are taken to prevent fire. Everything, more or less, is labelled "Exit," and, instead of doors, in several parts of the house there are curtains. On the whole it must be a good theatre to escape from. This is worth noting, if the performances are wearisome.

BALLADE OF THE TIMID BARD.

(*To Angelica, who bids him publish.*)

In Memory's mystical hazes
I see a vast Gander and grey,
I see the small boy that he chases
At the head of a hissing array:
How I wept when they brought me to bay,
How I pleaded in vain for a truce!
Too frightened to shoo them away,
I could never say Boh to a Goose!

I have lived through a number of phases,
I have rhymed of the grave and the gay,
But the clatter of critical phrases,
But the moralist armed for the fray,
I have fled in unseemly dismay,
Since the Gander—'tis all my excuse—
For, in brief, since that terrible day—
I could never say Boh to a Goose!

It was fabled of old that in places
Grow goose-bearing trees by the way,
Where bough within bough interlaces
Green geese flutter down from the spray;
In reviews, at first nights of the play,
These shrubs are in general use,
And I would not encounter them, nay,
I could *never* say Boh to a Goose!

Envoy.

Angelica! bid me essay
The deeds of a Wallace or Bruce,
But talk not of *publishing*, pray—
I could never say Boh to a Goose!

Irish Appointment Extraordinary (*subject to the kind permission of Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D.*).—The Right Hon. Joseph O'Chamberlain, M.P., to be Ulster-King-of-Arms.

Note by Augustus Druriolanus, after the Granting of the Licence to the Empire Theatre.—"*L'Empire c'est la* pay 46 per cent.—like the Alhambra."

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Professor Chatterleigh. "BY GEORGE! I'M SO HUNGRY I CAN'T *TALK!*"
Fair Hostess (on hospitable thoughts intent). "OH, I'M *SO* GLAD!"

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

(*With apologies to the Shade of the Author of "Al Aaraf."*)

[I have read . . . . that I have come to Ulster to revive religious bigotry, to rekindle the embers of party strife, and to revive ancient feuds which are now in a fair way to be forgotten. I can assure you that these are not the objects which I propose to myself. (*Laughter.*)—*Report of Mr. Chamberlain's Speech in Belfast.*]

Erin's Guardian Angel sings:—

I CAME (by the steamer)
Across the wild spray.
No bigot, no dreamer,
To moon time away.
BRIGHT lingers to ponder,
And make tart replies;
But I come, from yonder,
Drawn down from the skies.
With love I am laden,
Peace sits on my brow.
No, sweet Ulster maiden,
My game is *not* row!
Arise! from your dreaming,
In bright Orange bowers,
To duties beseeming,
Your fame and past powers.
My presence expresses
My fondness for you;
(My game no one guesses,
They read it askew)
Oh, how without you, love,
Can Ireland be blest?
You're loyal, *you*'re true, love,
Mad traitors the rest.
I shake from my wing
Each hindering thing.
The black Parnellite
Would weigh down my flight.
The G. O. M.'s messes,
I leave them apart,
His lures and his jesses,
His tricks and his art.

W. G.! W. G.! Ah!
My old artful one,
You had an idea
With you I should run.
No! it is my will
On the breezes to toss
At caprice, or be still
Like a lone albatross.
Daring duckling? That's past!
Stormy petrel? That's flown!
I'm a halcyon at last,
A new *rôle*,—and my own!

W. G. Ah! Whoever
Thine "items" may be,
For ever I sever
My fortunes from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
In sophistical sleep,
But the angel that flies
Will *thy* vigilance keep?
O Walker! (Again
A rhetorical flower
From thy full-teeming brain!)
I have passed a brief hour
In those same cipherings
Which you fudge—let that pass!
But my own view of things
Is not modell'd, alas!
On *yours*—none of the clearest—
But then, that's your way—
'Tis one of the queerest;
Do you find it pay?
Ah! love moved the smiles
That beamed forth on my rest
On the greenest of Isles.
Its *Scotch* natives are best,
For they have in their keeping
Its wealth and its trade,
And Sedition, unsleeping,
Has spoilt, I'm afraid,
The true Pat of the Island.
He burns to be free,
His bosom holds guile, and
His bonnet a bee.
Go to! Let them slumber,
The Home-Ruling lot
Are not the huge number
They tell us—that's rot!
I came to awaken,
An Angel of Peace!
I'm bound to be taken
For such ere I cease.
PARNELL'S spell makes PAT slumber,
Its witchery is test,
And your Orange-host's number
Must manage the rest!

A PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you please ask the *Times* not to allow such unpleasant subjects to be introduced into its columns as there was last Wednesday,—that is, judging by the heading on page 8, "The Birch and the Primitive Seat," which of course none of us fellows read (one line of it was enough for me), and if there is another of the sort, we shall vote that the *Times* isn't taken in here in future, and I don't think the *Times* would like that. A word from you will be sufficient, I am sure. Your Constant Reader,

UPPER LOWER MIDDLETON.

Eton College, Bucks, near Windsor, England.

MRS. RAM says she couldn't stop in an out-of-the-way country-place, give up society, and live like a Helmet in the desert.

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

BRITISH FRENCH.

Emily. "Ask her to give us some more of her *Sacred* Music, George!"

George (*a linguist*). "Oh, Mademoiselle, donnez-nous encore de votre Sacrée Musique."

JOE'S JAUNT.

Off to Ireland!—At last. Collings with me, of course:—rather grumpy, because Salisbury's got the credit of passing the Allotments Bill, instead of himself. Still, Jesse better than nobody. Would create bad impression to visit Belfast without an *entourage*.

In Steamer.—Look up my Irish History—or rather, Jesse's Irish History, which he's borrowed from Birmingham Free Library. An Alderman *can* do that sort of thing. Also examine revolver. Not accustomed to carrying one. What is the best place for it? Jesse says, "left-hand coat-tail pocket, decidedly, because then you can whip it out in a twinkling." Jesse's confidence contagious—he talks as if he had always been in the habit of "whipping-out" revolvers, like a cow-boy,—or a "three-acres-and-a-cow-boy." Do as he advises. Very uncomfortable feeling. Sit down on revolver in a moment of forgetfulness, and nearly blow Captain's head off. Captain irritated. Asks me for "ransom." Ridiculous!

Belfast.—No end of a reception. Drive through the principal streets. Enthusiastic populace insist on taking horses out of carriage and pulling it themselves. Gratifying, but should feel safer with the horses. Why *will* Collings bow? *I'm* the person to bow, obviously. Bad taste, but don't like to stop him. Believe the mob take *him* for me—or why do they cheer him so?

At Hotel.—Just found out reason of enthusiasm evoked by appearance of Jesse. *He's got on an Orange tie!* Ask him, reproachfully, why he did this? Pretends it was a mere accident—forgot that orange was favourite Ulster colour. Don't want a religious riot, so make him take it off. Jesse getting grumpier. Can't help it.

Evening.—Before going to meeting, had better find out what Belfast chiefly famous for. Ask Collings. Replies "linen-shirts and handkerchiefs." Try to put him in good humour by remarking that "*he* seems shirty." Is there no other historical fact connected with place? "Yes," he replies, "visit of Lord Randolph Churchill." Wish he hadn't mentioned latter event. Dispiriting. Reminds one of proposed National Party, with self and Randolph as sole leaders—and sole followers, too, it seems.

At Hotel—after Speech.—Great success. Felt horribly inclined to start another Home Rule plan—my fifth—but fortunately refrained. Instead of dismemberment of Empire, I offered more Members to Ulster. Ulster people saw the justice of this arrangement at once. Told 'em there were "two Irelands." Isn't one Ireland enough, however?

Coleraine.—A triumphal arch, with "Welcome to English Peasant Emancipators" on it. Stupid to bracket Collings with me in this way. Receive threatening letter. Reminds me of my revolver. Jesse examines it with the air of a professional gunsmith, critically. Appears quite hurt at its condition; says, "I've sat on it so often he doubts if it would go off now," and recommends my carrying a "bowie-knife" instead. Am surprised at Jesse's acquaintance with deadly weapons. Ask him what historical event took place at Coleraine. Says he doesn't know and doesn't care. But what's he here for except to keep me posted up in local details? Hint to him that "I hope I may be able to offer him post of President of Local Government Board in my future Ministry." Replies (rudely, I think) that "he'll wait till I'm asked to form one." *Query*—doesn't air of Ulster exercise demoralising effect on English politicians? Is this the "Ulster Custom" one's heard so much about? Randolph a case in point.

Back again.—Coleraine speech excellent, though I say it, as shouldn't. Cheered to the echo. So was Jesse, hang him! Shan't take *him* to Canada with me. Now for a study of the habits of deep-sea fish in the pages of a Natural Science Primer.

AN AUTUMN LAY.

(*By a Belated Oarsman.*)

Come, little Maid, to the cracked piano,
The semi-grand in the coffee-room;
We'll take your harmonies all *cum grano*,
For the strings vibrate like the crack of doom.
Over the lawn the flat clouds loom,
And when they lighten the rain falls faster;
Like gossips who relish a friend's disaster
The ducks quack loud in the rain-ruled gloom.

I've studied the cracks in the ceiling-plaster,
And the statuettes with their stolid leer,
And the landscape visions of some Young Master,
Who viewed the world through a haze of beer.
We've done as much with the hostel's cheer
As sane men may *in corpore sano;*
So come, little Maid, to the cracked piano.
Play us "*The Battle of Prague*," my dear.

The silence clouds, like a potion shaken,
As the limp strings jar to an ancient pain;
Their light and sweetness no touch can waken,
And only the dregs of a tone remain.
The silk-sewn music with fray and stain
Swoons on the keys at the urgent stages,
And the little Maid, as she props the pages,
Just murmurs, "Bother!" and starts again.

And the streaming window again engages
The thoughts that stray from the field of Prague;
And the moping birds in their gauze-girt cages,
And the wax-work fruits of a genus vague;
And the flies that buzz like a lazy plague
Round the lone lorn jam, as it stands forsaken;
And the varnished pike in the mill-pool taken
About the year that they fought at Prague.

But twilight falls, and its folds encumber
The misty mounds of the patient trees,
And sunset cheers with a touch of umber
The puddles of steel-gray Gruyère cheese.
And, interposing a little ease,
Our frail thoughts dally with false surmises
Of a morning as brilliant as mid July's is
With bravest sunshine and sweetest breeze.

A soothing silence the soul surprises,
For the little Maid, like a hero true,
Has fought her fight through its poignant crises,
And shown what practice can dare and do.
And, tearing the moonlight in handfuls through,
A giant arm in the cloudland sombre
Scatters the light on a world of slumber,
Through snowy craters, from gulfs of blue.

BOGEY IN BOND STREET.

(A Legend of the Grosvenor Gallery.)

THE Spirit of Art glided through the streets of Modern London, seeking a resting-place. She entered the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, but hurried away, affrighted at some of the terrible examples of the illustrious Forty.

"And these are the greatest English painters!" she murmured—"the countrymen of SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, and ADDISON, TENNYSON, MACAULAY, and DICKENS! How is it that Painting cannot keep pace with Literature?"

It sounded like a Conundrum, and the Spirit of Art was not good at Conundrums. So she gave it up. Then she passed into other Exhibitions—there were quite a dozen in the neighbourhood at the very least. But she was unsatisfied, and came away. She paused, and considered. The Spirit of Art had one great English friend (of Irish extraction), who was a Musician.

"ARTHUR is a clever fellow," said the Spirit of Art to herself—there was no one else to speak to—"and if he *does* compose more comic Operas than Oratorios, it is, I suppose, because there is a greater demand for the former than the latter."

From this it will be seen the Spirit of Art had, on the whole, a good head for business. "*Now,*" *continued* the Representative of the Beautiful, "I distinctly recollect that the *words to one of the songs of* my friend ARTHUR contained a pointed reference to the Greenery Yallery Gallery. I fancy, from all I have heard, that the sort of thing I want will be found in the Greenery Yallery Gallery."

She was quite pleased at the notion. To tell the truth the Spirit of Art was rather weary of perambulating the streets of London—not even the advertisements of BUFFALO BILL on the hoardings gave her lasting satisfaction.

"Let me consider," she said, as she hovered on the threshold of the Grosvenor Gallery, "now I shall find myself amongst the grandest works of Mister JONES. I am never tired of that pale face with the pointed chin—no more is Mister JONES. This frequently-reproduced portrait of a lady is most interesting. No doubt it is a study of a chronic case of dyspepsia that must have lasted for twenty years. Then I shall see the choicest works of MORE and MILLAIS, and WATTS, and oh, joy! of Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY! This is indeed the very spot for a resting-place."

So the Spirit of Art glided up the staircase and into the Grosvenor Gallery. For a moment she was puzzled. There was no dyspeptic lady—"no greenery" and very little "yallery." Then she shivered, for on all sides she found immense pictures of battles and executions ghastly beyond description.

"Why, what are these?" she gasped. "What are these?"

"Catalogue, Miss?" replied a civil attendant. "Thank you, Miss,—sixpence."

And then the Spirit of Art read that such and such a picture represented a dreadful defeat, that a pestilent hospital, yonder one a scene of torture. She found representations of war treated in the most prosaic and unbeautiful form.

She was horrified and fainted!

Then the vision before her became more and more terrible and the entire contents of the Catalogue was unfolded before her. Dying soldiers defying vultures, mutilated Russians lying in an open grave, old men being blown from the guns! Wounds, and fire, and blood!

* * * * *

When she came to herself she hurried away. She thought it out.

"I must gradually accustom myself to less horrible things," she whispered. "I will begin at once. If I were not to do this by degrees, I should go mad!" She called a hansom.

"Where to, Miss?"

"To the Marylebone Road," cried the Spirit of Art—in these days the Spirit is a very self-assertive young person, and not at all like an unprotected female—"Baker Street Station, Marylebone Road."

Then she threw away her Catalogue.

"I must see something less repulsive than this—I must gradually resume my normal condition. Something less repulsive! I have it! I will begin with the figures of Madame TUSSAUD'S—in the Chamber of Horrors!"

CHAIRS TO MEND.

CONGREGATION at Oxford, having (in an empty House), for the sake of economy, turned the old Professorship of Anglo-Saxon into one of English Literature, and having, with a view to utilising its salary, entirely suppressed the chair of Poetry, it is rumoured that the Hebdomadal Council have already in contemplation a sweeping list of curtailments in the same direction.

The Professorships of Arabic, Archæology, Astronomy, Botany, Celtic, Chemistry, and Chinese, will, it is said, also be rolled into one.

It is hoped that, by some spirited reforms in the direction indicated above, the University that, from the fashion in which it has dealt with the Chair of Poetry, appears indeed to be out at elbows, may survive the financial crisis in which it is evidently involved.

CHANNEL TALK.

Arranged for the use of the returning British Passenger at Breakfast-time. By a very Dyspeptic Contributor.

IT is a glorious thing to think that one is leaving France and all foreign kickshaws behind one, and is once more approaching dear honest old England on the deck of a British steamer.

But let us come into the cabin and have a bit of breakfast before we get in.

Surely that table covered with a dirty sheet instead of a table-cloth is not prepared for our repast?

Why, this stale loaf must have been on board quite a week.

It has evidently made several passages backwards and forwards in company with this extremely remarkable sample of butter.

Why does this coffee the Steward has just brought us look like ink and sawdust, and taste like something perplexing?

The Frenchman, who has been expecting *déjeuner à la fourchette*, is surveying with astonishment the dish of mutton-chops they have set down before him.

It is a great pity that they are all two inches thick, and are underdone when cut.

I wonder whether he is thinking, as I am, of the clean, fresh, and trim *restaurant* table, the excellent *café au lait*, *petits-pains*, Normandy butter, and other "foreign kickshaws," that he has just left behind him in France.

Though he has had to pay three shillings for his hot breakfast, he has informed me that he will wait till he arrives, and take "*le lunch*" on shore.

I wonder whether he is aware that, if he makes this meal at the typical Refreshment-Room, he will have to content himself with stale sponge-cakes, the day-before-yesterday's buns, and small tins of lemon-drops.

But let us get out of the Cabin. I certainly prefer the deck of an excellent steamer to the arrangements made for providing one with breakfast down below.

A QUESTION OF POLICE.

"The rapid increase both of buildings and population which has taken place in the Metropolitan Police district of late years has outrun the increase which it has been possible to make to the Police Force."—*Sir Charles Warren, in his Official Reports*, 1885, 1886.

"The average applications for admission to the Metropolitan Police Force now amount to one hundred *per diem*."
Statistics, October, 1887.

Sergeant Punch (inspecting would-be ex-Unemployed). "SO, MY LAD, YOU WANT TO BE A CONSTABLE! RATHER ENFORCE THE LAW THAN BREAK IT, EH? THAT'S RIGHT! HEM! THE FORCE HAS LONG BEEN UNDERMANNED. WE MUST SEE IF WE CAN'T MAKE ROOM FOR YOU!"

NE PLUS ULSTER.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seems to find the heart of the Irish Question in Ulster. Does he expect to find its solution there? He appears to set little store by the wishes of those not inconsiderable portions of Ireland which, as he says, "do not form a portion of the Ulster plantation." All other parts, even of the favoured province, "though geographically part of Ulster, are not parts of what we know as political Ulster." This certainly narrows the Irish Question. But does it simplify it? We have all heard of those who are "more Irish than the Irishmen themselves." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seems to be more Ulsterish than the men of Ulster, though they, to be sure, on his own showing, are virtually English and Scotch. In declining to look beyond Ulster, it may be asked whether he looks into the Irish Question at all. Altogether Irish—very!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Dwarves' Jewels, published by RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON, and written by an anonymous author who dedicates the work to his sister "Dr." (from whom he received some assistance in the story, otherwise he would "never have said 'Dr.'") is a short and well-told sensational novelette in a shilling volume. There is a genuine vein of humour running through it, which is so artistically managed as at first to escape the reader's attention, who becoming more and more irritated with the stupidity of the supposed narrative, gradually discovers that the story which is being recounted by a middle-aged Indian Colonel, who prides himself on being remarkably astute, and on possessing a perfectly marvellous insight into character, is being recounted by a conceited, shallow-pated old ass. I think it a fault that at the very last, by some such accident as being in an assize town and being invited to sit on the bench, he does not see the villain thoroughly unmasked, placed in the dock, and condemned to death, or at least penal servitude for life. The story, excellent as it is, seems to me to want this finish. By the way, why, for no conceivable purpose, quote on the title-page a line from the Old Testament which, as every one remembering its context and after reading the book must see, has no apparent bearing on the subject? Mistake this.

Deadman's Rock. By "Q." Have Messrs. LOUIS STEVENSON and RIDER HAGGARD combined under the signature of "Q." to write

A work by "Q."

at all events the first part of the weird and exciting Romance entitled *Deadman's Rock*? If not let those two authors look to their laurels. There is much in this book to remind the reader of *Treasure Island*, especially the fiendish Sailor's uncouth chaunt, "Sing hey for the deadman's eyes, my lads," which, however, is not a patch upon Mr. STEVENSON'S "Ho! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum," in *Treasure Island*. Then there is one line in "Q.'s" story, "And here a strange thing happened," which must call to mind Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S patent of "and now a strange thing happened." "Q"—curious coincidence, isn't it? But a "coincidence" is not likely to annoy Mr. HAGGARD.

In the first part the most impatient reader will find that he cannot afford to skip a couple of lines without detriment to the narrative, but in the second part he may skip hand-fuls, as the love-making is common-place, and time is wasted over the tragedy which is written by one of the heroes, and over the description of their life in London. But on the other hand the scene in the gambling-house is exciting and artistically worked up,—and coming immediately after this, the love-making is uncommonly tame,—and the scene at the Theatre is also very good, but after this there is a lull in the excitement until the end approaches, when there is one very strong situation. But the actual finish is weak. So the summing up is that the first part is first-rate, and the second part is, on the whole, second-rate. But who is "Q."?

That is the Q. and what is the A.? *Deadman's Rock* is not a good book for very nervous persons or children: for the latter *Almond Rock* would be far preferable.

THE MUSE IN MANACLES.

(By an Envious and Irritable Bard, after reading "Ballades and Rondeaux," just published, and wishing he could do anything like any of them.)

Bored by the Ballade, vexed by Villanelle,
Of Rondeau tired, and Triolet as well!

THE BALLADE.

(In Bad Weather.)

Oh! I'm in a terrible plight—
For how can I rhyme in the rain?
'Tis pouring from morn until night:
So bad is the weather again,
My language is almost profane!
Though shod with the useful galosh,
I'm racked with rheumatical pain—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!

I know I am looking a fright;
That knowledge, I know, is in vain;
My "brolly" is not water-tight,
But hopelessly rended in twain
And spoilt by the rude hurricane!
Though clad in a stout mackintosh,
My temper I scarce can restrain—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!

Oh, I 'm an unfortunate wight!
The damp is affecting my brain;
My woes I would gladly recite,
In phrases emphatic and plain,
Your sympathy could I obtain.
I don't think my verses will wash,
They 're somewhat effete and inane—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!

ENVOY.

I fancy I'm getting insane,
I 'm over my ankles in slush;
But let me repeat the refrain—
I think that a Ballade is bosh!

THE VILLANELLE.

(With Variations.)

I do not like the Villanelle,
I think it somewhat of a bore—
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

The reason why I cannot tell;
Each day I fancy more and more,
I do not like the Villanelle!

It makes me stamp and storm and yell,
It makes me wildly rage and roar:
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

I look upon it as a sell,
Its use I constantly deplore;
I do not like the Villanelle!

Poetic thoughts it must dispel,
It very often tries me sore:
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

For this I know, and know full well—
Let me repeat it o'er and o'er!—
I do not like the Villanelle,
This tinkle of a Muffin-bell!

THE TRIOLET.

(In a Temper.)

A Triolet 's scarcely the thing—
Unless you would excel in letters!
If luck like you freely would sing,
A Triolet 's scarcely the thing:
I miss the poetical ring,
I'm told that it has, by my betters!
A Triolet 's scarcely the thing—
Unless you would excel in letters!

THE RONDEAU.

(In a Rage.)

Pray tell me why we can't agree
To bid the merry Muse run free?
Pray tell me why we should incline
To see her in a Rondeau pine,
Or sigh in shackled minstrelsy?
Why can't she sing with lark-like glee,
And revel in bright *jeux d'esprit*?
Where form can't fetter or confine—
Pray tell me why?

Pray tell me why that frisky gee,
Called Pegasus, should harnessed be?
Why bit and bridle should combine
To all his liveliness consign,—
To deck the Rondeau's narrow line—
Pray tell me why?

BAD NEWS FOR TEA-DRINKERS.

We learn from a report of the proceedings of the City Commissioners of Sewers last week, that those vigilant protectors of the health of our ancient City had before them a case that fairly puzzled them, and in its strangeness and difficulty would probably have puzzled even a more judicial body than they probably pretend to be. It would seem that they had received a note of warning from the eminent firm of FRANCIS PEEK & Co., that a large parcel of tea was about to be submitted to public auction which was "simple filth," and utterly unfit for consumption.

A Simple Closure under Protest.

A Commissioner stated that he was present at the Sale that morning, and that the whole quantity, consisting of 2000 Chests, had been sold, duty paid (it must have been cleared at the Custom House with or without protest), at one halfpenny per pound! The natural expectation was that the "simple filth," as it had been termed by experts, would be at once seized by the officials and destroyed, but this strange difficulty arose. The Medical Officer of Health stated that he had analysed a sample of the tea in question, and could not swear before a Magistrate that it was unfit for use! He stated too, as a specimen of the wisdom of our legislators, that, by Act of Parliament, Tea was specially exempted from the operations of Public Analysts! So the willing Commissioners found themselves powerless to act, but referred the whole matter to their Sanitary Committee, who, we understand, will at their next meeting take tea, instead of luncheon, made from the remains of the sample, and report the result.

In the meantime Mr. *Punch*, ever ready to assist in a good cause, dispatched one of his City young men to make further inquiries, who reported that he had visited the Auction Mart on three successive days at lunch-time, and had asked one or two of the sharpest-looking of the crowd, as possible purchasers of the wondrous tea, to lunch with him, which they had willingly done; but, although to save his luncheon them copiously, they one and all denied any knowledge of the tea sale in question.

"SERVANTS *v.* MISTRESS."—Mem.: Christian maxim for a Pastor or Shepherd, "Do not think evil of your neighbours."

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Extract from a Grand Old Diary. Monday, Oct. 17.

Self, wife, and Herbert started early to escape our kind-hearted, clear-headed admirers; so early, that I scarcely had time before leaving to write thirty post-cards, seventy-six pages of notes for my next magazine article, and to cut down half-a-dozen trees. Train announced to leave Chester at 10·30, but got off at the hour. This little joke (Watkin's notion) caused much amusement. Through opera-glasses we could see bands of music, deputations, &c., constantly coming to the railway-stations to meet our train after it had passed. Too bad! However, to prevent disappointment, and as Chamberlain has been imitating me and vulgarised my original idea, I knocked off some speeches, in pencil, and Herbert threw them out of the window as fast as I could write them. So far as we could make out with a telescope, some of them reached their destination, and seemed to be well received.

Master Willie Gladstone "really enjoying, and in some measure appreciating and understanding," our Mr. Agnew's Lectures on Art. *Vide Times Report, Oct.* 18.

Awfully pleased to meet Mr. William Agnew at Manchester. Odd coincidence of "Christian names. I shall speak of him and allude to him as "The Other William." He promised to keep by me, and show me all the pictures worth seeing.

"T'Other William," said I, "you are very good. As you know, I take a great and sincere interest in pictures and works of Art, although I know very little about them." T'Other William protested. "No, T'Other William, I am right. You have been the means of providing me with a commodity most difficult of all others to procure if you do not possess it yourself—that is to say, you have provided me with brains." Further protests from T'Other One. "No, T'Other William, hear me out; for you know in all cases where a judgment has had to be passed upon works of Art, I have been accustomed to refer a great deal to you, and lean upon you, because you have been constantly the means of enabling me really to see, and really to enjoy, and in some measure to appreciate and understand, all that you have shown to me."

I was so pleased with this little speech that I made Herbert take it down as I repeated it to him privately when T'Other was looking in another direction. When I brought it out afterwards, at luncheon in the Palm-house, it went wonderfully. So it should, because I felt every word of it. T'Other William is one of the kindest and most courteous of my friends.

I was very pleased with the Exhibition, although perhaps (I am not certain of this) I might have seen it better had not about four thousand visitors followed our little party everywhere, cheering vociferously. I was consequently obliged to keep my attention most carefully fixed upon the exhibits, as when I caught any stranger's eye, the stranger immediately (but with an eagerness that did not exceed the limits of good behaviour) called upon me to make a speech then and there upon the subject of "Home Rule." I am sure I should on each and every occasion have only been too delighted, had not Sir Andrew warned me not to indulge too much in that sort of thing. The crowd, however, had its decided advantage, inasmuch as we were carried off our feet everywhere. In this luxurious fashion we were wafted to Messrs. Doulton's Pottery Manufactory, to Mr. Jesse Haworth's loan exhibition of Egyptian antiquities, the name "Jesse" recalled to me the poor misguided Joe's "Jesse," the second fiddle, but *toujours fidèle*, and to a great many other shows of almost equal interest.

But of course *the* feature of the Exhibition was the collection of pictures. I was absolutely delighted. T'Other William explained everything, and amongst other portraits showed me one of myself by Millais. I imagine that everybody must have thought it very like, because when they observed me inspecting it, they cheered more vigorously than ever. For my part I can't help feeling that Sir John might have done more with the collars. He has not (to my thinking, although I confess I may be wrong) put quite enough starch in them. This is my own idea, as I did not consult T'Other One upon the subject. Great as my reliance is upon him concerning works of Art, I reserve the right of using my own judgment in the matter of collars. Passing through the galleries I was delighted with everything I saw. The only drawback to my pleasure was the fact that I was followed (as I have already hinted) by a cheering crowd, who occasionally, and, no doubt, accidentally, drowned the voice of my kind Mentor. Under other circumstances I should have drawn the distinction between the Mentor and the Tor-mentors. Think this, but don't say it. For instance, when we were standing in front of "*Ramsgate Sands*," this is what reached my ears eager for instruction:—

"'*Ramsgate Sands*,' by Frith—('*Hooray!*')—who, as you know, has just written—('*Speech! Speech!*' '*Home Rule!*' '*Three cheers for Morley!*')—full of anecdotes of all sorts of interesting people. If you went to Ramsgate now, you would find——('*We are going to give you another carpet, old man!*' '*Hooray, hooray, hooray!*' '*Three Cheers for Home Rule!—An extra one for Manchester!*')—and practically the sand-frequenters we are carefully examining in this picture are of thirty years ago. ('*Speech! Speech!*') You must know——('*Hooray, hooray, hooray!*')"

And at this period my dear friend was silenced by our being carried away in an irresistible stream to the Palm-house, where we took part in an excellent luncheon. Here I delivered my speech, which I pride myself was first-rate. I called Manchester the Modern Athens, explaining, however, that no offence was intended to the capital of Midlothian. Take it all round, then, in spite of the "exuberant interest" shown in me by my fellow-citizens, I have had a very pleasant day, thanks chiefly to T'Other William.

A PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMME.

October 25.—Lecture by amiable Police Magistrate to six hulking rowdies, who have been assaulting the Police, on the duty of "bearing distress patiently." Tells them "not to do it again," and dismisses them with aid from the Poor Box and his blessing. Surprise of rowdies.

October 26.—Unemployed employ themselves in sacking portion of Bond Street, during temporary withdrawal of Police for a little rest.

October 27.—Sitting Alderman at Mansion House gives a Socialist Deputation some sympathetic and fatherly advice, and recommends them to "study laws of supply and demand." Invites them to Lord Mayor's Banquet. Deputation accepts invitation readily, and, on emerging into street, is chivied down Cheapside by infuriated mob of other Socialists, who have not received invitations.

October 28.—New Leaders of Mob (*vice* Deputation, resigned) denounce sympathetic Alderman as a "bloated exploiter." Nelson Monument pulled down. Ten leading tradesmen, in neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, unable to do any business, owing to streets being blocked with rioters, go into bankruptcy.

October 29.—Gathering of "Unemployed" in Westminster Abbey. Unemployed complain bitterly because chairs have no cushions. The Dean, conducted to pulpit under strong police escort, preaches very conciliatory sermon on duty of Upper Classes, all, except Deans, to give most of what they possess to poor; advises poor to wait patiently till they get it. Retires under heavy shower of hymn-books. Unemployed "remain to prey."

October 30.—Westminster Abbey sacked, in consequence of Dean's conciliatory sermon. The Canons go off.

November 1.—Mansion House Relief Fund started. Fifty thousand pounds subscribed the first day by leading philanthropists who have had all their windows broken. Trade paralysed, and numbers of Unemployed consequently increasing. Speech by celebrated Statesman, contrasting disorder and lawlessness in Ireland with universal contentment and order existing in England.

November 2.—Mob helps itself to chief pictures in National Gallery, on ground that they "belong to the people." Raffle organised for the Raffaelles. Fifteen policemen have their ribs broken.

November 3.—Whole Police Force disabled by angry mob armed with bludgeons and revolvers. Sympathetic Alderman at Mansion House ventures to ask Government if "matters are not really going a little too far," and is ducked in Thames. All the West-End shops in-wested by looters.

November 4.—Prime Minister declares that "much as he regrets the depression of trade and want of employment, yet he thinks that on the whole, recent proceedings have not been quite creditable to Capital City of Empire." Military called out, and streets cleared in no time. Ringleaders of mob arrested, and given a year's imprisonment with hard labour. Trafalgar Square railed round and planted with prickly cactus. Business resumed and confidence restored. Government begins to think of a Bill to deal with *real* London grievances—such as rack-rents, slum-dwellings, and foreign pauper labour. [*And high time too!*

A Cloud of Yachts.—The account of the British owner published last week, confirms the notion that the much-talked-of superiority of the *Thistle* over the *Volunteer* was mere vapouring. This is not surprising. All that could be appropriately expected from such a weed was smoke!

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 3.

DON CHAMBERLAIN QUIXOTE AND SANCHO JESSE PANZA.

Sancho Panza (to himself). "I cannot read it,—[illegible] I must: I have eaten his Bread, I have sworn: absit ab! am faithful."—*Don Quixote*, Part II., Book II., Ch. xxxiii.

THE NEW QUIXOTE.

Fragments from a forthcoming Romance of Political Chivalry and Purely Knight-Errantry.

* * * * * *

This age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a keen, yet in my humble opinion, a very early and rapid riser, and a lover of the cocktail.

* * * * * *

His judgment being somewhat disturbed, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any naturally quiet person. This was a belief that it behoved him, as well for the advancement of his own glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant (though, indeed, there was, perhaps, about him more of the errant than the knightly), and traverse the northern parts of Hibernia, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, wherein every species of grievance were such as were not thereof to his own, or "progressive," which latter, indeed, he would by no means admit to be "grievances" at all. The poor gentleman imagined himself to be of land reversal, Autocrat of Connaught, by the valour of his arm; and thus waged in those accursed Hibernian, and hence very by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his desires into execution.

The first thing he did was to arrange, up arms, ready armour which had done service in the time of his grand-grandfather, and had for many years exploded in a corner. This he cleaned, and furbished up as well as he could, but he found one great defect—it would not in any part stand any strain from resistance which would not at from modern guns. However, as he was neither fond with the par

TORSION.

Irish Waiter (*to Bow-legged Traveller in the Coffee-room*). "Big pardon, Sor. Hadn't your Honour better move a little further from the Foire?" *Traveller* (*fiercely*). "Eh? Wha' for? Wha' d'ye mean?!"

Irish Waiter. "Och shure, Sor, yer Legs is warpin'!—Och! phew! most turrible!"

ing to attack than impressed with the necessity for defence, this deficiency troubled him but little.

In the next place he visited his steed, which though but a hobby of wooden aspect and no paces, yet in his eyes it surpassed any charger that the Achilles of Hawarden ever bestrode, or the Automedon of Derby ever handled. Many days was he deliberating upon what name he should give it; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent appertaining to a Knight so famous should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavoured to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was; nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. Failing in this endeavour, he called his hobby, provisionally at least, *Ne Plus Ulster*, a name which if it suggested a sorry joke, was so far fitting that it was bestowed upon a sorry nag.

* * * * * *

In the meantime our knight-errant had brought his persuasive powers to bear upon a humble labourer in the fields which he himself had lately left, a neighbour of his, some said of his own distant kin, and an honest man, but somewhat shallow-brained and self-important. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him in the capacity of a Squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might some time or the other occur, that, by one stroke, an Island might be won, where it was within the bounds of possibility that he, the Squire, might one day become Governor, or at least Viceroy. With this and other promises Sancho Panza (for that was the rustic's name) left his well-beloved three acres at home, not to name a favourite cow, for a time at least, and engaged himself as Squire to his ambitious neighbour.

* * * * * *

Engaged in friendly discourse, they came in sight of eighty-five or eighty-six windmills; and as Don Quixote espied them he said to his Squire, "Fortune favours us. Look yonder, friend Jesse—I mean Sancho—where thou mayest discover some more than eighty disloyal giants, and monsters of sedition, whom I intend to encounter and slay." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long and far-reaching arms, for some are wont to have them of the full length of a league. Fly not, ye cowards, and vile caitiffs!" he cried, "for it is a single Knight who assaults ye! Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it!"

* * * * * *

And the story, so far as it has gone (it is "to be continued"), leaves Don Quixote making a prodigiously plucky assault upon the League-limbed "giants," with what result the sequel will show.

TO A LADY DENTIST.

[It is announced that Ladies are to be enabled to take diplomas in Dentistry.]

Lady Dentist, dear thou art,
Thou hast stolen all my heart;
Take too, I shall not repine,
Modest molars such as mine;
Draw them at thine own sweet will;
Pain can come not from thy skill.

Lady Dentist, fair to see,
Are the forceps held by thee;
Lest those pretty lips should pout,
You may pull my eye-teeth out;
I'm regardless of the pangs,
When thy hand extracts the fangs.

Lady Dentist, hear me pray
Thou wilt visit me each day;
Welcome is the hand that comes—
Lightly hovering o'er my gums.
Not a throne, love, could compare
With thine operating chair.

Lady Dentist, when in sooth
You've extracted every tooth,
Take me toothless to your arms,
For the future will have charms.
Artificial teeth shall be—
Work for you and joy for me!

All the Difference.—The Statesmen used to be called "[illegible] of the State." Pillars! They now seem to contribute to [illegible] little but endless (newspaper) columns!

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A HOODED EAGLE.

H-tf-ld]House, Friday.

DEAR TOBY,

AFTER a too brief holiday I am back again to H-tf-ld and to L-nd-n, and take an early opportunity of dropping you a line. I call the interval since the House was up a holiday for convenience sake; but what with the daily arrival of despatch boxes and the delivery of the morning papers, the repose has been intermittent. I fancy that since the days of Old PAM the recess has always been a mockery for the Premier of the day. D-ZZY had some bad times from 1874 to 1880, and GL-DST-NE's subsequent Premiership was not a bed of roses, even in the recess. But they at least had the satisfaction of feeling that they were in power as well as in office. If they decided upon a particular line of policy, they could initiate it without first inquiring how it might suit half-a-dozen people. Moreover, each was in varying degree supported by capable colleagues, able to hold their own on the platform or in the House. For unhappy Me things are quite otherwise. I may devise a policy for Ireland and elsewhere, but before I can announce it, I must humbly learn how it suits my Lord H-RT-NGT-N and my good friend CH-MB-RL-N. As for my colleagues and the help I receive from them——well, that is a matter of which of course I cannot write, even in the confidence of correspondence with you. But I may tell you that over at Châlet C-c-l I found some little time for reading other literature than Blue Books. Looking through SHELLEY once again, I came upon the line descriptive of COLERIDGE, "flagging wearily through darkness and despair,"

"A hooded eagle among blinking owls."

I don't exactly know why, but when I think of some things that have taken place lately, I have a strong feeling of personal sympathy with the hooded eagle.

But this is a trifle melancholy, and will make you think I am in low spirits, or even that there is truth in the newspaper rumours of failing health. Nothing of the sort, dear boy; never better in my life. Full of health and spirits, of hope for the coming time, and eagerness for the fray of next Session. How I have envied GL-DST-NE going about the country making speeches which would have been twice as effective if they had been half as long, receiving the homage of the masses, and driving in state through the streets of Derby, with his led Captain, H-RC-RT, on the box-seat of his carriage! What a curious man is GL-DST-NE, the Elephant of our political life, who can in the morning crush a Ministry, and in the afternoon achieve a petty economy by selling waste timber. There has been a good deal written about NAPOLEON whilst involved in his fatal campaign in Russia occupying spare moments in drawing up regulations for the Opera House at Paris. But what is that compared with GL-DST-NE marching through the Midlands to upset my Government, and, *en route*, drafting an announcement that timber felled at Hawarden by his own hand would be on sale "at a uniform charge, viz., 1*s.* 6*d.* for a small log, or 3*s.* per cubic foot, *exclusive of railway carriage*." Of course I know that WILLIAM HENRY has gallantly rushed into the breach, and avowed the authorship of this remarkable proclamation. But if W. H. is allowed to do this kind of thing without consultation or authority, all I can say is that discipline at Hawarden is fatally faulty. Besides, amiable and engaging as he is, I do not believe that W. H. is *equal to the unassisted* concoction of this incomparable production. However it be, no one but GL-DST-NE could stand the ridicule of the thing, and he doubtless doesn't feel it.

How is GR-ND-LPH getting on? Not so well as he used, I fancy. His new attitude of friendly neutrality does not suit him, and is, moreover, not nearly so attractive with the people as what I may call his Malayan manner, when he used to run amuck at everybody, including myself. It was a very dull speech he made at Sunderland on Thursday. He must certainly wake up, if he means to keep his old place. Perhaps he is, like me, getting aweary of the whole thing, and wishes he were well out of it. If I had my will, I would cut the whole business, and spend my days and nights in the laboratory here. But that cannot be, for the present at least. So you will hear from me soon in the midst of the fray; and, in the meantime, mind you understand that I am in the best of spirits, confident in the present, and hopeful for the future.

Yours, faithfully, S-L-SB-RY.

"COLD ID BY DOZE."

I'VE got such a hoddible cold id by head,
Upod by word, I wish I was dead;
I really thig I shall go to bed,
Ad tallow by doze, as the Doctor said;
He's cubig agaid this afterdood;
Why, it's half-past three, he'll be here sood,
Ad gib me sub bore of his beastly drugs,
Ad tell me to keep warb udder the rugs.
Achoo! Achoo!
Oh! what shall I do?

I've coughed ad sdeezed till I 'be dearly blue,
Ad by doze is so sore,
I card blow it bore,
It feels as tedder as if it was raw;
Subbody told be he'd heard of sub stuff
Which you'd odely to sdiff, ad that was eduff;
What did he call it? Alkarab,
I'll sedd for sub—I suppose it's a shab—
They always are. Achoo! Achoo!
I thig I 'be dyig! Oh! what shall I do?
Yes, this is the stuff that fellow said
Was sure to cure a cold id the head;
Two or three sdiffs the beggar swore
Would bake you as well as you were before.
(*He sniffs.*) Upod my soul, I believe he's right,
I 'be gettig better—it's wonderful quite,
I albost feel as if I bight
Go out and dide at the Club to-dight.
(*He continueth sniffing.*)
I really will, I feel quite well,
As fresh as a rose, and as sound as a bell,
And I'll always swear that the only balm
For a cold in the head is Alkaram.
"Here, JOHN, put out my evening clothes."
I'll take my grub
To-night at the Club.
Soup, fish, and a bird, with a pint of Larose,
I think that ought to complete the cure,
And make assurance double sure.
Achoo! Hullo!
Why here's a go!
Achoo! Atishoo! Oh dear! Oh dear!
It's all begiddig agaid, I fear;
You card get rid of a cold like bide
By sbellig a bottle of bedicide!
Soup ad fish! it's absurd,
Or to thigk of a bird,
When you card prodoudce a siggle word,
Ad as for Larose, the tipple for be
Is a cup of boilig lidseed tea.

I'll go to bed,
Ad wrap a red
Welsh fladdel baddage roud by head,
Ad stay at hobe for a budth at least,
Till this beastly widd's do logger East.

South Kedsigtod.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

A Mob-Cap was once upon a time a picturesque finish to a pretty face, and it was of home-manufacture. Now the Mob-Cap is a red abomination, typical of bloodshed and crime, of foreign make, and is mis-called the Cap of Liberty, which, properly translated, is the Cap of Licence. It certainly is not "The Cap of Maintenance," as it is adopted by those who would disdain work, even if it were offered them.

Not for the first time has *Mr. Punch* raised his voice against Street Processions, which have developed into one of the greatest nuisances of the present time, destructive of trade, detrimental to every kind of regular business, and a disgrace to our orderly and respectable London. All processions in London ought to be prohibited, with the exception of such State, Civic, or Ecclesiastical processions as may be deemed essential to the dignity of authority, and which have been, and still are, a source of real pleasure to the Londoners, who dearly love a show, when there is due and proper occasion for it.

If the Salvationist Army processions, with their tambourines, drums, and inharmonious bands, are permitted on Sunday (which English people were wont to observe in peace and quietness), then consistently a Socialist procession must be allowed. And what other processions? Freemasons, Religious Guilds, Clubs,—why should not the members of the Reform, the Athenæum, the Conservative, the National Liberal, organise processions? Why not the Garrick Club, headed by Mr. Henry Irving and Friend Toole, with banners emblazoned with playbills? No. "Reform it altogether."

And as to the liberty of out-of-door public meetings. Let Trafalgar Square be explicitly forbidden to these mischievous anarchists, of whom the majority are the dupes and tools of firebrand foreign Communists. Let certain places be allotted to them for "airing their grievances," and let each of these places be at least four miles distant from Charing-Cross. Our Parks are the "Lungs of London," and if these Lungs be congested, the health of London will materially suffer. How many hundreds are now prevented from entering the Parks by the fear of King Mob and his rabble rout? Children and nursery-maids dare not take their recreation in our Parks. Think of that, ye Privates of the Cavalry and Infantry, and to a man you will be the first to declare for the freedom of the Parks. Let one of the first enactments of the next Session be a Bill to Regulate Processions and Out-of-door Meetings. Let it be a liberal measure—in the true sense of liberal; that is, showing due consideration for everybody—and let it come into operation as soon as possible.

PUNCH.

KNIGHT THOUGHTS.

Sir Henry Knight seems to be of opinion that luxurious living, Aldermanic and otherwise, must be a good thing for the poor, because "Money spent in entertainment goes into the pockets of the working classes." If that is so, Dives, in order to benefit Lazarus, can hardly do better than go on faring sumptuously every day. And yet somehow, as a matter of fact, the more Dives feeds the more Lazarus famishes. How is this, O Knight of the Round (Dinner) Table?

"Neither luxury, nor anything else," says the philosophical ex-Lord Mayor, "can be indulged in without purchasing the materials which contribute to or from which the luxury is obtained." *Argal*, the more luxury among the rich the more money in the pockets of the poor. Cheering thought!—for civic *gourmands* and fashionable fine ladies! Did not a great financier once suggest that England, which fought itself into debt, might drink itself out of it? Here seems to be a chance of eating ourselves out of poverty, of dining ourselves out of destitution. Are there any real "Unemployed" about? Let those who have money spend more of it in "entertainments" and the problem is solved without recourse to Mansion House Funds, Public Works, Eight Hour Movements, or other schemes philanthropical or revolutionary.

Knight's panacea for poverty, this proposal to cure it by "entertainment," is certainly, in one sense, entertaining. But it is to be feared that it can hardly be entertained.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Inverted Domestic and Other.'

A GOOD PLAIN MISTRESS WANTED by a competent and highly experienced Cook. Must be a thorough lady, accustomed to making herself generally agreeable, and to not prying into household matters which do not concern her. She will not be expected to visit her own kitchen, inquire into the amount of her own weekly books, keep the key of the beer, or object to the occasional visits of members of the local Police Force, in which the advertiser has several near relatives. A little dinner on a small scale now and then will not be objected to, but seeing much company cannot for a moment be entertained. An unexceptionable character from the three last cooks who have filled the place, indispensable. Apply, M.B. Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

TRAVELLING NOBLEMAN WANTED. A Courier who has a slight acquaintance with the French and German languages, and wishes to air them in the course of a pleasant and enjoyable little outing, is desirous of meeting with a well-recommended aristocrat of unquestionable antecedents, who wishes to visit the leading towns of the Continent in thoroughly first-class style. The advertiser, who would select the routes, generally direct the character of the tour, and expect to have charge of the cheque-book, would stipulate that under no circumstances should any question be raised on the score of expense. None but Noblemen of a confiding disposition, that can be vouched for by testimonials from their near relatives, need apply. Communicate with A. X., Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

A REAL GENTLEMAN, who isn't too particular, wanted immediately by a Coachman, who will, when sober, undertake to drive his carriage and pair for him anywhere he likes about the Metropolis, and beyond, without smashing him up. Mustn't be hasty and close over stable expenses. Any quiet old duffer, who has been accustomed to let things go their own way without interfering, preferred. Apply to Jehu, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

A LADY OF TITLE WANTED by A COMPANION who would undertake to offer her Society in consideration of sharing the carriage, home, recreations, pleasures, friends, and general social *entourage* of her employer. As the Advertiser has for some years figured prominently as a garrison hack, and has been somewhat blown upon in consequence, she will not be too particular as to the character of the particular "Set" into which her new surroundings may introduce her; but as she has, by outliving her income, already run through the little money she possessed, she will expect a salary of not less than £100 a year, to enable her to dress up to the false position she has in contemplation to occupy. No recognised old Dowagers, who live a quiet and retired life, need answer this Advertisement. No references expected or offered. N. W., Eligible Family Agency, Walker Street, W.

SOFT-HEADED NOBLEMAN OR GENTLEMAN wanted by a shrewd, shifty, pushing, out-at-elbows Adventurer, desirous of filling the post of Private Secretary, and so worming himself into an assured position of intimate family confidence. Would suit a Duke threatened with incipient paralysis. Apply, Diplomaticus, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

CHEERFUL AND WILLING MISTRESS WANTED by an Under-Housemaid who wears a fringe and latest form of Dress-Improver, and considers herself generally attractive. State number of Men Servants, and furnish particulars of the sort of society that may be expected down-stairs. Advertiser will expect to receive her own friends on the afternoons of not less than three days in each week. Mistress may refer to servants at present staying in house, who can speak favourably as to her character. Apply, Hilda, Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

USEFUL AND ACTIVE MISTRESS REQUIRED by a General Servant who will expect her to do her fair share of the work. Master must clean the windows and his own boots, and as advertiser is not an early riser, get up when necessary, and let in the sweeps. Entire Sundays expected out and no interference with visits of the Marine Store Dealer. Character Mutual. S. S. S., Eligible Family Supply Agency, Walker Street, W.

THE ELIGIBLE FAMILY SUPPLY AGENCY undertake to provide exacting and particular modern Domestics with thoroughly satisfactory Masters and Mistresses.

THE ELIGIBLE FAMILY SUPPLY AGENCY have at the present moment applications from several Invalid Gentlemen who require care and solicitude, and will be glad to hear from Widows with an eye to the main chance, and "Superior" Housekeepers desirous of getting hold of an unquestionably good thing.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Jones (of Hampstead). "This is one of our celebrated Ponds. You've heard of them, eh, Gibbert?"

Gibbert (who has never been to *Hampstead before*). "Heard of 'em! I should think so—ever since I was a Boy! Why, the Ponds Jerboats, of course!"

THE TWO VOICES.

"That this representative body of Working-men, representing the local Unemployed Workmen of the East and South-East of London, beg to place on record their entire want of sympathy, and their utter condemnation of the recent conduct which has been made in the name of the Unemployed."—*Resolution passed at a Meeting of Representative Workmen, held in Whitechapel, for the purpose "of considering the present position of the Unemployed Workmen, and the great evils of that evil."*

The Unemployed? Well, here I stand,
Have stood for many weary weeks,
With sinking heart and idle hand,
Hunger's white unsign on my cheeks.
I came to howl
Like you, plump ruffian with the bull-dog jowl;
But the angry words, with pleasure's honey clogged,
May see in me the real Unemployed!

Oh, yes! this hand is used to work,
The hardness has not left its palm,
I'm no black-coated sprouting shirk,
Like him upon the left there. Calm?
By Heaven, I shake!
Could I but fall the gang at one sharp stroke,
Shadows who toil, and noughts who watch the spoil.
[*Pull.*
There 'tis—a good blow in the true cause of

How shall I make my poor Voice heard
Whilst this brute shrieks, truthless, mad?
The slime-drops of the town are stirred,
All that's bloodthirsty, blatant, bad,
Comes, surging up;
And I—ah! I hang back and drain the cup
Of bitter want in silence, blent with shame
At this base snivelling of a Man's good name.

And then the cynic cashiers crow
In their smug cushions; crow and cry:
"Oh, the whole thing's a farce, you know,
The old sham play of Poverty,
Pushed just once more
Upon the public boards. An awful bore!"
So (whilst we starve) the well-fed idlers sniff
At the spoilt tragedy, and cry, "Off! Off!"

Ah! the sleek lips should take a turn
At the long, weary foot-sore tramp,
In search of work, till sick hearts burn,
Till the cold fogs or footways damp,
Of London seem
The endless maze of some devilish dream,
And tempting visions haunt the frowzed head,
Of the sharp knife-edge or the river's bed.

Wrong? Oh, of course! Our duty lies,
In dull endurance to the end.
The faces pale, the pleading eyes,
Of wife and children, looks that rend
A fellow's heart,
And make hot curses from his cold lips start,
These should not maddden men into the pitch,
Of reckless despair. So preach the rich!

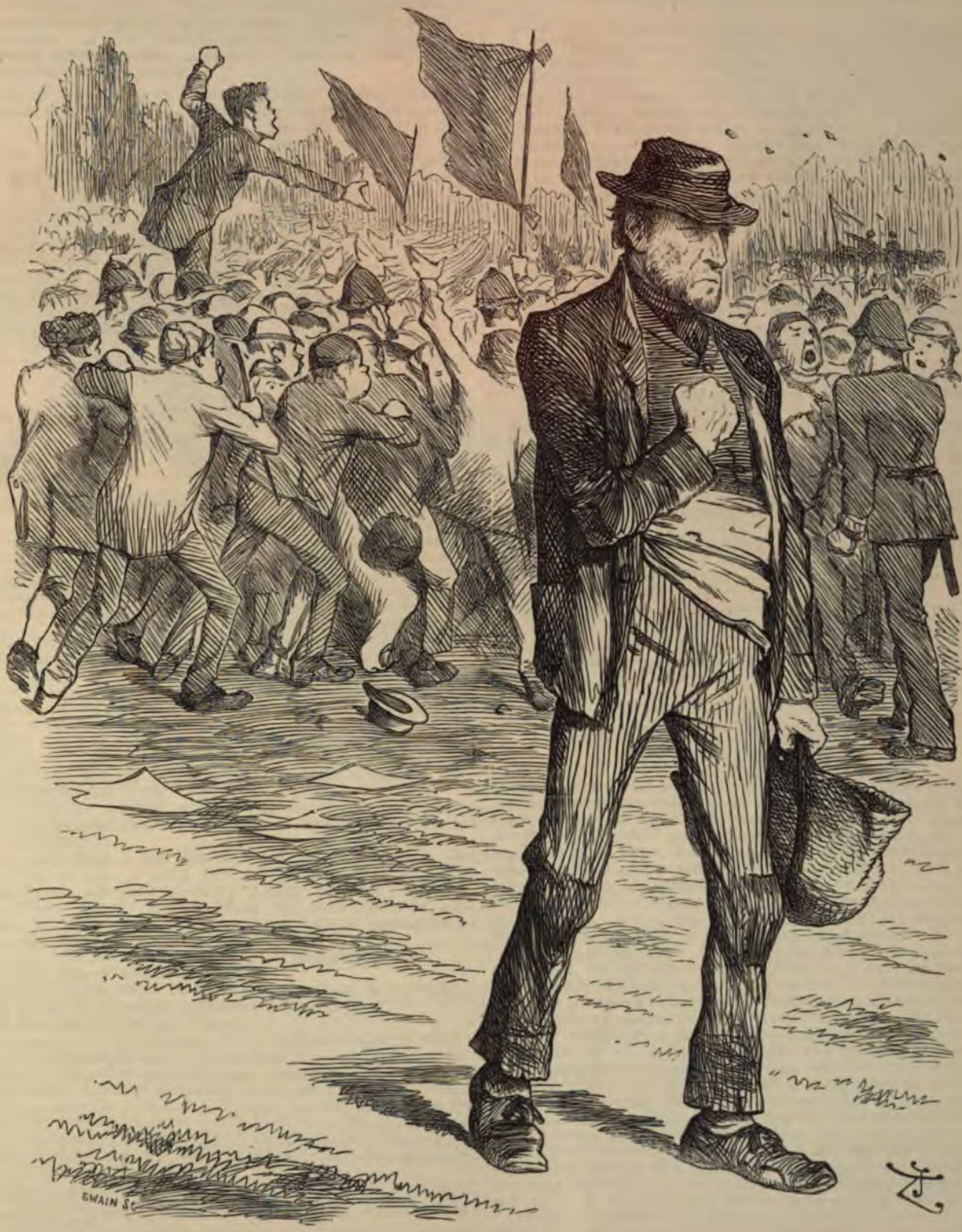
And wonder pulling fools entrive
To hoist some truth to Mammon's twit.
The hatest hereditz alive,
With babbling tongue and brain perplext,
Can help do that;
Whilst I?—a broken head or beaten hat
Will not so help me in my present state
That I should greatly care to "demonstrate."

Only if such a Voice as mine
Could penetrate the public ear,
Deafened with all this windy shine,
And muddled 'twixt contempt and fear;
I rather think
'Twould tell some truths might make the soulless shrink.
But *I* compete with yonder wolf-eyed brute!
No; I can easier suffer and stand mute.

If that's a strong, well-ordered state,
Where tens of thousands like myself,
With willing hands, must starve and wait,
Whilst piles of swiftly-growing pelf,
Scented from afar,
Swell the hods of capital and sin,
There—yes, may rear a city on foul slime,
And build Society on want and crime.

My Voice! Men will not listen—yet;
And when they open ears at last,
Blindness won't cure, nor hopeful,
Meanwhile you temper at full blast
Police my cause,
Whilst foolish jaws and foolisher applause;
And preachers press, and statesmen bother on,
And we—we starve in gold-shekeled Babylon!

"Mr Napkins, who is very fond of children," said Mrs. Lux, "has just purchased the front box of Jolly Brothers' Circus for Tuesday. Can it be possible that the dear old lady cannot Bell-ieve?"



THE TWO VOICES.

One of the Real "Unemployed."—"How am I to make *my* voice heard in this blackguard row!!"

VOCES POPULI.

Scene—*Trafalgar Square. Several thousand loafers and roughs discovered asserting right of free speech, free meeting and free procession. A few hundred genuine artisans out of work standing about moodily. Lines of Policemen drawn up in reserve look on impassively.*

A Lover of Liberty. As an Englishman, Sir, I 'm disgusted—it 's *un-English*, that 's what it is, "dragooning" an inoffensive assembly like this! I *used* to think freedom of speech and action was the right of every Briton—but it seems we 're to be overawed by the Police now—confounded impertinence on the part of the Government, I call it!

'Hooky Walker!"

"....The Leaders, H. George, *and the man whose name was said to be* Walker, put up their coat-collars and sneaked away under the trees."—*Newspaper Report.*

An Orator (*leaping suddenly on parapet*). Feller Citizens, are you *Men* that you stand by with folded 'ands, while unlimited food and wealth lays within a stone's throw? I want yer——

Constables (*behind*). Ah, and *we* want *you*—off you go!

[*Disappearance of Orator in direction of Police-station.*

Lover of Liberty. Shame! Is a man to be punished for his opinions? Oh, England, England!

Person in Search of Sensation (*disappointedly*). Well, there doesn't seem much doing,—so far.

Squalid Vagabond (*recognising* Stalwart Constable, *whom he has apparently met before in a professional capacity*). 'Ow *are* yer, pretty bobbish?

[*Nods to show he bears no malice.*

Stalwart C. (*good-humouredly*). I'm much as usual, thankee.

Companion Constable (*to S. C.*). Well, you *do* know some rough 'uns, I must say!

Stalwart C. Go on—that gentleman's a West-Ender.

Professional "Hook" (*to line of Policemen*). So *you're* 'ere, are you? Well, me and my pal must take *our* little prominade some hother arternoon, that 's all!

Sympathiser (*to Loafer*). And so you 've actually been out of employment since last January? Monstrous! The Government ought to *find* you work!

Loafer. Jes', what *I* say, Guv'nor. Let 'em gimme work, and I'll *do* it fast enough. *I* don't want ter be idle. I ain't on'y my one trade to earn my bread by—but I 'll work at that, if I 'm let!

Sympathiser. Exactly, my poor fellow, and what *is* your trade?

Loafer. Why, I 'm a skate-fastener, I am; puts on parties' skates for 'em,—and 'ere I am—not 'ad a job for months!

Truculent Ruffian (*to Quiet Observer*). Hunimployed?

Quiet Obs. Yes—at present.

T. R. Too many o' them bloomin' Coppers about, to *my* mind—I'd like to slug the lot—they 're the ruin of *our* bisness!

Quiet Obs. Ah, you 're right *there!*

Demagogue (*to Police Sergeant*). Now, don't you interfere—that 's all *I* ask. *I'll* speak to them—I have them thoroughly in hand just now, but, if you offer them the least opposition, I—(*with much solemnity*) well, I won't be responsible for what happens. (*He is allowed to address the multitude.*) Friends, you are met here in this peaceful but imposing manner in the teeth of a brutal and overbearing Constabulary, to show the bloated Capitalists, who are now trembling behind their tills, that we mean to be taken seriously! Yes, in our squalor and our rags——

[*Throws open frock-coat, and displays thick gold watch-chain.*

Mob. Yah, pitch us over yer red slang! take orf that ere nobby coat! Harristocrat! Yah!

Dem. (*complacently*). It is true that I myself am not in absolute destitution.—But what of that, my friends? Can I not *feel*——

[*Here a turnip strikes him in the eye. Yells of "Down with him!" "Duck him!" "Spy!" "Traitor!" Mob pulls him down and attempts to take him to pieces.*

Dem. (*faintly*). Here, hi, Policemen, help! Why the devil don't you use your staves? [*Is rescued and assisted home by Police.*

A Rough (*to Policeman*). Keep moving? ah, *I'll* move! (*Kicks him on the knee-cap. Policeman draws truncheon and hits back.*

Crowd (*indignantly*). Boo! Coward! Strikin' a unarmed man—down with 'im! [*They beat brutal Constable to a jelly.*

The Truculent Ruffian (*to Quiet Obs.*) Are you game for a merry ole lark?

Quiet Obs. You *try* me—that 's all!

T. R. Then, as them cowards of cops 'ave as much on their 'ands as they kin do with, now 's the time for a bit of a loot! Pass the word to them mates o' yourn—"Pall Mall and no tyranny!"

Quiet Obs. I've done it—they 're only waiting for *you.*

T. R. (*suddenly producing red handkerchief*). There—*now*, boys! "Remember Mitchelstown and no brutal perlice!" Foller me!

Quiet Obs. (*arresting him*). No, you 'll follow *us*, please—you won't do no good kicking, all right, mates, we 've got him.

T. R. Oh, please, I didn't know you was a Policeman, Sir, or I shouldn't ha' spoke! Strike me dead I was on'y in fun! (*Whimpers.*) And I 've a good ole mother at 'ome, Sir.

The Person in Search of Sensation. What, another arrest? and simply for showing a red handkerchief! I shall write and describe these atrocities. How abominably these police are behaving—actually defending themselves, the blackguards!

[*A Policeman accidentally lifts his arm, whereupon about fifty youths scurry like rabbits; in the rush, the* Person in search of Sensation *is hustled and slightly trampled on. He becomes annoyed, and hits out right and left—eventually striking a Constable in his excitement.*

Const. (*who has been without sleep for the last two days and has just had his cheek laid open by a stone*). 'Ere, you come along with me, you 're one of the wust, you are!

The Person. But I assure you, I just came to see what there was to be seen!

Const. Well, you come along with me, and you 'll see a Magistrit presently.

[The Person *resists; struggle: arrival of reinforcements; exit party, in "frog's-marching" order, conveying him to fresh sensations.*

The Lover of Liberty (*emerging from crush*). My hat ruined, my coat split down the back, and my watch gone! I *told* the crowd I was with them heart and soul—and they hit me in the stomach! What do we keep our police *for*, I want to know?

Professional (*emerging in opposite direction*). Three red clocks, two pusses, and a white slang, I ain't done so dusty! 'Ooray for the right o' Free Meetin', *I* sez!

Genuine Unemployed (*wearily*). Well, I dunno as I see what good all this 'ere is a goin' to do *hus!* [*And no more does Mr. Punch.*

FROM MR. HENRY IRVING'S NOTE-BOOK.

(*Published without permission.*)

Stratford-on-Avon, October 18.—Speech at the Opening-of-Fountain ceremony went very well. Some distinguished Americans were not there, notably Mr. Abbey. In consequence, had to omit all reference to "Abbey Thought" and "Fountains Abbey," which, as J. L. T. suggested in his letter, would have lightened the entertainment considerably. Also very annoying, but I never thought of it till too late; I quite forgot to say anything about Buffalo Bill. Cody will be hurt; but I shall be in America before he gets back there, so it doesn't much matter. Yet it was a chance lost. William Shakspeare, William Cody. Buffalo Bill, Swan Shakspeare. No matter, keep it for another time. And at the last moment I could not make out what I had written on my wristband as a mem. for speech. It was *à propos* of Mr. Child's gift. I see now it was something about "Child's the father to the man." And then an allusion to the sympathy between America and England as not being mere "Child's-play." Very odd, how I forgot that. Still, speech couldn't have gone better. And how on earth I omitted to make any mention of Miss Mary Anderson I can't understand! Yet the fact that this fair American is now playing at the Lyceum ought to have stuck in my memory which yet holds its seat in this distracted brain. And, dear me, there was the American Minister present, and yet—bother it!—it never occurred to me, till I was dressing this evening, hours afterwards, that I ought to have remarked on the fact that America was represented here on this special Dramatic occasion by a gentleman bearing a name so honoured alike by English and American actors, and so dear to the theatrical profession as must always be that of "Phelps." But this will keep, too, for another time. And, after all, in spite of these omissions, which of course nobody noticed, the speech went admirably.

Nottingham v. Sunderland.

"There's *no* Liberal Party!" cries Grandolph the bold.
"Hooray!" shout the Tories, "the straightest of shots!"
But the faithful who flock to the G. O. M.'s fold
Say, "Our old party **bonds** are re-tied now—in Notts!"

THE AXE PREMIER'S AUCTION.

Auctioneer. "FINE CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK, GENTLEMEN! SPLENDID SPECIMENS OF THE HAWARDEN TIMBER, IN THE SALE OF WHICH, GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE YOU, I HAVE 'NO INTEREST WHATEVER.'" ("*Hear! hear!*") "NOW, GENTLEMEN, HOW MUCH SHALL WE SAY FOR THIS CHIP, WHICH I LOPPED OFF WHEN I WAS LEAVING HAWARDEN—WHEN I WAS 'CUTTING MY STICK,' IN FACT." (*Laughter.*) "WHO BIDS FOR THIS? DON'T BE ALL FAGOT-VOTING AT ONCE!" (*Laughter and Cheers.*) "NOW THEN,—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS, TEN SHILLINGS, SEVEN, FIVE, EIGHTEENPENCE,—ANY ADVANCE ON EIGHTEENPENCE? GOING! GOING! GOING! GONE! GONE FOR EIGHTEENPENCE, AND CHIP AT THE PRICE!"

[*Auction continues.*

HINTS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

SIR,—Excellent as is the suggestion of your Correspondent, "ONE WHO WOULD ELEVATE THEM," that the Unemployed should be forthwith put into the hands of some competent Ballet-Master, and after a proper course of instruction, despatched to all the Board Schools in England for the purpose of teaching every pupil who has passed the Sixth Standard, dancing and deportment, yet I do not think he goes far enough. Why stop at this comparatively subordinate art? Why not make them musicians, teach them to play WAGNER, and despatch them straightway through the length and breadth of the land as enthusiastic Apostles of the great Master? What a glorious prospect to turn the three or four thousand idle loafers who have lately been hulking about Trafalgar Square for the purpose of breaking the peace, into a mighty army of skilled fiddlers eager to wake the glad strains of the spirit-stirring Music of the Future in every quiet village green through the three Kingdoms. And the accomplishment of such a task need not be set aside as the wild vision of some hopeless dreamer. I am convinced, Sir, that if the authorities of the Royal College and Guildhall School of Music, but set their shoulders to the wheel, the thing will soon be an accomplished fact. Such, Sir, at all events, is the opinion of one who believes firmly in

"THE SOUL OF THE MASSES."

SIR,—Why not paint the whole of London, public buildings and all?—I'm sure they want it. The latter might be done in different colours. St. Paul's, for instance, might be orange, Westminster Abbey pea-green, and the Houses of Parliament a bright blue. If the effect were found unsatisfactory, fresh colours could be tried, until something were hit upon that should be considered suitable. This would afford the additional advantage of providing fresh work for the Unemployed. I don't see what else can be done. Everybody can use a brush, and with a couple, or say, three coats all over the Metropolis, there would be plenty to occupy everybody for the next six months. As to expense, an extra 15*s.* tacked on to the rates would soon settle that, and I'll be bound there 's many a householder willing to face that trifling alternative, together with

Yours, practically, one who takes

"THE BULL BY THE HOR

SIR,—I cannot but think that, if BUFFALO BILL were to the "Unemployed" into his Show, he would score a

DERBY AND GLADSTONE.

(A Speech summarised in a Stanza.)

AIR—"*Darby and Joan.*"

DERBY, dear, I am old and grey,
Fifty-five years since my opening day,
"Ins" and "Outs" are for every one
As the world goes round.
Derby, dear, I must fain admit
I've altered my mind, just a little bit.
But I learnt freedom's lesson in Forty-five,
And I mean to be true to it whilst I'm alive.
Always the same,
Derby, my own,
Always the same
Is your old GLADSTONE!

THE ACTOR'S PROGRESS.

WITHIN the last half-century, the education of actors has advanced in an extraordinary degree, inasmuch as some have been known to take a degree, or try to, at the University. Therefore the following advertisement in the *Era* will probably cause little surprise:—

WANTED, for La Comédie Anglaise, a Light Comedian, for a few Weeks, while a Member of the Company returns to Oxford to take his degree. Must be a gentleman. Address, &c.

This gentleman, to use the language of the *Era*, seems inclined to "combine leading business with general utility." It is to be hoped he will get his degree, and return to be an ornament to the stage. But if this kind of thing goes on, we shall probably eventually see announced in our theatrical contemporary—"Senior Wrangler and Light Comedian open to engagement in first-class Company."

"THE REVERSIBLE PEN-CLEANER," recently invented by DE LA RUE & Co., will be most useful to Leader-writers, Politicians, Journalists, and everybody in the habit of using "reversible pens," or pens that can write equally well on both sides. Such pens must occasionally require cleaning; and to be cleaned in this pad they must remain upright.

"A WINTER'S TALE."—That of poverty and distress, which we must do our best to relieve.

MIDDLE AGE.

"YOU 'RE GETTING LONG-SIGHTED, DEAREST. YOU 'LL HAVE TO WEAR GLASSES."

"STUFF AND NONSENSE! IT 'S NOT MY SIGHT THAT 'S LONG—IT 'S MY ARMS THAT AREN'T LONG *ENOUGH!*"

The introduction might take the shape of a contest between the "Wild East" and the "Wild West." The former might be armed with brickbats and park-railings, and the latter with their usual weapons; and, were it known that a little genuine blood would be drawn in the entertainment, it might be safely counted on to draw all London. I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth.

Your obedient servant, "A COMMERCIAL WELL-WISHER."

SIR,—As at the present season of the year nothing is more common than to find the stalls of most of the leading West-End theatres empty, a fact which has a very chilling effect on the efforts of the players, why not fill the empty places with the so-called "Unemployed"? A warm bath, a suit of evening clothes, clean shirt, and white tie would instantly fit the veriest outcast that has recently come into collision with the police in Hyde Park or elsewhere, at least outwardly, for the social atmosphere of the place. A central committee might at once be inaugurated for the supply of these necessary preliminaries for admission, and a thousand or two excellent substitutes for the ordinary *habitués* forthwith launched nightly among what is at the present moment left of the fashionable play-going world in the Metropolis. The advantage would cut both ways. Not only would the Management be blessed by the appearance of a perfectly full house, but the loafers, professional thieves, and ruffians who produced it would, no doubt, endeavour to play up to their clothes and surroundings, and, on receipt of a small retaining-fee of 3*s.* 6*d.* a head for their attendance, be proportionately softened and civilised by the process. This, Sir, seems to me a very legitimate, humane, and philosophical method of dealing with the present crisis, and as such I trust it will as powerfully recommend itself to your readers as it has to

Yours thoughtfully,
"A PLEASURE-SEEKING SOCIALIST."

SIR,—What are the authorities about that they do not at once embank the river on both sides up to Richmond, and span it with five bridges between this and Gravesend? Then there 's the whole of Piccadilly to come down and be rebuilt with the road properly levelled, to say nothing of a great Central Terminus in Soho Square uniting the Midland, North and Great Western, Great Northern with the Great Eastern, and all the Great Southern lines. Add to this, that the entire gas-piping of the Metropolis ought to come up bodily, and make way for the installation of the Electric Light, to say nothing of the fixing in all the leading thoroughfares of overhead railways on the New York principle, and you have enough work at least to begin upon and meet the present crisis. Let the Board of Works and the various Vestries set to work at once, and as soon as Parliament assembles let it be asked to vote Five-hundred Millions towards preliminary expenses. This, Sir, is, I am convinced, the only reasonable and efficient way of dealing with the present unsatisfactory aspect of the labour question. Such is the opinion of

Yours energetically, "A ROUSED ALARMIST."

SIR,—When the Police have fairly and effectually cleared off the loafers, not-do-a-stroke-of-work gentry, and the sedition-mongers, then we can turn our attention to the wants of the genuine Unemployed. Their case is by no means beyond us. It only needs the active and intelligent co-operation among the administrators of charitable funds and agencies, the Poor-Law Authorities, employers of labour, and others, to give immediate and practical effect to the wide-spread sympathy felt for them by all classes of their more fortunate fellow-countrymen, including your quite sober-minded and charitably-disposed Correspondent, "COMMON SENSE."

EUTHANASIA.—In a certain Western newspaper we read the following startling announcement, in relation to the decease of a certain lady whose obituary notice appears in its columns:—

"More or less an invalid for a considerable time past, latterly she has been under the care of Mr. —— and Mr. ——, and her death was not therefore altogether unexpected."

What a lift for the two Medicos mentioned! They, no doubt, are now blessing that Western Editor for inserting this gratuitous tribute to their curative skill. Their motto for the future should be —"*Removals* conducted with punctuality and dispatch."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXX.—Mr. Alderman [illegible].

What a strange, unreal, almost incomprehensible life must that of a City Alderman be at the present time. Regarded in the light of centuries ago, it all seems in accordance with the fitness of things, and neither [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

probably remember, to his dying day, the look of mingled anger and contempt with which he was received by another of Her Majesty's Judges, of rather irascible temper, when he rushed breathless into Court, having, by his absence, delayed the proceedings for more than an hour.

Naturally, the one particular event to which an Alderman looks forward with the most especial anticipations of honour and renown, is the year of his Mayoralty, when he will have his otherwise humble name associated with those of the famous men who, in very different times to those in which we live, ruled the great City, with courage and discretion.

Much, however, depends upon the public events of his year of office, as to its importance, or want of it, to himself personally, and Mr. Alderman [illegible] was not particularly fortunate in that respect. There was no European Monarch on a visit to this country, whom the Corporation was requested by the Government to honour, with the customary satisfactory result to the Lord Mayor of the day; there was no public occasion of unusual importance that required the brilliant surroundings of Civic pomp to give it full éclat, and as his year of office approached its termination, his solemn look became more solemn, and his hopes [illegible] grew fainter and fainter. But fortune was kind to him, and a change of Government, which made it desirable to gain the City's sweet voices, brought him the coveted honour.

Like most of his colleagues who have what is technically called "passed the Chair," he takes things very coolly, probably thinking that nothing remains to be done after having passed through such an ordeal. But there is one especial duty still left for Aldermen to perform from which he is seldom absent. [illegible]

[illegible]

IMPERIAL INSTITUTIONS.

[illegible]

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM AN INTENDING EMIGRANT.

Liverpool, Saturday Noon.

EAR TOBY,

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
But before I go, TO-BEE,
I will write a line to thee.

I am here to join the bark aforesaid, which will presently convey JOSEPH and his fortunes to the United States. As far as one can judge from the Press news telegraphed here, the reception that awaits me is not very cordial. I have all my life been conscious of a tendency to rub people down the wrong way. Unhappily the consciousness is borne in upon me only after the evil is effected. No succession of experience has effect upon my conduct. HARTINGTON and I are pretty good friends now, but I daresay you will remember the night, now a dozen years dead, when I rose from a seat below the Gangway in the House of Commons and, amid frantic cheers from the little Radical Party of which I was then a humble ornament, denounced him as "*late* the Leader of the Liberal Party." The Markiss is now my friend and ally, and I might almost say patron. The time is too short for me to recall a tithe of the nasty things I have said about him and others who toil not, neither do they spin. With GLADSTONE the process is reversed, but in the end is much the same. I began by adulating him, and now no one can say that that is my precise attitude towards him.

It is more or less well as far as individuals are concerned. But I am afraid I put my foot in it when, in defiance of historic warning, I framed an indictment against a whole nation. Going out to the New World on a mission of peace, I began by aggravating Canada and setting up the back of the United States. When I reflect how easy it would have been for me to say nothing, I stand amazed at my own indiscretion. The only recompense I find in the situation is the chagrin of the Markiss and his friends. They thought they had done a nice stroke of policy in engaging me on this business. It is, of course, not a new procedure. If I were still on the other side, I should take delight in showing that herein, as in the matter of the Convention with France just completed, they have taken a leaf out of the book of their political opponents, and re-issued it with their own *imprimatur*. The last time a Commissioner was sent out from England to reason with the United States, GLADSTONE was in the Markiss's place, and he selected STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as the agent. It was an excellent device, tying in advance the hands of the enemy, who could scarcely denounce a policy for the initiation and direction of which one of their principal men was chiefly responsible. But what a difference between STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and me!—a difference which the Markiss is already beginning to realise. The proposal suited me well enough. It would take me away from the country at a time when my presence here only involves me in embarrassing controversy. Moreover, if I made a great hit, and insured a successful Treaty, it would pave the way for my return to my old position in the popular esteem. As for the Markiss, my acceptance of the work would secure for him an ally on the Opposition benches in the event of future debate arising out of the Treaty, and would draw into closer personal union with his Party what only natural modesty prevents me from alluding to as a formidable antagonist. That was the little game; and for the sake of saying something bitter, under the temptation to gird at an adversary that had affronted me, I hopelessly spoiled it.

Writing to you, *cher* TOBY, in the confidence of friendly correspondence (I suppose your letters are not opened at the Post Office, Barkshire not being an Irish county) I will confess that I really could not help it. It is not that I do not know better, but my temper is perhaps a little peculiar. I am essentially a fighting-man. If any one bites his thumb at me I will know the reason why, and no considerations of what is politic will prevent me from returning a blow. I know that some people think I'm almost to be pitied because (as they put it) I have hopelessly thrown away a position which no one but myself could have destroyed. They think I am politically done for. We shall see. However it be, I shall not forget the wild joy of battle that the events of the past year have purchased for me. I like it best with my back to the wall in the House of Commons, when my old friends jeer and howl at me, and the rapturous cheers of the Conservatives testify their pleasure at seeing me of all men playing their game—as they think. I confess things at the moment are not from any point of view very bright. But I can afford to wait, strong in the assurance that I can do better without the Liberal Party than the Liberal Party can do without me. They call me a Dissentient, which reminds me of a story I once heard about an aboriginal resident in the great country whither I am now hastening. A red man was found wandering in the depths of the forest with signs of perturbation manifest beneath his manfully calm exterior. "Are you lost?" he was asked. "No," he answered, "me no lost. Me here. Wigwam lost." It is not I that am a Dissentient Liberal; it is the Liberal Party that is the Dissentient.

Now here is the Mayor come to say that luncheon's ready, and so, dropping into poetry again, I will say good-bye, With a sigh to those who love me, And a smile to those who hate, And, whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate. Your faithfully,

J. CH-MB-RL-N.

BOUNTIES TO FOREIGNERS.

First Passenger (*in Underground Railway*). We're such a frightfully *insular* nation! Ignorant, exclusive, say-nothing-to-nobody sort of people! Think there's nothing beyond Straits of Dover—or Atlantic Ocean.

Second Ditto (*agreeing out of politeness*). Horrible? By the bye, that's a nice picture of the Paris Hippodrome, isn't it?

First Passenger (*indifferently*). Is it? But, as I was saying, insularity is our——

Second Ditto (*startled*). Hullo! By Jove!—no, it can't be true! Yes, it is—here's an English newspaper taken to giving a column, a whole column, of French news *in French!* (*Humorously.*) Very insular, isn't it?

First Passenger (*not understanding the point*). Very. And, as I was saying, it's our besetting sin. We hide our heads like ostriches, and refuse to recognise the existence of foreigners. Then what does this insularity mean? It means we're *isolated*—cut off from Europe—hated by everybody.

Second Ditto (*roused at last*). I don't know what you call being insular and isolated. French Plays are on at a London Theatre. An Italian Exhibition's coming to Earl's Court. We get our music from Germany, our singers from Italy, and our butter and eggs from Belgium and Brittany; and, on the whole, don't you think London's about the most Cosmopolitan Capital to be found anywhere? Ah, here's my Station. Good morning!

[*Jumps out in time to escape indignant retort. Exit.*

MAGAZINES IN BULK.—IT is as impossible to "sample" a magazine by a monthly number as it is to estimate the quality of a wine by the glass. If you take a bottle you know something about it. Thus when we see the *English Illustrated* in volume we are fully able to estimate its worth. The present volume is in every way equal to its predecessors. Volume Fourteen of *St. Nicholas* is one of those good gifts that Brother JONATHAN sends us. It is a delightful collection of child-poems, child-pictures, and child-lore. The editor, Miss MARY MAPES DODGE knows full well how difficult it is to please those keen critics, the children, but she has "dodged" it.

THE MAC BATTENBERG.—*Mr. Punch* is delighted to hear that mother and child are doing well, and congratulates the Infant Princess on being the first of the Royal Family to be born in Scotland since 1600. Could not the next be born in Ireland? "The O'BATTENBERG," would be a splendid title.

LATEST FROM LICHFIELD.—Dr. JOHNSON loved "a good hater." He ought to have flourished next year—Hatey-hate! Ha! ha!!

'EMPLOYMENT."

First Loafer. "'SAY, MATE, IF THEY WAS TO PUT A SHOVEL IN YER 'ANDS, AN' TELL YER TO GO TO WORK, WOULD YER TAKE IT?"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD."

First Loafer. "WOULD YER USE IT?"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD?—LIKE A SHOT! I'D SPOUT IT!"

ROBERT ON LUXURY.

ALDERMAN Sir RENERY KNIGHT, late Lord Mare, and one of the werry best as we ever had, and so was his good wife, the Lady Maress, hapening for to be a setting at the Manshun House when the LORD MARE was gorn out for a ride somewheres, had to receive what I thinks is called a Deputytashun—though not a bit like reel Deputys, who is all werry rich—of poor working-men as ain't got not no work to do, and, like the kind gennelman as he is, he gave 'em sum such capital adwice as to the utter stoopidity of making theirselves noisy and disagreeable when they wants to make people kindly dispoged towards 'em, and as to the well-known fackt, that the best friends of the working-classes is them as spends their money the most freest and the most liberalist, that he set the hole City a ringing with it, and as always happens alike in exacly similar cases, up starts a mere upstart of a Pollytickle Economist—how I hates the werry sound of that larst word, which is ony another name for stingyness and meanness and sham forgitfulness of the pore Waiter—and says as it ain't true! Like his imperance I think, but of coarse ewery body has a right to his own opinion, however ridicklus it may be. But being a Lecturer, and therefore I spose acustomed to use his tung pretty freely, he mite have been xpected to have kept a civil one in his head when he rote his reply to Sir RENERY. Instead of which he fust calls him incorrygible, which I beleeve means that he carnt be conwicted, as if a Alderman and Magistrate could be! He then writes of his "Colossal ignorance!" I don't quite know what it means but I'm quite sure that however small the Alderman's may be, the Lecturer's is ever so much bigger, as I'll prove from my own pussonal knowledge.

He acshally has the ordassity to adwise the Rite Honerable the LORD MARE not to employ so many cooks! Poor hignoramus! has he ever dined at the Manshun House on a trewly grate ocashun? Most suttenly not, or he never would have written such a silly, not to say cruel sentence. Not so many cooks indeed! Does he think that the Chef who has given his whole mind to the preparing of the Thick and Clear Turtle, is not so utterly xhausted that he has to drink two or three glasses of werry old Madeary, and then lay down on his sophy and recover hisself by slow degrees. Does he think that the Fish Cooks, with praps six differing kinds of Fish to prepare, is fit for anything else? and how about the Sauce Artists, let him try to emagine, tho' he'll try in wain, what they has to go through in the tasting line. Then there are the French gentlemen who superintend the production of those wunders in what they calls the guestronommick line, wiz.: the *Ontrays!* Is it supposed by this "curlossal" hignoramus, that they can, after achieving brilliant success in these wunders of hart, condescend to turn their attention to such werry small deer as poultry and jints? Suttenly not, the thing's absurd. But they requires cooks, tho' of coarse, not of the same hi horder as the Hartists.

But, strange to tell, ewen this is not the wust. Not only is the LORD MARE adwised not to employ so many Cooks, but the trewly wunderful reason is given, becoz he can then employ more railway navvies! Shades of FRANK HURTELLY and SWOYHAY, rest tranquil in your long graves!

But what a dedly hinsult to one of the werry noblest of all noble perfessions, to compare for usefulness a mere railway navvy to a great Chef. Is this strange economist aware that the great Earl of SEFTON, prais to his memory! used to allow his Chef £300 a year and a Horse and Broom for the Park! But all sitch conclusive arguments is I fear utterly lost upon him.

However, there is just one matter for which I have to thank him. I confess that my face werry possibly turned gashly pale as I read his orful letter, I fornatrally thort if he is going to recommend less Cooks he may werry posserbly be a going for to recommend less Waiters! But no, he had the good taste to draw his line there, and for that I thanks him. What a treat it is to turn from the wild projecks of the Lecterer to the wise counsels of the Alderman. No doubt, he says, we could all do without luxuries, but what would become of the millions who produces them? No doubt, he says, we could all live on plain food and drink water—what orful words for a Alderman to write down!—but then what would become of the millions who earns their living in preparing them, and he might have added, as a clencher to his staggering argument, and what would become of Hus? If there is one picter that presents itself to my orrified imagination, that more than any other staggers it, it is that of the hole splendid Army of London Waiters, with their full dress black coats a gitting jist a leetle shabby, and their lovely white chokers jest a leetle shady, a parading the London Streets, and a singing in Chorus, "We've got no work to do!" But no, I feels as that orful dream will never live to be realised, but, to use the classic langwidge as the Lecturer quotes from some frend of his, and which I supposes as he intends as a complement, "let the idol rich still take their proper place as drones in the hive, gorging at a feast to which they have contributed nothing," and he might have added, and never never forgetting the Waiter.

ROBERT.

MR. PUNCH was pleased to notice that a certain noisy

Salvationist, who would insist on playing the cornet — did he profanely call it "The horn of salvation?"—to the disturbance of quiet citizens, was made to move on, and treated as a common street-organ nuisance by the Magistrate. Wanted, as soon as possible, an Act to stop all unauthorised Processions, be they what they may.

THE disastrous fire at WHITELEY'S occupied the entire attention of thirty-four steam fire-engines, "leaving," says the *Standard*, "about a dozen for the rest of London." The "rest" of London will be considerably disturbed if this state of things continues. We are under-police'd and under-fire-brigaded. If GRANDOLPH the Great is afraid of becoming one of the Unemployed, and so getting into mischief, let him turn his attention to supply and demand in this direction, and the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer may do some good.

THE NOT-AT-ALL-AT-HOME SECRETARY.

Mr. General-Inspector Punch. "NOW THEN, MATT, MOVE ON! DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE POLICE IN THE EXECUTION OF THEIR DUTY."

"The change of tactics last week on the part of the Police, in permitting a Meeting in Trafalgar Square, was said to be due to the interference of the Home Secretary."—Daily Papers.

T'other and Which; or, an Old Saw re-set.

The Showman at Nottingham or Islington (exhibiting figures of G. O. M. and Orchid Joe). Here you see the Separatist Party as large as life!

Dubious Elector. Please, which *is* the Separatist Party?

Showman. Whichever you please, my little dear. You pays your money, and you gives your vote.

FREE AND VERY OPEN.—In Canterbury Cathedral, the other day, there was only one worshipper present at the Service! The occurrence is declared to be unprecedented, four having been the previous low-water-mark of attendance. It might be described as "one-man rule," only it isn't the rule, but the exception, it seems. If this sort of thing spreads, the craze for restoring our Cathedrals ought to give way to a cry for restoring their congregations. Was the Service altered to "Dearly Beloved Brother" or "Sister"?

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

M. COQUELIN is at the Royalty with an efficient French Company appearing in a round of his best-known characters. He has already taken part in *Un Parisien*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan* and an entirely new piece (first time in London and elsewhere) *L'Aîné*. This last I had the pleasure of seeing the other evening, and was delighted to find that it was a play that could be safely recommended as a fit entertainment for their charge to the guardians of that apparently very easily-influenced infant, "The Young Person." It is rather suggestive of several English original pieces, amongst the rest *Miriam's Crime* and *Faded Flowers*. The adopted daughter (rescued as a child from the gutter) of a millionnaire, after her protector's death, undertakes the reformation of her benefactor's brother, who takes, through intestacy, the whole of his senior's estate. To carry this out effectively, the young lady prevents the heir from drinking his *chasse* after his coffee, and playing a game of *écarté* with an old friend, for love, and finally offers to marry him. The heir is as quiet as a lamb under these inflictions, until he discovers that his *fiancée* loves some one else, when he proposes, at the earliest possible moment, to commit suicide. This inconvenient intention is prevented, the adopted daughter marries the man of her choice, and the heir goes back to America, thus all ends happily. COQUELIN, as the heir, was seen to very great advantage in the less sentimental parts of the character, but was not quite so successful when he commenced crying over the portrait of *L'Aîné*, which, by the way, was a very excellent likeness (without the eyeglass) of the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. For the rest Madame MALVAU was rather a mature adopted daughter, M. ROMAIN (as "*Georges*—her friend") a little too heavy in more senses than one as the superfluous lover, and M. DUQUESNE a very excellent lawyer. There is nothing particularly brilliant in the writing, and only one line raises a laugh. When the vagabond friend of the heir extends his hand, *M. Vivien*, without a movement, merely asks, "*Combien?*" But on its repetition this admirable joke did not "go" quite so well. Still there is a freshness in the central idea of the play which is welcome. As a rule every one on the French stage weeps over somebody's mother, but in this case the tears were reserved for somebody's brother. It is said that the Author of the piece, M. PAUL DELAIR, is a novice at stage-craft. This seems to me very likely, as had he had more experience, I fancy he would have allowed (especially if he had known that the character was going to be played by M. ROMAIN) *M. Georges* to have been shot dead in the First Act. This would have been really a great improvement, especially had *Yveline* (the adopted daughter) been allowed to expire from grief early in the Second. Joking apart, *L'Aîné* is not half a bad piece, although I cannot conscientiously go so far as to say that it is half a good one. Before the engagement of M. COQUELIN is over, the talented actor has promised to play *Gringoire*. No doubt this will be produced for the benefit of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who richly deserves the compliment.

The Paris Hippodrome has once more taken possession of Olympia, where it seems likely to remain until well into next year. The entertainment is of the customary quality, which is saying a great deal in its praise. There are excellent *troupes* of acrobats and performing dogs (with a wonderful black poodle that is the best clown that has appeared in a Circus for many a long year), chariot-races, and horsemanship in all its branches. This season the Ladies have it all their own way. The last time M. HOUCKE visited us, Gentlemen drove the team of thirty-two, and jumped over the hurdles with the tandem of three; now their places are supplied by members of the fairer sex. The horses who take part in these feats are so admirably trained that the element of danger is entirely eliminated, and, consequently, the change is an improvement. Then an accomplished cob and an elegant elephant take a turn together in more senses than one, for they dance *vis-à-vis* a waltz and a polka. The novelty of the Show, however, is kept for the second part, and is apparently a page from the Algerian experiences of General BOULANGER. The attention of a tribe of Arabs (seemingly on their road to church) having been attracted to a military train containing a bugle-band of Turcos and some half-dozen soldiers of the French line, devotions are temporarily abandoned for a pitched battle. The Arabs fire upon the Europeans, who, however, after a lively skirmish, succeed in "taking up a position" with the bugle-band, and then retire. The Arabs bearing no ill-will, dancing follows, and the fighting being quite over and forgotten, General BOULANGER, accompanied by a Staff, swaggers in and assists at further military exercises. Then the bugle-band heads the procession of French and Arabs, and, after marching past BOULANGER, *exeunt*. The attack upon the train, if a little perplexing from a purely historical point of view, is capitally managed, and very exciting. Since the opening night the large hall has been very well attended; and now that the American Exhibition is closed, may be expected to be crowded—and a crowded audience at the Addison Road cannot be recorded in less than five figures. "The Wild West is gone—long live Olympia!"

A second visit to the Royal Westminster Aquarium has not improved my opinion of "the Wolves, the Wolves, the Wolves!" (see Advertisement) as a pleasure-insuring entertainment. I have already said that the tricks of these animals cause a "creepy" sensation, and when I made this observation I referred to the "kissing act," wherein a wolf embraces the portly person in the Polish lancer's uniform who has trained it. But the fights between master and brutes are even less tolerable, as may be judged to be the case when I say that, on a recent occasion when I was present, the trainer seemed to be a good-half-hour (no doubt it was an infinitely less period of time) in getting one of his wild beasts into its allotted cage. It is not at all a nice sight to see a man beating a snapping and yelping wolf with a whip, for one feels that there is the element of cruelty on both sides. Take it allround, I prefer "the *belle* FATMA,"—that is, taking her all round, on which I need hardly say I should not venture,—to "the Wolves, the Wolves, the Wolves!" And I sincerely hope that FATMA (the old lady near her looks more like Fat Ma) may always be able to keep the wolf from her door.

GENTLE JOHNNY BULL.

THE way with "demonstrations" tyrants used to take was brief—
Justices gave a rioter the guerdon of a thief!
Not only durance vile—our gentler nature how it shocks—
But whipping-cheer, and oh! they set their Brother in the Stocks!

In those days a Stump-Orator had reason to take care,
How he denounced, derided, and defied the Powers that were.
And if he talked High Treason—Imagine this, my dears!
They put him in the pillory, and sometimes clipped his ears.

A People's Friend, unless he took good heed to what he said,
Was liable to answer for his language with his head.
How venerable soever, a too talkative old Cock,
His eloquence might bring him, though a Statesman, to the block.

But happily we, Brethren, now are men of milder mood,
And not, as were our ancestors, vindictive, stern, and rude.
So much has done the milk of human kindness to assuage,
The bile of British hardihood in this forbearing age!

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

SIR,—You are wrong in supposing that the term, "Old Fireworks," was originally applied to myself. I am of opinion, though I speak under a certain amount of correction, not such, however, as my young friend, GRANDOLPH, would like to supply, that the term Old Fireworks was first applied to the celebrated *Mr. Pickwick*, though upon what occasion and by whom I cannot at this moment call to mind. To your second question, as to whether I approve of the conduct of *Mr. Samuel Weller* in resisting the Head Constable *Grummer*, I should say that, considering the provocation offered, Mr. WELLER seems to have acted with remarkable self-restraint.

Yours faithfully, G. O. M.

P.S. Chips, real good chips, warranted quite dry, and only waiting for a match to set them in a blaze, may now be had at Hawarden Lodge at the ridiculously small charge of three-pence a piece, or two shillings and five-pence halfpenny per dozen. Immediate application personally or by letter is recommended. Also a copy of Nottingham speech and the Mitchelstown telegram, which, should any difficulty be experienced in kindling a bonfire, will at once set the heap into a splendid blaze. My song and chorus—

Remember, remember,
The Mitchelstown ember,

and so forth, ought to be ready at all respectable music-publishers by November 3rd. 2*s.* 6*d.* per copy. Great reduction for clubs, schools, &c. Chips! Chips! in the name of the Profit! Chips! G. O. M.

"LIKELY TO GET ON IN LIFE."

Papa. "If I give you Sixpence, and tell you to buy Five Penny Papers, how much Change will you bring back to me?"

Sharp Boy (considering). "Well, Papa—let me see—if you gave me Sixpence——"

Papa. "Yes—yes. How much Change to bring back to me?"

Sharp Boy (readily, and with decision). "None—not if you *gave* me the Sixpence!"

[*Papa determines to put the question in a different way next time.*

TO THE INCOMPLETE (POLITICAL) ANGLER.

O Brummagem Joseph, my boy, will you halt on
Your sturdy, but scarce diplomatical way,
And take from an ancient disciple of Walton
A few friendly hints about patience and "play"?
As an Angler you have *Mr. Punch's* best wishes,
But *do* you consider it wise, ere you start
To throw stones in the water, and stir up the fishes?
That 's scarcely the right piscatorial art.
No, stillness and silence, and delicate tact, Sir,
Are needed for handling the rod and the reel.
You may pelt and may splash, but you 'll find it a fact, Sir,
Who frightens the fishes will not fill his creel.

Hadwice Gratis.—The Vaudeville Theatre announces a new play by Mr. Enery Hauthor Jones, called *Heart of Hearts*. To popularise it for Town use, much better call it '*Art of 'Arts* at once.

New Order (*not issued from the Horse Guards.*)—The entire British Army to be submitted to a Fortnightly Review for the next three months at least.

Mem. for Police by General-Inspector Punch. — Stop the Orators in Trafalgar Square, and let the Fountains be the only ones to spout.

'Arry Stratford-atte-Bow's French Motto for the Fifth of November.—"*Toujours Guy.*"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Inverted, Educational, Medicinal, and Miscellaneous.

WANTED, BY AN INCORRIGIBLE LITTLE BOY, whose Parents have threatened to send him away from home on account of his perpetually insufferable conduct, a suitable domicile, where he will be afforded every facility for continuing it without hindrance and interruption. A quiet old country clergyman, and his wife, both a little short-sighted, and hard of hearing, occupying a retired Vicarage, that is in want of a little waking up, might write. House must be conveniently arranged for the setting of booby-traps, possess a good old-fashioned striking-clock, with accessible inside, a get-at-able upstairs' cistern, a dinner-gong, and plenty of bells. Bedroom might be furnished with a view to an occasional display of fireworks. Staircase with good top-to-bottom slide-down balusters indispensable. Would be glad to hear if there is a powerful garden-engine, in good working-order, on the premises; and also whether there is a decent sweetstuff and gunpowder-shop within easy distance. Apply by letter to "Tartar," Scarum Hall, Flingover, Notts.

THE PRINCIPAL OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S ACADEMY, who has, in turns, been a Stock-jobber, a Solicitor struck off the Rolls, a Light Comedian, an Undertaker, a Professor of Calisthenics, and a Hansom-cab Driver, and has now taken to the Education of Youth as a last resource to make ends meet, is anxious to hear from a sufficient number of dupes, in the shape of parsimonious Parents, to enable him to start his scheme, and see whether he can make anything out of it. They must be fools enough to believe that a thoroughly high-class, commercial, and classical education, including instruction in five modern languages, fitting the recipients for immediate entry into either the Church, the Army, or the Bar can be furnished, together with the use of an extensive swimming bath and gymnasium, and an unlimited supply of the very best diet, without any charge for washing, books, or extras, for twenty guineas per annum. The fact that a retired waiter from a Boulogne Restaurant takes charge of the Modern Languages, while the Higher Mathematics and swimming are entrusted to a late Custom House Officer, and the Classical and other Departments, are under the immediate supervision of the Principal, may be taken as a guarantee that the advertised curriculum is scrupulously and efficiently carried out. Apply for further Particulars to "Principal," Uncertificated Tutors Association, S.E.

WANTED, BY THE PROPRIETOR OF A PATENT MEDICINE, a nervous and confiding Client who after reading a whole newspaper advertising column of diseases, and persuading himself that he is afflicted with most of them, will believe that by an outlay of 1*s.* 1½*d.*, he can entirely cure himself of the whole lot of them on the spot. He must not be disheartened if the first trial produces no effect. On the contrary, if the nostrum appears to develop fresh and disagreeable symptoms, he must manfully persevere, and face in turn neuralgia, rheumatic gout, fever, lumbago, sciatica, incipient paralysis, and even greater complications, rather than relinquish the remedy when he has once had recourse to it. In this way, it is obvious, he will not only be able to afford a permanent support to the sale of a dangerous and deleterious compound, but will, by its continual use, effectually and completely succeed in ultimately shattering his own constitution. Apply, "Proprietor," Jollop's Specific Restorator, Patent Medicine Works, Pill Hill, N.E.

WANTED, A QUITE INEXPERIENCED HORSEMAN, TO purchase, on the recommendation of a tricky Job Master, a thoroughly unsound and spavined Bay Cob that will be represented as having been "parted with" by its late owner, "a sporting Duke," for "no fault whatever." The creature, however, that is short in the wind, swollen at the hocks, an ugly stepper, and has not a single good point about it, having recently, when in the funeral business, kicked in a hearse, it has been decided to palm it off on the first unsuspecting purchaser that turns up as "quiet to ride" and going "nicely in harness," and it may confidently be relied upon to throw an unskilful or aged rider, or smash up a brougham at the very earliest opportunity. As it has also, at a previous period in its career, served as a trick horse at a Circus, and will, on meeting a German band, sit down on its haunches, it might be safely secured by any equestrian to whom some astonishment and a little music mingled with his morning's ride might prove a pleasing experience. Can be seen at Gully's Stables, Blinder Street, S.W.

A FEW THOROUGHLY UNSUSPECTING TENANTS wanted by a Jerry Builder, who has just run up a terrace of new houses anyhow, and is anxious to see if anybody can manage to live in them. None of the doors shut, all the windows let in draughts, and there are practically no drains. As the walls are one brick thick, and the playing of a piano can be heard through six houses, neighbours of a conversational turn might find a residence in them advantageous. Warranted to come down with a run in a high wind. Apply "Builder," Dustbin Terrace, Killingham Road, E.

THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Guest. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!—AND YOU 'VE REALLY GOT A VERY NICE LITTLE PLACE HERE!"

Host. "YES; BUT IT 'S RATHER BARE, JUST NOW. I HOPE THE TREES WILL HAVE GROWN A GOOD BIT BEFORE YOU 'RE BACK, OLD MAN!"

CONVENTION-AL POLITENESS.

Madame France (*with effusion*)—

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends?"

I trust I have quoted with textual accuracy your so charming, and to the actual situation happily appropriate poet?

Mr. Bull (*avec empressement*). It does—or perhaps I should say doth—indeed, Madam. As to the bit from the bard—well, may its appropriateness never be less! How much pleasanter than the grim *dictum* of an elder rhymester, who referred to your people as those

"Whom nature hath predestined for our foes,
And made it bliss and virtue to oppose."

Madame France. The barbarian! Oppose, indeed! Why *should* we oppose each other, dear Monsieur BULL?

Mr. Bull. Why, indeed?

Madame France. True, your bellicose Lord PALMERSTON did oppose my great FERDINAND'S grand idea, and that from motives the most insular and unenlightened. Just as some few poltroons in your sea-girt isle at present oppose the Channel Tunnel, which yet, in good time, will doubtless become as benign an actuality as the Suez Canal itself.

Mr. Bull. Humph! PAM had perhaps his reasons, which, in the light of subsequent events, one must admit not to have been without their weight.

Madame France. Oh, Monsieur BULL! "Greater freedom of intercourse between nations is the tendency of our industrial and social development, and the tide of human intelligence cannot be arrested by *vague fears.*" So I read in a pamphlet on the Tunnel. How true, is it not?

Mr. Bull. Doubtless; as true as that the tide of invasion could not be arrested by cosmopolitan cant.

Madame France. Invasion? Fie, Monsieur BULL! In the new lexicon of international amity there is no such word.

Mr. Bull. If the excision of the *word* could absolutely abolish the possibility of the *thing*, all would be well—between you and Germany, for instance.

Madame France. Sacre-e-e! I beg pardon. Expletives should also be banished from civility's lexicon. But BISMARCK is a *monstre, a miserable,*—whereas you——! [*Bows sweetly.*

Mr. Bull. Inarticulate flattery, Madam, is irresistible—and unanswerable. The renewal—if, indeed, it was ever *really* interrupted—of the *entente cordiale* between us, is a blessed boon not to be matched in value by a hundred—Tunnels!

Madame France. And this Convention is the sign and seal of that renewal, *n'est-ce-pas?* I *knew* you never intended to stop in Egypt.

Mr. Bull. Longer than was necessary—assuredly not, Madam. And I was *certain* the New Hebrides had no real charms to permanently arrest your feet.

Madame France. Though a *pied à terre* in Raraitea, of course—you comprehend, Monsieur!

Mr. Bull. Perfectly. The questions of Egypt and the New Hebrides, of our post near the Pyramids, and your Protectorate near Tahiti, have, of course, no real connection.

Madame France. Obviously, Monsieur! Are they not dealt with in separate Conventions?

Mr. Bull. Ah! if all quarrels—I beg pardon, political problems—could as easily be settled by a Conventional Act!

Madame France. How welcome to you, Monsieur, to all parties in your Parliament, to the "rescuers" as to the "retirers," to your Lord CHAMBERLAIN, as well as to your Grand Old GLADSTONE, must be the prospect of an early, not to say immediate withdrawal from the Land of the Pharaohs! Surely the fugitive Israelites of old never left it with such pleased promptitude as *you* will—"scuttle out" of it! Have I accurate memory of the Beaconsfieldian phrase, Monsieur?

Mr. Bull. Your memory, Madam, is miraculous. The forty centuries—*or, however, many more there may happen to be there at the moment of my departure*—will doubtless, in the words of your own great phraser, "look down from the Pyramids" with emotions not less marked than my own—and yours, Madam.

Madame France. My emotions at the present moment—and yours, I hope, Monsieur—are simply of supreme joy at the so happy removal of difficulties and the so complete restoration of amity between us by this charming Convention, so satisfactory in its actual terms, so much more so *in its promises for the future.* I felicitate you, dear Monsieur BULL.

Mr. Bull. And I, Madam, reciprocate your felicitations. (*Aside.*) It pleases her, apparently, and I do not see that it can possibly hurt me! [*Left bowing.*

CONVENTION-AL POLITENESS.

JOHN BULL. "DELIGHTED, MY DEAR MADAM! IT PLEASES *YOU*, AND—(*Aside*)—IT DOESN'T HURT *ME!!*"

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

Host (*who has trod on the Lady's Skirt*). "OH! FORGIVE ME! YOU SEE IT 'S MY NATURAL INSTINCT TO DETAIN YOU!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*My Autobiography and Reminiscences*," by W. P. FRITH, R.A. The Modern Hogarth, painter of "*Ramsgate Sands*," "*The Derby Day*," and "*The Road to Ruin*," can use his pen as well as his pencil. "Where got thou that goose-quill?" as *Macbeth* would have said, had SHAKSPEARE wished him to do so. How is it that Mr. FRITH has never employed his goose-quill before? Sometimes it is soft-nibbed, and occasionally hard-nibbed, but it is almost always well pointed; and, though he writes with an overflowing pen—for he frequently has to check his impulsive waywardness—yet there is scarcely a blot on the paper throughout the two volumes.

Mr. FRITH is, first and foremost, a humorist, and, in his humour, so like THACKERAY, and so unlike DICKENS, that it is no wonder, considering the consistent inconsistency of human nature, he should have loved the latter, and disliked the former. Yet, with all his aversion to THACKERAY, personally—and "all his works" too, apparently, as he hardly mentions them—he records something very remarkable about the Satirist of the Snobs which could not be guessed at from THACKERAY'S own letters, nor from the anecdotes told about him. And it is this; that THACKERAY could make, and on occasion did make an excellent after-dinner speech. At the Macready banquet with BULWER LYTTON and DICKENS present, Mr. FRITH tells us, "THACKERAY also spoke well and very humorously." And there are three other instances; so that THACKERAY, who has recounted his own failure at the Literary Fund dinner, and whose utter collapse at the Cornhill Magazine dinner is a matter of Literary history, was not always a mistake as an after-dinner speaker. The modesty exhibited by Mr. FRITH in this autobiography is an exhibition as novel and attractive as was FRITH'S other exhibition in Bond Street,—because few autobiographers possess so keen a sense of humour as to be able to laugh at themselves, and to be candid about their own foibles and follies. Indeed some persons may think, and indeed he inclines to this opinion himself, that he goes too far in his frankness when narrating the practical jokes of that unscrupulous and cruel *farceur* SOTHERN the actor, in some of which the autobiographer appears to have played a small, but not altogether unimportant part. In his way Mr. FRITH is as frank and open in his revelations as to his past career, as was Cardinal NEWMAN in his straightforward *Apologia pro suâ vitâ*. In fact in these SOTHERN latitudes—there was a great deal of latitude in that quarter—Mr. FRITH'S work is suggestive less of an autobiography than of a naughty-biography. He owns that he feels "humiliated and pained" at recounting THACKERAY'S rude jocularity towards himself, and from the apologetic tone with which he introduces some of SOTHERN'S caddish practical jokes, in which Mr. FRITH had no share, and of which he was not the victim, it may be inferred that he had already begun to feel "humiliated and pained" at having given so much space to such stories. How glad he must now be that he kept a "dear Diary," which has been an invaluable aid to his memory.

Another great merit in the book is that, without ever sacrificing its character as an Autobiography, it is never egotistical; egoism being the great "I-sore" of such works. Should the humble individual who writes this necessarily brief notice ever arrive at the time for publishing his Recollections, he is perfectly sure that the book will be unequalled as a work of imagination. Mr. FRITH tells us how he improved his pictures by touching them up,—some people, too, are occasionally improved by the same process, if the "touching up" is only done judiciously,—and his self-restraint is therefore really admirable when he rejects the temptation to embellish, or spice, a story which no one is likely to contradict. For instance, in what may be called the Sass-age portion of his early life, he has some amusing anecdotes about Mr. JACOB BELL, then an Art student. BELL drew a man hanging, and SASS, the master, told him to leave the studio, "as such a career," as the man hanging, "is a bad example to your fellow-pupils." Now Mr. FRITH ought to have given BELL a triumphant exit speech—he ought to have said to SASS, "Sir, I was only illustrating what should be the fate of every one of your successful pupils—*to be hung on the line*. Good day." Exit BELL. Then he recounts how JACOB BELL, who, like SOTHERN, had a taste for such practical jokes as are utterly indefensible on the score of good taste and gentlemanly feeling, dressed up as a woman, and went to a Quakers' Meeting House, where he sat among the female portion of the congregation. Thinking he was discovered, this nice young man "took fright," and bolted. Here Mr. FRITH should have made the jovial JACOB subsequently explain that "he left because the women were all jealous of him, as he was the only 'BELL' among them." Mr. FRITH, full of his fun, jests, and humour, must be congratulated on having stuck to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

And if anyone wants a first-rate ghost-story for the coming Christmas time, let him get Mr. FRITH'S book, and read how the prosaic and sensible Mr. WESTWOOD saw a ghost. It is simply but exquisitely told, and were it not that Mr. FRITH had previously owned to his complicity with SOTHERN in some of his "spiritualistic" demonstrations, there would be no sort of ground for suspecting him capable of joking on such serious subjects. The book is full of good stories, among which *The Mysterious Sitter* and *Beckford at Fonthill* are about the best. There is already a rail round MUDIE'S counter, and in front of all SMITH'S stalls, to keep off the crowds from taking away FRITH'S latest production without paying. Many of us are eye-witnesses to the fact of the rails in front of SMITH'S bookstalls all the way down the line wherever a train runs. Mr. FRITH'S very good health, and, as his friend *Rip-Van-Winkle* JEFFERSON used to say, "May he live long an' prosber."

De Omnibus Rebus, by the author of *Flemish Interiors*. An odd book to be taken up at odd times. Amusing and chatty with a good deal of shrewd observation. He who rides may read; and as it is published by NIMMO, this firm in this instance might adopt the old Latin motto, "'*Nimmo' mortalium omnibus horis sapit;*" *i.e.* "NIMMO is wise to bring out a book for the omnibus hours of mortals."

OUR OWN BOOKWORM.

MADAME PATTI'S house, in some unpronounceable Welsh place, was broken into by burglars. We hope they didn't rob her of any notes.

The thieves came from Town—they were not Welshmen, oh no! *Mr. Punch* has always asserted of the Welsh,—

"Taffy's *not* a thief."

And it wasn't Taffy who went to PATTI'S house and stole a matter of seven pounds' worth of French francs. They found a box of M. NICOLINI'S cigars. But the thieves knew where to draw the line, and chucked the lot away in the garden, among the other weeds. They were "up to snuff," but not to tobacco in this form. Query, will M. NICOLINI'S friends be delighted to accept cigars from his case in future?

THE Centenary of *Don Giovanni* was celebrated at the two Universities by a banquet of the principal Dons.

BARTLETT'S BABY.

WELCOME little Stranger! You
Are the darling of the Zoo,
BARTLETT'S babe, the public
Lucky, lucky Zoo to get, [pet.
At a cost scarce worth the
mention, [tion
Living proof beyond conten-
Of—oh! well, of whatsoever
Savants sage and critics clever,
On their controversial mettle,
May—or maybe may *not*—
settle.
Six-and-twenty years ago
(Buffers elderly may know)
Rose the great Gorilla feud;
Dr. GRAY was rather rude,
Rather on DU CHAILLU down,
And the shindy stirred the
Town. [bones,
OWEN, great on brains and
Lectured it in learned tones;
HUXLEY to the battle rushed;
Mutually they "pished" and
"tushed"
In that calm and courteous
way [in fray.
Savants have, when they're
Mr. Punch, with ample rea-
son, [son,"
Called you "Lion of the Sea-
Great Gorilla. Now 'tis plain
The old fame revives again.
Happy BARTLETT! Lucky
Ape! [shape.
Fortune comes in curious
You perchance, oh simian
child! [wild,
Might have roamed the Afric
Like a nigger unreclaimed.
Unobserved, unknown, un-
named, [dumb,
Fame concerning you quite
Even your "colossal thumb,"

"HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!"

OR, THE BABY GORILLA AT THE ZOO.

Nurse Bartlett. "HE SHALL HAVE A FIFTEEN-SHILLING PINE, HE SHALL! AND FINEST ENGLISH HOT-HOUSE GRAPES, HE SHALL! AND GOLD-DUST TOO, IF HE CRIES FOR IT, THE LITTLE DARLING!"

By the scribes who columns
vamp us, [campus"
Undescribed; your "hippo-
(Whatsoever *that* may be)
Not of notoriety.
Now!—Ah, infantine Gorilla,
Every small suburban villa
With your rising fame will
ring;
All the sort of folk who bring
Buns unto the prisoned bear,
To your cage will come, and
stare. [master sage,
Buns? Oh, BARTLETT,—
Autocrat of den and cage!—
Nothing will begrudge, I'm
sure, [cure
That may nourish, please, or
His prognathous little pet.
Half the luxuries you'll get
Would leave satiate and cloyed
Any hungry "Unemployed."
Cakes—and, if you like it,
Ale—
Oh, Gorilla, will not fail;
GUNTER'S you may sack at
Or, if you prefer to fill [will,
Otherwise your dainty maw
Than with sweeties and stick-
jaw,
Like the indiscriminate bear,
You may choose your Bill of
Fare. [quick;
Toys? Ah, bring them, baby,
Will a monkey on a stick
Touch a sympathetic chord?
Well, let's hope you won't be
bored,
Baby Ape, by BARTLETT'S love,
And the crowds who'll stare
and shove;
Long for Afric wild but free,
And a station "up a tree,"
Watching, with prehensile
thumb,
For—whatever food may come.

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*The People's Palace: In Building set apart for Poultry, Pigeon, and Rabbit Show. Stream of Visitors inspecting animals in zinc and wire pens.*

Amandus Milendius (*to Amanda Milendia: coming to a halt before cage containing "roopy"-looking fowl, with appearance of having been sent out on pair of legs several sizes too tall for it*). They 've 'ighly commended 'im, yer see.

Amanda M. (*who does not converse with facility*). Um! [*Looks at bird without seeing it.*

Amandus. Yes, they must ha' thought 'ighly of 'im before they 'd commend him like that, yer know!

Amanda (*wishing she was readier of response*). Ah! (*The fowl winks slowly at her with his lower eyelid*). Come away—I don't like him! [*They move on.*

The Exhibitor (*coming up and inspecting his bird with pride*). 'Ere—JOE! (*Fowl shuts both eyes with a bored expression*). B'longs to *me*—that bird, Sir! (*To Bystander.*)

Visitor (*from the West; anxious to be agreeable*). Ha, a fine bird—magnificent!

Exhibitor. Bred 'im myself, Sir—he's a bit sleepy just now. (*Apologetically*). Wake up, ole chap! (*Fowl half opens one eye, and closes it immediately on perceiving proprietor.*) *Knows* me, yer see!

Visitor (*with fatal rashness*). A—a Brahma, isn't he?

[*Wonders what made him say that, and tries to think what Brahmas are like—when they are not locks.*

Exhibitor (*in tone of pitying reproach*). *No*, Sir—no.—Black Red *Bantam*, Sir!

Visitor (*wishing he had remained vague*). Oh—ah, just so—good evening.

A Cock (*derisively*). Crorky—rorky—roo!

AT THE RABBIT PENS.

Another Exhibitor (*accompanied by Friend with Catalogue*). I ain't come across *my* Buck yet. He took a prize, I heerd. (*Stops at Cage.*) Ah, *this* looks like him . . . Third Prize, yer see—not so *bad, eh?* [*Chuckles.*

The Friend. Hold on a bit! (*Refers to Catalogue.*) "Number seven 'underd and two. PARTON. Buck. Eight months." *Your* name ain't PARTON.

Exhib. Then it's mine in the next. *Second* Prize! Better'n Third, that, ain't it?

The Friend. They've got *that* down as PARTON'S too.

Exhib. Well, I *thought* some'ow as——*this* is him anyway. Look 'ere! *First* Prize! And deserves it, though I sez it myself!

Friend (*not without a certain satisfaction*). No—no, you 're wrong again. I'll show you where *you* are. See. "Seven 'underd and five. W. CROPPER. Buck. Ten months." *That* 's you!

Exhib. (*incredulously*). That? that ain't never *my* cream buck! (*The rabbit remains wrapt in meditation.*) I'll soon show yer. (*Blows in rabbit's face. Mutual recognition. Tableau.*) It *is* my buck! And only 'ighly commended! (*Recovering himself.*) Well, I arsk you if he oughtn't to ha' done the other—him as they 've given the First Prize to? Why, there ain't no comparison between them two rabbits!

The Cock (*encouragingly*). Crorky-rorky-roo!

The Friend (*losing all further interest*). Well, it's all chance like. Let 's go and 'ave a look at them Lops.

Crowd of Admirers around pen containing gigantic gander.

First Admirer. That's WILKINSES' gander, that is.

Second Admirer. A fine-grown bird, I *will* say.

[*Handsomely, as if he would hardly have expected such a person as* WILKINS *to produce anything as good as* that.

Third Admirer. Monster, ain't he? Why, yer might *ride* on him!

Small Child (*pointing delightedly at the Gander*). 'Ook, Mozzer, pitty duck!

Fond Parent (*admiringly*). I declare it's wonderful how quick he gets the names—it *is* a fine duck!

The Cock (*with a touch of correction*). Crorky—rorky—roo!

A Connoisseur (*inspecting pigeon*). Now, *there's* a nice pigeon—that *is* a nice pigeon; but I tell yer what it is—he ain't got the space to do hisself justice in there. Give him a bigger pen, and a brick to stand on, and you'd soon see the difference!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 52.

PLATFORM ORATORY. By Our Travelling Special.

[Our Politicians now, in humble imitation of the Great Original, are adopting the fashion of making speeches from railway carriages, or utilising the ten minutes allowed for refreshment by addressing constituents on the platform. The Railway Companies, in order to observe strict neutrality, should re-construct carriages to suit and carry the political leaders, and should re-build or increase existing stations on the line, so as to accommodate the public with various "platforms."]

Fellow Conn. They ought to ha' give him more room to show off his tail in—else what's the good of a bird *'aving* a tail, come to that?

First Conn. (*sententiously*). Ah, you 've 'it it.

Competitor (*apparently, unsuccessful*). I say, (*with bitter sarcasm*) *'Are* yer seen the pair as take a Fust? Birds I wouldn't pick up if I found 'em in the street—no, *that* I wouldn't! Fust Prize to them—hor-hor! Well, the world 's comin' to a pretty pass, I must say! Arter *that!*— [*Eloquent aposiopesis.*

Amandus (*tolerantly, to Amanda*). Well, pidgings *are* pretty much alike, unless you 've been brought up to know the differences. I 'ad a *Uncle* a breeder.

Amanda (*feeling that her ignorance is no longer a discredit*). Then *you'd* know! [*They go out arm-in-arm, silent but sympathetic.*

"ENTER-TAINMENTS" are not now so much the object of our Fire-proof Theatrical Managers as "Exit-tainments." At TERRY'S new theatre everyone feels perfectly secure. It is only the Lessee, who always appears terry-fied.

DEPARTURE OF DISTINGUISHED FURRY-NERS.—The *Standard* said last week that two thousand live rabbits were on the eve of being despatched to British Columbia. Fifty thousand onions should be sent with them. What's a Rabbit without onions? *L'Onion fait la force.*

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR JOE AND JESSE.

MR. CAVE, long associated with theatrical management—re-opens Sadler's Wells on the fifth of November. We are assured that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S recent visit to Merrie Islington had nothing whatever to do with the forthcoming "good old-fashioned Grimaldi comic pantomime," with which Mr. CAVE promises to entertain his patrons at Christmas time. Perhaps, after all, the Fisheries Commissioner is not going to Canada, but is going to join A. CAVE at Islington, for what on earth is the use of a "Grimaldi pantomime" without a "JOEY?" Then what a chance for him, in the good old Grimaldi style, to sing "Hot Collings," rewritten by his faithful accompanyist JESSE.

TORCHLIGHT AND GUY FAWKES DAY.—Mr. GLADSTONE says that coming into collision with the Police on the subject of torches, "he would rather suffer torchers!"

MR. WILFUL BLUNT.—Whether the right of Free Speaking is permitted in Ireland or not, we would decline just now to decide. But certain BLUNT speaking was very soon stopped.

"AU PLAISIR."—Motto for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS during the run of the present piece.

THE FOUR NOBLE BURGLARS.

A BARON, a Marquis, a Duke, and an Earl
Were dining together one evening at White's;
They were all overdone by the worry and whirl
Of a long London season's amusements and sights—
By the luncheons that stupify, dinners that tire,
Dull rides in the Row, deadly five o'clock teas,
At which fashion condemns you to gasp and perspire
While draining the cup of *ennui* to the lees.

No pleasure they took in the joys of the table;
Though stalwart, they recked not to breakfast or sup—
E'en to plunge at *bézique* they no longer were able,
For the fact was these nobles were deuced hard up!
Moaned the Marquis, "We're all in a state of depression;
As for me, my existence is simply a bore;
Let us strike a new line out—adopt some profession
Which no British Peer ever practised before."

Then the Baron cried, "Listen, old chappies; I've hit
On a notion that's brilliant and perfectly new;—
Why shouldn't we four try to burgle a bit,
And wrest from the wealthy what's fairly our due?
Garotting is vulgar, and cruel to boot,
The pickpocket oft is despised when detected;
But burglary's just the profession to suit
A lover of enterprise, highly connected."

A paper was fetched, and his Grace read aloud
The following paragraph:—"Criminal Tips!
Young Nobles and Gentlemen under a cloud
Apply to Professor JEHOSHAPHAT FIPPS,
At his residence, 2, Sheppard Buildings, E.C.,
Where he nightly gives lessons, from seven till nine,
To youngsters of spirit, from prejudice free,
In arts which amusement with profit combine."

Next evening the Peers, fully dressed for their parts
In moleskin and highlows and flat beaver-caps,
Sought out the Professor with quick-throbbing hearts,
Their courage all but in a state of collapse.
Mr. FIPPS gave them seats; then politely inquired,
If aught to oblige them perchance he could do,
And replied, when they told him what 'twas they required,
"All right, noble sportsmen!—I'll soon put you through!"

He taught them to handle the jemmy with grace,
To frisk with the centrebit, toy with the file—
To flourish the fitful dark-lantern apace,
And wield the gay crowbar in elegant style;
With skeleton-keys to pick counting-house locks,
To ply the dumb saw and the chisel that's cold,
To prize up the lid of a banker's strong-box,
And the portals of burglar-proof safes to unfold.

When their Lordships were thoroughly versed in their trade,
And had passed their exams. in a masterly way,
They agreed that a dashing attempt should be made,
Their expertness to test without further delay.
Should they first try their hands at a light, easy job,
Not too risky, but graceful, artistic and neat,
Or essay a bold stroke the Exchequer to rob,
Or the merry Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

At last they resolved that the best thing to do,
Was to try an experiment, just for a lark,
(And to keep their hands in for a lucrative *coup*,)
On a workman's abode near Victoria Park.

They hankered for something quite simple and plain,
Both suburban and poor, for their trial essay;
So they picked out a one-storeyed house down a lane,
Which they learned had been empty for many a day.

They commenced their attack in the dead of the night,
Scaled a wall, dug a tunnel, and cut through two floors,
Wrenched a lock off with stern, irresistible might,
And broke open some thoroughly unsecured doors.
For booty they hunted below and on high—
But naught could they find save a chunk of cold veal,
Till, down in the basement, they chanced to espy,
Near the back-kitchen sink a huge trapdoor of steel.

In a second the trap from its fastness they tore,
When, heaped up pell-mell, of all shapes and all sizes,
The gratified Peers beheld score upon score
Of grand and legitimate housebreakers' prizes,—
Tiaras of rubies and diamond *rivières*,
Superb jewelled bracelets and brooches and rings,
Great emerald, sapphire, and pearl *solitaires*,
And all manner of precious, magnificent things.

As they gazed on these treasures with glittering eyes,
Lightly handling the gewgaws with delicate touches,
The Duke softly murmured, "Oh! what a surprise!
Why, some of these trinkets belong to the Duchess!"
"By Jove!" said the Marquis, "this carcanet here
Has been worn scores of times by my dowager-aunt!"
And the Baron rejoined, "It seems perfectly clear
That this squalid abode is a regular plant!"

"What a joke!" cried the Earl. "We have chanced on the ken
Of professional brethren, our seniors in guile,
And I think that, for young inexperienced men,
We have collared their plunder in workmanlike style.
Let us cull and remove these nefarious hoards—
We can turn the whole lot into cash at our leisure;
A delightful career is before us, my Lords,
A bright future of usefulness, profit, and pleasure!"

The next day they disposed of their swag for a plum,
And invested the proceeds in Spaniards and Turks,
After nobly deducting a moderate sum
For the Burglar's Relief Fund and other good works.
They paid all their creditors, kept up their rank,
Betted ponies and monkeys like regular "toppers;"
Till one night, as they'd just broken into a bank,
These deserving young nobles were nailed by the "coppers."

The Old Bailey was crowded one sunny May morn
With ladies arrayed in superlative frocks,
When the jury who sate on our nobles forlorn,
Found them guilty at once, without leaving the box.
And it thus came to pass, I regret to relate,
That these earnest, industrious, well-meaning Peers,
The pride of their order, the stay of the State,
Were condemned to pick oakum for twenty-one years!

A WORD FOR THE WAR-OFFICE.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says it's all very well to talk about the parsimony of the War-Office; but she hears that the soldiers are provided with fatigue jackets, and thinks it's really kind of the Authorities to supply the men with something special to wear when they are tired.

HOW WE ADVERTISE NOW.

SUGGESTION FOR UTILISING A NOW WELL-KNOWN MURAL DECORATION (!)

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, *in no case be returned, not* even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A HOME-SICK SECRETARY.

By Guildford, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY,

I HOPE you will forgive my not being more precise as to my whereabouts. The fact is if I can get away from London for a day or two without leaving my address, I am only too glad to do so. I was at the Cabinet Council on Thursday, afterwards ran down here, *et j'y reste*, at any rate over Sunday. I am getting more and more tired of London, and the office sardonically called "Home." It has never been a sweet resting-place, and of late has grown absolutely intolerable. I used once to have Sunday to myself; but now, owing to the new-born church-going fervour of the Unemployed, Sunday is the worst day of the week. So when opportunity offers, as just now, I cut the whole business and get me into the sweet seclusion of Surrey.

I see by the papers that I am about to resign office, and retire into that private life, upon which during the past twelve months I have looked back with increasing affection. Perhaps the statement is true, and perhaps the Markiss would say it is "not authentic." We shall see. In the mean time, at this distance from Parliament Street, I get the advantage of perspective in regarding the office of Home Secretary. Down here it seems odd enough that it should be so much hankered after by men of various temperaments. H-NRY J-M-S wanted it at the time H-RC-RT secured it. It had a strange fascination for L-WE, and I am disclosing no secret when I mention that my old friend and patron, GR-ND-LPH. fancies it would suit him down to the ground. I only wish he would try it. If I were certain that he would come in, it might have some effect in hastening my decision on the question of resignation. Of course GR-ND-LPH and I remain on terms of friendliest regard. I am indebted to him for a sudden promotion exceeding the hopes of the most sanguine politician. Still, I would like to see him at the Home Office, if only for a short six months. He is serenely confident he could grapple with the situation. JOHNNY RUSSELL was quite a nervous, modest person, compared with GR-ND-LPH. I should really like to see my old friend in my old chair.

The post, of course, has its attractions. It is no small thing to be principal Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet, and an adequate salary. But, to tell the truth, dear TOBY, the Home Secretary lives too near the People to have an uninterruptedly pleasant time. He is too close to, and too frequently under, the public eye. It is like working in a glass hive. A Foreign Secretary labours in secret in the Samoan Islands, or some equally remote quarter, and months elapse before the publication of the Blue Book places his labour under the criticism of the public. The Secretary for the Colonies works under similar conditions, whilst the First Lord of the Admiralty and the War Secretary, except upon rare occasions, have only their respective Services to deal with.

But the Home Secretary is, necessarily, always at home to impertinent lookers-in, or idle callers who have not sufficient business of their own to attend to. If anything goes wrong with the water or the gas, if a country Magistrate makes a more than usually particular ass of himself, if a policeman arrests the wrong woman in Regent Street, if there is a procession through the parks or a meeting in Trafalgar Square, it's ever the Home Secretary that is wrathfully turned to for explanation. When things go well with London or the Provinces, you never hear the Home Secretary's name mentioned. The condition of affairs may be due to his admirable administration, but there is no recognition of his agency. On the other hand, if the least thing connected with his department goes wrong, he is held personally responsible, and the fiendish newspapers fall upon him.

That is my experience after a little more than twelve months in office, and if I am a little wearied of it who shall blame me? Why should I remain the butt of all the captious critics throughout the country? I have no hour, except these stolen ones, that I can call my own. All the pleasures and recreations of private life are swallowed up in official cares. Why should I longer submit to be engulfed in this state of slavery? I am not in the absolute prime of youth; but still, as we Statesmen go, I am not old. For example, I have seen but two summers more than that elderly young beau, H-NRY J-M-S. Someone once said of me, that for my recorded age, I had the youngest-looking body in the House of Commons. That is a subtle distinction, the value of which I cannot grasp. I know that I have been a buck in my time, and if I only get my time to myself once more, I may again become as ornamental as I am now useful. I will think it over, and probably in the course of the next few weeks you may hear what resolution I have taken.

Yours faithfully, H-NRY M-TTH-WS.

A BLACK AFFAIR AT HAYTI.

THE Foreign Office, whether represented by Lord SALISBURY or Lord ROSEBERY,—two "berries," so that we are to judge of the worth of our Foreign Office by its berries, not by its fruits,—ought to be hauled over the coals—the victim's name being suggestive of this process—by the British Public. Mr. COLES was innocent of the charge brought against him, was convicted in the face of evidence; and as there was no one to screen COLES, poor COLES—COLES down again!—was shovelled into a black hole, which was, *pro. tem.*, a COLES cellar. After sixteen months of Haytian bonds, and being kept in durance by Haytian Black Guards, the energy of the British F. O. obtained for the unfortunate prisoner a free pardon! But no further redress, except the offer of £500, which COLES couldn't be "cokes'd" into accepting. Now this matter of Hayti and COLES is a very black affair. What is going to be done? Do we leave COLES and scuttle? Surely so gross a wrong perpetrated in Hayti ought to have been put right in Hayti-seven.

THE MOST LITIGIOUS PERSON ON RECORD.—The man who had all his invitations properly stamped at Somerset House, and then brought an action against his hosts for breach of agreement if a dinner happened to be put off.

"MUMPSIMUS!"

Reminiscence of a celebrated and highly popular picture, adapted to the painful circumstance announced last week by *Truth*; namely, that the Chorister Boys at a certain Cathedral have all got the Mumps.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.

OWEN MEREDITH, *ALIAS* LORD LYTTON, TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH.

Lord L-tt-n sings:—

Love's Metamorphoses I sang of late,
"My Unglenaverilled Glenaveril"
Puzzled the Public's unpoetic pate.
Wit, like my sire's imaginary *Vril*,
Is thaumaturgic. I have served the State
In various ways with elegance and skill;
But my "last Metamorphosis," I opine,
Out of Glenaveril's wholly takes the shine.

From "OWEN MEREDITH," of Servian song, [this!
Translator (who said through the French?) to
The course, like my Serb falcon's flight, is long.
The proletariat possibly may hiss.
I scorn the anserine Gladstonian throng,
Whose mouthpiece is the *Daily Dews*. I wis
That nickname shows a polish and a fire
Of wit well worthy my prodigious Sire.

When I wrote *Aux Italiens* long ago
(And *Trovatore* rhymed with purgatory)
I little thought Paris one day should know
The bard in an Ambassador's full glory.
Ah! I shall miss the Oriental show
Of Ind—but that is scarce a pleasant story,
And, after all, I fancy that my *Charis*
Had always, more or less, a touch of Paris.

"*Lucile*," for instance! Well, I've wandered far
From my old *Wanderer* days; *tant mieux*, perchance.
Better to be a diplomatic star
Than a poetic shade. Beloved France,
To ape thy *jeunesse dorée* will not jar
Upon my spirit, which is all romance: [finical,
I love the blend of the sublime and
Of chivalry, choice cookery, and the cynical.

CHAMBERLAIN—*did* I dub him once a scold, [wrong—
A leaner, later *Casca*? I was
Is off to Canada, and BALBO bold
(I called him bilious once, but 'twas in song)
Is with us now, I hope the league may hold.
Who now dubs JOSEPH—though of course he's strong—
"The secret despot of a Cabinet,
That dare not disregard his faintest threat?"

Forgive the thought, CÆCILIUS! Whether JOE [more
Has put his foot in it, and bowed still
Your "large Olympian forehead," I don't know; [bore
But I can see that it must be a
To have your diplomats run wild. I go
With other purpose to a nearer shore; [win,
And soon I hope your confidence to
And prove no ass, though in the LYONS' skin!

THE "Wild West" finished up rather tamely. Lord LORNE and others, with, we presume, the Honourable BUFFALO BILL CODY, palavered about an International Arbitration Court. If the Hon. and Rev. BILL—"Reverend" because, as he tells us, he once performed the part of a clergyman and married a couple, pronouncing a formula which, being a close parody on the words of the solemn rite, need not be repeated here, though they evidently struck him as a bright idea,—has anything to do with it, we shall hear of the rules of this new Court (not Earl's Court) being at once codi-fied.

RESTITUTION WITH RESIGNATION.—M. WILSON gave up 40,000 francs' worth of postage. Will M. GRÉVY give up the post altogether?

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. — He does not say, "Peace with Honour," but "Piece with MERRITT."

"THE ROUGH ELEMENT" — last week, was—the Sea.

Jenny Lind.

Born at Stockholm, October 6, 1821. Married Herr Otto Goldschmidt, February 5, 1852. Died, November 2, 1887.

"She never lost her interest in the two chief objects of her life, music and charity."—*Times.*

MUSIC and Charity! Of all things mortal,
What sweeteners of our lives may match these twain?
What draweth hearts nearer the heavenly portal
Than mercy's impulse, melody's moving strain?
Well chosen, singer sweet!
Great gifts, and the large love of giving meet,
Well harmonised in JENNY LIND'S career;
These made her life delight, these make her memory dear.

Punch, of well-fitting phrases ready minter,
Christened his favourite forty years ago;
Hailed as "The Nightingale that Sings in Winter," *
The Swedish songstress whom the voice of woe
Moved ever, as her own
Moved the applauding multitude; alone,
Amidst the stars of Opera's tuneful quire,
To succour ever prompt as potent to inspire!

"Dear JENNY LIND!" So then his song addressed her
Who still is "JENNY LIND," and still is dear.
Though Genius praised, and Fashion's crowd caressed her,
She sank not, like some stars, below her sphere
Into those darkening mists
Whose taint the true and tender heart resists.
Her nature fame was powerless to soil, [spoil.
Whom splendour hardened not, and puffery could not

How the crowd rushed and crushed, and cheered and clamoured,
Forty years syne, to hang upon her song!
Of *La Sonnambula's* heroine enamoured,
Thrilled by the flute-like trillings sweet as strong
Of their dear Nightingale.
Amina, *Lucia*, *Alice*, each they 'd hail
With fervent plaudits, in whose flush and stir
Love of her silvery song was blent with love of her.

And each well earned! The crowd would press and jostle
To hear their favourite warbler, from whose throat,
Clear as the lark, and mellow as the throstle,
The limpid melody would soar and float.
Now like a shattered lute,
The Nightingale who sang in winter's mute;
But long remembered that pure life shall be,
To Music dedicate and vowed to Charity.

* See *Punch*, Vol. XVI., p. 15.

"THE LABOUR MARKET."

First East Countryman. "SHALL YEAOU VOOTE FOR THE DIS'TABLISHMENT O' TH' CHU'CH?"

Second Ditto (firmly). "NO; THAR I 'ON'T, BO'! WORK'S SCASS ENOW AS 'T IS—BUT IF WE WAS TO HEV ALL THEM PARSONS TU'NNED OUT, AN' GOIN' 'BOUT PLOUGHIN', AN' HEDGIN', AN' MOWIN', AN' HARVESTIN', WE SHOULD BE WUSS OFF THAN WE ARE NOW!"

"THE BEARING OF IT LIES IN THE APPLICATION."

"SPARE no efforts to maintain the magnificent inheritance which has descended from your forefathers," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when bidding a temporary good-bye to Birmingham.

Well, it *is* a magnificent inheritance, and most certainly it is our duty, as well as our interest, to maintain it. But how? Magnificent as it is, it has certain incumbrances; memories of wrongs unredressed, actualities of mismanagement unremoved. To maintain *these* is not to improve the inheritance, and enable us to hand it down better worth maintaining by those who will inherit it from us. As stewards of the splendid patrimony of empire, we must not only keep it together, but properly—that is, justly and sagaciously—administer it, which, indeed, is the only sure and safe way of maintaining it. The accumulated mortgage of our ancestors' errors and misdeeds is, unfortunately, but inevitably, a part of our "inheritance." To pay it off may seem a burdensome duty, but a duty it is, in the resolute doing, not the haughty ignoring or cowardly shirking, of which we shall be at least as truly "maintaining our inheritance," as by stroke of sword, or statute of coercion. *Verb. sap.*

WE see a book advertised by Messrs. KEGAN, PAUL & Co., called *Tertium Quid*. Ask an Eton Boy, about Christmas time, or when he is going back to school, what is the translation of *Tertium Quid*, and he will probably hold out his hand and reply, "The third sovereign—but I'll take one to go on with, or to go off with." Well, you can "owe him one" for that.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The person who ought to write a weird Christmas story is, evidently, the Author of *Bootles' Baby*, *That Imp!* &c., JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—"*Aut Keyser aut nullus.*"

THE FISHERS.

(*Some way after Kingsley.*)

THE Fishers went sailing North, South, East, and West,
And they raised lots of rows ere the sun went down.
Each fancied the foreigners' waters the best,
And wished in those waters to let his nets down.
And Commissions must work and Statesmen must weep,
And weary with trying the peace for to keep,
Whilst the Public heart is groaning.

The Smack-owners rush to Lord SALISBURY'S side,
And genial JOSEPH'S to Canada gone;
And the end of this selfishness, temper, and pride,
Will be a great big all-round fight ere all 's done,
Unless men will try their hot tempers to keep,
And establish some rule of fair-play on the deep,
For which honest hearts are all moaning.

POLITICAL SEPULTURE.—The Senior Member for Northampton lately told his constituents that:—

"The Conservatives were digging their own graves, and it was about the only good and sensible thing they possibly could do."

But if they wanted an interment, the Home-Rulers could supply them with a SEXTON ready and willing to save them that trouble.

"THE SCARCITY OF HARES."—It is so stated. But it's only a bald statement.

LETTS' DIARIES.—There are two sorts of Letts: The Out-Letts for 1887, and the In-Letts for 1888. Letts get 'em.

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

LAST week was remarkable for a number of *Matinées*. There were two, each with a new Play, at the Vaudeville, in preparation apparently for the disappearance of *Sophia*. The Author of one of the pieces was, I fancy, Mr. JONES (the name fixed itself on my memory), but I am not quite so sure about the others. I rather think the first play was written in collaboration possibly by Messrs. BROWN and ROBINSON to complete the immortal *trio*. However, the morning performance *par excellence*, was the production of a new and original poetical drama in five Acts, called *Nitocris*, by CLO. GRAVES, at Drury Lane. This was really a very interesting occasion, as we were taken back to B.C. 1420, and I must admit that I too was rather taken aback when I found the Early Egyptians talking of the "Pharmacopœia," and many other matters of a yet more recent date. I supposed this was local colouring, and when I saw the "Banquetting Hall in the Palace," I felt sure that the Egyptian Court represented belonged to the Nineteenth Century, and could be easily discovered (either by season ticket or on payment of a shilling) in Sydenham. The Author supplies a note in the official programme, in which she informs the World that AMUN-MYKERA NITOCRIS was "handsome among women, and brave among men, and governed for her husband with great splendour and much justice, though she is rebuked by several of the ancient historians for her cruelty and sensuality," and no doubt these facts have suggested the five long Acts of the more or less poetical play. What story there is shows how the adopted son of and apprentice to an Embalmer, after being left to die in the Palace of *Nitocris* for refusing to join in an unpatriotic toast, escapes, and twelve weeks later is lured back once more to the Royal realms to reject the suddenly-kindled love of the Egyptian Queen in favour of the affection of a Grecian orphan called *Soris*, who happens to be staying on a visit with her swarthy Majesty. Then *Soris* gets half-poisoned and entirely stabbed, and *Nitocris* and the Embalmer's Apprentice repair to a "stretch of desert in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids," to be drowned in an inundation which is much talked about but never seen. As the Embalmer's Apprentice, Mr. J. H. BARNES fostered the impression that he was either a very slow and dull pupil, or that the art of embalming had taken him a middle-aged lifetime to thoroughly acquire. In the last act he looked like a portly Friar of Orders Grey sadly in need of the fast rising Nile. Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN was good as a nigger *Quasimodo*, who apparently had nothing in particular to do save to murder Miss ALMA MURRAY when that popular young *tragédienne's* sorrows became monotonous and required curtailment in the interests of the audience. Mr. FERNANDEZ too was useful as Chief of the Magi, and Mr. BERNARD GOULD'S performance would have been more pleasing had he really died at the end of the Second Act, instead of living to see the final fall of the curtain. But this last was rather the Author's than the actor's fault. Personally I should have been better satisfied had every one died at the end of the First Act, but I confess I am a little exacting. On Wednesday, after the "principals" had been called and received more or less applause, there was a cry for the Authoress, when to my surprise a lady in a semi-masculine costume and seemingly in her "teens," made her way before the curtain. This was young "CLO,"—a most charming person to judge from her personal appearance. There was a further "call" when a gentleman of much maturer years was seen bowing. I do not know if he was also a "CLO,"—if so, he was unquestionably a much older "CLO"—in fact, quite an elderly "CLO." Ages ago a wonderful piece called *Nitocris* was played at Drury Lane for a few nights with moderate success. In it was represented an inundation, that, if it did not precisely resemble the waters of the rising Nile, at any rate was a capital realisation of green-coloured muslin sprinkled with *spangles. I am afraid* that young "CLO'S" poetical play will not *keep the stage much longer than its* predecessor.

Full in Front.

It was my good fortune to be present at the opening of the Manchester Exhibition (which *Mr. Punch* very appropriately christened the "Gem of the Jubilee,") and on Thursday last I again paid it a visit with about sixty-five thousand other persons. In spite of the hurricane of the preceding Monday, the building was in an excellent condition, and the reproduction of the old part of the ancient city had weathered the storm as if it had been intended to remain for a thousand years instead of half-a-dozen months. I was much struck with the extreme good-nature of a Lancashire crowd. In the afternoon a severe shower of rain, which I fancy must have come down from Town by the 10·10 Express from Euston (a train which maintained the tradition of the L. & N. W. R. by arriving to the minute) drove all the pleasure-seekers from the grounds into the building, and for a moment there was an "ugly block." Immediately the police and the other officials organised a stream right and left, and when it was found that there were many schools amongst the sight-seers, a cry of "Make way for the children!" secured the safety of the little ones. The picture galleries were as popular as ever, and I observed that the crowd generally gathered in dense masses near the paintings with historical events as their subjects. The arrival of the Princess of WALES at Gravesend was particularly favoured, and some regret was expressed that the Benchers of the Middle Temple had required the return of the portrait by HOLL of their Royal Treasurer. The splendid display of the works of Mr. WATTS did not attract much attention, one lady observing that it was "a pity that they had not been finished," and their opposite neighbours by Mr. BURNE-JONES, were also a little above the heads (in more senses than one) of the average shilling public. But LANDSEER, MILLAIS, POYNTER and HOLMAN HUNT had thousands of earnest admirers, and there were always enthusiastic groups in front of "*The Derby Day*" and "*Ramsgate Sands.*" It was delightful to walk through the galleries devoted to this unique, this magnificent collection of purely native Art, only saddened by the reflection that such an opportunity would never offer itself again. The machinery, from another point of view, was nearly as interesting. I have been present at many Exhibitions, but have never seen anything to equal the display of "works in operation." Both visitors and "hands" seemed to be equally in earnest; the first to watch, and the second to work. Then the music was excellent, as, indeed, it was obliged to be to satisfy the requirements of Manchester connoisseurs, who are not to be put off with second-rate bands. Lastly, the illuminated fountains were absolutely fairy-like with their colours reflected from below the waterline. And this reminds me there was also something else fairy-like—the *table d'hôte* dinner served in the Conservatory, which seemed (with its many courses, of the daintiest proportions) to be exactly suited to the wants of *Titania* and (if he took the hint printed on the *menu*, and "requiring extra quantities of any of the dishes," asked for more) of the robuster *Oberon*. The captious might certainly have objected that the dessert would have been more satisfactory had nut-crackers been supplied with the walnuts. I asked for a pair, but was told by my waiter that he could get me none. No doubt this little defect will be remedied when the contractor fulfils his intention of catering next year at the Brussels Exhibition. But this is a detail. For the rest, the Manchester celebration of the Fiftieth Year of Her Majesty's reign has been worthy of the occasion; and my second visit has fully confirmed the opinion (that was expressed in May last) that the leading town of Lancashire has produced the Gem of the Jubilee.

JAW-HOLDING.

AT the dinner of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institution, the other night, Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, advocated the establishment of a Professorship of Silence in schools and colleges. Good! There is too much latitude given to jabberers and chatterers in the present day. Politicians do nothing but prate, and the talking man nowadays has taken the place of the working man. We might begin our reform in the House of Commons. The Sergeant-at-Arms might appoint a beadle to bridle the tongues of the everlasting talkers, and an official with a large extinguisher should make them harmless after they had bored the House for five minutes.

Hold your Jaw!

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—"Fox the Quaker." It is not true that the birthday of this excellent man is celebrated in his native place by an annual "meet." Fox was occasionally hunted, but though a Quaker, it is not on record that he ever quaked. Our Correspondents' mistake arises probably from Fox having been a man of *pax*. But in this case his memory would be honoured by all card-players.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

There is no better form of book, providing always the print be clear and distinct, than the volume which is adapted practically in price and size to the pocket. One man's pocket is more capacious than another's, as one man's purse is longer than another's, and the latter can purchase a volume more expensively got up than the small, useful, charming travelling companions that *Mr. Punch* has at this moment actually in view while others are in his mind's eye, Horatio. *The Handy-Volume Shakspeare* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.), which in every way is the model of a pocket-volume, the model *par excellence*, is a member of a family all in one case, a perfect Christmas present. But if one volume is lost, the set is spoilt, and the missing book cannot, in the ordinary course of bookselling nature, be replaced. Consequently only a very careful and methodical person can venture upon travelling about with one of these volumes as his pocket-companion. A little Shakespeare is a dangerous thing. And this is why the small books belonging to *Cassell's National Library*, price threepence apiece, ought to find favour in the eyes of those who can read in a cab, in a coach, in a train, or even walking. As to a man running and reading the thing's almost impossible, and whoever saw a man on horseback reading a book, except in an old print of *Doctor Syntax?* As the snail carries his shell about with him, so every Englishman can carry his own *Cassell*, and get rid of it too—which is more than the snail can—and can lose it—and can replace it for the small sum of threepence, or if secondhand (for being in limp covers they soon become "secondhand" in appearance) for considerably less. With a volume from this library carried always in the tail-pocket of his coat—the very place to carry a short tale—no one need ever be idle, and every spare moment, as long as he is wearing the coat, can be well occupied. These bits of books are our modern *Curiosities of Literature*.

Handy Vols.

Nor must we forget the Dickens series of Messrs. Routledge, who have just brought out a dainty little edition of the *Cricket on the Hearth*. This is a lasting work got up in a lasting manner. And so whether the tale be long, or short, pointed or not, every man for a small sum, in some instances a very small sum, can be his own tale-bearer: only the tale isn't his, it is somebody else's, but his by purchase.

Among the handiest of handy books must be included the Pocket Diaries for 1888, numbered, respectively, one, two, three,—of which No. 3 is "A 1,"—brought out by John Walker & Co. of Farringdon House, and admirably adapted to all walkers, who can now bring them out for themselves every day in the new year. One novelty there is in Walker & Co.'s division of pages, and this is that two are set apart for "Addresses"—not political ones, of course—and two others for "Visits"—(such an idea could only have struck a Walker who wanted an object for his walk)—these being subdivided into columns headed "*Name*," "*Reception Day*," "*Visit Received*," "*Visit Returned*," which in itself is quite a little manual, or *Walker's Dictionary*, of politeness. To "Cash" is devoted a great deal too much space; but, of course, if there is sufficient cash to fill it, so much the better. If we might suggest a "rider" to Walker, it would be that, as many persons, who pay nothing else, are often most assiduous in "paying their addresses" and in "paying visits," an equal space might be given to business as represented by "Cash," and to pleasure as represented by the two other items. The pencil is a triumph of ingenuity, and the binding of No. 3 proves the truth of the old adage, that there is nothing like leather, specially when the leather is Russian.

Humility.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its account of the consecration of Truro Cathedral, stated how—

"The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Truro received the Prince of Wales at the Phillpotts porch, and conducted His Royal Highness to a footstool placed for him in the choir. Every available inch of space was crowded."

Poor Royal Highness! only a "footstool" to sit upon. He was His Royal Lowness on this occasion. If, however, for "footstool" we read "faldstool," His Royal Highness's apparently uncomfortable position becomes intelligible.

MORE REALISM.

Dear Mr. Punch,

Will you not help us to make a stand even now against the encroachments of realism in the pronunciation of Latin? My evening paper has been full of it lately. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Britons understood the Romans, and the Romans the Britons, and if the Romans had said their repetition in the absurd foreign fashion that a few modern-side pedants advocate, is it likely that the Britons would have understood them, much less that they would have had so much respect for them as to admit their garrisons, and their Mayors, and their Corporations, and what not for four or five hundred years? And if our early ancestors had spoken Latin in this eminently unmanly un-English fashion, why should we naturally and instinctively pronounce it in our own way now, as if there were no natural piety linking the chapters of our rough island story together?

The Cambridge Augustan Johnnies (Dr. Sandys at least, being a Johnian, may excuse the term) set great store upon the fact that all over the Continent the language is pronounced in the foreign manner. Why, Sir, it is well known that the Norse tongue in Iceland, being icerlated, has remained nearly unchanged since its introduction in the ninth century. And England is an island; therefore the Latin tongue, introduced by the Roman colonists, must have remained unchanged also. For my own part, I own I have no patience with this degradation of the hallowed traditions of our school-days to the level of languages which can be got up in *Ollendorff* and fluently pattered by couriers and waiters. "Wenny, weedy, weaky." Good gracious! Is that the language of a conquering, masterful race? The matter does not admit of serious argument.

Yours, wondering what next, One of the Old School.

The Last of the Go-he-cans.—The *Times* for November 1, in giving a list of the Masters of Foxhounds, mentioned the Rev. E. M. Reynolds as "the only clergyman who can append M.F.H. to his name." Of course this does not mean that no other clergyman "can" do so, or the Clergy would indeed be an uneducated set, but that the Rev. E. M. Reynolds is the only successor of the Rev. Jack Russell who has the right to append M.F.H. to his name. How often does his pack meet? Is it *Reynolds's Weekly?* If the hounds are a trifle mixed, it may be known as *Reynolds's Miscellany*.

Captain Stokes, who peremptorily ordered Mr. O'Brien off to prison, seems to be the sort of a man that Charles Dickens described as a "Harbitrary Gent." Quite a despotic Turk. As the Nationalists call the Castle Officials "Bashi-Bazouks," let them allude to the gallant Captain and Magistrate as "Stokes Bey."

International Arbitration.—Should difficulties ever arrive at this peaceable solution — (so likely! — ahem! — but always a Bright Dream)—then there could not be a name of better omen for a representative of British Interests than "Lyon Playfair."

International Punch.

Trafalgar Square may be "the finest site in the world," but the Mob in it isn't.

A ROW IN THE GALLERY.

What does it all mean? "Pitch 'em over!" cries Sir Coutts-Lindsay of his "salaried assistants," and perhaps Sir Coutts would like to pitch Messrs. Comyns Carr and C. E. Hallé all over, and make them come out uncommonly black after the process. But apparently the "salaried assistants" have thrown over their munificent patron of the Arts, and turned themselves out. But this is "no new thing," for whenever we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Carr or Mr. Hallé, they have always been uncommonly well turned out, and not a speck on either of them. Evidently the Carr has been upset, and Hallé has walked off, showing himself a "Hallé Sloper." The two "salaried assistants" will not go to swell the ranks of the "Unemployed," and, in order to prevent the re-entrance of the "salaried assistants," Sir Coutts now keeps guard at the Gallery door, armed with a Pike.

Summary of the Endacott-Cass Affair.—A Miss-take.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

Mamma. "IT'S VERY LATE, EMILY. HAS ANYBODY TAKEN YOU DOWN TO SUPPER?"
Fair Débutante (who has a fine healthy appetite). "OH YES, MAMMA—SEVERAL PEOPLE!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

No, no! A natural alarm, but needless!
'Tis true subversive dolts in these sad times
Do call on you to flourish and to feed less,
And hint that pomp and turtle soup are crimes.
The sour fanatics! [their attics.
Scribblers who'd set the world straight from
But they will never dare—the dastards, No!—
To stop the Lord Mayor's Show.

Your fright, my Lord, 's a pardonable error.
The Proclamation can't apply to you.
No one, I'm sure, can take you for a Terror,
Red, white, or any other tint or hue.
Are you "disorderly"? [lie;
No; you within legality's trim-kept border
From touching you even almighty Law
Would shrink with utter awe.

True you "perambulate the streets." What noddy
Objects? You do not "break into a run,"
And as to "terrorising" anybody,
No one could hint at that, except in fun.
"Hooting and yelling"
Are not your vocal habits. WARREN 's belling
The Cat of Anarchy; he'll tell you that.
You are not quite that Cat.

Its claws are showing, and they may want clipping,
And shindy in the streets is just a pest;
But Law, though lately once or twice found *tripping,*
Won't interfere with the calm Civic nest.
MATTHEWS seems heedless,
And "shoves his oar in" in a style most needless;
But even he would hardly raise his clutch
The sacred Ninth to touch.

No, a good rule may have a good exception.
You're popular, pass on! Rowdies and raff
Need raps. Let him in civism adept, shun
The spouter's bawling, and the Bobby's staff.
Mad mobs in Town
Are a vile nuisance that must be put down;
But you're not a "Procession," don't you know,—
You are—a "Show"!

"CHARLES OUR FRIEND."

BRAVO, Sir CHARLES WARREN! The roughs may consider you a Rabid Warren, but what does that matter to you, or to us, or to any lover of order, peace, and quietness in this vast Metropolis? You're not a weasel to be caught napping, and your recent Proclamation is admirable, if its provisions be only justly and exactly carried out. Your arrangements too—talking of provisions—for housing the houseless, seem to be remarkably judicious. *Mr. Punch* trusts that the Processions which you mention, and "the wandering bands perambulating the streets," which you are going to consider as disorderly, will be taken to include those disturbers of our Sunday Quiet, calling themselves Members of the Salvation Army, who, it is to be hoped, in every district wherever their presence is not welcome to a majority of the respectable residents, will be summarily dispersed and their noise stopped.

On working days let perambulating bands come out for air and exercise, only let them take care that their "air" be always in tune. That schools and clubs should have their bands is an excellent thing. But there are six days in the week for noise, and the Salvationists can let us have our Sunday in peace. *Mr. Punch* is all for freedom of speech, and so he speaks out freely. He is all for the liberty of the subject, but the subject must remember that he is a subject, and *Mr. Punch* takes the liberty to remind him of it. At the meeting of real working men of business to protest against these meetings in Trafalgar Square, Mr. FREDERICK GORDON spoke up for his Metropole-itan interests in Grand style. The HOME SECRETARY, it is to be hoped, carefully pondered the speeches of these practical gentlemen. Mr. ATTENBOROUGH, too,—"O, my prophetic soul, my uncle!"—gave distinct evidence of the injury done to trade in and about Trafalgar Square. The Rev. Mr. KITTO moved a resolution, and Mr. BIDDULPH seconded it,

Saying ditto
To Mr. KITTO.

And *Mr. Punch* once more expresses his hope that the first Act of next Session will be one to regulate meetings and processions in and about London, whereby orderly citizens may enjoy their rights undisturbed. Trafalgar Square and all our great thoroughfares should be "proclaimed districts," as regards the loafers, roughs, and rowdies whose object is plunder, and whose end is—or, at least, should be—punishment.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Lord Mayor. "EH!—WHAT!—PROCESSIONS!—WHY——"

Sir C. Warren. "OH, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MY LORD,—YOU'RE NOT A 'PROCESSION'—YOU'RE A 'SHOW.' *YOU* WON'T 'TERRORISE THE INHABITANTS'!!"

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Old Friend. "HULLO, DICK! HOW ARE YOU? I WISH YOU'D COME AND DINE WITH ME TO-NIGHT. BUT NOW YOU'RE A LORD, I SUPPOSE I MUSTN'T CALL YOU DICK ANY LONGER, OR EVEN ASK YOU TO DINNER?"

Noble Earl (who has just come into his Title). "LORD BE BLOWED! LEND ME A FIVER, AND YOU MAY CALL ME WHAT YOU LIKE—AND I'LL DINE WITH YOU INTO THE BARGAIN!"

SCARLETINA AT TRURO.

THE æsthetic Archbishop BENSON has an eye for colour. At Truro, the *Times* report says, "he wore his scarlet robe and train, which, as he moved from place to place in the Cathedral"—very restless of him, by the way—"was upborne by two little acolytes clad in scarlet cassocks and dainty surplices of lawn, and wearing tiny scarlet caps upon their heads." The Archbishop is the big scarlet, and the tiny acolytes might be called the scarletini. And to think that years ago this sudden outbreak of archiepiscopal brilliancy would have been inveighed against as trifling with the "Scarlet Lady." H.R.H. made an excellent speech on the occasion, and, with the effect of colour still in his memory, he could not resist reminding the æsthetic Dr. BENSON that "seven years and a half ago"—nothing like being exact—"he (H.R.H.) was enabled to lay the foundation stone of this Cathedral with Masonic honours." "Archbishop in scarlet, forsooth! scarlet tiny acolytes!" (such was evidently the rebuke conveyed in H.R.H.'s speech)—"you should just see Me as Most Worshipful Grand Master, with my Wardens, Deacons, Chaplains, and Tylers! Why, in comparison with that blaze of splendour, you and your scarlet are nowhere. However, Ladies and Gentlemen, I came here on this occasion, not 'to oblige BENSON,' but to visit this ancient Duchy in my popular character of Duke of CORNWALL. *Au revoir.*"

MONSIGNOR PERSICO, *Truth* says, stayed with Archbishop CROKE, and dined with the witty and popular Father JAMES HEALY, P.P. of Little Bray. Well, Monsignor PERSICO must have heard a great deal of croke-ing, but let us hope he has got some remedies for healy-ing the wounds of the distressful country from *Mr. Punch's* good friend, Father JAMES, of Little Bray, and precious little bray about him.

A MYSTERIOUS PAPER.

THE near approach of Christmas, with its fireside stories, has suggested the following list of questions for examination that may be put to himself by any intending *raconteur*. As he may be sure that if he can tackle them satisfactorily he will be able effectually to enchain any family circle he may come across during the coming festive season, he may be safely recommended to go at them in all confidence:—

1. What is a "spook"? Have you ever met one in society? Define "telepathy." Can you send a "telepathigram"? If so, do you think it would cost more than a halfpenny a word?

2. Write a short biographical notice of Messrs. MYERS AND GURNEY. State which of the two you would rather be, and give, if you can, your reasons for your answer.

3. Furnish a brief abstract, that must not exceed 300 pages, of their joint work, *Phantasms of the Living*. What would be the present price of the two volumes on MUDIE'S Second-hand List?

4. A certain Mr. BROWN knew a Captain JONES, who knew a Major ROBINSON, who one night sitting at Mess at a hill-station in the Central Provinces of India, thought he saw a figure on the verandah and felt a sudden dig in the side as if somebody had pushed him with his elbow. He had been mixing his wines rather freely, but turning to his neighbour, he said, "I am almost sure something has happened to my Uncle JAMES." He subsequently wrote a dozen letters to England on the subject, but could never get any answer; and to this day, though his Uncle JAMES is known to be alive and quite well, the matter remains a mystery. To what class of "inconsequent warnings" could you refer this experience?

5. At Bansbury House, Buckinghamshire, a phantom omnibus full inside and out of headless passengers, drives three times round the central grass-plot on the eve of the day on which the heir orders a new dress-coat. Account for this, if you can, and compare it with the reported apparition of the famous luminous elephant said to be visible to the Lairds of Glenhuish whenever the amount of their butcher's-book reaches the sum of £20.

6. Detail the circumstances that are said to explain the curious conduct of the celebrated little old man in the bagwig and faded blue velvet coat, that haunts the principal guest bedchamber at Token-house Manor. To what is he supposed to refer when after mournfully shaking his head three times he says, "It's the mustard that did it!" Examine this, and give some reasons to account for the fact that he invariably disappears in the linen cupboard.

7. Give the various popular versions of the secret which imparted at Rheums Castle to (1) the heir, on his attaining his majority, (2) the family butler, and (3) a select circle of intimate friends who may have chanced to attend on the occasion regarding the matter as an excellent joke, instantly turns their hair white, causes them to look thirty years older, and makes them talk in whispers, and wear an expression of melancholy terror for the rest of their lives.

8. The hall of a well-known modern villa at Brixton is haunted by the spectre of a coal-heaver, who carries his head under his arm; and, whenever it is opened, he is visible on the mat, just inside the front door. Tradesmen, therefore, calling with their accounts, rush away, terror-stricken, without waiting for payment, and visitors coming to five o'clock tea are carried off in violent hysterics to the nearest chemist's. As the landlord cannot induce any bailiffs to cross the threshold, the tenant who is, notwithstanding their ghastly condition, quite cheerful on the premises, is several quarters in arrear with his rent. State, under the circumstances, what proceedings, if any, you would take to "lay" the ghost.

9. It is well known that the celebrated gallery at Bingham Place, Somersetshire, is haunted, after midnight, by the apparition of a knight in full armour, who heralds his approach by the clanking of chains and cannon-balls, and who, after flinging about the boots and hot-water cans standing at the doors of the various guest-chambers, tumbles head-over-heels down-stairs, shrieking the refrain of a thirteenth century hunting-chorus, and having thoroughly awakened everybody sleeping on the premises, finally disappears with a loud unearthly wail, in the butler's pantry. State what you think would be the probable result of waiting for the appearance of this spectre, and then suddenly hitting it hard over the knees with a cricket-bat.

10. Give the story of the well-known "haunted house" in Belgrave Square. How would the unconscious tenant who had taken it furnished be likely to account for the punctual appearance, at half-past nine every evening, among his guests in the back drawing-room, of the eyeless baronet, in a dressing-gown, dragging the two elderly females by the hair of their heads about in a deadly struggle, and, after continuing it for three-quarters of an hour, ultimately vanishing, as if exhausted, apparently into the grand piano? Would you advise him to take his guests into his confidence, and apologise for the intrusion, or pretend to notice nothing unusual in the phenomenon, and simply ignore it? Examine the situation, and conclude your paper by dealing with it in the shape of a short essay on "the position of the Ghost considered in relation to Society."

"LUXURY."

(*According to the Latest Edition of "Knight Thoughts."*)

Alderman (*to his Guest, after a good dinner*). "'ELP Y'SHELF! RECOLLEC' EVERY BO'LE O' CHAMPAGNE WE DRINK, PROVI'SH EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WORKIN' CLASSHESH!!"

AT HAWARDEN.

"Mr. GLADSTONE gave Earl SPENCER and Earl GRANVILLE a specimen of his skill with the axe yesterday. With Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE to assist him, the Right Honourable gentleman, stripped to his waist, attacked a tree in most vigorous fashion!"—*Times*, NOV. 4.

SAID SPENCER to GRANVILLE,
"Like strokes on an anvil."
Said GRANVILLE to SPENCER,
"He'll catch influenza."
Young HERBERT, brow mopping,
Cried, "Letter from Dopping!"
Growled GLADSTONE, not stopping
In chopping, "Blow Dopping!"
And so went on lopping.

"REFUSAL TO PAY A LEVY IN IRELAND."—This was what Mrs. RAM saw as the heading of a paragraph in an evening paper. "Well," said the good lady, "if they won't pay a LEVY, why not send a MOSES, and see if *he* will get it."

The Plentiful Lac.

[The Rajah of Kupurthala, emulating the Nizam, has offered five lacs towards the defence of the frontiers of India.]

THE Laureate, patriot of sense,
Writes with a pungent pen
Of "That eternal lack of pence
Which vexeth public men."
But India's public men, with pride,
In Princes such as these,
Will find their "lack of pence" supplied
By—a lac of rupees!

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*The Thames Embankment. Crowd discovered, waiting for Lord Mayor's Show.*

Female Pleasure-seeker (*whose temper is apt to be a little uncertain on these occasions, to her husband*). We ought to have started at *least* an hour earlier—just look at the number of people here already! You *would* dawdle—and it wasn't for want of speaking to, *I'm* sure!

Her Husband (*mildly*). It certainly was *not*. Only, as the Show can't possibly pass for two hours, at least——

She. Two hours! Am I to stand about in this crowd all *that* time?

He (*with a feeble jocularity*). Unless you prefer to climb a tree.

She. Then, John, all I can say is, I wish I had stayed at home! (*John murmurs a silent, but fervent assent.*)

A Practical Pleasure-seeker. Now I tell you what we'll *do*, MARIA—you take WEETIE, and keep close to me, and I'll look after DUGGIE, and we'll just stroll comfortably up and down till the very last minute, and drop comfortably into front places, and there we are!

Patriotic P. What I like about occasions like this, is the spectacle of a thoroughly good-humoured, well-behaved British crowd—you don't see that on the *Continent*, y'know!

More Patriotic P. (*thoughtfully*). No, that's perfectly true; and what I say is—we don't want all these police about. Trust more to the general spirit of decency and order—let the people feel they *are* trusted!

A Socialist. Ah, you're right. Did you year what one of the Orators said in the Square the other afternoon? He told 'em Sir CHARLES would 'ave to be as wide awake as what he was 'imself, to prevent a Unemployed Demonstration to-day. "Let him remember," says he, "it's in our power to do that within arf a mile of the Mansion House, which would make the 'ole civilised world ring with 'orror," he says. And it's men like that as they're trying to silence and intimerdate!

The P. P.'s (*edging away a little nervously, to one another*). Well, I hope the Police are keeping a sharp look-out. I—I don't seem to see so many about as usual, eh?

A Speculator (*with two tubs and a board*) *to Female P.* 'Ere you are, lydy, hony two shellin' fur a fust-rate stand—you won't see no better if you was to pay a suvring!

Female P. You may say what you *like*, but I'm not going to *tramp about* any longer, and if you're so mean as to grudge two *shillings—why, I can pay for myself!*

Husb. Oh, hang it—get up if you want to!

The Practical P. Well, MARIA, it's no use worrying *now*—we must go and ask at the Police-Stations afterwards—it was a mistake to bring them!

The Patriotic P. Of course one is *told* there's a good deal of rough horse-play on these occasions, but anything more entirely——

[*A "larrikin" comes up behind and "bashes" his hat in; a string of playful youths seize each other by the waist and rush in single file through crowd, upsetting everybody in their way; both the* Patriotic Pleasure-seekers *go home by the Underground, without waiting for the Procession.*

The Female P. (*on the stand*). JOHN, I'm sure this board isn't safe. We should see ever so much better on one of those carts—they're only asking sixpence, JOHN. You *are* the worst person to come out with—you never give yourself the smallest trouble—*I* have to do it all! *You* can stop here if you choose, *I'm* going to get into one of those carts! [*She and* JOHN *descend, and mount upon a coal-cart which is being driven slowly along the route.*

Later; Procession approaching, distant music.

Crowd (*jumping up and down like "skip-jacks" to see better*). 'Ere they are, they're coming!

[*The way is cleared by trotting mounted Constables.*

Stout Lady. Well, if I wanted to faint ever so, I couldn't now—where are you, my dear?

Another Stout Lady (*cheerfully*). I'm all right, Mrs. PORTER, Mum. I've got tight 'old of this nice young Perliceman's belt—don't you fret yourself about me!

Experienced Sightseer (*catching hold of little* DUGGIE *and placing him in front, then pushing forward*). Make room for this little boy, will you, please, I want him to see.

Crowd good-naturedly make way, affording unimpeded view of Procession to DUGGIE—*and the* Experienced Sightseer, *who troubles himself no further.*

A Superior Sightseer. To think of the traffic of the first city in the world being stopped for this contemptible tomfoolery!

[*Fights hard for a front place.*

Procession passing.

Impertinent Female (*to gorgeous Coachman*). 'Ow you'*ave* altered!

Well-Informed Person (*pointing out City Marshal*). That's Sir CHARLES, that is!

Unemployed (*smarting with sense of recent wrongs*). Yah, toirant!

[*The C. M. beams with gratification.*

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 53.

THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

Open carriages pass, containing Aldermen in tall hats and fur-coats.

Critical Crowd. Brush yer 'ats! There's a nose! Oh, ain't he bin 'avin' a go at the sherry afore he started, neither! 'Ere comes old "Sir BEN"—that's 'im in the white pot 'at!

[*They cheer* Sir BEN—*without, however, any clear notion why.*

Allegorical Cars pass.

Crowd. Don't they look chilly up there! 'Old on to your globe, Sir! Don't ketch cold in them tights, Miss! They 've run up agin somethink, that lot 'ave. See where it 's all bent in—eh?

Lord Mayor's Coach passes.

Crowd. 'Ooray! That 's 'im with the muff on. No, it ain't, yer soft 'ed! It's 'im in the feathered 'at a-layin' back. Whoy don't yer let 'im set on yer lap, Guv'nor? &c., &c.

A block. Lady Mayoress's Coach stopping.

Crowd. There 's dresses! They must ha' cost a tidy penny!

Agitator. Wrung out of the pockets of the poor working-man! *I'd* dress 'em, I would! Why should sech as you and me keep the likes o' them in laziness? If we 'ad our rights, it 's *us* as 'ud be riding in their places!

Artisan (*after a glance at him*). Dunno as the Show 'd be much the prettier to look at for *that*, mate.

After the Procession.

Practical Pleasure-seeker (*who has been pushed into a back row, and seen nothing but the banners, to* DUGGIE *and* WEETIE, *miraculously recovered*). Thank Heaven, they 're found! Children, let this be a lesson to you in future never to—— What? Seen the Show beautifully, have you? (*Boiling over.*) Oh, very *well*—wait till I get you home!

The Female P. Now, don't say another word, JOHN,—anyone but an *idiot* would have *known* that that cart would be turned down a back-street! If I hadn't *insisted* on getting out when I did, we should have missed the Show altogether. Policeman, is the Show ever coming? Shall we get a good view from here?

Policeman. Capital view, Mum—if you don't mind waiting till next November! [*Tableau. Curtain.*

The Ingratitude of Grandolph.

MANY terrible things have our patriots seen;
They have seen their dear DIZZY extending the suffrage,
And versatile GLADSTONE a-wearing the Green,
And HARCOURT defending Home Rule and the rough-rage;
And Disintegration approaching our realm,
And Rads—so they fancy—inviting invaders;
But that which their souls must with woe most o'erwhelm
Is—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL a-chaffing Fair Traders!

"'*JAM*' *satis*," as our Schoolmaster had just breath enough to murmur when he escaped from out of the midst of a Socialist Meeting in Trafalgar Square.

UNFORTUNATELY, the great enemy of the Teetotal Temperance Societies is—the British "Public."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(A Contribution towards a Future History, by Macaulay Stiggins, C.C.)

THE LORD MAYOR was the first Privy Councillor created, and has remained so ever since that auspicious event. On the death of the Monarch, he presides at the meeting that is immediately summoned, and appoints the new Cabinet, generally from the members of the late Government, but on one memorable occasion he appointed all the members of the Court of Aldermen who had passed the Chair, and although they were afterwards induced to resign, it was noticed that during their short administration matters went on much as usual. This was called the Cabinet of Absolute Wisdom, after Alderman WOOD, the Prime Minister, who was the First Lord of the Treasury who ever left more in it than he found there. His beautiful daughter, MARIA, was the reigning Toast of those hard-drinking days, and gave her well-known name to the magnificent City Barge that periodically conveys the City Fathers, together with the City Mothers, on their several important inspections of the Silver Thames, in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Twickenham. The matters they have to discuss on these occasions are of so weighty a nature that they are compelled to have five or six horses to draw them. On one occasion, and one only, they managed to get as far as Oxford, an account of which celebrated voyage was written by the Lord Mayor's Chaplain of the time, under the title of "Alderman WENABLES' Woyage to Hoxford," a copy of which is still preserved in the Bodleian, among their most cherished treasures, and can only be seen on special application, as fabulous sums have been offered by the Court of Aldermen for its destruction, it being the only copy that escaped when the whole edition was ordered to be bought up and destroyed. This unique volume is said to contain such astounding revelations as must be seen to be believed, and would possibly not be believed even then.

Before the newly-elected Lord Mayor is sworn in, he has to produce a Certificate from a Wine Merchant, "residinge in ye Cittye," and a Freeman of the Vintners' Company, that he has placed in the capacious Cellar at the Mansion House, provided for that purpose, ten Tuns, or one thousand dozen of good wine, for the year's consumption, and whatever is left, *if any*, is distributed among the Royal Hospitals, the quantity being carefully recorded by the learned Recorder, which record is placed under the control of the equally learned Comptroller, and remains for all time, as a witness to the liberality or stinginess of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of that particular year.

The Sheriffs are the most ancient officers of the Corporation, having been first elected in the reign of King NEBUCHADNEZZAR. A singular custom still prevails, originating, it is said, in their association with the grass-eating monarch. They are entitled, by virtue of their office, to the first six bundles of sparrow-grass—as it was originally spelt, and is still called by Members of the Corporation—that are brought into Covent Garden Market: and his Grace the Duke of BEDFORD is always courteously invited to partake of it, at a sumptuous banquet called "the Grass Festival." (*Vide Stow*, cap. 23 of BELL'S ed.)

The City Marshal was formerly a personage of great importance, being in fact of the same rank as a Field Marshal, the only difference being that one acted in the City and the other in the Field, whence their names. The City Marshal was the City Champion, and always rode into Guildhall, fully armed, on Lord Mayor's Day, at the commencement of the Banquet, and, throwing down a glove, dared anyone to mortal combat who disputed the rights of the Lord Mayor. If no one accepted his challenge, he quaffed a flagon of sack to his Lordship's health, and then cleverly and gracefully backed out of the Hall. It is recorded that on one occasion his challenge was accepted by a gallant Common Councilman who had been fulfilling the important duties of Wine-taster, and who, when called upon to name time and place for the deadly encounter, said, in the memorable words of the great ALFRED, "Here and now!" which so astonished the Champion that he pleaded sudden indisposition, and *withdrew*. The custom has since been discontinued. The gallant *Common Councilman was made* Deputy of the Ward of Port-soaken.

In ancient times the LORD MAYOR, as every one knows, had a Fool all to himself, and he was the only Fool permitted in the City. The appointment was open to all by competitive examination. On the occasion of a LORD MAYOR making a Fool of himself the office was abolished by the Common Council from motives of economy. In memory of this ancient privilege the LORD MAYOR once in the season has a fool—a gooseberry fool—all to himself.

A NAPPY HOLIDAY.

Any Time in August.—Just been reading capital article in *Nineteenth Century*, by Dr. JAMES MUIR HOWIE, on the "Nerve Rest-Cure," which says—"For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed." Why not several days in bed? In fact one's whole summer holiday? "Better than climbing toilsome mountains," he remarks. Quite so—and much better than toilsome trip to Ramsgate with one's whole family in tow. (Think of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. *She* had all her family in *toe*. Laugh feebly at my own joke. Really my nerves must be *very* bad.) Best feature of new holiday plan, however, is its *cheapness*. Was quite at a loss how to afford our annual trip till HOWIE came to rescue with his "(y)early to bed" cure. Announce to family that I intend following Dr. HOWIE'S advice. Family seems too stupefied to say anything.

Going Nap.

Evening.—Family has found its voice. Protests unanimously and quite fiercely against new holiday plan. Wife "sure I can afford trip to sea-side." If not, *where* does my money go to? Argument forcible, but unpleasant.

First Day.—Holiday begins. Sleep till 11 A.M. Scrumpshous! Should have slept longer, but two hurdy-gurdies stop outside, playing different airs. Not only murder the tunes, but "murder sleep" as well. Listen for ten minutes—nerves terribly shaky. Oughtn't to get out of bed, HOWIE says, but must. See my eldest boy, HENRY, giving Italian fiends money! What does this unwonted generosity mean?

Afternoon.—Dinner in bed not a success. Everything underdone. Tell wife. She says, "Cook and servants in bad tempers; thought we were all going to Ramsgate, and they would have rest." Rest means clandestine kitchen parties. Feel angry—bad for nerves, but can't help it. Sleep impossible, as bed full of crumbs. Wonder HOWIE didn't think of this. Send HENRY for evening paper—perhaps it will soothe me.

It doesn't. He brings back one three days old. Says shopman gave it him! Send him again, and shop closed for night. Nerves actually *worse than ever*.

Second Day.—Had disturbed night, owing to lack of my usual exercise yesterday. Still must stick to HOWIE'S prescription. Terrific row in house. Wife comes up after breakfast (in tears) to say children, deprived of sea-side trip, are ungovernable; pretend to be buffaloes and Cowboys *in drawing-room!* Already two valuable vases wrecked. Hang the children! Hang Colonel CODY too! Still even paying for new vases cheaper than Ramsgate lodgings. Read morning paper. Just dropping off to sleep over somebody's important speech on Ireland, when——

Three hurdy-gurdies outside! Rush to window, open it, and bid men avaunt. They won't avaunt. Say "they've been ordered to come every morning for a month by the young gent." This must be HENRY'S "Plan of Campaign." Send for him, and find he has prudently gone out. Nothing for it but to stuff cotton-wool into ears till men go. Cotton-wool in ears for a whole hour *shatters* nerves.

Third Day.—Much worse. Though I've given strict orders that no letters or bills are to be sent up to my bed-room, find Tax-Collector's little "Demand-Note" wrapped in fold of morning paper! Annoyed. Perhaps, after all, HOWIE wrong. Hullo! what's that? Somebody on my window-sill! Burglars? No, can't be. How bad all this is for my nerves. Spring up in time to see HENRY disappearing down rope-ladder, which he and his brothers have let down from roof. How horribly dangerous! Ring violently. Hear heavy thud in garden. Talk of "Nerve Rest-Cure"—rest of my nerves gone long ago, none left to be cured.

Wife (in tears again—awfully bad for nerves this) says the thud was not HENRY falling; boys have pulled down part of chimney, which has smashed the front steps—that's all. She suggests that perhaps, after all, this holiday plan in bed is not so good as——

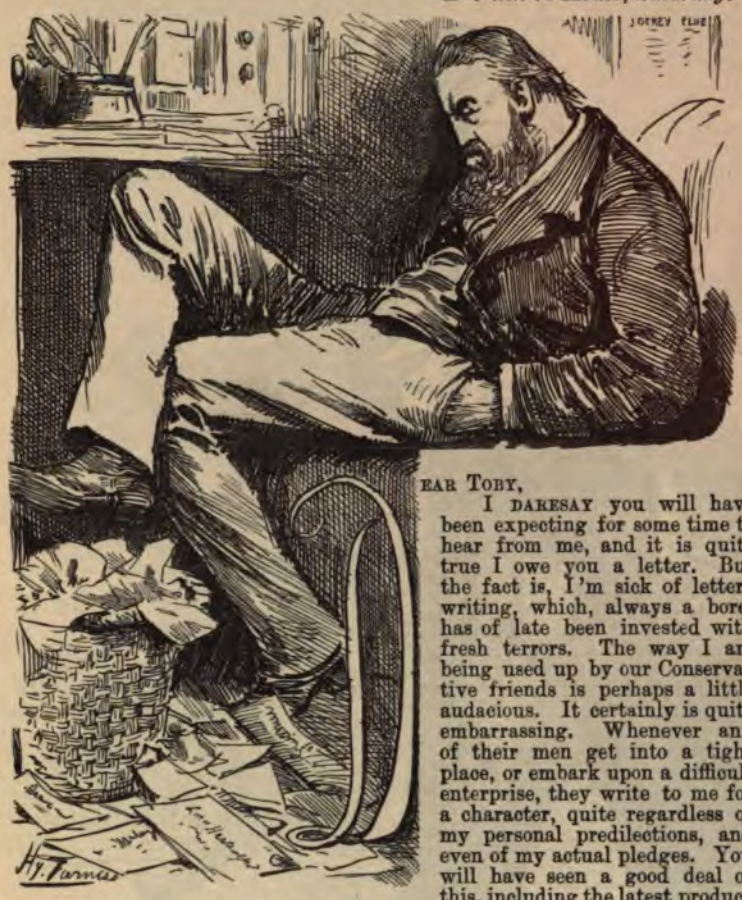
Five hurdy-gurdies to-day! Maddening! Hired by HENRY, wife says. Send *him* to bed for whole day; we'll see how he likes "Rest-Cure" for *his* nerves. Get up gloomily, dress, and go downstairs. Pitch *Nineteenth Century* into waste-paper basket. Feel nerves better after it. Decide on Ramsgate, as usual, and so end my holiday in bed—my "Sleepy Hollow" day!

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A DEJECTED LETTER-WRITER.

D-v-nsh-re House, Saturday.



DEAR TOBY,

I DARESAY you will have been expecting for some time to hear from me, and it is quite true I owe you a letter. But the fact is, I'm sick of letter-writing, which, always a bore, has of late been invested with fresh terrors. The way I am being used up by our Conservative friends is perhaps a little audacious. It certainly is quite embarrassing. Whenever any of their men get into a tight place, or embark upon a difficult enterprise, they write to me for a character, quite regardless of my personal predilections, and even of my actual pledges. You will have seen a good deal of this, including the latest production touching the Aberdeen University Election, where G-SCH-N hopes to ride in on my back.

But that was nothing to the letter they got me to write about the Glasgow University Rectorship. That was, unhappily, not my first production on the subject. Months ago I was asked what I thought of R-S-B-RY as Rector, and I let them have my opinion straight. A better fellow, take him all round, there isn't in either House. Just the man to be Lord Rector of a Scotch University, if he cares to undertake the office. Since then, however, L-TT-N comes along, and with that stupendous ambition for personal distinction which I don't understand, not satisfied with being Ambassador to Paris, wants to be Lord Rector of Glasgow University. Of course they come to me to back him up,—a peculiarly hot corner to put a fellow in. It happens not only that I have published my opinion about R-S-B-RY, but all the world knows what I think of L-TT-N. Still, as the M-rk-ss says, we must keep out GL-DST-NE from Downing Street; and so we'll put in L-TT-N for Glasgow University. A hard pill to swallow, but I gulped at it, and the letter was written. But between you and me, TOBY, I felt nearer being mean than I ever did in my life, and would go a long way round rather than look a Glasgow University lad in the face.

Still, it is no new experience for me to be persuaded to do things I don't like. I'm swallowing hard pills in the Conservative interest now, but many a box I've cleared out in former days to make things pleasant for GL-DST-NE. You've seen me, I daresay, reluctantly brought up to the box on the table of the House, patted, pushed, placed in position, and made to support all kinds of things, which a few months or weeks earlier I honestly believe I loathed. As I write I see GL-DST-NE nodding encouragingly as I proceed. I hear the rapturous cheers of the Radicals, delighted to find me won over. I am conscious of the chilling silence on the benches immediately behind, and I am roused to more desperate declaration by the satirical cheers of my friends on the benches opposite. I recall, as it were but yesterday, the effect H-RC-RT'S cheer used to have upon me—the strong temptation to turn round, publicly chuck up the whole business, and go back to the expression of my opinion on the particular topic before GL-DST-NE took me in hand.

That's all over now, at least in that particular development. But it's the same old thing over again in altered circumstances.

After I had consented to support GL-DST-NE's last Land Bill, he sent me a gushing letter, in which he said that, turning over the pages of T-RT-LL-N, he had come upon a passage which might well be engraved on my tombstone. I thought at the time it was, in chronological circumstances, rather cool his preparing a tombstone for me. But that by the way. Here is the epitaph:—

> "Sic vita erat; facile omnes perferre ac pati;
> Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere;
> Eorum obsequi studiis; adversus nemini,
> Nunquam præponens se aliis.——"

But that was, of course, before I bolted on the Home-Rule question. I fancy he has found another passage since.

I know I'm not a person of any conspicuous ability. If I had not been born a C-V-ND-SH I would never have been even a CH-PL-N. But as things fell out, I am like the boy in the middle of the balanced plank, at the end of which two others sit. According as I move to the right or to the left, one end of the plank goes up, and the other down. So the friends on either side constantly shoulder me one way or the other; which is all very well for them, but rather a nuisance to me.

It is part of this perpetual little game by which I am used for the convenience of others, that you get all the talk about my being Premier. I am not at all sure that I should not be shouldered into *that* by-and-by, if it were not for GR-ND-LPH. I do not pretend to see further through a ladder than an ordinary passer-by; but it is clear to me that you can never have a Government rival to the regular Liberals (observe, I do not say a Conservative Government) without GR-ND-LPH. It is no secret that I have never hankered after GR-ND-LPH, neither liking him, nor believing in him. You know what Dr. J-HNS-N said about C-LL-Y C-BB-R. I don't exactly, but it was something to the effect that "as for CIBBER, if you take away from his conversation all that he should not have said, he is a poor creature." That is a way of putting it curiously applicable to GR-ND-LPH. If you take away from his political speeches all that he should not have said, he is a poor creature, a presumptuous rattle-trap, the *gamin* of Conservative politics. But if I undertake the titular headship of the Conservative Party, I shall have to deal with him, and that, as they say in a circular space of which I now see too little, is not good enough.

That is my present opinion. But, bless us all! I may be talked round on this point, and used by a Party as I was when I made my first appearance in the House of Commons nearly thirty years ago, and, a mere stripling, was made the instrument of turning out a powerful Government.

Yours dejectedly,

H-RT-NGT-N.

SUSPIRIA.

(*By a Disappointed Sportsman.*)

THE plane's broad plates of weather-beaten gold
Lie shrunk and sodden in the miry way,
Never around the dappled trunk to play
Again with tricksy beams, and breezes bold.

Night swathes the sober light in thickening fold,
Like a grey moth, webb'd in a prison grey,
And the wan willow to the dying day
Gleams like despair, unsolaced and untold.

Now from the village tow'r the bells begin
Their sad-soul'd chiming, as a sullen boy
Wails on in wantonness. Oh, to greet again
Thames's bright Strand, his theatre-studded joy,
The postman's frequent rap, the newsboy's din,
The constant cab, the ever-circling train.

"IN THE SO-CALLED NINETEENTH CENTURY."—When giving three Bishops a little touching up in Mr. KNOWLES's *Nineteenth Century*, why does the playful Professor always write "*à priori*" instead of "*a priori?*" As no one would accuse Mr. HUXLEY of falling into a "clerical error," the explanation must be that he had nothing to do with it, or didn't know any better, or his printer would have it so, or the Printer's Devil possessed him, or Bathybius got loose and played the mischief with the type. Perhaps it is we who are wrong, if so, we ask has it anything to do with the new accent which is to be used in the pronunciation of Latin? A trifling matter—but for a Professor so "acute" such an accent may be considered a "grave" mistake.

THE GLADSTONE BAIT.

"As regards Home Rule for Ireland, I may say I am prepared to go as far as Mr. GLADSTONE's own words warrant," &c., &c.—*Times*, Nov. 9.

Joe, the Incomplete Angler (to himself). "I THINK I 'LL CATCH 'EM WITH THIS!

The Incomplete Angler singeth:—

IT was all very well, when afar from the "swim,"
With tackle unready, and plans rather dim,
To go in for splashes and plunges.
Though, whether Lord S-L-SB-RY thought it so well,
I am not quite assured. How the papers did yell
At my whirls, and my whisks, and wild lunges!

But now, on the spot, with the fish all about,
The Waltonian rôle, there is not the least doubt,
Befits a diplomatist Angler.

I must not dance war-dances, shy heavy stones,
Or talk in the strident stentorian tones
Of a partisan public-house wrangler.

I frighten the fish with my shindy? No, no!
I will show there 's a fisherman's tact about JOE.
I make a *fiasco*? No, thankee!
I'll be as discreet as *Piscator* could wish,
In a style will enchant the Canadian fish,
And utterly ravish the Yankee.

But now, as to bait? Well, ahem!—yes, I fear,
The Gladstonian minnow is popular here,—
It's a bait I abominate wholly.
And yet—if I fish as I fancy—I feel
I perhaps may go home with no fish in my creel,—
And that would be most melancholy!

I am sure my own patent assortment of flies
Ought to make *any* fish in the universe rise;
My spoon-bait is terribly killing
In some Irish waters. But here,—well, my hook
Must be hidden with something from Hawarden's old book,
Though to use it I own I 'm unwilling.

Ha! ha! Yes, I have it. I've made up a bait
That some will think Old, and that some will think Great,
And all will deem Grand—if it nicks 'em.
It 's green—shot with orange; the fins have a look
Of a pair of big collars. Great Scott, what a hook!
Yes, this, I am certain, must fix 'em.

It is—and it isn't—the very same bait
That the Nottingham fellows—as anglers so great—
Consider the pink of perfection.
Why, WILLIAM himself might well capture a dish
With this bait; did he use it, I 'm sure, not a fish
Would so much as think of rejection.

Now, my Starred-and-striped beauties! Canadian pets!
Crossed-Irish, so doubtful of hooks and of nets!
I drop it in—so! Won't it rummage 'em?
Some sneer at my angling. How savage they 'll be
When the secret of my great success they will see
Is Gladstonian bait—*à la* Brummagem!

[*Left winding and winking.*

BY GEORGE!—A first-rate speech was made by the new Patent Commander-in-Chief GEORGE RANGER, Duke of CAMBRIDGE, at the dinner of Volunteer Sergeants, Justice COTTON,—Gun-Cotton on this occasion—in the Chair. "I have always stated," said the Brave old Chief, "that the best way to avoid war, is to be so strong that nobody would think of attacking you." Hear! Hear! *F. M. Punch* likes this sort of strong language from GEORGE RANGER, and hopes that His Royal Highness will be made Patent President of the International Arbitration Court.

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

"WHY DID THAT POLICEMAN TOUCH HIS HAT TO YOU, AUNTY? HAVE YOU GOT ONE AS WELL AS NURSE?"

NOTICE!

IN consequence of the great success attending the sale of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "Chips," the Grand Old Chief is in future to be known as "the Last of the Ochipaways!" But he refuses to bury the hatchet.

New Version.

O'BRIEN the thin his own breeches would wear,
And have nothing to do with the Government pair.
"If my patriot legs they those pants would thrust in,
They must do it themselves," said O'BRIEN the thin.

ON the 22nd, the *Œdipus Tyrannus* is to be produced at Cambridge. One of the members of the A. D. C. wanted to bring out an old burlesque on *Œdipus* at the Club Theatre on the same night, but Mr. J. W. CLARKE of Trinity, General Manager and University *Entrepreneur*, immediately objected that it would be irreverent to turn the awful story of *Œdipus* and *Jocasta* into a jest, "For," said he, "you certainly cannot 'joke as ta' that." The Master of Trinity has summoned the Fellows to consider what ought to be done to the other Fellow.

A NEW LIFE.—Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, author of *Clytie*, and quite recently of *The Gay World*, a novel which has created a considerable sensation, is coming out as the biographer of "Friend TOOLE." Author and Actor have been about together a great deal lately; in fact so much so, as to give rise to the report that Mr. J. L. TOOLE was dreadfully afraid of catching cold, as he was never seen anywhere without his Hat on.

THE British Mission in Abyssinia seems to have got into difficulties. The Negus won't listen to the Queen's English as contained in HER MAJESTY'S letter. This Negus evidently is not so sweet as usual: a little punch-in' his head would do him some good. At all events this Negus must be stirred up and taken down pretty sharply.

THE TOWN MOUSE'S TRIALS.

[Dr. MILNER FOTHERGILL has published a pamphlet on *The Effects of Town Life upon the Human Body*.]

O DOCTOR MILNER FOTHERGILL, it's hard to hear you state,
That people who must dwell in towns will all deteriorate;
We all live at too fast a rate, and ought to be more placid,
And, like the Ichthyosaurus, we develop too much acid.

Moreover the good Doctor, too, this sad assertion makes,
The dweller in the country can enjoy his Banbury Cakes;
But here in town he warns each man his constitution 's undone
By flour and fat, and so adieu to pleasant cakes in London.

We 're getting smaller, too, in size: our Mentor bids us go
And pit ourselves 'gainst effigies we see when *chez* TUSSAUD;
And then he ventures on what seems a terrible assertion—
He says we 've ta'en a lower form, and calls it "retroversion."

Our nervous system 's too much forced, like early hot-house peas—
Our children are inferior to bumpkins, if you please;
In fact this pamphlet quite enough to give a man a fright is,
With all its nasty prophecies of childish *meningitis*.

Town life is most unnatural; but, hang it, Doctor, you
Know somebody must live in town, and so what shall we do?
Why, just forget your catalogue of city-bred diseases,
And let each fellow eat and drink exactly what he pleases!

MR. CHAMPION (not one of the Seven of Christendom) writing to the *Times* in defence of the Socialists—and writing very effectively too—said, "Of OLDLAND, who has been committed for trial, I know nothing, except that he is a total abstainer." Is he? Then why didn't he abstain from attending a disorderly meeting in Trafalgar Square?

MORAL GOVERNMENT REQUIRED.—We are always reading of Vice-Presidents everywhere. Are there no Virtue-Presidents?

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

THE Arabian Nights, at the Globe, is a piece chiefly remarkable for the performances of Messrs. HAWTREY and PENLEY, and Miss LOTTIE VENNE. The play is an adaptation from the German. It has been "done into English" at least once before, when, under the joint authorship of a lady and gentleman, a version was produced with the very appropriate title of *The Skeleton*. The Comedy in Newcastle Street, Strand, is more than a framework, for it has sinews, and resembles, to some extent flesh and blood. Miss LOTTIE VENNE has not been seen to so much advantage since she embodied *Betsy* at the Criterion; and Mr. PENLEY, in his get-up, suggests that he has not altogether forgotten a character he played years ago in *Our Club*. The part now taken by Mr. HAWTREY was, I believe, originally intended for Mr. WYNDHAM. The plot is of the usual character. A married man, in the absence of his wife, gêts involved in a more or less innocent flirtation with some one else, and, to escape from this entanglement, on the return of his better half, has to trust to his power of invention as a substitute for a plain statement of facts. Mr. HAWTREY, as the embarrassed husband, was guilty of verbal equivocation (to use a pleasant substitute for "lying") with an earnestness that insured success. This is very like somebody's piece called *Truth* at the Criterion. *The Arabian Nights* is a kind of piece that will be the better for "working up," and indeed it is a joke which will be improved by repetition. Some of the lines are so daring, that only a male GRUNDY could have written them. If the well-known lady of the same name had heard them, I fancy they would have been erased by request. On the first night, however, all went well, and I can only trust that every succeeding audience will be equally appreciative, and not more exacting.

Rather a Close Shave.

I frankly admit that the Royal Westminster Aquarium has a terrible fascination for me. It is not the fact that years ago it was opened by the Duke of EDINBURGH, as a tribute to the memory of the late lamented Prince CONSORT, that attracts me, nor do I think that the recollection that the Survivors of the Balaclava Charge take their annual dinner in commemoration of the battle of the 25th of October on the second-floor back favourably impresses me—no, I imagine that I am drawn towards it by the posters. Certainly the hoardings persuaded me to see *La Belle Fatma* and to assist at a *séance* with the Wolves. The other evening I was lured within its highly illuminated walls by the announcement that those who were present in the stalls in front of the Central Stage at ten o'clock would see a Shaving Contest. Two barbers were to shave a number of members of the public for the stakes of £50 or £100 (I forget which) a side. I arrived in good time and was told (I fancied rather contemptuously) that the contest was to come off in "the Balloon Room." I made my way to this mysterious apartment, which proved to be a hall decorated with charts and maps and not too brilliantly lighted by one gas-jet. A small man, assisted by a smaller, stood in front of several chairs, behind which were ranged toilet necessaries. A mildly-spoken gentleman in evening dress and a neck scarf then addressed the audience (chiefly composed of persons in pot hats), and told them (so I understood him to say) that "the Management" had considered it better to have the entertainment in the Balloon Room instead of the Central Stage as more appropriate. He then was loud in his admiration of a patent American razor, which was passed from hand to hand for inspection amongst the audience. After a while some youths were induced to come up to be shaved, and were shaved by the small barber whose eyes had been covered with a bandage before the commencement of the operation. When the first youth was "done," the mildly-spoken gentleman observed that he had great pleasure in announcing that the gentleman had been shaved by Mr. So-and-so, (I forget the barber's name) blindfolded, without having been cut! This encouraging information was received with cheers, but I could not help fancying that the audience was not subsequently quite so eager to assist by submission to the razor in contributing to the blindfolded barber's triumph. Then the mildly-spoken gentleman announced that the contest would not come off, for some reason that was not quite clear to me. Hereupon a rather aggressive person claimed to be shaved—and shaved he was, also another person of an older growth than the first applicants. The aggressive person turned upon his co-shavist (if I may be allowed to coin a word) and feeling his chin declared him to be only half shaved. Then several other persons felt the man's chin and expressed the same opinion. Then there was a "scene," which I understood the mildly-spoken gentleman to declare to be "an unseemly altercation," and officers of the institution in uniform were introduced. The aggressive person continued his aggressiveness, and claimed to be the Champion Shaver of a large territory including (I think) both the inhabited and uninhabited portions of the globe. Then a gentleman in morning dress, connected with the Management appeared, and we were all requested politely to leave. I followed with the crowd, for I had an idea (no doubt it was a foolish fancy) that if I had not I should have been "chucked out." I spent the rest of the evening in admiring a lady who claimed to be one of the strongest women, if not the very strongest woman in the world, and wondering why, before having a cannon fired off, from the support of her shoulder, she should think it necessary to wave the British flag and appear in the costume of BRITANNIA.

The Lord Mayor's Procession was also a "Show," and a very important Show of the week. It has been so fully described that it requires only a passing notice. The cars on their return were more pleasing than on their first appearance, for when seen with the horses' heads turned westwards the poor creatures, engaged to grace our London holiday, were shivering in the heavy downpour. Even Father Thames (who should have been in his element) seemed dissatisfied. When dismissed at the Royal Courts, and told they might make the best of their way home, the thinly-clad representatives of Music, Prosperity, and Commerce, were allowed to assume shawls and wraps, and other protections from the weather. Why before starting were they not all supplied with umbrellas? It is true that BRITANNIA would have looked a little incongruous with a *parapluie*,—I put this in French in honour of the Brave Belge Mi LOR DE KEYSER,—but, on the other hand, she did not seem *much* like England without one. The Show was like all its predecessors, inasmuch as it served once more as an excuse for a subsequent luncheon party in pleasant company, and again afforded the populace a glimpse of the LORD MAYOR and Corporation in their not very frequently assumed characters of the wealthy Unemployed.

Strictly Private.

(From Mr. Secretary B-lf-r.)

STOKES! STOKES!
No more of your jokes,
In sending O'BRIEN to gaol.
For what we 're to do,
With *him*—all through you—
Is a puzzle; you 've shown *trop de zèle*.

More Reminiscences.

WE 'VE scarcely done *with*
Our bright Mister FRITH,
When out comes a dollop
By T. DOLLY TROLLOPE.

PROFESSORS OF THE "DECORATIVE" ARTS.—General CAFFAREL and Madame LIMOUSIN.

A BURLY GENTLEMAN.—The Moral out of the Hurly-Burleigh affair is this, When an Editor commissions one of his "salaried assistants," as Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY might term them, to report the proceedings of such a meeting as that held in Trafalgar Square, he should apply to the Chief Commissioner of Police for a *passe-partout*, which would serve as a trump card to be played when in doubt. It was rather hard on the doughty Soudan Correspondent, who is every inch a soldier—round the waist included—to be Soudanly "run in." It is one thing to be taken up by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and quite another to be taken up by the Police. Still as *Mr. Weller Senior* persisted in asking, "Why worn't there an Alleybi?" so we cannot help regretting that Mr. BENNETT BURLEIGH had not been furnished with proper credentials.

Rather Mixed.

Pugilist Enthusiast (*to Musical Ditto*). I'm glad they gave SULLIVAN a bouquet.

Musical Ditto (*on the wrong tack*). He deserves it. I see they 've put his *Pinafore* on again.

Pugilistic Enthusiast (*puzzled*). His pinafore! What 's that for?

Musical Ditto. To give him breathing time, I suppose, before he makes his next hit. Ta Ta!

[*Exit Musical Ditto without further explanation.*

MR. WALTER BESANT wrote to the *Times* last Saturday to deny having signed a petition in favour of the Chicago Anarchists. He admitted that he had received such a petition, to which he had not returned any answer. Mr. BESANT, in his dealings with "all sorts and conditions," should remember that "silence gives consent"—an aphorism (is this all right, Mr. MORLEY?) naturally attributed to TACITUS.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Monarchs I Have Met, by BEATTY KINGSTON (CHAPMAN & HALL), is a title which recalls the old story in SMITH'S *Irish Diamonds*, and reproduced in another form by CHARLES LEVER, of the little crossing-sweeper who ran home to his mother and recounted how he had met WILLIAM THE FOURTH. "Mother, sure I've met the King this mornin'! An' he spoke to me!!" "Did he now? Bless his Majesty! An' what might the King have said to yez, PATSY?" "What did he say to me, is it? Sure, he said, 'Get out of the way, ye dirty little blackguard!'" Not that the Monarchs were so rude to Mr. BEATTY KINGSTON, whose entertaining society was rather thrust on the Monarchs by his employers than sought by the Royal Personages themselves. If Mr. KINGSTON was entertaining in one sense, so were the Monarchs in another. The first volume is especially festive. Within the first 183 pages there is more eating and drinking than in any other book I can call to mind since *Pickwick*. These pages must be not only read, but well digested. The writer congratulates himself on "not having let anything escape him;" and certainly nothing eatable or drinkable seems to have done so. He seems to be always smacking his lips over reminiscences of the savory and the succulent—"Savory and More" should be his motto—and it is sad to record that apparently—but I trust I am mistaken in my deduction—he glories in iced champagne, which is rank heresy, and an abomination to the true epicure. His stories are told in an amusing, rough-and-ready, barrack-like, swaggery-Germany-soldiery style; and *rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*. He witnesses the ceremony of anointing the King of Hungary, and describes the function as the Primate "oiling" his Majesty, as if the latter were having his locks Macassar'd, and the Archbishop were the hair-dresser. Mr. BEATTY KINGSTON, according to the Book of B. K., or "the B. of B. K.," seems to have been generally entertained in the "most sumptuous manner" wherever he went in Germany and Hungary—he is very German, and always very Hung'ry—and writes of his sojourn in these countries with a full heart. Then, in the second volume, he finds himself in Rome, where there was "nothing fit to eat," "food bad," "cookery abominable, and the wine worst of all." If the perusal of the first part of the B. of B. K. causes many a mouth to water, his wretched plight in the second will draw tears from the eyes of the least sympathetic. He complains,—indeed, it is his first and most important grievance,—"*Imprimis*, there was not a bit of clear ice to be had in the Eternal City. Whatever liquid was cooled at all had to be inserted in salt snow." What a cruel hardship for any man to bear, especially a rollicking epicure who revels in "Roederer *carte blanche* of Alpine coldness." However, there was a good deal for him to swallow in Rome, and for lack of better food, he seems to have taken it in with all the alacrity of a dutiful Special with an appetite for gossip. The book finishes with less solid eating, but there is smoking perfumed golden tobacco, preserve-tasting, hot coffee drinking, an interesting account of LESSEPS, and also of Prince MICHAEL of Servia. Altogether, these are the volumes of a Voluble Voyager, containing the amusing tales of a Talkative Traveller, who can run on by the hour, with no one on the spot to interrupt or contradict him.

I received, some time since, a charming little book, daintily bound in vellum, called *The Joyous Neighbourhood of Covent Garden*, for which I have to thank Mr. CHARLES EYRE PASCOE. It is styled "a literary souvenir," and, I fancy, is not intended for publication. It was brought out early this year, but at the time of its first appearance I did not see it. If still unpublished, it is to be hoped that it will not remain so for long. His account of EVANS'S in the days of PADDY GREEN must revive in not a few of us whose memory is still "green," the reminiscences of many a cheery evening, though Mr. PASCOE seems only to have visited EVANS'S when it was enlarged, and not in the good stuffy old days, when PADDY GREEN himself took the chair. The author says that Mr. JOHN GREEN was "the personification of a stout, cheery, open-hearted, kindly English landlord." Not "English, you know"—"PADDY" GREEN could not well be that, though he might, I admit, "personify" the character. Anyone wishing to learn as much as he can possibly carry away with him at a sitting should get Mr. PASCOE'S book, and if it is not published, I only wish he *may* get it.

In the *Dublin Review* (BURNS AND OATES) for this quarter, there is a most interesting review of the various Jewish and anti-Jewish books, which within the last two years have made a considerable stir on the Continent, especially in France. The Ancient Hebrew Race are, it appears, to possess the earth,—ultimately. In all persons with a spark of genius, nay even with only a talent for music, for drama, for any art whatsoever, there is—nay, say some enthusiastic Judaizers, there must be—Jewish blood. Most Christians will be inclined to grant the artfulness of the race, traditionally. The Jews claim every great Genius. At this, *Mr. Punch* will put his finger to his nose, and meditate whether he too has not his share in the *damnosey hæreditas*. A footnote to the article quotes G. DE PASCAL as stating that, "CROMWELL proposed to sell Ireland to the Jews for 2,000,000 sterling a year." Then why didn't he do it? Because the Jews wouldn't buy it, I suppose. If they had, at this present time the English Government would have been dealing with the O'ROTHSCHILDS, the O'LEVYS, and so forth, and on the National flag, the Harp of Erin would have become the Jews' Harp. That SHAKSPEARE was a Jew, and that his real name was MOSES, is a theory which the notes of the new edition of SHAKSPEARE, now being brought out by Messrs. HENRY IRVING and FRANK MARSHALL, will probably go some way towards establishing.

YOUR OWN BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Brief Tragi-Comedy for the Times.

ACT I.—*A West End Club Smoking Room. Philosophic Philanthropists discovered disposing of question of the hour.*

First Philosophic Philanthropist (*putting down Times*). Well, I'm sure nothing could be more satisfactory, and it's all clearly set down here. Not a single soul in the Metropolis need pass the night in the streets. Here's the whole thing set out, chapter and verse. It seems the Police take the matter in hand, and there's a decent night's lodging provided for every single tramp who 's in want of it.

Second Philosophic Philanthropist. Just so. Of course one knows there's no end of exaggerated clap-trap talked about the matter. The thing's as simple as can be. They're drafted off to the Casual Wards, where there is clean, wholesome, and comparatively comfortable accommodation; and the system works perfectly, and is capitally organised.

First Philosophic Philanthropist (*warmly*). Capitally!

[*Are left mutually congratulating each other on the ample provision made by the Authorities for the nightly shelter of the homeless Metropolitan poor as the scene closes in.*

ACT II.—*Exterior of a Casual Ward. Time* 9 P.M. *Thirty Shivering Creatures in charge of Practical Policeman, discovered waiting outside in the wind and rain.*

First Shivering Creature. I say, Bobby, d'you think we shall git in 'ere? I'm almost froze, and am that drippin' there ain't a bloomin' dry rag upon me.

Practical Policeman (*who has already been to three other Casual Wards with his "charges," but has found them all full*). You wait a minute; perhaps we shall have luck here. (*The Master appears.*) Well, Mister Master, have you got any room?

Master. No; full as we can hold. (*Surveying the shivering crowd.*) How many are you? Twenty or thirty! Hum—well, I might squeeze in five. Pick 'em out.

[First Shivering Creature *and four others are passed into a damp close, stone-paved room, crowded with human beings, some of which are lying on a few wooden benches, the majority being huddled in heaps upon the floor.*

First Shivering Creature. Wot! Call this a night's lodging? Why, quod 's a pallis to it! [*Sinks down in a corner, and huddles himself to sleep with the rest.*

Master (*concluding his address to Policeman*). Well, good-night to you. Your best game would be Wapping, I should say—not, though, that I think they 'll be able to help you.

[*Shuts door on Policeman and his "charges," who try Wapping, from which place, being "full," they are directed in turns to several other Wards in different parts of the Metropolis, but after trudging about for hours and finding no room anywhere, they eventually draw up outside a Casual Ward in the Bermondsey district at* 1 A.M.

Practical Policeman (*coming to the point*). Well, as I can't get you in 'ere, nor, as it seems, anywheres, I must leave you to shift for yourselves. [*Retires pensively.*

Second Shivering Creature. Well, mates, there ain't then nuffink for it but the "Square" agin; so I'm hoff.

[*Straggles aimlessly westward, followed at intervals by other Shivering Creatures as Curtain descends on "capitally organised" Tableau.*

MOST APPROPRIATE EVIDENCE.—Mistress MARGARET DILLON, Midwife and Monthly nurse, who brought an action against the Irish Secretary for slander, had determined to produce in Court several most respectable wet-nusses to character.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS advertise *Jack the Fisherman*, by Miss PHELPS. A catching title, and which sounds like a continuation of *Exchange for a Sole*, by Miss LINSKILL.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Her Ladyship. "I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE COMING TO OUR CONCERT IN THE SCHOOLROOM TO-NIGHT, PRICE! MISS DAVEY, THE GREAT CONTRALTO FROM LONDON, IS COMING TO HELP US, YOU KNOW!"

Old Servant. "YES, MY LADY, WE WAS A SAYING IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL AS WE FELT VERY HANXIOUS ABOUT 'ER. THEY DON'T APPRECIATE ANYTHING REALLY FUST-RATE DOWN 'ERE. NOW YOU AND MISS HEMMAR ALWAYS TAKES BEAUTIFUL, MY LADY!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE FUTURE.

Skilled Mechanic of Old School loquitur:—

It's a nice pretty state of affairs, if you look at the business all round!
If someone don't alter it somehow, Old England must come to the ground.
I've thought it all out a good bit, for it touches us home, don't you see;
It puzzles the swells, so, no doubt, it's too much of a twister for me.
But I look at the thing from a side which they can't have their eye on,—not close,—
A fair forty year at the bench ought to give one the tip, I suppose.

If me and my mates and the masters, the Book *and* the Bench, could combine
To take the job fairly in hand, I suppose we could strike out a line.
Odd luck if we couldn't, at least; but we *don't* pull together, you see:
Pull devil pull baker's the game,—it's a mad one, as most will agree.
The Book and the Bench! There's the nip. And a fellow will see—if he'll look—
That although the three R's are good value, a man cannot *live* by the Book.

True, Bench without Book may be blindish, but Book without Bench may be worse,
To read penny papers won't feed you, if you *haven't pence* in your purse.
Men can't live on cackle not nohow, the bulk of 'em that is to say;
A few gassy spouts can, of course; for *they* prate, don't you see, and *we* pay;
But *that* rule will not work all round, thanks be!—a skilled hand, a sharp eye
Are the artisan's proper rig-out; and as for the rest of it, why
Mr. Schoolmaster there does his best with his 'ologies, 'isms, and things,
But if a man's lot is to trudge, it is small use a-fitting him wings.
No, I'm not against learning, not me; but life's battle means gumption and tools,
That is for the general ruck, and the saps who deny it are fools.
I remembered my father, old Millwright, in days as no more will be seen,
When a man put his soul in his work, a mechanic was not a machine.
It would take lots o' "technical" teaching to bring our lads up to his trim,
Or make our mere chippers and filers a match for such workmen as *him*.
He *had* been through the mill, a rare grind, for apprenticeship then meant it's name.
I have known him take ten quid a week, only wish I could earn half the same.
Times altered? Of course; so have systems, and not for the better some ways.
I've read, for I *can* read, you know, of the wild old apprentices' days,
When the shout of "Clubs! Clubs!" roused the town, and political feelings ran high,
And the stiff Spanish courtiers went weak in the hams at the ominous cry.
Wild blades!—but the youngsters could *work*, knew their craft; but yon pale, loose-limbed lout,
The sort of crammed hobbledehoy that the School-Board appears to turn out,
Who can spell out Sedition in penn'orths, and howl it out hot in the Square,
If you give him the "Work" that he yells for with so much wild blather and blare,
What sort of a fist will he make of it? Which of the blustering band
Has a really sound head on his shoulders, a really skilled craft to his hand?

And Capital wrangles with Labour, each hating the other like snakes;
And the Foreigner creeps in and up, and the Board Agent comes and he takes
Our boys, and he crams 'em with kibosh as makes 'em too big for their breeches;
But real true bread-winning knowledge—the stuff that the Bench only teaches—
They don't find set down in their books, with their 'isms and 'ometries—no;
But the nipper's turned out in the world, and then what shall he turn to?—where go?
Cheap clerking, or rule-of-thumb drudgery, bands, and black flags, and that rot?
They may give it what fine names they like, but it simply means going to pot!
And the swells snarl and sneer, and the bobbies are bid to be sharp with their staves,
And the dupes who get all the cracked heads are informed it they don't they'll be slaves.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE FUTURE.

(And the sooner we get him the better.)

British Workman. "BOTHER YOUR 'OLOGIES AND 'OMETRIES, LET *ME* TEACH HIM SOMETHING USEFUL!"

Seems to me all a muddle all round. Half the Masters are grinders and grabs,
And the men, when not cynical churls, are too apt to be shirkers and blabs.
I don't see it's a lively look out for my mates, in the country or town,
With "Standards" and School-rates still rising, and most other things going down.

Nice thing for the nippers too, ain't it? The boys may be stuffed at both ends,
Without "technical" knowledge they're wasters; them as tells 'em this truth are their friends.
There 'aint no true "Apprentices" now; seven years of sound teaching don't please.
But the masters and workers appear to be sweet upon freedom and ease;
Old "Indentures" are too long and tight, so they just shuffle on and slop through,
And it's diamond cut diamond all round, till Trade seems just a regular do.
I was trained in a different school, and my motto's good work for good wage;
But the sweaters and spouters between 'em spoil *that* in this book-learned age.
Mister School Teacher just take my tip, I can tell you you're on the wrong lay;
You get paid, so I've heard, by results; the results, Sir, are bad, and *don't* pay.
Boys learning to read, and then spending their pence upon "Highwaymen" trash;
Lads knowing the *pons asinorum*, who can't make a door or a sash;
Louts lolloping round on the loose, spouting fragments of Socialist stuff;
Mobs of "workmen," played shuttlecock with by the ranter, the "red," and the rough;
True hands by the thousand left idle, poor mouths by the myriad unfilled,
Because Wealth's so hard upon Labour, and Labour 's so often unskilled;
These are rummy "results!" See this lad, now; he's pale; he's well-packed, I suppose
With the stuff that your "Standards" require; well, his schooling must come to a close;
To stuff him, and lots of his like, rate-collectors must put on the screw.
Well, when you have done with the nipper, the question comes, what can *he* do?
Will his bag of books stand him in stead, when he ought to have tools in his bag?
Are your "Standards" quite up to the mark, if they lead to the Black or Red Flag?
Oh, bother your 'isms and 'ologies! Excellent things in their way;
But bread-winning wants something else, and the 'isms without it won't pay.
Yes—"Technical Knowledge" they call it—means practical gumption and skill,
Or used to when I was a youngster; it may be a sort of a pill.
But if you'll stand aside and let *me* teach the lad something useful, my friend,
Old England may yet hold her own, which some think a desirable end!

ROBERT ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

DETERMINED to have a good long gaze at what I was told was to be a reglar stunning Lord Mayor's Show, such as they has in sum of the low countrys of Urope on werry high occasions, I got a old friend of mine, who 's a reglar tribble Bob Major of a bell ringer at a Citty Church, to git me a ticket for a lovely seat in his boarded Church Yard, oppersite Newgate, and near the Hold Bayley, so there was plenty to cheer us hup afore the Show cum, and plenty to emuse us. Of course the best fun of all was to watch the poore chaps in the crowd below us a being scrowged and shoved and pushed about, while we sat in our bootiful crimson seats just like so many hemenent swells in the theatre, a looking down on the common fellers beneath 'em.

I don't think, upon the hole, if I had my choice, that I woud choose to be a Perliceman on Lord Mare's Day. Ony to think of the diffrence betwixt them and hus! They begins hurly, we begins late; they is, aperiently, on their poor feet all day long, we merely spends a hour or two in the hevening on them useful xtremes; they has to snatch a bit of quite plane food and drink anyhows and anywheres, while we—but no! I draws a whale over the thrilling contrast; there's sum things as is best left to the emadgination, speshally such things as them things. And when at length they seeks their tired homes, what has they to console 'em for their long day's pushing and scrowging? Nothink! What have we, for our day of ministering to the luxyourious wants of the helegant and refined? Sumthink, but how much, depends upon suckemstances over which unfortnitly we haven't not no control. And I thinks that upon the hole, the libberality of mankind is not a increesing helement, more 's the pitty!

What a percession it was when at full length it came at last! It begun with the flags and the principle officers of no less than 8 City Washupfool Companies. And which of the Officers was it as first fixt my gaze, and held it firmly? Need I say it was the Beedles in their butiful Clokes of office. There was a quiet dignerty, not to say a degree of subblimmity in their demeener, as quite affected me, and I at once confess, amost arowsed my henvy. Wat a termination to my great career! But keep quiet my throbbing buzzom, and pass on. Of the four bootiful Cars drawn by 6 strong horses, I gives my wote without no hezitation to the Epping Forest one. It was xactly like life, specially the gents a pretending to carry partridges on their fistes, which was all probbubly washed off by the rain.

The late Lord Mare was in werry good time, and passed by amid our shouts, looking jest as good-tempered as he did last year, when he was our Rising Son of power. At last came the Ero of the day in his grand old Coach of State, and then came one of the principle ewents of the journey, for the Carridge and all its six horses was stopt, and about harf-a-dozzen most respectabel looking gents, all of whom I was told was Churchwardens and Owerseers of the werry hiest quality, all drest in their werry best close, and wearing butiful reel gold Badgers, went bang up to the State Coach and sed something werry kind to the LORD MARE, and gave him something for hisself, at which he seemed werry much pleased, and said sumthink werry nice in reply, and then we all cheered so artily that the 6 horses got impashent and insisted on going on. So on they went, and I seed 'em no more.

There was a good deal of grumbling about the rain, and it suttenly *did* rain. I did try to pass it off as a mere passing shower, but that didn't do after about two hours of it. Sum of the wet higneramusses wanted to make out as it was all the LORD MARE'S fault. Well, I wasn't a-going for to stand that gross injustice while I was comfortably a setting in my rheumantic churchyard, so I boldly said as how as all the derangements for the weather was always left to the Hed Waiter, and that after giving my whole mind to the subject, I had decided that, of the two, rain and peace and quietness was far more better than sunshine and row, at which they all larfed, but it put a stop to all the grumbling, so I reckoned that was one to me.

Perhaps the most saddest specktacle as was seen by any one pare of eyes on that orful wet day, was the poor gennelmen of the Lord Mare's ousehold a picking their dellicate way through the middle of the muddy road with their butiful wands of office, and striving in wain to keep their lovely pink silk stockings from being soiled by the wulger mud. What their feelings must have been how few can no, specially when they found theirselves the sport of the ribbald jester. I didn't think as the frantic efforts of the hundereds of children to sing "*Rool Britannier*" was werry much helped by the accumpanyment of the passing Band playing werry lowdly, "*All Werry Fine and Large:*" but then, in coarse, tastes differ.

The Bankwet was werry much as usual; that is to say, about the werry grandest thing in the world; but I cannot report the speeches, coz we was all on us all turned out of the All directly as they begun, more 's the pitty, but I was priviliged to hear some of the shouting and hollering.

I'm not quite sure whether it's right even of Committee Gentlemen to make fun of one of the werry sacredest of human hinstitootions, wiz., the nessessery refreshment of the xhausted body, and yet I heard one on 'em say to a reel fine tall Cabbinet Minister, who arsked him the werry nateral question, whether they had their dinner afore or after the gestes? "Both, and a little snack after breakfast, and a quite lite supper when it was all over." Praps the xaggeration wasn't werry great, but still there was xaggeration, and xaggeration is the Waiter's cuss!

It rained as I went to my reserwed place in the frendly church-yard, it rained as I went to the Bankwetting All, and it rained as I sort my nupshal couch at about one o'clock, Hay. Hem., and it recalled to fond memory the words of the Royal Hanthem, "Long to rain over us!"

ROBERT.

A Line for Browning.

WHO'D write an epic for the age
Would need a title for his page.
For one he'd not have far to look—
"The (Prize) Ring and the (Betting) Book."

A CHANCE FOR THE SOCIALISTS.—Parliament Hill and other lands adjoining Hampstead Heath to be turned into a People's Park for ever. Five hundred acres in which to congregate and speechify. How delightful for Hampstead!

Obviously.

RASCALITY would break the peace,
Would insolently do and dare;
Its motto is "Square the Police,"
And ours must be "Police the Square."

SWEETS OF OFFICE.—To be appointed one of the British Delegates at the Conference on the Sugar Question.

"INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY" IN IRELAND, WITH "INSTANTANEOUS RESULTS."

[A Letter to the *Times* recommended Instantaneous Photography for the purposes of detection and evidence at proclaimed meetings.]

NEGATIVE RESULTS.

From the Diary of an Irish Instantaneous Photographic Detective.

Monday.—Arrived in Dublin. Consider the first thing to do is to get the goodwill of the Authorities. Make for the Castle. Stopped by a Sentinel. Focus him in two positions, and rush past him before he has time to recover himself. Hurry along corridors, and through passages and ante-chambers, knocking over domestics and Equerry, and two Private Secretaries, and finally burst in upon the Viceroy. Find him at breakfast. Instantly focus him. Take him in the act of putting a piece of hot kidney in his mouth, while Lady LONDONDERRY stands in the background pouring out a cup of tea. He shifts his position, puts down his knife and fork, and stares at me in mute surprise. Lady LONDONDERRY also pauses with the teapot, and regards me with astonishment. The pose is graceful. I at once focus them again. A couple of lovely pictures! They seem even more astonished. Explain my mission, and say that I thought it as well to look in at the "Castle," and see that "things were going on all right." They ring the bell, and give me into custody. Manage, however, to convey to the people at the Police Station that, acting on a suggestion made by Mr. W. H. MALLOCK in a letter to the *Times*, I had come over in the interests of the Government, and didn't think there was any harm in introducing myself familiarly at head-quarters. Add that I think BALFOUR knows what I'm up to. This seems to influence them. Am let out with a caution.

* * * * * *

Tuesday.—Determine next to look up the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and see how he is getting on. Make for his official residence, hurry upstairs, and present myself. By way of introduction, say I've already been to the "Castle." Jumps up at this, and shouting out "the divil ye have!" seizes the poker and makes for me. I whip out my camera and focus him. Succeed in taking him in five positions. (1) Yelling at me and jumping over a chair. (2) Throwing an inkstand at my head. (3) Tumbling over a table in pursuit. (4) Bounding out after me on to the landing. (5) Kicking me downstairs. Capital pictures, all of them. Fancy they'll come out well. Escape with my life.

* * * * * *

Wednesday.—Hear there's to be a popular meeting at Ballymoonin. Take the train there at once. Find the place crowded. Platform opposite the Town Hall, with speakers on it. Capital subject. Proceed to take an instantaneous photograph, when somebody cries out, "Begorra! shure he's a spy!" Am assailed with a shower of brickbats. Focus several of them. Hit over the head. Appeal to Mounted Policeman. His only reply is to back his horse on to me. Horse plunges and kicks out at my camera. Manage with a little manœuvring to take a fine picture of his hoofs. Riot begins. Am pelted out of Ballymoonin, and rush to station taking occasional instantaneous photographs of rabid pursuers as I fly.

* * * * * *

Thursday.—Attend a proclaimed meeting of the Land League at Kilhoolish. Manage to get inside room, and focus the Chairman, when somebody asks me what's my "business there at all." Explain that I've just come to take an instantaneous photograph of the proceedings, in a friendly way. Chairman takes off his coat, and jumps on to the table. Focus him again. Shouts out to me, "Is it a frind ye call yerself? Thin, bedad, me boy, it 's jist out of the window we'll put ye." A rush is made at me. Seize camera, and hurriedly take pictures of scuffle in seventeen positions. Am ultimately

STARTLING!

He (rapturously). "And now that 's all settled, Darling, what kind of Engagement Ring would you like?"

She. "Oh, Gold this time, I hope, Dearest! I 'm quite sick of wearing Imitation Engagement Rings!!" [*Tableau!*

hurled out of window. Camera thrown after me. Never mind. Have secured several excellent pictures of legs, arms, flying chairs, and shillelaghs. Limp off as fast as I can, to develop them.

* * * * * * * * *

Friday.—Turn up at Glencreagh to witness an eviction on Lord Dollibannin's property. One hundred and fifty Police and two squadrons of Cavalry engaged in supporting Bailiffs. Farm vigorously defended by infuriated natives. Propose to take an instantaneous photograph of interior of premises. Approach window with camera. Am instantly covered with boiling meal, and felled by a crowbar. Endeavour to focus my assailant. Pursues me to garden-gate. Turn on him with camera. Sends me flying over the wall. Pull myself together, and creep off, not altogether disappointed. Find I have succeeded in taking a very fair negative of a pitchfork.

* * * * * * * * *

Saturday.—Make for Tullamore, meaning to finish up with an instantaneous photograph of O'Brien. Call on Governor of Gaol and explain that I should like to take his prisoner, "clothes and all, just as he is, having a meal, if possible, so as to satisfy the outside public as to his general condition and appearance." Bids me mind my own business, and endeavours to slam the door in my face. Tell him I shall certainly photograph *his* attitude in the matter. Focus him. Makes a rush at me, kicks me into the street, and smashes my camera. So can't even take the sole of his boot. Pity. It would have made a pleasing and striking picture. However, on the whole, not a bad week's work. But must rest now for repairs. Am looking forward with confidence to next.

THE DUSTMAN AND THE BARGE-OWNER.

(*A River Carroll.*)

"Mr. Akers Douglas assured Baron Henry de Worms that a system had arisen of London barges, laden with tin kettles, old iron, pots, crockery, and even iron bedsteads, emptying this refuse into the sea near the Isle of Sheppey, and that the Whitstable oyster-beds were in consequence being ruined."—*Daily Paper.*

The Dustman and the Barge-owner
Were very fast allies;
They wept like watering-pots to see
Such rubbish-heaps arise,
Including iron bedsteads, and
Pans of enormous size.

"If any householder in Town
Told me to move this 'ere,
Do you suppose," the Dustman said,
"That I should get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Barge-owner,
"Unless they gave you beer!

"But I 've some barges on the Thames;
So here 's a jolly spree—
We 'll take this lot of tins and pots,
Also the crockeree;
And when we 're out of sight of land,
We 'll drop 'em in the sea!"

The Dustman and the Barge-owner
They loaded barges four,
And when they got to Whitstable
They anchored near the shore;
The Barge-owner said nothing but
"Why should we voyage more?"

"But, wait a bit!" an Oyster cried,
Turning quite blue with dread;
"You surely would not empty here
Your refuse on my head!
I do not want a bedstead, though
This *is* an *Oyster*-bed."

"The time has come," the Barge-owner
Remarked unto his mate,
"To talk of Barking outfall, and
Our Vestry's last debate,
And whether pots or liquid slush
The Oysters most do hate."

"It seems a shame," the Dustman said,
"To spoil the Oyster breed,
Considering that, when nice and fat,
They 're very good indeed,
Eaten with bread-and-butter, brown,
And flowing bowls of mead."

"I weep for them, I do, I 'm sure,"
The Barge-owner replied;
Then sorted out the nastiest things
His rubbish-ship supplied,
And, winking to his dismal friend,
He chucked them o'er the side!

"O Oysters dear!" the Dustman cried,
"Our business we have done.
I hope you 'll find the bedsteads fit."
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They 'd perished every one!

THE SHRIMP CURE.

(By Pegwell Bey.)

SIR,—My title is Oriental; but I am a British subject. I address you as an expert. This is the time of Cures—you have the Grape Cure, the Whey Cure, the Water Cure, the Bath Cures, the Cures by German waters—another and a shorter Whey Cure—and the Cure by French watering-places. You have the Homburg Cure the Wiesbaden Cure, the Royat Cure; indeed, every kind of Cure, except the only Perfect Cure, which I assert to be the "Shrimp Cure!"

I know that the pages of *Punch* are read by all, and, for the benefit of all mankind, I give these notes from my note-book, which is that of a physician who has had great experience all over the world, and especially in the East End of Europe, in order that rich and poor, prince and peasant, may read, and happily find that true balsam, which will so far purge his complaints, that he may become whole and well, and a comfort to his family circle, and the pride of his country. Yes, Sir, come to PEGWELL BEY for a cure, and P. B. exclaims, "In the name of the Profit! Shrimps!"

A few explanatory words about my installation in the locality. I wanted a Sanatorium. An unfinished row of villas about a mile-and-a-half distant that had long been on the hands of a local speculative builder struck me as the very thing. I took the whole terrace forthwith, speedily instituted a bathing machine fitted up as an ambulance to meet the down-train, and here I am in three months literally turning patients away. I may as well add that to enable me to procure a fresh and constant supply of shrimps for the necessities of my establishment, I have managed to secure the services of a Retired Smuggler, who says he knows the coast, and thinks with a lawn tennis net cut up into pieces, and the assistance of one or two donkey-boys, or even patients, he can undertake to keep me supplied. But to revert to my experiences.

No. 1. I commence with one of my first cases. I wish to be truthful. It was not a successful one at first. A. B., æt. 45, of nervo-bilious temperament, complained that his nights were fearful; no sleep, pains everywhere, an uneasy sensation as of billiard-balls being poured down his back, a horror of society, and distaste for pastry. I had him placed in the establishment, and began by giving him three pints of shrimps every four hours. For the first twenty-four hours he improved wonderfully, he increased in weight and strength, and his appetite was greater—no other food than shrimps is allowed; but on the second day I found him with a temperature of 205° Fahrenheit, a pulse of 270, respirations 76 in the minute, and in fact in a critical state. I remained with the patient, I sent for my electric lamp and other instruments. I made an examination—a careful scientific examination—and I found that he had eaten the heads and tails. What was to be done? I called in the Retired Smuggler, and asked his advice. He immediately suggested warm greengage jam. After many anxious hours, this had the effect of completely soothing the system, and my patient breathed again. What relief! Having learnt by experience, I sat with that patient days and days, saw each shrimp carefully peeled and dipped in weak solution of carbolic acid—the result was wonderful. All his hair came off, he looked twenty years older, and completely lost the use of his legs, but he is now able to pursue the laborious occupation of an Art Critic with pleasure to himself and gratification and edification to his numerous readers.

No. 2. The case of a woman in an active stage of consumption is also remarkable. She consumed everything, from a periwinkle to a Perigord pie. In other respects appetite normal. Received her into the establishment—fed her on shrimp-sauce, in quart pots. She came back like the rebound of a watch-spring. She only remained three days—said she was quite well, and suddenly left, unfortunately without giving her address, and so her account remains unpaid. I do not think she will return. The Retired Smuggler is of the same opinion.

No. 3. My next case presents singular features of interest. My patient in this instance was an aged Duke, whose symptoms were unique and peculiar. He had deafening noises in his head, like the explosion of heavy foot artillery, coupled with a continual sensation of descending rapidly, as in a diving-bell out of order, accompanied by sudden and unexpected seizures in the spine, as if he were violently run into in the back by an omnibus-pole. His sight was also affected, magnificent displays of fireworks taking place between him and his morning paper whenever he attempted to look at the leader. I saw at a glance that there was congestion in the case, and at once ordered a *massage* bath of hot potted shrimps. This was followed at first by the exhibition of some feverish symptoms, but, by a persistent recourse to it uninterruptedly for six consecutive months, they gradually disappeared, and I consider him now in a much improved condition. It is true that his faculties appear to have left him, and that he addresses me as "King of the Coloboo Islands," and, whenever he gets a chance, puts things on the sly across the railway lines to upset the trains, and eats his newspaper; but I fancy the noises in his head have disappeared. I have lately sent him out in charge of the Retired Smuggler, who assures me that, beyond bonneting a middle-aged lady on a donkey with the shrimping-net, beginning a war-dance in a neighbouring public-house, and pushing a short-sighted naturalist who was collecting zoophytes at the end of the pier into the water, there has been nothing at all to distinguish his behaviour from that of any ordinary nobleman making a short stay at the sea-side. I have him now watched, for I think it as well, by six attendants night and day, but I consider him quite my show-case. The more I look at him the more it is brought home to me what wonders the shrimps have done for him.

I could, of course, continue my extracts, but my space is limited, and I must stop here. I think, however, I have revealed enough of the new treatment to induce any waverer to no longer hesitate, but to get it at once, and put himself or herself unreservedly under the careful charge of your highly scientific and circumspect correspondent,

PEGWELL BEY.

"MI LOR MAIRE."

THE new Belgian Lord Mayor of London, Monsieur POLYDORE DE KEYSER, is, it is said, a proficient in several languages. "English as she is spoke," being one of them. Let us rename him "POLYGLOT DE KEYSER." Every dog must have his day, and so must a Lord Mayor, and a precious bad one Poor POLYGLOT had for making a show of himself on the Ninth. It is rather hard on any Lord Mayor, Mi Lor Maire le Brave Belge not excepted, that the ninth should follow so close upon the heels of the fifth of November. But if a British Lord Mayor must take his chance of the weather, even so must the Brave Belgian

Who in spite of all temptation
To belong to his own nation,
Did become an Englishman!
Yes! an English Alderman!

A Brussels Sprout.

Even as our latest Lord Mayor, he cannot expect to be exempt from the penalties which a British climate enforces from all citizens of London. During the twelve months reign of POLYGLOT it is probable that the tune of *The Roast Beef of Old England* will not be heard at Civic festivities, but instead, a new Waltz will be performed entitled *Brussels Sprouts*, which, as a matter of course,—third or fourth course,—will be a favourite dish at the Munching House.

VERY POLITE.—A certain Civic dignitary who enjoyed the Guildhall Feast on the Ninth, felt uncommonly unwell the next day. Out of compliment to the NEW LORD MAYOR'S nationality, the worthy citizen, in answer to kind inquiries, sent to say that he was only suffering from *Mal de Maire*.

IN GOOD HANDS.—"Electric lighting," it is said "infancy"—for which fact we could not have bett its NURSERY,—we mean the Post-President of the Soc

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wra there will be no exception.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

A Recollection of the Long Vacation.

DURING the Long Vacation (now happily over) I have been present at my chambers a great deal more frequently than some of the men with whom I share my rooms. In fact, I may say that I have been constantly the sole occupant of the entire set. CHUCKBOB, the well-known authority on International Law, has spent September and October in the Highlands, and my other friends have been on the Continent. Even PORTINGTON, my excellent and admirable clerk, has taken a fortnight's rest at Eastend-on-Mud (a pleasant watering-place not many miles from Town), where I fancy he spent his well-earned holiday in trying to get up a libel action against the Sanitary Board. It is just to say that my presence at Pump-Handle Court has not been entirely necessitated by my forensic labours. The fact is, that JOWLER, a very dear friend of mine, who has some mysterious supervisorship (sanctioned by an eccentric will) over an Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement, was recently called away, by his duties as a trustee, to Australia, to look after a number of sheep somehow affected and inconvenienced by the increase of rabbits in that favourite colony. Being thus for a season expatriated, he asked me to look after the Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement, in his place during his absence.

"You will really find the work simple enough," he said on bidding me farewell. "You hold my power of attorney, and all you have to do is not to quarrel with the Committee of Inspection, who, as you know, can play the very dickens with us."

"But what have the Committee of Inspection to do with the place?" I asked rather anxiously, as I never like to accept responsibility, so to speak, with my eyes blindfolded.

"Oh, you will soon find out," replied JOWLER. "You will pick it up as you go along. I shall soon be back—perhaps in six months."

The Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement was within easy distance of my chambers, so I came to the conclusion that I could combine the vague superintendence it apparently required with my ordinary legal engagements. I found, on a visit to the Institution about a fortnight after JOWLER had left, that all seemed to be right, and the head *employé* assured me that if my services were needed, he would send round to me.

"Fortunately since Mr. JOWLER's departure, Sir," said the head *employé*, "we have seen nothing of the Committee of Inspection."

He lowered his voice to a tone of the deepest awe as he spoke of the mysterious body.

"I am very glad to have seen you, Sir," he continued; "the fact is, there may be a number of things I should like to consult you about, and I was loth to worry you."

"Oh, not in the least," I replied, airily; "consult me at any time; only too glad to give you every assistance in my power."

Upon this, I took my leave, saying as I did, to show that I really knew what I was about, that whoever had broken the hall-lamp, which I noticed was damaged, should have been made to pay for it.

On my return to my chambers, I found PORTINGTON in a great state of excitement. He had actually got a brief for me! A real brief marked with a real fee and endorsed by a real firm of Solicitors! I was actually retained! MORDAUNT JONES, BROWN AND SNOBKINS! Perhaps the best firm in the profession! I was delighted!

"PORTINGTON," I observed when I had regained sufficient control over my feelings to speak calmly, "I do not think you will find the names in my fee-book?"

"I fancy not, Sir," replied PORTINGTON; "they wanted Mr. CHUCKBOB, only I said he was in Scotland and persuaded—I mean told them you were in, and would be glad to look through the papers instead."

"Thank you, PORTINGTON," I answered, as I took the bundle into my own special room; "thank you, if they come for them, let me know."

"Certainly, Sir; MORDAUNT JONES, BROWN AND SNOBKINS seemed most anxious to have them back."

Once alone I undid the tape and found the matter resolved itself into a most delicate point of international usage. I went to my bookshelf and hunted for authorities, and was soon deep in Mexican Maritime Law. I was searching in its statutes for one dealing with a ship detained by stress of weather in quarantine, when I was disturbed by PORTINGTON ushering in the head *employé* from the Institution connected with the Vegetarian Movement.

"Very sorry, Sir," said my visitor, "but we are in sad distress. We have just received twelve dozen cases of ginger-beer, when the Committee of Inspection particularly ordered that only soda-water should be supplied, and I really don't know what we shall do."

"Can they not be exchanged for the required liquid?" I asked, looking up from my work, a trifle annoyed at the interruption.

"I am afraid that is impossible, Sir. You see that the Committee of Inspection are so opposed to any alteration of procedure."

"Well, well, you must do the best you can," I replied. "You see I am very much engaged at this moment."

The chief *employé*, seeming greatly surprised at my lack of excitement, bowed, and withdrew. I was once more deep in my Mexican Maritime Law, when PORTINGTON put in his head.

"Suppose that opinion isn't ready yet, Sir? MORDAUNT, BROWN, JONES AND SNOBKINS are waiting for it."

"Ready directly. My compliments, and they can call for it in half an hour."

I had just got to the point where I thought I began to comprehend the Mexican method of dealing with a fraudulent bill of lading, when I was again interrupted. A small boy forced himself in.

"Please you are to come round at once. The chess-boards are out of order, and want mending, and there is something wrong with the lift, between the kitchen and the dining-room, and——"

"You had no right to intrude, sirrah!" I exclaimed, with haughty impatience. "Begone!"

Murmuring something about the Committee of Inspection, "kicking up a shindy" the urchin withdrew. Again I dived into Mexican Maritime Law, and nearly got hold of the rules governing a sale of cargo for the benefit of ship-repairs. I had jotted down a line or two upon the brief-paper before me, when the door was again thrown open, and a gentleman of immense presence entered.

"I believe you are Mr. JOWLER's substitute?" he began, without removing his hat. I inclined my head and made a gesture with my pen which was intended to convey to him the joint ideas that he was to take a chair and not to disturb me until I was less preoccupied. He ignored my dumb-show. "And that being the case, it is my duty to call your attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the chimney-pots of your Institution, and to mention the fact that a pane of glass in the pantry has been broken, and is still unrepaired."

"Really," I replied, "I am exceedingly busy with a matter of the greatest importance, and I must ask you to be so very kind as to call again on an occasion when my time is more my own."

The gentleman rose with an air of astonishment so profound that it nearly approached an aspect of absolute terror. He gasped for a moment, and then asked, in a bone-freezing whisper—

"Do you understand that I am a Member of the Committee of Inspection?"

"I shall be delighted to make your acquaintance on some future occasion," I replied, with that easy courtesy that I hope is one of my characteristics, and I opened the door for him to pass out.

He got up and with the same expression of profound astonishment left my chambers. Once more I dived into Mexican Maritime Law, and was only disturbed by a letter sent by hand from the Institution, which I did not open, but threw carelessly on the desk before me. I had just got to the last point in my opinion when the door was again dashed open and JOWLER himself rushed in.

"Why, my dear fellow,——" I began.

"No time to explain," he cried. "Australian visit deferred. Presentiment of evil. Come back. What about the Institution?"

I gave an account of my stewardship.

"And this is a letter I got a few minutes ago," I said, when I had finished my story, handing the document to my friend who hurriedly opened it.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "why it is from a Member of the Committee of Inspection complaining of the hall-lamp! Oh! what *have* you been doing?"

"They are all there, Sir!" cried the urchin, returning at the moment out of breath from running, "and there's a nice row at the Institution!"

"What the Committee of Inspection!" exclaimed JOWLER, seizing his hat, "Oh, what *have* you been doing? Why the place will be ruined!" And he hurried off followed by the urchin.

The next morning I got a letter from JOWLER, saying that he would never forgive me, as, by my "want of tact with the Committee of Inspection, I had ruined a widow and five small children," and, to make matters worse, I have been subsequently informed, in a satirical communication signed "MORDAUNT BROWN, JONES AND SNOBKINS," that my opinion is not one they can conscientiously adopt without further advice, "as my knowledge of Mexican Law seems to be of a superficial description."

It is a painful experience, and none the less painful because I have to add it to a number of experiences of a not entirely dissimilar character.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" IN DECEMBER.—Father Christmas.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM QUIET QUARTERS.

By-the-Sea, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY,

I HAVE been intending to write to you for some weeks past, but, really, life passes so quickly here, with such gentle rotation of days and nights, that a week is over before I realise that I have well entered upon it. Besides, I find, in practical experience, that the writing of a letter usually involves the receipt of one; and, though I am not bound by any rule involving the necessity of reading, or even opening the letters that reach me, it is as well to avoid, as far as possible, little annoyances of that kind. I write to you because, in your case, I make an exception to the rule of my epistolary conduct, and really want to hear from you.

The occasion of this solicitude is, that I find chance references in the local weekly paper (I never see a daily) to the Irish Question, which seem to show that it is in a somewhat unusually perturbed state. I daresay if I could make up my mind to open the pile of letters that have been accumulating on my desk for the last month or so, I should be able to inform myself on the subject? But, if I once began that practice, whither would it lead me? I have found, in the course of my public life, that the last thing to do with a letter received through the post, is to open it. My correspondence, conducted in the main upon that principle, answers itself, and thus much labour, and possible friction, are saved.

From the source of intelligence already alluded to, I gather hints that the Government are "being firm" in Ireland, that evictions have been going on, that there have been conflicts between the police and the people, and that even some of my colleagues in the Parliamentary Party have been arrested. One paragraph goes so far as to mention the really interesting circumstance, that W-LL-M O'BR-N, has been cast into gaol, where he sleeps on a plank bed, and that ARTH-R B-LF-R, emulating a historic political feat, has stolen his clothes whilst he was sleeping.

This thing is probably an allegory, but it serves to support an opinion I have always had with respect to the future of the Conservative Government, and which enables me from time to time to stand aside from the hurly-burly of active politics. I suppose that what the paragraphist really means by the story of stealing O'BR-N'S clothes, is that ARTH-R B-LF-R, as representative of Lord S-L-SB-RY'S Government, is coming out as an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. If I misread the allegory, the error has but temporary effect. If it is not true to-day it will be true to-morrow, or the day after, if only the Liberals have the ill-luck to be deprived of precedence in the opportunity. If I never stirred finger or raised voice again, Home Rule would be granted to Ireland by whatever English Party chances to be in power when the moment is ripe. The ball is set spinning, and it would be a mere accident, of no great import to me or the Irish people, whether it is the M-rk-ss or GL-DST-NE that kicks it into goal.

Hence you will see that though it may strike a superficial observer as odd *that I,* of all men, should, at such a juncture, absent myself from the field of *battle and hide no one knows* where, the course is not so unreasonable as it appears. *Why should I run the risk of burning* my fingers by pulling chestnuts out of the *fire, when the foremost men in English* politics vie with each other in the effort *to do it for me? Amongst the few people* with whom I come in contact here I pass for a curate of Evangelical views, who, for private reasons, has quitted his family and congregation, and tries, ineffectually they slily think, to disguise himself by dispensing with clerical garb. I encourage this self-deception, and am left free to sit in the sun when there is any—and there is really an astonishing amount on this Southern coast in November—and when it rains I put up my umbrella. Sometimes I hear on it the patter of distant conflicts in Ireland, and open revolt in London. These echoes of wild disturbance only make the sweeter my retirement. I know that I am foolish to imperil my pastoral peace by inviting a communication from you which may confirm the vague reports I have alluded to. Still, I am a little curious to know is it *really true* that W-LL-M O'BR-N sleeps on a plank bed; that W-LFR-D BL-NT, wearied of the long repose of Egyptian affairs, has had his head broken by the Royal Irish Constabulary; and that, with a refined cruelty which testifies to the innate fiendishness of the Saxon nature, the presiding Magistrate at Bow Street Police Court has ruthlessly refused to commit for trial that truculent, dangerous personage, Mr. S-ND-RS, whom I remember in the House as formerly Member for Hull?

Yours serenely, C. S. P-RN-LL.

THE WAIL OF THE WIRE.

(*With apologies to the Poet.*)

"IT is stated that Mr. SWINBURNE'S new poem was cabled to New York."

HAD I wist, wailed the wire in sea's hollow,
That thousands of lines I should list,
Pumped forth by a son of Apollo,
I would not have lain here, not I,
'Twixt Briton and Yankee a tie:
No messages through me should fly,
Had I wist.

Had I wist, they would make *me* swallow,
Huge poems all moonshine and mist,
In addition to "speeches" all hollow;
They shouldn't have cabled a thing,
They shouldn't have used me to wing,
Leagues of rhymes that the word-spinners sing,
Had I wist.

VALUABLE OPINION.—We understand that the Authorities have consulted Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, Q.C., (Queer Counsel) on the right claimed by indifferent passers-by to stand between the police and the mob, in view of the Chief Commissioner's statement that such passers-by cause the chief difficulty in quelling disturbance; The learned Counsel has given a lucid opinion to the effect that any mere sightseer may be arrested and imprisoned, unless he or she can prove the having come to the spot for a riotous or other unlawful object.

May in November.

(*At the Royalty Theatre.*)

PIECES French they 're playing,—
JANE'S a pretty player,—
Come with me a-Maying,
Gaily sings the MAYER.

THE LESSON FOR THE DAY.—At Lowestoft Mr. MUNDELLA spoke well and wisely on certain fishery questions. "With regard to outrages," said he, "in the North Sea, I counsel English fishermen to suffer wrong rather than do wrong, as then they could demand the protection of their industry by Government." Why not get the start of the HARTINGTON and GOSCHEN Travelling Co. (Limited), and deliver these excellent sentiments in Ireland?

"THE Grosvenor 'Split,'" ought at once to be adopted by the Restaurant of that establishment as a title for a special mixed drink. Let Sir COUTTS patent it.

"SPECIAL CONSTABLES."—Those belonging to the Collection in the National Gallery.

"IN THE PRESS."—Mr. O'BRIEN'S clothes.

'TWILL ILLUME.

(*Poe applied.*)

"MR. WALT WHITMAN has just sent to Mr. ERNEST RHYS, a preface and some new material for a second 'popular' volume of prose, to consist of 'Democratic Vistas' and other pieces." *Athenæum.*

THEN I pacified PSYCHE, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
With the latest Walt-Whitmanish "Vista,"
Which Democracy showed as our doom;
Our unwelcome but obvious doom.
And I said, "How 's it written, sweet Sister?"
"Is it bosh? Will it be a big boom?"
She replied, "'Twill illume, 'twill illume.
It *is* bosh, but quidnuncs 'twill illume!"

*** Mr. POE, and not *Mr. Punch's* Poet, is responsible for this Cockney rhyme.

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"—"Tell me not in *Christmas* Numbers," that Christmas is coming. We wish the good old gentleman would not announce his intended arrival so long beforehand. Everybody knows, that, like one of his own Christmas books, he is "bound to appear" at a certain fixed date. Among the first of the heralds on the bookstalls is the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated*, price threepence, and well worth the money. Mr. LATEY, Junior, arranges a Christmas Literary and Artistic Banquet, and every plate has a plateful of Christmas fare. The picture entitled "Spoons" and representing two persons in evening-dress slipping downstairs—"such a getting downstairs"—in a sitting position, probably two amateur Tobogganists, is distinctly humorous. The coloured illustration, called *The Christmas Ball*, will be a great favourite with boys. If the Early Bird still catches the worm, the Latey one who is first in the field with this Christmas number ought to pick up the three-pennies.

LITERARY.—It is announced that *Mr. Snodgrass* has "thoroughly revised his translations from HEINE." We expect next to hear that *Mr. Tracy Tupman* has "Englished" *Catullus*, and that *Mr. Winkle* is preparing a new edition of the *Book of Sports*.

FLORAL APPEAL TO NOVEMBER.—"Fog-get-me-not!"

THE NE PLUS ULTRA.

Jeames I. "VERY DANGEROUS PARTIES THESE HUNEMPLOYED! WHY, THEY 'RE A BEGINNIN' TO DENOUNCE *Hus!*" *Jeames II.* "*No!*"

"'Twas in Trafalgar's Square."

NOV. 20, 1887.

Nelson (as Special Constable) sings:—

"England expects that every man
This day will go on Duty!"

THE LAST OF THE SOLOMONSES.—The final knock-down blow was given to poor TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy* by Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who, in his admirable discourse on Aphorisms, described it as a "too famous volume," which "had immense vogue, but it is so vapid, so wordy, so futile, as to have a place among the books that dispense with parody." Alas! poor TUPPER! *Mr. Punch* bids thee adieu for ever!

WILL Mr. LOCKYER turn his attention Eastwards, and inform us if the Corporation of the City of London is a "Self-luminous Body"? If so, couldn't it be utilised in a fog?

DESCRIBING the state of mind her Nephew was in on not being able to find a stud at the last moment to put in his shirt-front, Mrs. RAM said, "Oh, he was awfully iterated."

"SPECIAL" REASONS:

Or, Why They were "Sworn In."

Paterfamilias. "Because I think it's my duty, as a law-abiding citizen, to set a good example."

Mister Tom (*his son*). "Because I must look after the old Governor, and see he doesn't come to grief."

Mr. Brown, Q.C. "Because I'm not going to let those fellows, JONES and ROBINSON, think that I shirk the responsibility."

Messrs. Jones, M.D., and Robinson, R.A. "Because we don't mean to be outdone by that fellow BROWN."

The West-end Young Man. "Because, you know, I think, on the whole, it's the correct thing to do."

The Primrose-League Young Man. "Because I should very much like to have a real chance of giving a Social Democrat a good whack on the head."

'Arry. "Because it's such a prime lark."

The General Person. "Because everybody seems to be doing it."

Mem. by a Hater of Premature "Christmassing."

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year"—
But it lasts three months at a stretch, that's clear.
I should like to pass the whole quarter in slumbers,
To dodge the infliction of—Christmas Numbers!

THE Great Ochipaway Chief says that he intends to continue selling his chips. But he has a log by him with which, as he has kept it for many years, he will not part on any account.

ON A RECENT CASTING VOTE.

WHAT! How did LYTTON get into the chair!
The usual way—he mounted by the STAIR.

A MESS.—What's on the *tapis* in France? GRÉVY. M. WILSON, who speaks Latin with English pronunciation, throws all the blame on his father-in-law, and says it's a "*Grévy delictum.*"

THE REPORT ON THE FIRE AT THE EXETER THEATRE.—"Sure, but SHAW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR the library shelves of those whom "Providence has *not* blessed with affluence," and who cannot afford first editions or expensive bindings, and for the working Journalist's library, the most useful books, the most handy, though not belonging to the regular "Handy Volume Series," and the best adapted to the pockets of most men, specially of the class above mentioned, are those forming *Morley's Universal Library*: published by ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, which now number about fifty-five volumes. BUTLER, BACON, CAVENDISH, COBBETT, DANTE, GOETHE, GOLDSMITH, THOMAS-À-KEMPIS, SOPHOCLES, and DE QUINCEY, are all well represented; and, following the fashion of the day, were I asked to provide "the young man just beginning active life" with a list of the best set of books for his study and perusal, I should have no hesitation in referring him to *Morley's Universal Library*: and I know of no more useful present at this Christmas time, or at any other time, than the neat and convenient oak cases, a guinea each, made on purpose to contain fifteen of the MORLEY volumes. I trust they will go on from year to year, and so continue to deserve the title first given them by *Mr. Punch*, of the "More-and-Morely Series," which fully expresses a constant supply to meet a growing demand.

Long expected come at last! The HENRY IRVING and FRANK MARSHALL *Shakspeare*, Vol. I., produced by Messrs. BLACKIE (one of which Firm ought evidently to come out as *Othello*) as the Manager of the Lyceum always gets up his plays "regardless of expense." The prefaces and introductions will delight everyone who acknowledges the force of the common-sense opinion, emphatically expressed more than once in *Mr. Punch's* pages, that SHAKSPEARE if acted just "as he is wrote" would not suit the taste of an audience of the present day. The taste of the modern audience is corrupted by Sensationalism and Materialism in every shape and form—and at some theatres Materialism in shape and form is one of the main attractions—and so impatient is it of anything like development of character by means of dialogue, that it would have most plays, no matter whether comedies or melodramas (there are no tragedies now, except SHAKSPEARE'S), reduced as nearly as may be to mere ballets of action. For the maxim of our audiences in this last quarter of the "so-called" Nineteenth Century, as regards the drama, is *Facta non verba*; before which imperious command those "who live to please," and who "must please to live," are compelled, be they authors or actors, to bow, and do their best, speaking as little as possible, so as not to give offence.

"Break, break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue,"

is the cry of any author nowadays who aims at writing a true Comedy. Mr. IRVING marks clearly enough all the passages usually omitted in representation, which of themselves would make a small volume, but we are not shown the arrangement of scenes necessitated by the exigences of the stage, or rather by the taste of the audience, and so in this respect the plays remain pretty much as their author left them. Some stage-directions have been introduced, but as Mr. FRANK MARSHALL denies that this is in any sense an "acting edition"—while Mr. IRVING in his preface rather seems to imply that in some sense it is so,—I should be inclined to describe the work as "a contribution in aid of an acting edition," and I am delighted to add, a most valuable contribution it is, at least so far. *Ex uno disce omnes*, and if the other volumes are only on a par with this first instalment, IRVING and MARSHALL'S—it wouldn't do to put MARSHALL first in the Firm, because it would at once suggest "and SNELGROVE" to follow—or this HENRY and FRANK'S edition of SHAKSPEARE will be one of the most perfect and the most serviceable to the ordinary reader that has as yet been given to the public. In order to illustrate the Messrs. BLACKIE'S judicious liberality, Mr. MARSHALL tells us that, with the view of making the work more complete by the introduction of certain explanations, "they (Messrs. BLACKIE) entirely recast all the notes to *Richard the Second*, though they (the notes, not Messrs. BLACKIE) had been already stereotyped." Oh, that Theatrical Managers would be as wise in their generations as were even these poor publishers, and when they see that a piece, SHAKSPEARE'S or anybody else's, is in an unsatisfactory state for representation, at once "recast it entirely," in spite of all the old "stereotyped" tie-wig objections. Mr. IRVING in his preface makes a sort of apology for the luxurious extravagance of modern stage *decoration. There is* no necessity for this. The Stage reflects the fashion of the day, and that fashion is Materialism. Mr. MARSHALL'S critical remarks on *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Henry the Sixth*, Part I., are admirable, difficult subjects being most delicately handled. He has no note on the appearance of an "Abbess," and on a scene "in front of a Priory," in the first of these plays, of which the action takes place about 300 B.C.; but I suppose that, though seldom risking anything in a case of importance, he on this occasion consulted the DYCE, and concluded that there was some "a priory" argument in favour of the existence of Abbesses three hundred years before they were invented. A genius like SHAKSPEARE is above time and place. Mr. MARSHALL is of opinion (in a foot-note, and I think he has here put his foot in it) that SHAKSPEARE never descended to sycophancy for the sake of pleasing his royal patroness. I shall be curious to see what he has to say on this subject when he comes to tackle the characteristic speech given to *Cranmer* in the last scene of *Henry the Eighth*. Mr. MARSHALL dealing with *Joan of Arc*, in *Henry the Sixth*, notices how SHAKSPEARE halts between two opinions, but decides as a courtier and a man of business would have done. The courtier remembers that *Joan* was not the only heroic virgin who had cheered her troops on to victory, but that the masculine Queen BESS had also mounted a cock-horse, like the lady of Banbury Cross, and had encouraged her soldiers with brave words at Tilbury Fort. Where the full-flavoured British Queen had succeeded, evidently the humble Gallic peasant maid must fail, at least, on the stage. If *Gloriana* was to be the pride of Old England, *La Pucelle* must be held up to *Gloriana's* subjects as a vile impostor, and a witch. SHAKSPEARE would not allow sentiment to interfere with business. Most of Mr. GORDON BROWNE'S illustrations are charmingly designed and executed, and the prefaces, introductions to SHAKSPEARE'S family (managed by F.A.M., Master of the Ceremonies), and critical remarks, ought to satisfy the most exacting of Shakspearian students.

"Hist, Romeo, hist!"
R. & J., Act II., Sc. 2.

"He bears him like a portly gentleman."
R. & J., Act I., Sc. 4.

Prince Lucifer (MACMILLAN & Co.) by ALFRED AUSTIN. I do not wish to make an ostentatious—or rather, in this instance, Austintatious—display of my unpoetic nature, but I cannot understand why ALFRED the Less chose this name of *Lucifer* for his hero. The title, for advertising purposes, certainly arrests the eye. Of course, as ALFRED the Less would say, in his light Lucifer manner—

"Lucifer," I own to liking; | Names are nothing, if not striking.

And Lucifer is nothing to speak of, if not intended to serve a striking purpose. A second title might perhaps have assisted the public to an explanation, *Lucifer; or, The Love Match*. *Prince Lucifer* suggests something naughty, and worse—or naughty in verse—for there is nothing to assure us beforehand that Mr. AUSTIN'S "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman" who wouldn't shock our religious or moral sentiments on any account, not even on his own. But though the book could not, perhaps, be recommended by Mr. PODSNAP to the "Young Person," yet I should carefully consider the intelligent capacity of the Young Person before presenting her with such a specimen of "light and misleading" literature as *Prince Lucifer*, to judge it only from its title, might Austinsibly be. It contains some of Mr. AUSTIN'S best work, and when, in this foggy weather, I call for "Light! More light!" I shall be perfectly satisfied if they bring me Mr. AUSTIN'S new patent *Lucifer*.

YOUR OWN BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

Albert Hall Concert, Wed., Nov. 16.

WITH PATTI, and SANTLEY, and LLOYD,
The attraction was great, and it drew
An audience muchly annoyed
By a fog they could scarcely see through.
"Big House"—it was choke-full . . . of fog,
Which kept a good many away.
Too bad, for a "dead-head" is Fog,—
Comes in free. Mister Fog doesn't pay.

A CONFESSOR'S COSTUME.—Under a system of prison discipline admitting of no distinction of prisoners, Mr. W. O'BRIEN, confined in Tullamore Gaol, complains that he has been deprived of the clothes which he prefers to the prison uniform. Some sympathy is due to a misguided gentleman divested of decent habiliments; but the grievance which he has injudiciously brought upon himself is one for which he will sooner or later, at least if he pleases, be enabled to obtain redress.

L. C. & D. v. S. E.

SAYS WATKIN, "This, FORBES, Makes us open our orbs!" | "Your orbs," FORBES replies, "And your pockets likewise."

OUR DEBATING CLUB.

WITH the fall of the leaf, and the first touch of fog in the atmosphere, it has been the time-honoured practice of the "Gargoyle" Club, ever since its establishment eighteen months ago, to resume the sittings, temporarily suspended during the Summer. The "Gargoyles" are, I should explain, an assembly of earnest, thoughtful young men, who arrange to meet upon one evening in the week for purposes of mental friction, and the discussion of the social questions of the day. We have a President, an Honorary Secretary, a ballot-box, a balance-sheet, a printer's bill, and, in short, everything handsome about us. It is the custom to consume tobacco, in some form, during our meetings—except in the case of a member who is actually upon his legs addressing the house, when etiquette, and indeed convenience, require him to abstain for the time being. It is, perhaps, this rule which restricts several of us (including the writer) from expressing our sentiments in any sustained form. For myself, indeed, I am the victim of a diffidence at present unconquerable; it costs me an inconceivable effort to say even as much as "hear-hear," and accordingly I listen and learn, making copious notes for future edification, and coming away on each occasion with a strong flavour of tobacco, and the consciousness that, intellectually speaking, the evening has been by no means wasted. These notes I am now enabled, by the express sanction of a majority of the members (who considered it only right that some suggestive crumbs from our feasts of reason should be conceded to the outer world) to communicate through the medium of *Mr. Punch*. We could, perhaps, have preferred a journal with a higher reputation for seriousness, but the truth is that the daily papers declined, by common consent, to report our proceedings, on the plea that they were "not of sufficient public interest;" and we therefore decided to waive the obvious disadvantages of association with a paper of whose tone we do not always or entirely approve, in consideration of placing ourselves in touch with a section of the public who are too little apt to give any serious attention to improving topics.

The Editor, somewhat autocratically, has reserved the right of condensation and selection, although it has been pointed out to him that—without adding a single extra sheet to his number—ample space could be afforded for a full report (which I would undertake to furnish) of our debates were the simple expedient adopted of temporarily discontinuing the Cartoon in our favour. Popular as we cannot but think such a step would be, we gravely fear that it will not be taken—unless some pressure is brought to bear from outside. It is something, perhaps, even to have gained as much as we have; something that, amidst the shrill squeak and frivolous chuckle of *Punch*, will be heard from time to time the deeper, graver notes of the Gargoyle Club. We are not enemies of fun; we only think that there may be many, like ourselves, who consider it possible to have too much of it. The Editor, we are glad to admit at once, seems quite to recognise the sincerity of our desire to raise the tone of his periodical, and is willing to allow us to try the experiment—though he expresses a doubt whether these contributions will have quite the effect we anticipate. We shall see. In the meantime, I must preface my first notes, taken last Session, by a short sketch of

PINCENEY, OUR PRESIDENT.

PINCENEY possesses a mind, perhaps the most comprehensive in all Paddington. I have known him—I wish I could say intimately—now for over nine months, and I can confidently assert that I have never yet heard him confess to ignorance of any department of human knowledge, of any branch of modern thought! In intellectual stature he towers miles above us all, and weekly increases that altitude under our very eyes by drinking two bottles of some sparkling beverage composed of phosphates. He is coldly tolerant of the world's failings, and is understood to confine himself to a fish diet. He speaks little, but that little falls with immense weight. PINCENEY is not genial, or, indeed social of manner—he suffers us, but not gladly—listening to each speaker with conscientious attention, as if it was always possible that he might utter something not immeasurably below contempt before he sat down. He has a little bell by which he warns the wanderer, and paralyses the prolix, and his preliminary caress of this bell is a rebuke in itself. It would be too much to say that PINCENEY is popular amongst his fellow Gargoyles; he neither courts nor desires popularity. Indeed, he ranges somewhat too much apart, and goes home alone by the Underground the moment his duties are concluded. But he is greatly respected, and if we feel, as we sometimes do feel, that his standard is rather too high and exacting, at other times the consciousness acts upon us as a decided incentive.

OUR VICE-PRESIDENT.

HARTUPP, our Vice-President, is of a very different mental calibre and disposition. He is of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, and endowed with a lava-like flow of eloquence. HARTUPP is showy, but, as he would be the first to admit himself, a trifle superficial. He is at present articled to a solicitor, but he is more calculated to shine at the Bar, where fervour has a freer scope than in an office. He melts and thrills us by turns, speaking without preparation and without notes, for which he apologises in carefully constructed sentences. Altogether, HARTUPP is one of our most distinguished Gargoyles. I may add that he lives at Notting Hill with his mother.

OUR HONORARY SECRETARY.

Mr. FREDERICK FADELL, is one of our most energetic and useful members. He is the only one (except perhaps PINCENEY) who possesses anything like a working acquaintance with all the rules. He is a Barrister-at-Law, and finds his chambers very useful for preparing minutes and sending out notices relative to the business of the Club. FADELL is no great orator, though he can speak with some fluency to a point of order. What he *really* enjoys is superintending an election by ballot. During our debates he steals about with an air of mystery, conducting long conversations in a whisper with such members as he wishes to induce to join in the discussion. His whole existence is bound up in the Gargoyle Club, and he is deeply alive to the responsibilities of his position.

With these preliminary introductions, the Public must be perforce contented for the present. I hope, however, on future occasions, to be permitted to give some further idea of the work we are doing, and more especially of the manner in which it is performed—though the ruthless compression to which, as I have hinted above, I have reason to believe my notes will be subjected, may deprive them of much of their interest and value.

SO SEASONABLE, YOU KNOW.

SIR,—I read a letter in the *St. James's Gazette*, signed "PAGE HOPPS." The gentleman stood for somewhere, and may be standing still, were such a contradiction in terms between "standing still" and "Hopps" reconcileable. Is he an Irreconcileable? I am no politician, and don't want to be, specially just now. But such a name as "PAGE HOPPS" must stand for something, and what struck me as a sort of Christmassy idea was, what a cheery, suggestive name "PAGE HOPPS" really is! What a picture it conjures up of a true old-fashioned Christmas jollification, where all distinctions are obliterated, the Masses join with the Classes, and the Misses go with the Kisses, under the sprig of mistletoe. "PAGE HOPPS!" What a delightful household! Page hops, Butler skips, Footman jumps, Cook capers, Housemaid dances, Scullerymaid slides, while

Master plays the violin,
And Missus the guitar.
We are a merry family,
We are! We are! We are!!

I drink his health, the health of P. HOPPS, Hop! Hop! Hooray! in beer, of course. This comes hopping you're well.

Yours ever,
Spring Bank, Out of Bounds. A. HOPPIDAN.

To the Unemployed.

"REMEMBER Mitchelstown!"
And do not join a mob.
But if you do, you're likely to
Get "one" upon your nob.

If not to get knocked down,
And squelched, you greatly care,
Remember, then, both Mitchelstown,
And eke Trafalgar Square!

Sports and Anecdotes of Bygone Days. By C. T. S. B. REYNARDSON. Without four initials Reynard's son ought to know by this time as much about sport as sly old Reynard himself. Illustrated, too, in colours, but not with his own brush.

The Powers that Be.

AGAINST "One Man Power," the cry is now raised,
By moralists noted for meekness.
Perchance the new protest were more to be praised,
If directed against "one man weakness."
The partisan man is so given to glower,
At his bigger, or luckier, brother man,
One fears that this railing against "one-man power,"
Means craving the power for—*another* man.

CHIEF ITEM IN A GLADSTONIAN MENU.—"A Chop and Chips."

A PERFECT PANDEMONIUM.—Demon-stration in Trafalgar Square.

THE 'PONDS ASINORUM" AGAIN!

Cabby. "OH! YER THINKS SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE TOO MUCH, DO YER FOR COMIN' ALL THE WAY UP TO 'AMPSTEAD! WELL—'ERE I STOPS TILL I 'M PAID, THAT 'S ALL!"

EXTRA SPECIAL.

As many married men have recently been sworn in as supplementary Policemen, and as ladies are usually entirely ignorant of law, it may be as well to give a list of the statutory regulations of the duties of Special Constables. Here they are:—

1. Special Constables will occasionally be expected to spend several hours every evening in the card-room of the Club in search of information.

2. Their duties may occasionally require them to pay a visit to Paris for a fortnight, or even three weeks, to study for themselves on the spot the working of the French Judicature Act.

3. It may be imperatively necessary for them to be present at the "first nights" of new pieces, when they will be expected to take supper at the Club, so that they may have an opportunity of confidentially exchanging notes with their fellow-constables.

4. At any time they may be required not to dine at home, but, for purposes of the police, join a visit of inspection to dinners chiefly associated with bachelors.

5. Every Special Constable (if not already in possession of one) must be supplied with a latch-key, under a penalty of £20—payable by his wife.

6. It is strictly forbidden (and the offence, when proved, will entail a sentence of penal servitude for an indefinite period) for a Special Constable to give any information as to his movements to any one, inclusive of his wife.

7. It will be a part of his duty occasionally to come home with the man bringing the early morning milk.

8. Lastly, on extraordinary occasions, when it is necessary that he should be ready to return to his beat at a moment's notice, it is lawful that he should retire to bed in his boots.

REASONS WHY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will accompany Lord HARTINGTON to Ireland, first because he thinks that the latter's stolid style of oratory will have no effect on the impulsive Celt without a good deal of gushin'; and, secondly, because he wants *to have his share of* the anticipated HARTY reception.

PROMENADING.

I ATTENDED the Opening Night of the Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's on Saturday week. A crowded house; everybody in the best of humours. Mlle. ELLY WARNOTS trilled her most brilliant "variations," Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN carried off the lioness's share of applause and bouquets. There was a new "Vocal valse," entitled "*Laughing Beauties*," in which a chorus of "ladies in costume" invited us to buy what the programme waggishly described as:—

"Sweet violets for the meek, tra, la, la, la, la,
Fond *ivory* for the weak, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho!"

The programme, by the way, contained one or two other similar eccentricities. Miss ST. JOHN was announced as inquiring in a song of BEHREND'S, "Why do your big tears *fears* fall, Daddy?"—hardly a fair question to be addressed to any parent. Fortunately she preferred to sing the line in a less enigmatical form, but the gifted author of *Daddy*, should insist on correcting his own proofs next time. Then we had a "descriptive Piece for Orchestra,"—*The Bulgarian Patrol*, in which the melody began faintly, and came nearer and nearer with the clank of metal, till it gradually died away again in the distance. "Oh, wot a novelty!" as I heard a street-vendor remark the other day concerning the "panorammer of the Lord Mayor's Show," he was offering to a dubious public. But the public at Her Majesty's applauded the *Bulgarian Patrol* as impartially as they did his Turkish forerunner.

(*Signed*) A. BOUTIGO JONES.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Young HOFFMANN is Hoff! Gone from our gaze, perhaps, with a COOK'S Ticket. But, anyhow, the Juvenile Phenomenal Pianist has gone. Peace go with him—let him rest. Don't allow him to get within half a mile of a piano, or he is sure to go to pieces. All work and all play will make young HOFFMANN a dull Young Man. Beware, O Parents and Guardians, in time.

À PROPOS OF A CERTAIN ILLUSTRIOUS SUFFERER.—Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? The Patient. This is the sad Moral, MACKENZIE.

THE GRAND OLD JANUS.

"QUITE RIGHT, CONSTABLE!" | "QUITE WRONG, CONSTABLE!!"

'ARRY ON LAW AND ORDER!

DEAR CHARLIE,

ASCUSE shaky scribble; I'm writing this letter in bed.
Went down to the Square, mate,—last Sunday,—and got a rare clump on the 'ed.

Beastly shame, and no error, my pippin! *Me* cop it! It's too jolly rum.
When a reglar Primroser gits toko, one wonders wot *next* there will come.

It wos all Bobby's blunder, in course; Mister BURLEIGH and me was "mistook."
I went jest for a lark, nothink else, and wos quietly slinging my 'ook,
Wen a bit of a rush came around me, a truncheon dropped smack on my nob,
And 'ere I ham, tucked up in bed, with a jug of 'ot spruce on the 'ob.

'Ard lines, ain't it, CHARLIE, old hoyster? A barney's a barney, dear boy,
And you know that a squeege and a skylark is wot I did always enjoy.
A street-rush is somethink splendacious to fellers of sperrit like me,
But dints and diakkylum plaster will spile the best sport, dontcher see.

Don't you fancy the "Hunemployed," bunkum has nobbled me; not sech a mug!
And as for O'BRIEN and his breeches, I'm glad the fool's fairly in jug.
No, no, Law and Horder's my motter, but wen a spree's on 'ARRY 's there;
And I thought, like a lot of the Swells, I should find one that day in the Square.

Lord Mayor's Day with a scrimmage chucked in is a hopening too temptin' to miss.
More pertikler wen all in "the Cause"—Law and Horder, I mean, mate—like this.
I despises the Poor and the Spouters; to see their 'eds jolly well broke
Is fun, but a bash on one's own—well, there, somehow it spiles the whole joke.

The Perlice wos too dashed hinderscriminate, that's where it wos, my dear boy;
Wich they couldn't take *me* for a Paddy or 'umbugging "Out of Employ."
Wen that cop got his hand on my collar he ought to 'ave knowed like a shot,
By the Astrykan only, that *I* wasn't one o' the Socherlist lot.

I 'ate 'em, dear CHARLIE, I 'ate 'em! They wants to stop piling the pelf,
Wen that is wot every dashed one of us wants to be piling hisself.
No, Wealth is wot *must* be kep up and pertected, wotever goes wrong;
And to talk of abolishing Millionnaires, CHARLIE, *is* coming it strong.

They are like prize Chrysanthemums, CHARLIE; for, if you want *them*, don'tcher see,
You must nip off some thousands of buds to let one or two swell and grow free.
Jest you turn a lot loose in yer garden, and *that* ain't the way as they'll grow;
But if 'undreds weren't sacrificed daily to one, you would not get no Show.

That's Life in a nutshell, my bloater! All wants to be fust, but they can't;
Most on us is wasters; the game of the snide un's to be a Prize Plant.
Then you 're mugged up to-rights and made much of, but, oh, you must be a big ass,
If you fancies as daisies is dealt with like horchids, and grown under glass!

Ask Gentleman JOE. *He* knows better, he 's finding it out more and more,
And his Radical rot about "ransom" won't turn up agen; it don't score.
"Law and Horder's" the tip I can tell yer. I'm on to it fairly for one,
And there 's ony one thing I finds fault with; they *do* rayther bunnick up Fun!

If heverythink 's on the Q.T., and a Peeler is always at 'and—
And *that 's* Law and Horder you bet, as beknown to the rich and the grand—
It 's O.K. for the 'olders of ochre, who, if they 've a mind for a spree,
Can always palm-oil Mr. Peeler, and do it *upon* the Q.T.

But hus, CHARLIE, hus? I likes Horder, and likeways I'm partial to Law,
Wen it means keeping *my* swim all clear, and a muzzling my henemy's jaw.
Wy, nothink could easy be nicerer, then, don'tcher see, dear old pal;
But supposing that game interferes with *my* larks, or *my* lush, or *my* gal?

Local Hopshun, for instance, or Betting Laws, Prize Fight pervention, and such,
That some mealy-mouthed mugs are so sweet on; if they cop us, life ain't wuth much.
Contrydicting myself? Oh, well, CHARLIE, I've sech a blarmed pain in my 'ed,
And life looks a queer sort of mix wen you boss the whole bizness from bed.

DAN the Dosser, who knows the Square well, 'aving slep in it night arter night,
Sez the Golden Calf safely railed in by the Law is a 'eavenly sight.
Acos Horder is 'Eaven's first Law, and, in conserkense, Law Earth's first horder;
The Calf may sit safely hinside, whilst Scapegoats is kep hout of the border.

I can't git the 'ang of his lingo; his patter's all picter somehow,
And wot he quite means by that Calf, mate, *I* dunno no more than a cow.
But the Scapegoat, that 's *him*, I suppose, and he looks it; it 's rough, as he says;
No marbles, no lodging, no grub, and that sort o' thing kep up for days!

But the Scapegoats must not kick up shindies, and stop up our streets and our squares,
That 's a moral. Perhaps there is grabbers as wants to swag more than their shares.
I ain't nuts on sweaters myself, and I do 'ate a blood-sucking screw,
Who sponges and never stands Sam, and whose motto 's "all cop, and no blue."

Still, this 'ere blooming Hanarchy, CHARLEY, won't do at no figger, dear boy.
A bit of a rorty romp round in the open a chap can enjoy,
But brickbats and hoyster-knives? Walker! Not on in that scene, mate, not me!
And a bash on the nob with a batton is not *my* idea of a spree.

To bonnet a lot of old blokes and make petticoats squeal is good biz,
But a Crusher's 'ard knuckles a crunching yer scrag? No, I'm blowed if *that* is!
Let 'em swarm "in their thousands"—the mugs!—and their black and red flags let 'em carry;
But wen they are next on the job they will 'ave to look wide-oh! for

'ARRY.

CUTTINGS AND SLIPS.—The following were extracted from the *Manchester Evening News*, Nov. 14:—

RESPECTABLE Woman WANTS WASHING, at Altrincham.

RESPECTABLE Widow WANTS WASHING for Tuesday.

The first one is not in a hurry; the second is, and names the day. Then or never. At first we thought it was a new form of advertising Somebody's Soap.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

From a Distracted Grammarian with "To Be" in his Bonnet.

WITH you, O Superlative Maiden,
There can no Comparison be;
And though Grammar makes "You" Second Person,
You are first of all Persons to me.

At Present my life is Imperfect
(Not Irregular, *nota bené*),
But with you for Auxiliary, dearest,
How Perfect our Future might be.

Considering my Antecedents,
Your Relatives can but Agree;
And since I 'm Defective in Number,
You cannot Decline me, you see.

I sigh; but by mere Interjections
My Case cannot influenced be:
Then grant the Conjunction I plead for,
And so with your Subject agree.

AMONG the books with which the Prison Authorities should have supplied Mr. O'BRIEN ought to have been a copy of "The Breeches Bible." When he comes out, will he commence a suit against the Government?

AMERICAN CHORUS.

WE'LL state what we think of your Brummagem JOE.
He 's "so English you know,"—yes, "so English, you know."

"THE SLEEPER AWAKENED!" New Cantata, dedicated to the Right Hon. HENRY MATTHEWS, the Not-Yet-Quite-at-Home Secretary.

PROBABLE PICTURES FOR CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

(Suggested by this eminent "Sporting and Dramatic" Artist's "Portia" now being exhibited on all the bookstalls.

LADY MACBETH.

"OR ANYBODY ELSE. DOESN'T MATTER. QUITE A——J. E. M."

SHYLOCK; or, The Masher of Venice.

"COMPANION PICTURE TO MY 'PORTIA.' A VERY BRILLIANT——J. E. M."

THE WOES OF THE WATER CONSUMER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—What Greek philosopher was it who held that Water was the beginning and essence of all things? Our modern Sanitarians appear to agree with him. At any rate, if they do not look upon water as the great essence, they declare it to be the prime essential, and present fearsome pictures of the results of any deficiency in its plentifulness and purity.

But, Sir, between the Landlord who won't put it on, and the Water Company who will cut it off, what is a poor Tenant to do? In one day I read, first, that Mr. WILLIAM CHRISTIE is summoned by the Sanitary Inspector of St. Saviour's, Southwark, for obstinately refusing to provide a suitable water-supply to twelve houses in Park Street, Southwark; secondly, that the East London Waterworks Company is summoned by a Mr. ERNEST BRANSEMER for cutting off the water at his house in Boundary Passage, Shoreditch, without lawful excuse. Looks encouraging, doesn't it? True, Mr. KEBBELL, the Company's Solicitor, assured Mr. HANNAY that the Company was really in the right, and that the man had suffered from the fault of his Landlord. Perhaps so, in this case. Anyhow it seems to be admitted that the man suffered, and suffered unjustly. In this case, too, the Company (said its Solicitor) had been "very good," had paid the man and settled the matter. Mr. HANNAY is reported to have said, "Really!" which seems almost to imply a mild surprise. Surprised at the "goodness" of a Water Company!!! Well, it is a painful fact that the prevailing faith in the proprietors of Waterworks is much of the complexion of *Sam Weller's* in the "Waterworks" of the Mulberry One. Only that the Companies, as a rule, are not quite so ready to "turn it on at the main," as was the lachrymose and deceptive *Job Trotter*.

"The Company do not fear the Magistrate's decision," said Mr. KEBBELL, loftily. "It is the trial by newspapers which follows, which is so objectionable." Doubtless: from the Company's point of view. Whether the Consumer shares that opinion may be questioned, perhaps.

Anyhow, *Mr. Punch*, my own confidence in the "native worth" of Water Companies and Landlords, being a plant of slow growth, which, indeed, has hardly yet appeared above ground, I should like to call attention to the dilemma which the "tub"-loving, fever-fearing tenant is liable to fall into between the two. If this savours of that obnoxious practice, "trial by newspapers," I am sorry; but really, Sir, the tenant has his "trials," of another sort, which are very "objectionable" indeed, and which, I fear, without the publicity afforded by the Press, neither the justice of Landlords, nor the "goodness" of Water Companies could be implicitly trusted to relieve him from. At least, such is the experience of

Yours truly, AQUARIUS.

KEPT IN;

OR, THE LEAGUER BELEAGUERED.

A Right-thinking Radical requests information.

HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
The home of Mr. PYNE;
How round its patriot portals
The Peelers prowl and whine?

I suppose those brutal butchers,
Without the slightest fail,
Would stretch the M.P. on the rack,
And afterwards impale?

An Unfeeling Unionist answers him—

Well do I know that castle,
The home of Mr. PYNE;
But of the Peelers with their rack
There's not a single sign.

The Right-thinking Radical expresses surprise at the intelligence—

Indeed! But at some high casement
Surely you saw him stand,
Or out from a towering rampart
Waving a mailèd hand?

The Unfeeling Unionist rejoins—

I *did* see him at the casement,
And he wore no armour at all,
But the Postman helps him haul the *mail*
Over his castle wall!

The Right-thinking Radical proceeds with his questionings—

And sawest thou on the turret
How he paced to and fro,
All glorious in gold and purple,
Like a Knight of long ago?

The Unfeeling Unionist replies—

He had a modern frock-coat on,
Which wasn't much of a fit;
And I think a Knight would have stopped to fight,
And not run away from a writ.

The Right-thinking Radical plies him once again—

But do they not thirst, those Peelers,
To tear him limb from limb;
And level his antique castle,
If once they could get at him?

The Unfeeling Unionist ends the colloquy—

That would *not* result from his capture;
You seem to have been misled!
It would merely entail a month in gaol,
Or perhaps, like O'BRIEN, in bed.

IN the *Standard's* report of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S after-dinner speech to the members of the Eleusis Club, the warier of the two Northampton Members observed, "that we lived in critical times, when it was absolutely necessary that Radicals should hang together." Mr. LABOUCHERE speaks trippingly, but he is not often to be caught tripping. The Conservative *Standard* missed an opportunity.

LATEST ADDITION TO FAIRY LAND.—Mr. Irish Secretary BALFOUR must be all over the country at once. For this he requires Seven (Land)-League boots.

THE REAL "EMPIRE OF THE HITTITES."—The prevailing passion for pugilists.

A SPORTING tandem-driving Doctor of our acquaintance calls his leader the *Hoss frontis*.

'HAD HIM THERE!"

Free Kirk Elder. "EIGH! MEENISTER, AH NO LIKE T'SEE YE TALKIN' WI' YON EPEESCOPALIAN PRIEST!"
Minister. "OO—I JEEST OFFERED TO SWAP COLLECTIONS WI'M, AN' HE SAID, 'NA, NA! I KEN YOUR FLOCK OWER WEEL!'"

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As an impecunious Peer, whose entire existence consists of one long struggle to provide for the necessities of a large family, need I say that my eye chanced upon the subjoined advertisement with a sense of relief and hopefulness that words almost fail to express? I quote it for your perusal. Here it is:—

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR SONS.—Journalism.—Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, 222, Strand, W.C., Author of *Scenes in the Commons*, &c., from 1879, a principal Leader Writer, Special Correspondent, and Critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, INSTRUCTS a limited number of YOUNG MEN in the practical and literary branches of Journalism. Prospectus free.

An ordinary trained Journalist earns from £300 to £1000 a year.

That, *Mr. Punch*, is the question I have been asking myself for ever so long—"What on earth *am* I to do with my sons?" And this Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, with a message that seems almost too good to be true, comes like the radiant genius on to the scene, and says, "Send them to me, your Grace, and I'll soon put 'em in the way of making from £300 to £1000 a year. What do you think of that?" What do I think of it? Well, all I can say is that it sounds to me like an ANDERSON'S Fairy Tale!

Why, there's my elder son, the Marquis, just opened a market gardening business at Tooting in a small way, and though he drives his cart up to Covent Garden twice a week himself, I know he's not making a good thing of it. PLANTAGENET, my second, I'm not ashamed to own it, shoulders a butcher's tray; BERTRAM is a linen-draper's assistant in the Tottenham Court Road; and ALGERNON is, *faute de mieux*, loafing about railway stations, following cabs, in the hope of picking up a stray sixpence now and then for carrying the luggage upstairs when they arrive at their destinations. Poor boy! I had always meant him to have a Commission in the Guards, but hard times have rendered that project impossible—and he has come to this!

With one hundred and seventy farms on my hands, the whole of my property mortgaged, my house in Belgrave Square given up, and my establishment confined to a couple of floors in a back street in Islington, the family has, I need hardly say, to accept its altered fortunes with equanimity. But, if Mr. DAVID ANDERSON is to be trusted, surely a brighter prospect opens before us! How he manages his instructions "in the practical and literary branches of journalism," is to me a mystery. How does he teach his "limited number" of pupils to report—say, an inaudible speech? Then there is their practical training for a crowd. Does he lead them at the present moment, to Trafalgar Square, and teach them, in the event of a collision with the police, to continue their labours up a lamp-post? Again, how about initiating them into the work of a correspondent mounted on the field of battle? Would their experience on a hired cab-horse let loose in the midst of a procession of the Unemployed afford the many useful experiences in this direction? Then, how about the leader-writing? I do not say that the journalist, like the poet, need necessarily be born one, yet for all that, the art of literary composition is not one that can be readily acquired by anybody.

Take my own case. I have written a *lever du rideau* in the shape of a farce, a light thing that plays only an hour and three-quarters, and though I have submitted it to seventeen managers in succession, I have never been able to induce one of them to try it even at a *matinée*. I have also written a pantomime and left it, endorsed with my title at the stage-door of a leading Metropolitan Theatre, from which however, notwithstanding that I have made repeated applications for it in person, I have never yet been able to succeed in getting it returned. But journalism is, I am aware, distinct from dramatic literature, and this inspires me with confidence. Indeed I shall lose no time in communicating with Mr. DAVID ANDERSON and placing my four sons unreservedly in his hands. Even if they did not as "trained journalists" succeed in realising that brilliant level of £1000 per annum, with which his advertisement so alluringly concludes, they might possibly touch the figure half-way, and draw their modest five hundred a-piece. Need I say, my dear *Mr. Punch*, if they did, how they would restore the fortunes of a falling house, and in so doing, gladden the heart of yours hopefully,

A DUKE IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE TOO-COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.—M. WILSON.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

(*A Cosmos Story.*)

CHAPTER I.

MR NOMAN LUCKIER, the eminent astronomer, was walking in his garden. Suddenly he was staggered by a sharp blow on the head. Something fell at his feet. It was not his head. He picked it up. It was a meteoric stone. This set him thinking.

"Here," said he, as he rubbed his newly-acquired phrenological development with one hand and held the meteoric stone in the other, "is a solid, ponderable body, which I can handle, examine, and analyse, and it comes to me," continued the eminent scientist, extending his arms and looking round him, then directing his gaze upwards, his eye dilating with the grandeur of the discovery,—"it comes to me direct from the Cosmos!"

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a chuckle from behind the neighbouring hedge, and, as the Philosopher returned to his sanctum to write a paper on the "Spectra of Meteorites," a small boy stepped cautiously out into the road, and hurried down the lane.

"Ooray!" muttered the small boy to himself; "the old gent don't know my name. What did he say about 'Crismas'?" And he vanished into space.

CHAPTER III.

THE Philosopher, with aching head, sat down to write, and penned these words,—

"*Cosmical space is filled with meteorites of all sizes, flying about with immense velocities in all directions.*"

"Good Heavens! or, rather, Bad Heavens!" exclaimed a simple-minded visitor, to whom he read this statement, "why, 'Cosmical space' must be uncommonly like a proclaimed district in Ireland, or Trafalgar Square during a Socialist riot."

The Philosopher perceived that he was not in the presence of a sympathetic mind, and regretted having invited the visitor to lunch.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER lunch, Mr. NOMAN LUCKIER resumed his work. The simple-minded friend followed him into his study, seated himself in the most comfortable chair, lit a cigar, and produced from his pocket a handy-volume edition of *Pickwick*. Oddly enough he commenced reading the concluding portion of Chapter XXXVIII. of that immortal work, which records how an elderly gentleman of scientific attainments suddenly observed certain extraordinary and wonderful phenomena, which he immediately concluded "it had been reserved for him alone to discover, and which he should immortalise his name by chronicling for the benefit of posterity. Full of this idea, the scientific gentleman seized the pen" and began writing "sundry notes of these unparalleled appearances . . . . which were to form the data of a voluminous treatise of great research and deep learning, which should astonish all the atmospherical wiseacres that ever drew breath in any part of the civilised globe." Subsequently, after a sharp shock which "stunned him for a full quarter of an hour," produced by *Sam Weller's* fist, the scientific gentleman retired to his library, and there composed a masterly treatise which "delighted all the Scientific Associations beyond measure, and caused him to be considered a light of science ever afterwards."

The simple-minded friend, having finished his cigar, replaced *Pickwick* in his pocket, and, smiling gently, stole out of the study on tiptoe, leaving Mr. NOMAN LUCKIER profoundly absorbed in his "Preliminary Notes."

The boy whose name was not COSMOS is still at large,—and so is Cosmos, very much so.

A LITERARY FIND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

A VERY intelligent threadbare man, evidently something of a scholar, has just put me in possession of a manuscript of incalculable importance. It is a drama called *Piccoviccius*, evidently of the Elizabethan era, though brought into harmony with modern diction and orthography by a later hand. A careful perusal of this priceless survival makes it certain that SHAKSPEARE was not only familiar with it, but that he drew very largely from it even to "cribbing" the names of many of the characters bodily. This is not so remarkable, considering the very slight right SHAKSPEARE has, in the opinion of the best critics, to the authorship of his own plays, as the fact that DICKENS also had studied *Piccoviccius*, and founded upon it his *Pickwick Papers*, with an effrontery almost worthy of the Swan of Avon himself. Here is a slightly-edited selection from the First Act, so your readers can judge for themselves.

Yours, bursting with importance, RODERICK TWEDDLE.

P.S.—I have just founded a Piccoviccius Society. The subscription is £2 2*s.*, paid in advance. Members can read their own papers at any time, and have them printed, at a reduced price, in our "Transactions."

SCENE FROM ACT I.—*Romeo's Garden in Kent.* ROMEO, BERNARDO.

Ber. News, news, my ROMEO! The world's upso down.
Duke PICCOVICCIUS hath broke the law,
Is under guard, and will be banished.
Rom. Banished? Great Heaven!
Ber. Banished, certainly
As eggs dissemble not their property.
Rom. But why, how, when and where? What did the Duke?
Ber. Thou knowest the scheme he long had pondered on,
To go among his people, like themselves,
As went through Bagdad's streets the Caliph wise.
Rom. Yea, I remember; and the hour arrived,
When, having delegated his main pow'rs
To JINGULUS, and the Exchequer's charge
To careful DODSON and to subtle FOGG,
He, with no rites of State observ'd, set forth
With TUPMAN, SNODGRASS, WINKLE, in his train;
TUPMAN, who to experience in love
Still superadds the ardour of the boy;
SNODGRASS, the poet-treasurer of thought,
And singer of an unexpressive song,
And WINKLE, Nimrod's peer. These four set forth,
Due to return the seventh day from hence;
But I that selfsame hour came hitherward,
And since have heard no news of Court at all.
Ber. Thus then I briefly tell thee what hath pass'd.
There came last week with 'plaining to the Court
A comely widow, who made oath that one
Who sojourned as a lodger in her house
Had promised marriage, but had gone away;
Left her, and left his promise unfulfill'd.
Guided by her, the officers had gone
To seize the culprit, and had found 'twas none
But PICCOVICCIUS, whom she claim'd with tears.
So he and those three lords were strait convey'd
Unto the Court, and put to interrogatories,
When this preliminary was advanced:—
The Duke had lodging in BARDELLA'S house—
So is the widow named; and on a day
Came these lords, usher'd by BARDELLA'S son,
Unto his chamber, but on the threshold stay'd
Still as LOT'S wife, in mere astonishment.
For there their staid and reverend leader stood,
Silent as they, supporting in his arms
The buxom widow, in a swoon of bliss.
Thus had they stood, confounded and amazed,
Till life returning gave BARDELLA speech,
But that the urchin, in a filial frenzy,
Butting like petulant kid, assailed the Duke,
And with the puissance of his puny arms
Avenged imagined injury. Then they,
Roused by the pious howlings of the boy
And agonised appeals of whom he smote,
Bore off the pigmy valour, and the mother,
Reviving, led away. The Duke averr'd
That, breaking to her of his new-found wish
To take into his service one WELLERIUS,
A shrewd and faithful henchman, she at once
Through rapid stages of affection ran,
And threw herself, in fine, upon his neck,
And thus was found, he speechless with surprise,
They, after, silent, striving to believe.
Rom. It is a tale incredible and bald.
Ber. Why so thought many; but this JINGULUS
Is all compassion for the widow's case.
DODSON and FOGG, his seconds in the realm,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Do keep turned on, sans intermission,
Salt pity's main. The people whisper change,
And what they whisper they are fain to make.
The nobles huddle in uncertainty,
Like sheep that meet a cart, the dog behind.
On the Rialto, ere I left this morning,
The hoarse-voiced makers of the books, whose leaves
Are I. O. U.'s to ruin, vainly laid
Long odds upon the widow.
Rom. 'Tis not death?
Ber. Nay, only banishment. Whoever breaks
A promise made to wed, to exile goes.
Rom. Will not the widow take a forfeiture?
Ber. It cannot be. There is no power in Brentford
Can alter a decree established.
Besides, the very object of the law
Is to prevent the payment of a price
For feelings wounded. The stern punishment
Makes flighty wooers careful, and restrains
The plots of scheming spinsters, who derive
No personal advantage from their suit.
Rom. Then am I shent!

But here the plot thickens, and we are plunged into the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Hamlet*, *As You Like It*, and *A Winter's Tale*, with a strong infusion of Dingley Dell, and the Fat Boy floating round, like a materialised *Ariel*. I ask, *Who are the plagiarists?* R. T.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not* even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

Mansion House, Dublin, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY,

THE news from Ireland, not all of which finds its way into your daily papers, grows in excitement. The exploit of Mr. DOUGLAS P-NE, M.P., of Lisfinny Castle, has taken root, and all the landed gentry among the Irish Members are fortifying themselves in their castles, and hanging themselves outside the front-door by ropes to deliver addresses to their constituents. The regular thing now is to hang out our M.P.'s on the outer wall. I do not see accounts of these proceedings in your London papers. I was, as you know, a Journalist before I was Lord Mayor; so, if you don't mind, I 'll send you a few jottings. If there is anything due for lineage, please remit it anonymously to the Land League Fund "From A Sympathiser."

Foremost in this band of heroic patriots is the *châtelain* of Butlerstown, JOSEPH G-LL-S B-GG-R, M.P., Butlerstown Castle, as everyone acquainted with Ireland knows, stands on the summit of a Danish rath, and was once the seat of an O'TOOLE. Now it is the den of JOSEPH G-LL-S. For some time he has been practising a flying leap from the eastern to the western turret, a distance of fifty feet over a yawning abyss, amid the cavernous depths of which the petulant plummet has played in vain. It is thrilling, whether at early dawn, or what time the darkening wing of Night begins to flap, to hear a shrill cry of "Hear, hear!" to see a well-known figure cleaving the astonished air, and to behold JOSEPH G-LL-S, erewhile upright on the eastern turret, prone on that which lifts its head nearer the setting sun. To be present on one of the occasions when JOEY B. reads a Blue Book for three hours to a deputation shivering in the moat, is enough to convince the dullest Saxon of the hopelessness of enthralling a nation which has given birth to such as he. As JOSEPH himself says, quoting, with slight variation, my own immortal verse,—

"Whether on the turret high,
Or in the moat not dry,
What matter if for Ireland dear we talk!"

But the affairs at Butlerstown should not withdraw our gaze from a not less momentous event which recently happened in the neighbourhood of Cork city. Mr. P-RN-LL, as he has recently explained to you, has not found it expedient or even necessary to take part in our recent public proceedings in Ireland. But this abstention is to a certain extent illusory. It is no secret in our inner circles that our glorious Chief was but the other day in close communication with his constituents in the city of Cork. He arrived shortly after breakfast in a balloon which was skilfully brought to pause over the rising ground by Sunday's Well. At the approach of the balloon the trained intelligence of the Police fathomed the plot. The Privy Council was immediately communicated with. Sworn information was laid, and the meeting was solemnly proclaimed by telegraph. In the meanwhile, Mr. P-RN-LL had addressed the meeting at some length and met with an enthusiastic reception. The Police massing in considerable numbers and beginning to bâton the electors, the Hon. Member poured a bag of ballast over them, and the balloon, gracefully rising, disappeared in the direction of Limerick. The proceedings then terminated.

I expect that the success of this new departure, or perhaps I should say this unexpected arrival, will encourage our great Chief to pay a series of flying visits to Ireland. His adventure was certainly happier and more successful than one which befell our esteemed friend TIM H-LY, and nearly brought to an untimely conclusion a life dear to us and of inestimable value to Ireland. TIM was announced to take the chair at a mass meeting summoned under the auspices of the local branch of the Land League of Longford. A room was taken, the word passed round, and all preparations made for a successful meeting. The Police, however, got wind of it, and of course the meeting was proclaimed. But TIM, as you may happen to know, is not the man to have his purpose lightly set aside. It was made known that TIM would make his speech and the Police might catch him if they could. You know, may be, the big factory in the thriving town of Longford—the one with a tall chimbly? Well, the word was passed along again that the bhoys were to assemble about the factory. "Would they bring a chair or a table," they said, for TIM to stand on? "No," said TIM, wiping his spectacles, "you leave it to me."

Meeting announced to take place at eight o'clock. On the very strike of the hour, a stentorian voice, not unfamiliar in the House of Commons, floated over the assembled multitude. "Men of Longford," it said, "we are assembled here in the exercise of our privilege as free men." First of all they could not tell where the voice came from. Looking up, behold! there was TIM planted inside the top of the tall chimbley, using it like a Bishop's pulpit. It was a capital idea, and worked admirably for half an hour, with the Police all throbbing and raging round, and TIM eyeing them quite calmly, and all the crowd roaring and cheering, and throwing up their hats, and B-LF-R getting it hot. Somehow, whether from treachery or accident no one knows, and perhaps never will know, but in the middle of one of his best sentences, TIM suddenly vanished from sight, and was a clear three minutes later picked up from among the cinders in the furnace below. The proceedings then terminated.

There is a good deal more I could tell you, TOBY, my bhoy, if time permitted. I should like above all to tell you of Major O'G-RM-N's magnificent oration delivered from the main shaft of the sewer in Waterford, with his former constituents hanging on his lips and the grate of the sewer. But I am just off myself to address a meeting of my fellow citizens. This too, is of course, proclaimed, and equally of course that makes no difference. I get on the top of the Lord Mayor's coach, leaning on the Mace, and supported by the Sword-bearer. The horses move at walking pace, and I address the crowd. It's wonderful what a lot one can take out of B-LF-R that way.

Yours faithfully, T. D. S-LL-V-N.

AMEN!

"In deepest reverence and sincere love, the Reichstag is mindful of His Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince. May God protect the dear life of our beloved Crown Prince, and preserve it for the welfare of the Fatherland."—*Telegram from the Reichstag to the Crown Prince.*

"So mote it be!" That deep and reverent prayer
In all true hearts finds echo everywhere;
Not least in those that flush with British blood.
Prince, a loved daughter from our Royal brood,
In trouble as in joy, is at your side,
Sharing your sorrow as she shared your pride.
For her dear sake, and for your own not less,
We wish you, gallant soldier-chief, success
In a dread struggle keener, sterner far
Than those you faced in the fierce lists of war.
We know—have you not proved it?—that 'twill be
Met with the same cool steadfast gallantry
As marked your bearing in more martial strife.
Punch joins in that warm prayer for "the dear life,"
And echoes, from a far yet kindred strand,
The pleading voices of the Fatherland!

As among the best books for a young man who had to be the architect of his own fortunes, some one in Mrs. RAM's hearing mentioned THOMAS À KEMPIS. "Oh yes," exclaimed the worthy lady, "I know. He built a great part of Brighton which was named after him."

A REAL "ORLEANS," PLUM.—The forged letters.

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 4.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT AS *FALSTAFF*.

"THERE'S NO MORE VALOUR IN THAT *GOSCHEN* THAN IN A WILD DUCK." .... "A PLAGUE OF ALL COWARDS STILL SAY I!" *Henry the Fourth*, Part I., Act ii., Scenes 2 and 4.

MRS. RAM, at this time of year, takes a great interest in the state of the weather, and studies the daily Meteorological chronicle. She says that she always reads the reports from Ben Nevis's Observatory. She hopes that, one of these fine days, this learned astronomer will be made a Knight. Sir BENJAMIN NEVIS would be, she considers, a very nice title. "Of course," she adds, "judging by his name, he must be a Jew. They 're such clever people. And, let me see, ain't there a proverb, or *something of that sort*, about 'the Jew of Ben Nevis'?"

BISHOP AND PORT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN my Autobiography, which I am glad and proud to say, has met with your cordial approbation, I have recorded how the late lamented Bishop. Dr. SUMNER, said to me, "I have drunk a bottle of port wine every day since I was a boy." Well, his son, the Archdeacon, is annoyed at this statement. Now, my memory is a very good one, and if I am wrong in one point so circumstantially narrated, why not in several, why not in all? If the Bishop did not say this, to me, *who did?* Somebody said it, that I will swear. Who said it? If my memory fails me, is it not also likely that the Bishop's memory was not particularly good, and consequently, that he was mistaken in thinking that he had drunk a bottle a day since his boyhood? I have little doubt that the Bishop only imagined it, and perhaps he was joking. Perhaps he was playing on the words "bishop" and "port." "Bishop" was a hot drink, I fancy, made with port wine. I have no hesitation in comforting his Archidiaconal offspring by assuring him that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, his father, the Bishop, did *not* drink a bottle of port every day since his boyhood. He was a very fine old clergyman—I forget whether he was exactly portly or not, or whether he resided in Portman Square,—and I should say that first-rate port, such as the *elixir vitæ* that made a hale centenarian of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, taken frequently, would have tended to make him the genial prelate he was. Had he only gone into port once, that would not have sufficed to have produced such a Bishop, for "One swallow does not make a SUMNER."

Yours ever,

W(ITHDRAW) P(ORT) FRITH.

P.S.—The Archdeacon is satisfied, and if he will only come round to see me and bring a bottle of the port the Bishop didn't drink, why, on my word as an artist, *I'll draw the cork*.

"*WHAT shall he have who kills the Deer?*" Why, something to eat, of course. At least this was, among others, the notion of the poor starving Cottars. And they have now given up venison-eating because the food is deer.

TWO FRENCH PRESIDENTS ROLLED INTO ONE.—M. GRÉVY, on being told that he must resign, wept copiously. This showed a want of resignation. Curious sight, GRÉVY and Tears!

SIR CHARLES WARREN has been presented with the freedom of the Leathersellers' Guild. Capital motto for Policemen in a mob, "Nothing like leather! Leather away!"

ROBERT AT KILBURN.

I HAD the cureosity one day to arsk a lerned gennelman on whom I was waiting, whether the poor fellers who lived in the world ever so many hundred years ago had got any Copperashuns. He pretended not to understand me at fust, and said, with a larf, as he dared say as they was made much as we was; that is to say, sum with large ones, and some with little ones; but when I xplained what I reely meant, he told me as they had, speshally amung the Romuns as lived in Ittaly. He was a werry amusing Gent, and when I arsked him what langwidge the Romuns torked, he tried to gammon me as they all spoke Latin, ewen the little children and all, but in coarse I wasn't quite such a hignoramus as to swaller that, as my son WILLIAM, who isn't by no means a fool, learnt Latin at Skool for three year and tells me as he carn't speak it a bit. The lerned gent also told me as it was such a rum tung to speak that they hadn't not no word for "Yes!" So that if a Gent of those long days had bin a dining at the "Ship and Turtle" an bin a waited on by an Hed Waiter, like me, and had said to him "Woud you like arf-a-crown, Waiter?" the pore feller woodn't have been able to say, "Yessir!" I was jest a leetle shocked at his torking such rubbish to me, it was hardly respekful, speshally as he had ony drunk one pint of Bollinger and one of our 63 Port, but its astonishing how heasily sum peeple's heds is affected. I was in hopes as he woud have tried the experymint on me, but he didn't, but went smiling away.

I shood werry much have liked to have heard a good deal more about them werry old Copperashuns, and weather they was to be compared to that werry old 'un as I nose so well and respecs so ighly, for good deeds as well as good living. Take their werry last one as a sample. Earing of what was a going on down at Kilburn on Guy Fox day, and finding as the return train would bring me back in time for my perfeshnal dooties, I went there and found thowsands of peeple all met in a nice little new Park, that the old LORD MARE was a coming down to fust of all crissen, and then throw open to the publick. And down he came accordingly in his full state Carridge, and his full state Footmen, and his full state Sherryiffs, and their full state Carridges and Footmen, jest for all the world as if he was a going to make a call on a few Royal Princes and Dooks, insted of opening a new Park surrounded by numbers of the reel working-classes. But he always has bin a reel gennelman, and never makes no difference atween rich and poor when he can do some good. I wasn't quite near enuff to hear what he said when he made his speech, but a werry respectable reporter arterwards told me, that the LORD MARE had written a letter to QUEEN VICTORIA to ask if he might call the Park after her. And she had wrote to him in reply, "Deer HANDSUM, as there 's alreddy a Victoria Park, you may call this here one the Qween's Park. Pleas to remember this 5th of Nowember, Yours trewly, W. R. I."

When the LORD MARE enounced this pleasing intelligence, thus simply exprest, lorks how we did all cheer, and a little band that had bin hid in a little tent, struck up the hole of arf a werse of *God Save the Queen*, at which we all took off our hats, footmen and all, and braved the bitter blarst with our bare heds. Ah, that's wot I calls trew loyalty, and long may it continue, not the cold bitter blarst, but the warm sweet loyalty, for I'm sorry to say as the unusual xposure guv me a bad cold.

I got back just in time for the Bankwet. The LORD MARE with his usual kindness had let the Chairman of the Committee, the sillibrated Mr. WOODBACON, the grate bookseller, take the Chair, and a remarkabul good un he made, setting so good a xample as regards short speeches as made ewerybody follow suit.

And now what was this hole proceeding all about? This is what I learnt from what was said:—

It wood seem then, that at Kilburn where it was wunce all green feelds, there has growed up a reglar crowd of working peeple with far more than their fair share of children and as the feelds has all come for to be bilt over, the poor little children afoursaid have been obleeged to do their playing in the streets, and the nateral or rather unnateral consequence has follered, as that numbers of the poor little deers was run over and killed. So a nice little Park has been made for 'em all to play in, where they can injoy their fresh hair and releeve their poor Mother's minds, and grow up red and strong and harty, instead of white and weak and wan. And the old Copperashun having put it all ship shape, and promist to keep it all in order for hever, arsked the LORD MARE to go down and open it, as he did, and in sitch full state that one of the natives said as it was like a lot of sunbeams suddenly cumming out on a clowdy day. So the LORD MARE finished his long list of good deeds by adding one more to 'em, and the Copperashun added one more Open Space to the many they has either secured or helped to secure. So wenever I hears a sneer at 'em I shall say, "Please to remember that 5th of November!"

ROBERT.

BARNUM's Show burnt. Of course he will rise like an American phœnix from the ashes. He will advertise it as Burnum's Show.

"PRAVE 'ORTS."

"BY THE BYE, DEAR PROFESSOR, WHICH WOULD *YOU* SAY—*ABIOGÉN-ESIS*, OR *ABIOGENÉS-IS*?"

"*NEITHER*, MY DEAR MADAM, IF I COULD POSSIBLY HELP IT!"

AN IMPORTANT SUMMING-UP. (*By Our Own Special Reporter in the recent case of Somebody or Other* v. *Another Person of the name of* BARLEY).—Mr. Justice MATHEW regretted being compelled to decide against BARLEY on the question of "quantities." Of course, there had been an error on the part of the highly respectable Corporation of Ramsgate, which might be characterised as a "sin of commission," while the neglect of their clerk to enter their arrangement with BARLEY on the minutes was a "sin of omission." All the witnesses in this case must be believed, as they had, *à propos* of BARLEY, taken their oats—he should say their oaths. Perhaps when the present statute came to be revised, Mr. BARLEY might act for the town, for which it appears he had done good service, and BARLEY would not have to hide under a bushel. It was clear that this sort of BARLEY was worth more than the present price of 28*s*. a quarter. Counsel on both sides had made an eloquent display of wheat—he begged pardon, he meant "wit"—and if in this judgment he had to tread on anyone's corn, he assured them that to do so went against the grain. As an official, BARLEY would have the sack, but sack and all could be taken up to another court, and there, as a German speaking French would say, *On beut Barley*, about it still further. (The Jury thanked his Lordship, and all the parties left the Court much pleased, humming *All about the Barley*.

"THEY acted a Greek Play at Cambridge, my dear," said Mrs. RAM to a friend, "and fancy, it was written, as I am informed, by a young lady, Miss SOPHIE KLEES. I suppose she is a student of Girton. How clever! *I* couldn't write it, I'm sure."

THE "*Quart d'heure de Rabelais*," if translated into Anglo-French, may be taken to express a bad time of it with the roughs in Trafalgar Square, *i.e.*, a *mauvais quart d'heure de Rabble—eh?*

THE Works of CHARLES DICKENS must have achieved great popularity in South Eastern Europe, where there is an entire country called Boz-nia.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

Schoolboy (aged 16). "Good-bye, old Chappies! Can't waste any more time with *you*. 'Good business'!"

TOM BROWN & CO.'S SCHOOL DAYS.

A Glimpse at the Commercial Education of the Future.

TWELVE o'Clock struck, and the Fourth Form at St. Dunstan's left its class-room with a rush. The old hour of leaving off the morning's studies was still preserved. Yet, in conformity with the spirit of the times, the venerable foundation of St. Dunstan's had recently witnessed great changes. The Governing Body had taken the matter in hand, and had gone to work with a will. The teaching of Greek and Latin had been entirely suppressed, polite literature eliminated, and the whole curriculum of the school arranged solely to the provision of that glaring want of the times, a sound commercial education. To effect this, some radical changes had been necessary. The Rev. JABEZ PLUMKIN, D.D., Oxford Prizeman, through whose unwearied exertions, for the past five-and-twenty years, St. Dunstan's had been gradually acquiring an increasing fame in the Class-lists of both Universities, had been forcibly ejected from the Head-Mastership, and his place filled by a leading member of a well-known firm of advertising stock-jobbers, and the Assistant-Masters had all been selected on similar lines.

"Company-floating," was taught by a late Promoter, who had had much experience in the creation of many bubble concerns, and "Rigging the Market" was entrusted to a Professor who was known, in his capacity as Accountant to a wholesale City Cheese Warehouse, to have contracted a thorough familiarity with this important subject of the new commercial education. Everything was done to foster a spirit of keen speculative enterprise in the boys. The whole traditions of the school were changed. The old idea of honour had died out. How to over-reach each other by sharp practice was the one idea that animated every youthful breast from the senior in the Sixth to the junior in the Under Third. The tape was always working at the Principal's desk. The study-tables were covered with Stock and Mining Journals. Even the playground was turned into a Money Market. Cricket had been banished to make way for the more exciting game of "Bulls and Bears," and the Principal passing through occasionally, would sometimes stop and say, "That's right, my boys, learn to do each other, and remember the motto of your School, 'Monies maketh man.'" Posted up upon the gates, communicated by telegraph hourly from the City, were every day to be found the latest prices. And it was to get a first look at this that the Fourth Form had just left its class-room with a rush.

A crowd of eager faces were anxiously scanning the latest quotations, and notes were being taken in a score of pocket-books, whipped out for the purpose. TOM BROWN & Co.—he had earned this *sobriquet* from his companions for his shrewd business capacity—did not, however, join the throng, but stood a little way off, looking on, and waiting for the excitement to abate. Gradually it calmed down, and the boys broke up into little knots and groups, discussing the state of the market. Then he spoke:—

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "I've got a good thing on here, that, I fancy, will be more worth your attention than even the latest prices." He pulled a prospectus from his pocket. An interested crowd closed round him at once. "It's 'Old Mother NOGGINS, *Limited*,'" he went on, reading from the paper before him, "This *Company has been started for the* purpose of acquiring at wholesale prices all the tarts, bull's-eyes, apples, toffy, and ginger-beer, forming the present stock-in-trade of Old Mother NOGGINS's store, and for retailing the same at a figure, that will, after paying the guaranteed interest on the fourpenny debenture shares, admit of the declaration of a dividend of 14 per cent. on the ordinary paid-up share capital of the Company.

A buzz of excited admiration went up from the throng. The Fourth Form at St. Dunstan's had not for a long time had such a good thing put before it.

"I know," continued TOM, producing a bundle of forms of application from his pocket, "that you fellows, would like to hear of it. Who 'll go for it?"

There was a loud responsive shout of "I!" and a dozen hands were at once stretched towards the speaker. Business commenced, and sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns were pouring into TOM'S pockets faster than he could cram them there. He was making a very good morning's work of it. Presently, a dull, heavy-looking boy joined the group.

"Hullo, FLOPPER!" cried TOM, addressing this last arrival, "why don't you put that ten bob your Uncle sent you into this thing? I'll be bound he told you to turn it over. You won't get such a chance every day."

"What is it?" asked FLOPPER.

A chorus of voices instantly joined in a brief explanation of the advantages of investing in "Old Mother NOGGINS' Limited."

"By Jove!" said FLOPPER, "I don't know that I won't."

"Not if I know it," cried an authoritative voice, breaking in upon the scene. It was SNAGSBY, the "Sharper" who spoke. There was a general look in his direction, and a disposition to make way for him as he approached. He had been mixed up disadvantageously in a recent "corner" in marbles, and had from time to time floated several concerns that had never paid any dividends, and was generally regarded as a "queer" customer in consequence. It was for this reason that he had been nicknamed the "Sharper."

"And what do you want him to do with his money?" asked TOM, stepping forward in a defiant attitude.

"He'll put every blessed halfpenny of it into my 'General Penknife Supply,'" was the laconic reply. "He signed for the allotment last night."

"But I've changed my mind," pleaded FLOPPER, helplessly, and he handed the half-sovereign to TOM.

"You give that up!" cried the Sharper, menacingly.

"You try to take it!" replied TOM, grimly.

In another instant the Sharper had flown at TOM. There was a brief struggle. TOM hit out at him, and caught him in the face.

"Oh, that's your game, is it!" shouted the Sharper. "You 'll fight me for that."

"Fight you? When and where you like," replied TOM.

There was a general cheering and throwing up of hats.

"Hooray! There's going to be a fight between the Sharper and TOM BROWN & Co.," shouted the Fourth Form. They hadn't had such good news for a long time.

* * * * * *

The whole School was there, and the third round had been fought. Betting had been fast and furious, and there had been several attempts made by the supporters of both champions to break the ring and put an end to the contest when the fortunes of the day seemed to be going against their own special favourite. But now a curious thing happened. After a little preliminary sparring in the fourth round, TOM BROWN & Co., suddenly dropping on one knee, went to the ground.

In a few seconds the surprising news was known that he had given in. The sponge was thrown up, and the Sharper declared the victor. TOM was quickly surrounded by his friends, and led off the field. FLOPPER ran up to him. "I'm so sorry, TOM," he said, "that you should have fought in my quarrel, and have got licked."

There was a twinkle in TOM'S eye. "My dear fellow," he replied. "Don't imagine I wouldn't have thrashed him; but business is business, and I got a good price for not doing so. Didn't you twig that *I sold the fight*?"

* * * * * *

That night TOM BROWN & Co. wrote home an enthusiastic account of his day's doings to his parents. The next morning, TOM BROWN, Senior, referring to the letter with a glow of pride on his commercial face, remarked to his better-half that the boy's training seemed perfect, and that he was destined to turn out remarkably well. "I can't tell you," he added, "how I long to see that boy loose upon the Stock Exchange. He will be a credit to the family."

A BOOK has been recently published entitled *The Amateur's Guide to Architecture*, by SOPHIE BEALE. SOPHIE shows us how a house should be Beale't. But just imagine an Amateur Architect!!

THE complaint of the Charity Organisation Society, slightly varied from SHAKSPEARE, is that "The quality of Mercy is not *trained*."

SHOWS VIEWS.

By Victor Who-goes-Everywhere.

WHAT can be more dismal than the fourth day of a Fancy Bazaar for a "Sale of Work," in aid of a parochial charity? Honestly, I do not know. I fancy that even the proverbial "Mute a't a funeral," must be livelier. That is my present opinion, and it was the same last Thursday, when lured by a programme quaintly printed in "old-faced" type, and having "ye" in lieu of "the," and "Maister" instead of Mister, I made my way to the Portman Rooms in Baker Street, (formerly Madame TUSSAUD'S) and sought admission to "Old Marybone Gardens, A.D. 1670." Outside the ex *depôt* of Waxworks, were two persons in the costume of the last Century distributing circulars, and later on I met another couple similarly apparelled heading a procession of Sandwich-men walking down Waterloo Place. In the Hall of the Bazaar lads in the same sort of dresses, were selling programmes (marked sixpence) for twopence. I entered by a small canvass-cottage "y'clept" (as the Sale of Workers would call it) "the Rose of Normandy," and found myself in the once famous "Hall of Kings" without the figures. I discovered two or three dwarf trees, some lattice-work and a lot of canvass-covering. I must confess it did not cause me much surprise to find only a few spectators. The moment I appeared, a lady advanced and asked me in a tone of authority to take a button-hole. I refused with courtesy suggestive at once of the gallant and the miser, and the Sale of Work-woman retired rather crest-fallen. Then two girls, costumed as two females of a past but vague period, dashed at me as I turned away, and breathlessly explained that if I bought a half-crown ticket I should be entitled to a chance in a raffle for a five-guinea sofa-cushion. I slightly frowned as I expeditiously refused the invitation, and the ladies disappeared into a corner—I trust more in sorrow than in anger—to read the evening paper. In the centre of the room was a "fish pond" full of presents, where a mild-looking curate was feebly attempting to secure a prize. On the whole the entertainment was scarcely exhilarating. The programme promised "from V to VI of ye clocke" (how silly!) "a *séance* of Mesmerism," in two "partes," (how really stupid!) and "Maister CHARLES BERTRAM" (Why "Maister?") was to appear later on. Then at eight "of ye clocke" (dear, dear! *how* idiotic!) "the Welbeck Dramatic Club" (what a name!) was "to performe ye Comic Drama by L. S. BUCKINGHAM, y'clept" (of course!) "*Take that Girl away.*" Later still "Mistresse JARLEY" was to give her waxworks with the assistance of "Maister SIDNEY WARD," (tut, tut!) the Festival finally closing with "Music" at "X of ye clocke" (stuff and nonsense!). It will be seen that I cannot even now look at the programme (priced at sixpence and sold for twopence) without some signs of impatience. The afternoon was too young to allow of my assisting at any of these toothsome merry-makings, so after mooning about for a quarter of an hour I came away. As I left, a newly-arrived dame of mature years was putting on a nurse's cap hurriedly, evidently with the view to starting in hot pursuit of me to secure my custom for some toys. The ladies with the cushion looked at me languidly as I passed them, and then returned to a perusal of their paper. When last I had had the advantage of paying a visit to "the Portman Rooms, formerly Mme. TUSSAUD'S," I had seen nothing but waxwork figures in eccentric attitudes. On the whole, I think the former denizens of the place looked more at home in their quaint costumes than the Sale of Workers "from Tuesday, November 22 to Saturday, November 26, inclusive!"

Finding myself in its neighbourhood, I could not help taking a turn in the present palace of the eminent "Portrait Modellist." I paid the necessary shilling and the optional sixpence, and renewed my acquaintance with "The Kings and Queens," "The Coronation Group," and "The Chamber of Horrors." A group representing a reception at the Vatican was quite new, if I except two or three funeral attendants, who, I fancy I remember, made their last (but one) appearance at the Lying in State of PIO NONO. After examining a rather cheerful presentment of the latest assassin in "The Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy" (as the Chamber of Horrors was once, for a short period, "y'clept"), I passed through a turnstile, and entered the Refreshment Department. Here I noticed that an "overflow meeting," consisting, amongst other more-or-less-interesting exhibits of Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD'S historical costume-wearers (from the Healtheries), and that now rather-imperfectly-remembered worthy, the late Sir BARTLE FRERE (from the rooms above), had been humorously arranged, no doubt with a view to provoking healthy and hearty laughter. Having refreshed my mind with a hurried inspection of this delightful, albeit, somewhat miscellaneous gathering, and my body with a twopenny Bath bun, I gracefully retired, greatly pleased with the afternoon's entertainment.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT a set these Emperors, Empresses, Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, &c., &c., and all such great people everywhere seem to have been, according to the *Memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel* (published by Messrs. REMINGTON & Co.), who was a kind of small French PEPYS, a great snob, and a Parisian *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. Yet there is in this HORACE something of the Horatian satirist, only without the poetry.

"But HORACE, Sir, was delicate, was nice,"

Reviewing the Pages.

which is not exactly the characteristic of the writings of M. DE VIEL CASTEL, who tells us

> "Of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
> More than ten HOLLINSHEDS, or HALLS, or STOWES.
> When the Queen frowned, or smiled, he knows; and what
> A subtle Minister may make of that:
> Who sins with whom:"——

And such like tittle-tattle *ad nauseam*, not sparing his own father and brother. Imagine the sort of man who, night after night, could sit down and chuckle over the composition of this precious diary! "With the exception of the President and the Princess" (MATHILDE, at whose house he was perpetually dining), he says, "all the (BUONAPARTE) family are good for nothing."

Of the *bourgeois* class he writes, "They are always the same stupid, craven-hearted, vain race." He was shocked at the production of *La Dame aux Camelias*, and considered it as a degradation of the French stage and a disgrace to the Public that patronised the performance. To have shocked M. DE VIEL CASTEL was a feat indeed. FOULD "the foxy Jew" got ten millions out of the Crédit Foncier; so the public was fool'd also. D'ORSAY was "a ridiculous old doll," and the Duke of BRUNSWICK "an old fool." He sneered at England, but considered at the moment that an alliance with us was the best policy. The Empress at one time went in for spirit-rapping, and consulted a table which told her a variety of lies about the result and duration of the Crimean War. Such a table must have been very black and supported by blacklegs, though it had sufficient french polish about it to be silent in the presence of a bishop. It is not until the last page of the *Memoirs*, 1864, that the name of M. DE BISMARCK appears. I suppose that "Society," high, low, or middle-class, has always gone on in much the same way, more or less openly, according to the spirit of the Court, since what is called "Society" came into existence; and invariably with a VIEL CASTEL, or a GREVILLE, or some one even less particular and more observant "among them takin' notes" for future publication. Mr. BOUSFIELD, the translator, seems to have done his work with a judicious regard for a certain section of English readers. It strikes me that he has had the good taste to omit a few anecdotes about some of our own exalted personages which would not have been received with unmixed satisfaction in every quarter. This is only a surmise on my part, as I am unacquainted with the original work.

Let me recommend everyone who values a powerful study of character more than a merely cleverly-constructed story, to read *Marzio's Crucifix*, by MARION CRAWFORD. I do not know what special opportunities the author had for the work, but the characters are individually, masterpieces. The scene between *Marzio* and *Don Paolo*, when the latter is wrapt in devout contemplation of the artist's *chef d'œuvre*, is most striking, and would have been more so had *Marzio* carried out his intention of knocking his brother down, and disposing of him out of hand.

With Mr. SAUNDERS'S *The Story of some Famous Books* (ELLIOT STOCK) I was rather disappointed, in consequence of there not being enough "famous books," and not much more story than the needy knife-grinder had to tell. Still, I thank him for introducing me to a delightful name—"THEOPOMPUS of Chios"—whom, for this present, I will take as my godfather, and sign myself,

Yours, THEOPOMPUS, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS.—The Specials.

AN EYE FOR "ELECTIVE AFFINITIES."

Sir Edwin. "HULLO, ANGY! STEW-PAN! APRON! TRIPE AND ONIONS! WHAT ON EARTH 'S UP!"

The Lady Angelina. "YES, DEAREST! SINCE *YOU* 'VE BECOME A *SPECIAL CONSTABLE, I'M* DOING MY LITTLE UTMOST TO BECOME A SPECIAL *COOK!* I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BIND US STILL CLOSER TOGETHER!" *Sir Edwin.* "MY OWN *LOVE!!!*"

LIGHTING THE DUBLIN BEACON.

(*A Ballad of the Brave Old Sort.*)

"IT was all for the Union
We left fair Albion's land.
It was all for the Union
We first saw Irish land,
My Boy!
We first saw Irish land!

"All must be done that man can do.
Shall it be done in vain?
My G-SCH-N, to prove that untrue
We two have crossed the main,
My Boy!
We two have crossed the main!"

He turned him round and right-about
All on the Irish shore.
Said he, "We 'll give P-RN-LL a shake,
And make the Rads to roar,
My Boy!
And make the Rads to roar!"

He was a stout and trusty carle.
Said he, "A flare we 'll raise,
And, spite the Leaguers' angry snarl,
We 'll make the Beacon blaze,
My Boy!
We 'll make the Beacon blaze!

"Who says our friends a handful are,
Our foes a serried host?
Our Beacon, blazing like a star,
Shall check the blatant boast,
My Boy!
Shall check the blatant boast.

"Not all are to sedition sworn,
Or shackled by the League.
Cheer up! We 'll laugh their hate to scorn,
And baffle their intrigue,
My Boy!
And baffle their intrigue.

"Puff, G-SCH-N, puff! Like Boreas blow!
And I the logs will pile.
The Beacon, now a slender glow,
Shall blaze across the Isle,
My Boy!
Shall blaze across the Isle.

"Eh? What? The wood is damp, you say?
There comes more smoke than flame?
Nay; pile, and poke, and puff away!
We 'll not give up the game,
My Boy!
We 'll not give up the game.

"If we should let this fire die out
All on the Irish shore,
To Unionism stern and stout
Adieu for evermore,
My Boy!
Adieu for evermore!"

THE TWO CANONS AND BEAN-BAGGERS.—The Bean-baggers are likely to come badly off with two such big guns against them as Canons LIDDON and MCCOLL. Let the matter be settled amicably by agreeing that whatever it was they did see was a "What-you-McColl-it."

HOW TO ESCAPE THE FOG.

FOGS? Nonsense! Fogs are always mist. And the way to miss them is to go to the Institute of Painters in Oil. That will oil the wheels of life in this atrociously hibernal weather, and make existence in a fog enjoyable. There, in the well-warmed, pleasantly-lighted rooms, will you find countless pleasant pictures—delightful sea-subjects, charming landscapes, and amusing scenes, by accomplished painters, which will infuse a little Summer into the dull, depressing, brumous, filthy atmosphere of a weary London Winter. If you cannot get away to Monte Carlo, Mentone, Nice, or Rome, hasten at once and take one of Sir JOHN LINTON'S excursion *coupons*, and personally conduct yourself—if you *don't* conduct yourself as you ought, you'll probably be turned out—round the well-filled galleries in Piccadilly.

SIR DRUMMOND is ordered off to Teheran. "Well, we're successful in keeping one WOLFF from our door," as Sir GORST, Q.C., observed to GRANDOLPH. "Poor WOLFFY!" sighed GRANDOLPH. "I shall write a fable on 'The WOLFF and the Shah!'"

SARDOU AND SARA.—SARA B. has made a hit in what is reported to be a poor play called *La Tosca*, by SARDOU. But in consequence of SARA'S acting, it is in for a run. *Che Sara sara, i.e.* (free translation), "Who has seen SARA once will see SARA again."

LIGHTING THE DUBLIN BEACON.

A DOWN-Y PHILOSOPHER;

Or, Memoirs of a Missing Link.

I've no particular reason to think an account of my life will interest anybody. That being so, I don't know why I write it. But I do. I suppose it's Chance. H-xl-y (who *is* such fun!) calls my Memoir, because I'm a F.R.S., a case of "*Fellow-De-Se.*"

Seal making a Deep Impression.

Talking of Chance, everything that has ever happened to me *has* been Chance!

For instance, what could have been more a matter of luck than my choosing a house at Down? H-xl-y says something about being "Down on my luck." (What a master of style old H-xl-y is, to be sure!)

Then there was that voyage on the *Sea-Mew*. If it hadn't been that my Uncle kicked me six times round his garden at Shrewsbury, because I said "I'd be jiggered if I went," I don't believe I should ever have had courage to accept the appointment of Naturalist to the expedition. That voyage gave me an object in life. My nose had *made* me an object in life before that (*vide Portrait*), but Natural Selection triumphed over my nose, and so I became in due time famous, and an Ag-nose-tic!

My Schooldays.

At school I was an exceptionally naughty boy. I cannot conceive what induced me to tell another little boy that I had often produced crab-apples by taking a dead crab and burying it in an orchard, but I did. My little friend, I recollect, didn't believe me, and indeed pulled my nose (always a sore point with me, but he made its point much sorer) for telling what he called "beastly crams." We had a fight, I also remember. Perhaps I ought to call it a "struggle for existence." He was much the "fittest," and he survived. *I* got licked.

Choice of Calling.

My extreme naughtiness continued unabated when I became a young man. Nobody expected I should ever "do" anything—except six months' hard labour! At Cambridge I was so shockingly "rowdy," that my father declared, there was no alternative but to send me into the Church. But as I was hunting with the College drag at the hour when I ought to have been in for my Ordination Examination, the Bishop failed to see matters in the same light. I then decided to be a Doctor. If I had stuck to this profession I fancy that my turn for trying experiments would have landed me in some exalted position—possibly at Newgate. As it was, after attending a lecture on Surgery, I was discovered in the local Hospital trying to cut off a patient's leg on an entirely new principle, with a pair of scissors and an old meat-saw, and I was nearly "run in" for manslaughter. I decided to give up Medicine, and a slight shindy over a supposed error of mine in calculating a score having prevented my becoming a success as a Public-house Billiard-marker, I thought I would make my mark in another way, as a breeder of race-horses. Being, however, forcibly chucked out of Newmarket Heath one day for an alleged irregularity which I never could understand, I began really to wonder what profession I *was* fitted to adorn.

I become a Naturalist.

It was at this time that the Captain of the *Sea-Mew* offered me that post of which I have before spoken. I accepted it, and began at once to lower the record in sea-sickness, being never once well on board ship *for three whole years!* It was a new experience, and altered me a good deal. From being rowdy and idle I became quiet and abnormally diligent. If you don't believe this, ask H-xl-y (who *is* such fun!). On returning to England I at once settled Down, and began to write books.

The "Origin of Species."

This work is my title to fame. It only took me thirty-three years and six months to write. I felt quite glad when it was finished. People who have read it tell me they feel the same. The row it caused was frightful! If you want to see "Soapy Sam's" slashing *Quarterly Review* article pulverised, read H-xl-y's reply. (But, *query*—isn't this scientific log-rolling?) The remark which was made, after perusing the book, by that eminent Botanist, my friend Professor Hookey, was—"Walker!" But he was soon converted.

My Way of Working.

This, also, can't interest anybody, yet I give it. I get up at 4 A.M., and take a walk. From 7 to 10 I work. After dinner—with champagne—I take another stroll. I have made most astonishing scientific discoveries at this time. I could point out the exact spot in the road where I became convinced that *the whole country had been elevated sixteen feet since the morning!* H-xl-y, who was with me, quite agreed, and said that we must all have been elevated at the same time, without knowing it.

My Favourite Authors.

These are, of course, Lyell on *Lias*, and Hookey on *Herbaceous Foraminifera*. They are far superior to Shakspeare, who bores me. I like novels, the trashier the better. Only let 'em end well, and I don't care how they begin, or whether they begin at all. In newspapers, the best part, I think, is the Parliamentary Debates. In reading them I have often got valuable hints as to the "Origin of Speeches," and they frequently afford conclusive evidence of the "Descent of Man." I thought of bringing Parliamentary manners in as a chapter in my book on "Earth-worms," but H-xl-y advised me not to, and I didn't.

My Nose.

I think I've mentioned this feature before. It troubles me. It is undoubtedly of a low type, yet it has survived! Why have I not been fitted with a fitter one? It is another instance of the fact that everything—including my fame—has come to me by sheer luck. H-xl-y says "there's a Dar-winning modesty about this last remark." Also says, "I've found the 'Philosopher's Tone.'" (What screaming fun H-xl-y always is!)

My Portraits.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say one word as to the Photographs preceding these volumes. *They aren't the least little bit like me!* In Volume One I appear as the unmistakable "Country Butcher." In Volume Two I am "The Gorilla Asleep," or "Beetle-brow Napping" (after a beetle-hunt, probably). Volume Three represents me as the Typical Brigand of Transpontine Melodrama.

Why, too, has the Photographer insisted on bringing out that unfortunate feature of mine so prominently?

Why? indeed! Who nose?

THE LARKS AND THE ROSES.

(*Ballad, by Milton Featherly Jonsone.*)

The roses were blowing, like whales in the sea
Where the apple-bloom icebergs plunged fearless and free,
And the larks carolled madly their high jubilee
In the ether.
The daisies ran riot in sunshine and shade,
And the call of the cuckoo was heard from the glade,
Where Summer with mellow monotony play'd
On her zither.

Rose on the Swell.

Tempo di Valse.

Ho, larks and roses! | Hey, we rose at morning prime;
Hey, the bonny weather! | Ho, we lark'd together!

'Mid roses and larks in our shallop we glide
By Inglesham poplars, on Teddington's tide,
Where the water of Thame under Sinodun slide,
And at Marlow,
By Cliveden's green caverns, and Abingdon's walls,
Where wirgles the Windrush, where Eynsham weir falls,
By Sonning, or Sandford (whose lasher recalls
Mr. Barlow).

Con tenerezza.

Oh, larks, and ro(w)ses | Silver water-lilies, love;
On the shining river; | Love will last for ever!

But the blooms turn'd to apples for urchins to munch,
And the roses were sold at a penny a bunch,
And the larks were served up for an Alderman's lunch,
Dead and cold, love;
And the lustre has faded from tresses and cheek,
And the eyes do not sparkle, the eyes that I seek,
And the temper is strong and the logic is weak
Of my old love.

Snuffiamente.

No larks and roses | Ruby-red love's nose is;
In a winter gloaming; | Chilblain time a-coming.

The Watchword of the Sugar-Bounty Conference.—"England expects that every man (and woman) will pay an import duty."

Latest French Cookery.—Spilling the Gravy.

HOW WE ADVERTISE NOW.

THE PALACE OF (ADVERTISING) ART.

(*A Long Way After the Laureate.*)

I FOUND myself a huckster's pleasure-place,
Wherein 'twas horrible to dwell.
I said, "O Soul, *the* object of our race
Is ever one—to sell."

A huge-walled wilderness of ways it was,
With hoardings of exceeding height,
Which no one without pangs of fear could pass,
And spasms of affright.

Its purpose, though, was plain; 'twas simply
Whether a woman wild of glare, [pelf;
Or a colossal man shaving himself,
All, all meant money there.

"And while the world rolls round and round," I said,
"Advertisement is the one thing
Which need concern the wise and worldly head
Of huckster, histrio, king."

To which my soul made answer readily,—
"In patience I must fain abide
In these vast vistas of vulgarity,
Stretching on every side."

* * * *

Full of long-reaching bulks of board it was,
Where, glaring forth from ghostly gloom,
Were gibbering monkeys grinning in a glass,
In a dame's dressing-room.

And some were hung with daubs of green and blue,
As gaudy as a cheap Cremorne,
Where actors postured in the public view,
Some frantic, some forlorn.

One seemed all glare and gore—a stabbing hand,
A woman flopping with a groan;
An ill-drawn idiot trying to look grand,
Big-nosed, and high in bone.

One showed an ochre coast and emerald waves;
You seemed to see them rise and fall,
As infant supers—wretched little slaves—
Under the canvass crawl.

And one a full-faced, flushed comedian—low—
Showing his teeth, with nervous strain,
With queer goggle-eyes striking like a blow,
And causing quite a pain.

And one a miser, hoarding fruits of toil,
In front a bony beak, behind,
Wisps of grey hairs all destitute of oil,
Blown hoary on the wind.

And one a foreground with three hideous hags,
Each twice as tall as life, or higher,
Medusa-monsters, clothed in wretched rags,
And crouching round a fire.

And one an English home—lantern-light poured
On a forced safe, skeleton keys,
Whilst gloating o'er the family plate there stored,
Glowered the murderer, PEACE.

Nor these alone, but everything to scare,
Fit for each morbid mood of mind;
Murder and misery, want and woe were there
As large as life designed.

* * * * *

There was a fellow in a pretty fix,
"Tied to a corpse," all wild alarm,
Struggling across a sort of sooty Styx,
The "body" on his arm.

Or in a snow-choked city wretchedly,
Dead babe at breast, with bare blown hair,
A ruined woman crawled with quivering knee;
Two bobbies scowled at her. [knee;

"SABLES."

Pastor. "HOW I DO REGRET, MY DEAR MADAM, TO SEE YOU WEARING THESE SAD HABILIMENTS OF WOE!" *Widow.* "'M YE-ES. BLACK NEVER DID SUIT ME!"

Or, posing in a footlight paradise,
A group of Houris smirked to see
Young fools with clapping hands and ogling eyes
Which said, "*We* come for *ye!*"

Or else a lost and deeply wounded one,
In a wild swamp all bilious greens,
Came on a corpse a bare branch dangling on;
The ghastliest of scenes!

Hollo'ed a half-choked boy with horrid fear,
A brute the rope about to draw;
A second with a knife and axe was near
To give the first Lynch Law.

Or in a railway-tunnel, iron rail'd,
A man lay bound; his blood ran ice
Who looked thereon, an engine shrieked; he paled,
And fainted in a trice.

A monkey by her hair a woman clasp'd;
From her poor head it seemed half torn,
One ape-hand dragged it back; the other grasp'd
A steel blade's haft of horn.

A hideous babe in nauseous nudity,
Huge-headed, grinning like a clown,
Advertised Soap. A vile monstrosity,
The terror of the Town!

Nor these alone; but every horror rare,
Which the sensation-poisoned mind.
Imaged to advertise vile trash, was there—
As large as life design'd.

* * * * *

Deep dread and loathing of these horrors
Fell on my Soul, hard to be borne, [crude,
She cried, "Why should these *incubi* intrude
And plague us night and morn?

"What! is not this a civilised town," she
"A spacious city, cultured, free? [said,
Why give it up to dismalness and dread,
Murder and misery?"

In every corner of that city stood,
Unholy shapes, and spectral scares,
And fiends, and phantoms, brutal scenes of blood,
And horrible nightmares.

"We are shut up as in a tomb, girt round
With charnel scenes on every wall;
Wherever echoes of town-traffic sound,
Or human footsteps fall.

She cried, "By Jove, it is a pretty game
That Man, the Advertiser's thrall,
Should have these scenes of grimness, gore, and shame,
Shock him from every wall.

"The very cab-horses go wild with fears!
I rather fancy it is time
To stop these poster-terrors, placard-tears,
And advertising crimes.

"Yes, yes, pull down these pictured screens that are
All dedicate to gore and guilt,
Not solely for Soap-vendor or Stage-star
Was our big Babylon built!

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*A Promenade Concert. Interval between Parts I. and II. Crowd collecting before Platform.*

Highly Respectable Matron (*to female Friend*). As to being *beautiful*, it's not for me to say, but they're clean-limbed, healthy children, thank Heaven! and what more do you want? (*The* Friend *makes a complimentary protest.*) Well, it may be so; but, to come back to *her*. I don't like her present home so well as I did her first—not so tasty, to my mind. She's got nice things about her, though, I *will* say—a nice sideboard, a nice . . . (*Inventory follows here.*)

The Friend (*darkly*). All the same, it's a constant wonder to me how she can ever bring herself to sleep in *that* bed!

The H. R. M. I couldn't myself; but (*charitably*) we've not all the same feelings. (*Crush increases; Female Promenader with very yellow hair passes, with apologies.*) "Excuse me, Madame" (*with attempt at mimicry*); ah—and she *needs* it! The orchestra's coming back now. I didn't notice that young woman among them before—what's *she* going to play, I wonder?

The Friend. Whatever it is, she might look more pleasant over it!

The H. R. M. So she might—we can't all be good-looking, but we can all be pleasant—but they wouldn't have engaged her here, if she hadn't her gift!

The Friend. Oh, you may depend on it, she's got a gift—but I do call her plain, myself.

A Man with a very red nose (*to Companion*). And then, you see, I've this special advantage—my *immense* knowledge of the world. Think there's time for another before they begin again, eh?

[*Companion is of that opinion; adjournment to bar of house.*

Second Part begins; Lady Vocalist retiring after Song.

First Promenader. Brayvo! Engcore! What, she won't sing no more—sssh! [*Hisses furiously.*

The H. R. M. There's the orchestra themselves clapping her—and *they'd* know what's good.

Her Friend. She was dressed very nice, I thought.

The H. R. M. I never care to see hair done up that style myself.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Ladies of Chorus tripping up from below Stage for the Vocal Valse.

Ladies of Chorus (*all together*). Am I too black under the eyes, dear? Mind where you're going, Miss, please! Treading on people's toes like that—the great clumsy thing! I'm next to you, aren't I? I do feel so funny, my dear, don't you? For goodness sake, don't go setting me on the giggle *now!*

[*They range themselves modestly in a row at edge of platform.*

Rude Person (*in upper box with Punch squeak*). Rooti-*too*-ti! [*Roars of laughter.*

Ladies of C. (*indignantly*). Beast! I wish they'd give him something to *make* him rooti-toot, I do!

Conductor-Composer (*from behind*). Now, Ladies, ready please—keep the laugh steadier than you did last time, and wait for me at the repeat!

[*He taps on desk: each Lady of Chorus stiffens herself perceptibly and makes a little grimace.*

One Lady (*in whisper*), Oh, dear, I wish I was at home with my Ma! [*Her companions giggle.*

The H. R. M. It's as much as they can do to sing for laughing—they're *called* "Laughing Beauties," though. I like this one's face up at this end—she's so quiet and lady-like over it, and pretty too; they put all the pretty ones in front, but there's one quite an old woman behind. They're having all the fun down at the other end—how they *are* going on, to be sure!

[*End of Vocal Valse: loud applause. Ladies of Chorus retire after* encore *with air of graceful dignity.*

The Person with the Squeak. Goo'-bye, duckies!

[*Roars of laughter again: renewed indignation among Chorus.* Person with Squeak *feels like* SHERIDAN *and* THEODORE HOOK *rolled into one.*

IN THE GRAND CIRCLE.

A Young Gentleman (*who has set himself to form his* fiancée's *mind, but finds it necessary to proceed very gradually*). Now, CAROLINE, tell me—isn't this better than if we had gone to the Circus?

Caroline (*from the provinces; unmusical; simple in her tastes*). Yes, JOSEPH, only—(*timidly*)—there's more of what I call variety in a Circus—more going *on*, I mean.

The Y. G. (*with a sense of discouragement*). I quite see your meaning, dear, and it 's an entirely true observation; still, you *do* appreciate this magnificent orchestra, don't you now?

Caroline. I should have liked it better with different coloured curtains—maize *is* so trying.

The Y. G. (*mentally*). I won't write home to them about it *just* yet.

Orchestra begins a "Musical Medley" with Overture to "Tannhäuser."

The Y. G. (*who has lost his programme*). Now, CAROLINE—this is WAGNER—you'll like WAGNER, darling, I'm sure.

Caroline (*startled*). Shall I? Where is he? Will he come here? Must I speak to him?

The Y. G. No, no—he's *dead*—I mean, this is from his Opera—you must listen to this.

[*He watches her face for the emotion he expects: "Tannhäuser" melts suddenly into "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle."*

Caroline (*her face absolutely transfigured*). Oh, JOSEPH, dear, WAGNER'S perfectly *lovely!*

The Y. G. (*gloomily*). I see, I shall have to put you through a course of BACH, CAROLINE!

Caroline (*alarmed*). But there's nothing whatever the matter with me, JOSEPH! I'm not flushed am I?

[Young Gentleman *suppresses a groan.*

IN A BOX.

(*Musical Medley still in progress.*)

A Lady (*not much of an Opera-goer, who has been given a box at the last moment, and has insisted on her husband turning out to escort her*). It was silly of you to drop that programme, ROBERT—I should like to know what this piece is, it seems quite familiar—(*Orchestra playing "Soldiers' March" from Faust*)—*I* know—it's Faust, ROBERT, GOUNOD'S *Faust!*

[*Much pleased with herself for recollecting an Opera she has only heard once.*

Robert (*sleepily*). *I* know, my dear, all right.

[*Faust melts into air from "Pinafore"*

His Wife. Do you mean to say you don't remember *that*, ROBERT? *how* exquisite PATTI was in the part, to be sure!

Robert. Umph!

["*Pinafore*" *becomes* "*La ci darem*"—*which transforms itself without warning into* "*Two Lovely Black Eyes.*"

The Lady. There's nobody like GOUNOD! [*Claps her hands.*

Robert (*captiously*). GOUNOD 's all very well, I daresay, my dear; but it don't seem to me he's altogether *original*. I've heard something very like this tune before, and I 'll swear it wasn't by him!

The Lady. That's *very* likely; *all* the best airs get stolen nowadays, and dressed up so as to be quite unrecognisable; but that's not GOUNOD'S fault, is it?

[*Fans herself triumphantly, after vindicating her favourite Composer.* Robert *slumbers.*

BEHIND THE PLATFORM.

Erratic Promenader. Beg your pardon, Sir—tha' shtick, not 'tended meet *your* eye, Sir—'*nother* gerrilm'n's eye, Sir.

Fair Promenader (*to Lady Friend*). And I 'm sure I don't know how it is, but I 'm always crying now for just nothing at all, whenever I 'm alone.

The Lady Friend. That 's because you give way to it, dear. Come and have something to cheer you up—you 'll be a different person after it. [*Advice taken; prediction verified.*

The Err. Prom. I shay, here'sh lark! see tha' Bobby over there! he thinksh I'm *tight!* (*Waltzes up to him solemnly*). Ha'ive pleshure nexsht dansh you, Sir Charlesh?

The Policeman (*severely*). You keep your 'ands off of me, will you, and take yourself home—that 's my advice to *you!*

Err. Prom. (*outraged*). You 'pear me to under 'preshionthish is Hy' Par' or Trafa——(*with an effort*)—Trafa-ralgarar Square. I'm goin' teash you, free Briton not goin' put up with P'lice brurality!

[*Hits Policeman in the eye, and is removed, smiling feebly. Scene changes.*

An Open Question.

LORD SOLLY, at Paddies presuming to rail,
Must sneer at their "brogue," which the Markis finds stale.
Does he think a poor fellow must fain be a rogue
Because, born in Erin, he speaks with a brogue?
Celtic ears finds the drawl of the Saxon Swell flat,
And a Cockney may chaff at the *patois* of PAT.
But which is in fault—is it *really* so clear?—
The Irishman's tongue, or the Englishman's ear?

IN a recent case on appeal, HAMMOND & Co. *v.* BUSSEY, Mr. Justice BOWEN was understood (by Our Special Reporter) to say that a judgment relating to coals must be decided by the principles of COKE. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice FRY concurred; the latter observing that in winter a coal merchant must always be a BUSSEY person, though his Lordship admitted that this had nothing to do with the case. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice BOWEN at once concurred.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM PET).

One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.

EAR TOBY,

THE address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adulatory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century, or I may have been wrong. I will just mention that my friend, T-NN-S-N, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, once summed me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its charm. "J-HN BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-HN BR-GHT
Is always right.

He told me in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic poem of some seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea each. But, having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so comprehensive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than increased its value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

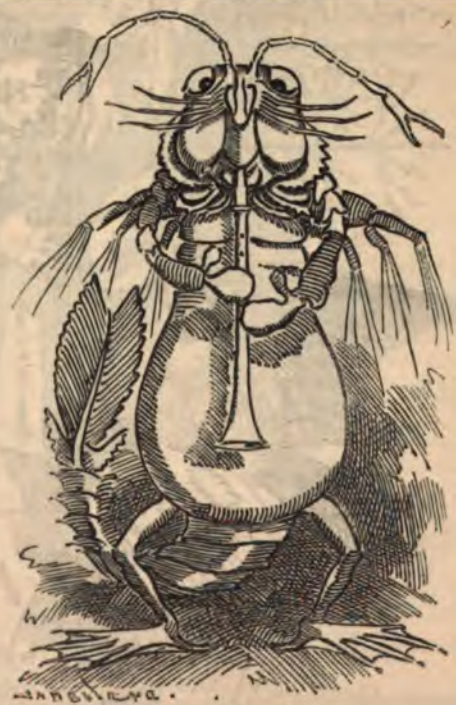
But I am wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not myself but my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point out is the curious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of which it is proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appellation. At that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension than that in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and supporter of Lord S-L-B-RY. pulling in the same boat as the H-M-LT-NS, and marching shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-RTL-TT. In those days I was wont to pour forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. D-SR-LI was my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then my address was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One Empire, One Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples among the Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, I have been right from the first. *I* have always been what the *Marchioness* called a "wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old companions have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved towards me. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. "J-HN BR-GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance is due to the ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

What I feel, dear TOBY, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the terrible feeling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men like GL-DST-NE, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down and say, "There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long time GL-DST-NE kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he has gone wrong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of his life—that is to say, steps in which he has chanced to walk in time with me—are obliterated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Apostle of Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-NE to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-NT-NCK said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-NT-NCK. "If BR-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining, Your friend, J-HN BR-GHT.

P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.



DARWINIAN ANCESTOR

Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Norrible Tail!!"

"Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*A Promenade Concert. Interval between Parts I. and II. Crowd collecting before Platform.*

Highly Respectable Matron (*to female Friend*). As to being *beautiful*, it's not for me to say, but they're clean-limbed, healthy children, thank Heaven! and what more do you want? (*The* Friend *makes a complimentary protest.*) Well, it may be so; but, to come back to *her*. I don't like her present home so well as I did her first—not so tasty, to my mind. She's got nice things about her, though, I *will* say—a nice sideboard, a nice . . . (*Inventory follows here.*)

The Friend (*darkly*). All the same, it's a constant wonder to me how she can ever bring herself to sleep in *that* bed!

The H. R. M. I couldn't myself; but (*charitably*) we've not all the same feelings. (*Crush increases: Female Promenader with very yellow hair passes, with apologies.*) "Excuse me, Madame" (*with attempt at mimicry*); ah—and she *needs* it! The orchestra's coming back now. I didn't notice that young woman among them before—what's *she* going to play, I wonder?

The Friend. Whatever it is, she might look more pleasant over it!

The H. R. M. So she might—we can't all be good-looking, but we can all be pleasant—but they wouldn't have engaged her here, if she hadn't her gift!

The Friend. Oh, you may depend on it, she's got a gift—but I do call her plain, myself.

A Man with a very red nose (*to Companion*). And then, you see, I've this special advantage—my *immense* knowledge of the world. Think there's time for another before they begin again, eh?

[*Companion is of that opinion: adjournment to bar of house.*

Second Part begins: Lady Vocalist retiring after Song.

First Promenader. Brayvo! Engcore! What, she won't sing no more—sssh! [*Hisses furiously.*

The H. R. M. There's the orchestra themselves clapping her—and *they'd* know what's good.

Her Friend. She was dressed very nice, I thought.

The H. R. M. I never care to see hair done up that style myself.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Ladies of Chorus tripping up from below Stage for the Vocal Valse.

Ladies of Chorus (*all together*). Am I too black under the eyes, dear? Mind where you're going, Miss, please! Treading on people's toes like that—the great clumsy thing! I'm next to you, aren't I? I do feel so funny, my dear, don't you? For goodness sake, don't go setting me on the giggle *now!*

[*They range themselves modestly in a row at edge of platform.*

Rude Person (*in upper box with Punch squeak*). Rooti-*too*-ti! [*Roars of laughter.*

Ladies of C. (*indignantly*). Beast! I wish they'd give him something to *make* him rooti-toot, I do!

Conductor-Composer (*from behind*). Now, Ladies, ready please—keep the laugh steadier than you did last time, and wait for me at the repeat!

[*He taps on desk: each Lady of Chorus stiffens herself perceptibly and makes a little grimace.*

One Lady (*in whisper*), Oh, dear, I wish I was at home with my Ma! [*Her companions giggle.*

The H. R. M. It's as much as they can do to sing for laughing—they're *called* "Laughing Beauties," though. I like this one's face up at this end—she's so quiet and lady-like over it, and pretty too; they put all the pretty ones in front, but there's one quite an old woman behind. They're having all the fun down at the other end—how they *are* going on, to be sure!

[*End of Vocal Valse: loud applause. Ladies of Chorus retire after* encore *with air of graceful dignity.*

The Person with the Squeak. Goo'-bye, duckies!

[*Roars of laughter again: renewed indignation among Chorus.* Person with Squeak *feels like* SHERIDAN *and* THEODORE HOOK *rolled into one.*

IN THE GRAND CIRCLE.

A Young Gentleman (*who has set himself to form his* fiancée's *mind, but finds it necessary to proceed very gradually*). Now, CAROLINE, tell me—isn't this better than if we had gone to the Circus?

Caroline (*from the provinces; unmusical; simple in her tastes*). Yes, JOSEPH, only—(*timidly*)—there's more of what I call variety in a Circus—more going *on*, I mean.

The Y. G. (*with a sense of discouragement*). I quite see your meaning, dear, and it 's an entirely true observation; still, you *do* appreciate this magnificent orchestra, don't you now?

Caroline. I should have liked it better with different coloured curtains—maize *is* so trying.

The Y. G. (*mentally*). I won't write home to them about it *just* yet.

Orchestra begins a "Musical Medley" with Overture to "Tannhäuser."

The Y. G. (*who has lost his programme*). Now, CAROLINE—this is WAGNER—you'll like WAGNER, darling, I'm sure.

Caroline (*startled*). Shall I? Where is he? Will he come here? Must I speak to him?

The Y. G. No, no—he's *dead*—I mean, this is from his Opera—you must listen to this.

[*He watches her face for the emotion he expects: "Tannhäuser" melts suddenly into "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle."*

Caroline (*her face absolutely transfigured*). Oh, JOSEPH, isn't WAGNER's perfectly *lovely!*

The Y. G. (*gloomily*). I see, I shall have to put you through a course of BACH, CAROLINE!

Caroline (*alarmed*). But there's nothing whatever the matter with me, JOSEPH! I'm not flushed am I?

[Young Gentleman *suppresses a groan.*

IN A BOX.

(*Musical Medley still in progress.*)

A Lady (*not much of an Opera-goer, who has been given a box at the last moment, and has insisted on her husband turning out to escort her*). It was silly of you to drop that programme, ROBERT—I should like to know what this piece is, it seems quite familiar—(*Orchestra playing "Soldiers' March" from Faust*)—*I* know—it's *Faust*, ROBERT, GOUNOD'S *Faust!*

[*Much pleased with herself for recollecting an Opera she has only heard once.*

Robert (*sleepily*). *I* know, my dear, all right.

[*Faust melts into air from "Pinafore"*

His Wife. Do you mean to say you don't remember *that*, ROBERT, *how* exquisite PATTI was in the part, to be sure!

Robert. Umph!

["*Pinafore*" *becomes* "*La ci darem*"—*which transforms itself without warning into* "*Two Lovely Black Eyes.*"

The Lady. There's nobody like GOUNOD! [*Claps her hands.*

Robert (*captiously*). GOUNOD 's all very well, I daresay, my dear, but it don't seem to me he 's altogether *original*. I 've heard something very like this tune before, and I 'll swear it wasn't by him!

The Lady. That's *very* likely; *all* the best airs get stolen nowadays, and dressed up so as to be quite unrecognisable; but that's not GOUNOD's fault, is it?

[*Fans herself triumphantly, after vindicating her favourite Composer.* Robert *slumbers.*

BEHIND THE PLATFORM.

Erratic Promenader. Beg your pardon, Sir—tha' shtick, not 'tended meet *your* eye, Sir—'*nother* gerrilm'n's eye, Sir.

Fair Promenader (*to Lady Friend*). And I 'm sure I don't know how it is, but I 'm always crying now for just nothing at all, whenever I 'm alone.

The Lady Friend. That 's because you give way to it, dear. Come and have something to cheer you up—you 'll be a different person after it. [*Advice taken; prediction verified.*

The Err. Prom. I shay, here 'sh lark! see tha' Bobby over there he thinksh I'm *tight!* (*Waltzes up to him solemnly*). Kn'w pleshure nexsht dansh you, Sir Charlesh?

The Policeman (*severely*). You keep your 'ands off of me, will you, and take yourself home—that 's my advice to *you!*

Err. Prom. (*outraged*). You 'pear me to under 'preshionthish I Hy' Par' or Trafa——(*with an effort*)—Trafa-ralgarar Square. I'm goin' teash you, free Briton not goin' put up with P'lice brurality!

[*Hits Policeman in the eye, and is removed, smiling feebly. Scene changes.*

An Open Question.

LORD SOLLY, at Paddies presuming to rail,
Must sneer at their "brogue," which the Markis finds stale.
Does he think a poor fellow must fain be a rogue
Because, born in Erin, he speaks with a brogue?
Celtic ears finds the drawl of the Saxon Swell flat,
And a Cockney may chaff at the *patois* of PAT.
But which is in fault—is it *really* so clear?—
The Irishman's tongue, or the Englishman's ear?

IN a recent case on appeal, HAMMOND & Co. *v.* BUSSEY, Mr. Justice BOWEN was understood (by Our Special Reporter) to say that a judgment relating to coals must be decided by the principles of COKE. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice FRY concurred; the latter observing that in winter a coal merchant must always be BUSSEY person, though his Lordship admitted that this had nothing to do with the case. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice BOWEN at once concurred.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

ROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM PET).

One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.

EAR TOBY,

THE address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adulatory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century, or I may have been wrong. I will on that my friend, T-NN-S-N, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, ıed me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its J-HN BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-HN BR-GHT
Is always right.

e in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic me seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea , having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so sive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than ts value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

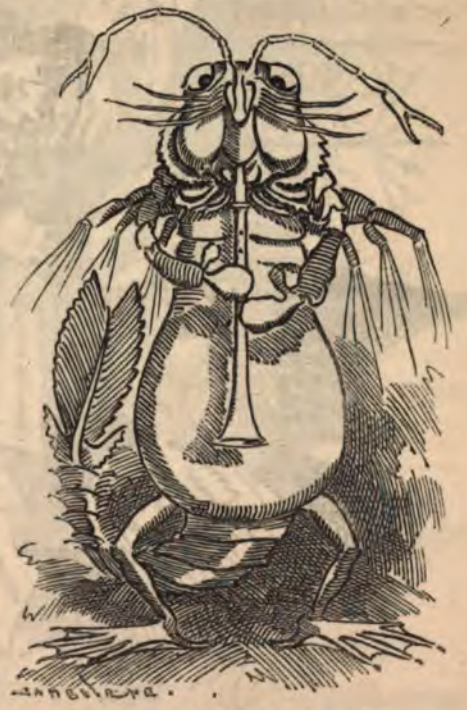
ım wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point ıurious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appella- that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and ıf Lord S-L-B-RY. pulling in the same boat as the H-M-LT-NS, and shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-RTL-TT. In those days I was ıur forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. ıs my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then ı was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One ıe Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, n right from the first. *I* have always been what the *Marchioness* wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old s have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved e. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. -GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance ıe ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

feel, dear TOBY, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the ling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men r-NE, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long T-NE kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he rong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of ıat is to say, steps in which he has chanced to walk in time with me— ated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-NE to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-NT-NCK said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-NT-NCK. "If BR-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining, Your friend, J-HN BR-GHT.

P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.



DARWINIAN ANCESTOR

Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Norrible Tail!!"

"Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*A Promenade Concert. Interval between Parts I. and II. Crowd collecting before Platform.*

Highly Respectable Matron (*to female Friend*). As to being *beautiful*, it's not for me to say, but they're clean-limbed, healthy children, thank Heaven! and what more do you want? (*The* Friend *makes a complimentary protest.*) Well, it may be so; but, to come back to *her*. I don't like her present home so well as I did her first—not so tasty, to my mind. She's got nice things about her, though, I *will* say—a nice sideboard, a nice . . . (*Inventory follows here.*)

The Friend (*darkly*). All the same, it's a constant wonder to me how she can ever bring herself to sleep in *that* bed!

The H. R. M. I couldn't myself; but (*charitably*) we've not all the same feelings. (*Crush increases; Female Promenader with very yellow hair passes, with apologies.*) "Excuse me, Madame" (*with attempt at mimicry*); ah—and she *needs* it! The orchestra's coming back now. I didn't notice that young woman among them before—what's *she* going to play, I wonder?

The Friend. Whatever it is, she might look more pleasant over it!

The H. R. M. So she might—we can't all be good-looking, but we can all be pleasant—but they wouldn't have engaged her here, if she hadn't her gift!

The Friend. Oh, you may depend on it, she's got a gift—but I do call her plain, myself.

A Man with a very red nose (*to Companion*). And then, you see, I've this special advantage—my *immense* knowledge of the world. Think there's time for another before they begin again, eh?

[*Companion is of that opinion: adjournment to bar of house.*

Second Part begins: Lady Vocalist retiring after Song.

First Promenader. Brayvo! Engcore! What, she won't sing no more—sssh! [*Hisses furiously.*

The H. R. M. There's the orchestra themselves clapping her—and *they'd* know what's good.

Her Friend. She was dressed very nice, I thought.

The H. R. M. I never care to see hair done up that style myself.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Ladies of Chorus tripping up from below Stage for the Vocal Valse.

Ladies of Chorus (*all together*). Am I too black under the eyes, dear? Mind where you're going, Miss, please! Treading on people's toes like that—the great clumsy thing! I'm next to you, aren't I? I do feel so funny, my dear, don't you? For goodness sake, don't go setting me on the giggle *now!*

[*They range themselves modestly in a row at edge of platform.*

Rude Person (*in upper box with Punch squeak*). Rooti-*too*-ti! [*Roars of laughter.*

Ladies of C. (*indignantly*). Beast! I wish they'd give him something to *make* him rooti-toot, I do!

Conductor-Composer (*from behind*). Now, Ladies, ready please—keep the laugh steadier than you did last time, and wait for me at the repeat!

[*He taps on desk: each Lady of Chorus stiffens herself perceptibly and makes a little grimace.*

One Lady (*in whisper*), Oh, dear, I wish I was at home with my Ma! [*Her companions giggle.*

The H. R. M. It's as much as they can do to sing for laughing—they're *called* "Laughing Beauties," though. I like this one's face up at this end—she's so quiet and lady-like over it, and pretty too; they put all the pretty ones in front, but there's one quite an old woman behind. They're having all the fun down at the other end—how they *are* going on, to be sure!

[*End of Vocal Valse: loud applause. Ladies of Chorus retire after* encore *with air of graceful dignity.*

The Person with the Squeak. Goo'-bye, duckies!

[*Roars of laughter again: renewed indignation among Chorus.* Person with Squeak *feels like* SHERIDAN *and* THEODORE HOOK *rolled into one.*

IN THE GRAND CIRCLE.

A Young Gentleman (*who has set himself to form his* fiancée's *mind, but finds it necessary to proceed very gradually*). Now, CAROLINE, tell me—isn't this better than if we had gone to the Circus?

Caroline (*from the provinces; unmusical; simple in her tastes*). Yes, JOSEPH, only—(*timidly*)—there's more of what I call variety in a Circus—more going *on*, I mean.

The Y. G. (*with a sense of discouragement*). I quite see your meaning, dear, and it 's an entirely true observation; still, you *do* appreciate this magnificent orchestra, don't you now?

Caroline. I should have liked it better with different coloured curtains—maize *is* so trying.

The Y. G. (*mentally*). I won't write home to them about it *just* yet.

Orchestra begins a "Musical Medley" with Overture to "Tannhäuser."

The Y. G. (*who has lost his programme*). Now, CAROLINE is WAGNER—you'll like WAGNER, darling, I'm sure.

Caroline (*startled*). Shall I? Where is he? Will he come here? Must I speak to him?

The Y. G. No, no—he's *dead*—I mean, this is from his Opera—you must listen to this.

[*He watches her face for the emotion he expects: "Tannhäuser" melts suddenly into "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle."*

Caroline (*her face absolutely transfigured*). Oh, JOSEPH, dear, WAGNER'S perfectly *lovely!*

The Y. G. (*gloomily*). I see, I shall have to put you through a course of BACH, CAROLINE!

Caroline (*alarmed*). But there's nothing whatever the matter with me, JOSEPH! I'm not flushed am I?

[Young Gentleman *suppresses a groan.*

IN A BOX.

(*Musical Medley still in progress.*)

A Lady (*not much of an Opera-goer, who has been given a box at the last moment, and has insisted on her husband turning out to escort her*). It was silly of you to drop that programme, ROBERT—I should like to know what this piece is, it seems quite familiar—(*Orchestra playing "Soldiers' March" from Faust*)—*I* know—it's *Faust*, ROBERT, *GOUNOD'S Faust!*

[*Much pleased with herself for recollecting an Opera she has only heard once.*

Robert (*sleepily*). *I* know, my dear, all right.

[*Faust melts into air from "Pinafore."*

His Wife. Do you mean to say you don't remember *that*, ROBERT, *how* exquisite PATTI was in the part, to be sure!

Robert. Umph!

["*Pinafore*" *becomes* "*La ci darem*"—*which transforms itself without warning into* "*Two Lovely Black Eyes.*"

The Lady. There's nobody like GOUNOD! [*Claps her hands.*

Robert (*captiously*). GOUNOD 's all very well, I daresay, my dear, but it don't seem to me he 's altogether *original*. I 've heard something very like this tune before, and I 'll swear it wasn't by him!

The Lady. That's *very* likely; *all* the best airs get stolen nowadays, and dressed up so as to be quite unrecognisable; but that's not GOUNOD'S fault, is it?

[*Fans herself triumphantly, after vindicating her favourite Composer.* Robert *slumbers.*

BEHIND THE PLATFORM.

Erratic Promenader. Beg your pardon, Sir—tha' shtick, as 'tended meet *your* eye, Sir—'*nother* gerrilm'n's eye, Sir.

Fair Promenader (*to Lady Friend*). And I 'm sure I don't know how it is, but I 'm always crying now for just nothing at all, whenever I 'm alone.

The Lady Friend. That 's because you give way to it, dear. Come and have something to cheer you up—you 'll be a different person after it. [*Advice taken; prediction verified.*

The Err. Prom. I shay, here 'sh lark! see tha' Bobby over there he thinksh I 'm *tight!* (*Waltzes up to him solemnly*). Kn'i pleshure nexsht dansh you, Sir Charlesh?

The Policeman (*severely*). You keep your 'ands off of me, will you, and take yourself home—that 's my advice to *you!*

Err. Prom. (*outraged*). You 'pear me to under 'preshionthish Hy' Par' or Trafa——(*with an effort*)—Trafa-ralgarar Square. I 'm goin' teash you, free Briton not goin' put up with P'lice brurality!

[*Hits Policeman in the eye, and is removed, smiling feebly. Scene changes.*

An Open Question.

LORD SOLLY, at Paddies presuming to rail,
Must sneer at their "brogue," which the Markis finds stale.
Does he think a poor fellow must fain be a rogue
Because, born in Erin, he speaks with a brogue?
Celtic ears finds the drawl of the Saxon Swell flat,
And a Cockney may chaff at the *patois* of PAT.
But which is in fault—is it *really* so clear?—
The Irishman's tongue, or the Englishman's ear?

IN a recent case on appeal, HAMMOND & Co. *v.* BUSSEY, M Justice BOWEN was understood (by Our Special Reporter) to say th a judgment relating to coals must be decided by the principles COKE. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice FRY concurred; t latter observing that in winter a coal merchant must always be BUSSEY person, though his Lordship admitted that this had nothi to do with the case. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice Bow at once concurred.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM PET).

One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.

EAR TOBY,

THE address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adulatory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century, or I may have been wrong. I will just mention that my friend, T-NN-S-N, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, once summed me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its charm. "J-HN BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-HN BR-GHT
Is always right.

He told me in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic poem of some seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea each. But, having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so comprehensive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than increased its value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

But I am wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not myself but my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point out is the curious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of which it is proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appellation. At that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension than that in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and supporter of Lord S-L-B-RY, pulling in the same boat as the H-M-LT-NS, and marching shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-RTL-TT. In those days I was wont to pour forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. D-SR-LI was my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then my address was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One Empire, One Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples among the Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, I have been right from the first. *I* have always been what the *Marchioness* called a "wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old companions have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved towards me. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. "J-HN BR-GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance is due to the ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

What I feel, dear TOBY, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the terrible feeling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men like GL-DST-NE, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down and say, "There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long time GL-DST-NE kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he has gone wrong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of his life—that is to say, steps in which he has chanced to walk in time with me—are obliterated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Apostle of Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-NE to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-NT-NCK said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-NT-NCK. "If BR-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining, Your friend, J-HN BR-GHT.

P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.

DARWINIAN ANCESTOR

Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Norrible Tail!!"

"Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*A Promenade Concert. Interval between Parts I. and II. Crowd collecting before Platform.*

Highly Respectable Matron (*to female Friend*). As to being *beautiful*, it's not for me to say, but they're clean-limbed, healthy children, thank Heaven! and what more do you want? (*The* Friend *makes a complimentary protest.*) Well, it may be so; but, to come back to *her*. I don't like her present home so well as I did her first—not so tasty, to my mind. She's got nice things about her, though, I *will* say—a nice sideboard, a nice . . . (*Inventory follows here.*)

The Friend (*darkly*). All the same, it's a constant wonder to me how she can ever bring herself to sleep in *that* bed!

The H. R. M. I couldn't myself; but (*charitably*) we've not all the same feelings. (*Crush increases; Female Promenader with very yellow hair passes, with apologies.*) "Excuse me, Madame" (*with attempt at mimicry*); ah—and she *needs* it! The orchestra's coming back now. I didn't notice that young woman among them before—what's *she* going to play, I wonder?

The Friend. Whatever it is, she might look more pleasant over it!

The H. R. M. So she might—we can't all be good-looking, but we can all be pleasant—but they wouldn't have engaged her here, if she hadn't her gift!

The Friend. Oh, you may depend on it, she's got a gift—but I do call her plain, myself.

A Man with a very red nose (*to Companion*). And then, you see, I've this special advantage—my *immense* knowledge of the world. Think there's time for another before they begin again, eh?

[*Companion is of that opinion; adjournment to bar of house.*

Second Part begins: Lady Vocalist retiring after Song.

First Promenader. Brayvo! Encore! What, she won't sing no more—sssh! [*Hisses furiously.*

The H. R. M. There's the orchestra themselves clapping her—and *they'd* know what's good.

Her Friend. She was dressed very nice, I thought.

The H. R. M. I never care to see hair done up that style myself.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Ladies of Chorus tripping up from below Stage for the Vocal Valse.

Ladies of Chorus (*all together*). Am I too black under the eyes, dear? Mind where you're going, Miss, please! Treading on people's toes like that—the great clumsy thing! I'm next to you, aren't I? I do feel so funny, my dear, don't you? For goodness sake, don't go setting me on the giggle *now!*

[*They range themselves modestly in a row at edge of platform.*

Rude Person (*in upper box with Punch squeak*). Rooti-*too*-ti! [*Roars of laughter.*

Ladies of C. (*indignantly*). Beast! I wish they'd give him something to *make* him rooti-toot, I do!

Conductor-Composer (*from behind*). Now, Ladies, ready please—keep the laugh steadier than you did last time, and wait for me at the repeat!

[*He taps on desk: each Lady of Chorus stiffens herself perceptibly and makes a little grimace.*

One Lady (*in whisper*), Oh, dear, I wish I was at home with my Ma! [*Her companions giggle.*

The H. R. M. It's as much as they can do to sing for laughing—they're *called* "Laughing Beauties," though. I like this one's face up at this end—she's so quiet and lady-like over it, and pretty too; they put all the pretty ones in front, but there's one quite an old woman behind. They're having all the fun down at the other end—how they *are* going on, to be sure!

[*End of Vocal Valse: loud applause. Ladies of Chorus retire after* encore *with air of graceful dignity.*

The Person with the Squeak. Goo'-bye, duckies!

[*Roars of laughter again: renewed indignation among Chorus.* Person with Squeak *feels like* SHERIDAN *and* THEODORE HOOK *rolled into one.*

IN THE GRAND CIRCLE.

A Young Gentleman (*who has set himself to form his* fiancée's *mind, but finds it necessary to proceed very gradually*). Now, CAROLINE, tell me—isn't this better than if we had gone to the Circus?

Caroline (*from the provinces: unmusical: simple in her tastes*). Yes, JOSEPH, only—(*timidly*)—there's more of what I call variety in a Circus—more going *on*, I mean.

The Y. G. (*with a sense of discouragement*). I quite see your meaning, dear, and it 's an entirely true observation; still, you *do* appreciate this magnificent orchestra, don't you now?

Caroline. I should have liked it better with different coloured curtains—maize *is* so trying.

The Y. G. (*mentally*). I won't write home to them about it *just* yet.

Orchestra begins a "Musical Medley" with Overture to "Tannhäuser."

The Y. G. (*who has lost his programme*). Now, CAROLINE, is WAGNER—you'll like WAGNER, darling, I'm sure.

Caroline (*startled*). Shall I? Where is he? Will he come here? Must I speak to him?

The Y. G. No, no—he's *dead*—I mean, this is from his Opera—you must listen to this.

[*He watches her face for the emotion he expects: "Tannhäuser" melts suddenly into "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle."*

Caroline (*her face absolutely transfigured*). Oh, JOSEPH, dear, WAGNER's perfectly *lovely!*

The Y. G. (*gloomily*). I see, I shall have to put you through a course of BACH, CAROLINE!

Caroline (*alarmed*). But there's nothing whatever the matter with me, JOSEPH! I'm not flushed am I?

[Young Gentleman *suppresses a groan.*

IN A BOX.

(*Musical Medley still in progress.*)

A Lady (*not much of an Opera-goer, who has been given a box at the last moment, and has insisted on her husband turning out to accompany her*). It was silly of you to drop that programme, ROBERT—I should like to know what this piece is, it seems quite familiar—(*Orchestra playing "Soldiers' March" from Faust*)—*I* know—it's FAUST, ROBERT, GOUNOD'S *Faust!*

[*Much pleased with herself for recollecting an Opera she has only heard once.*

Robert (*sleepily*). *I* know, my dear, all right.

[*Faust melts into air from "Pinafore"*

His Wife. Do you mean to say you don't remember *that*, ROBERT, how exquisite PATTI was in the part, to be sure!

Robert. Umph!

["*Pinafore*" *becomes* "*La ci darem*"—*which transforms itself without warning into* "*Two Lovely Black Eyes.*"

The Lady. There's nobody like GOUNOD! [*Claps her hands.*

Robert (*captiously*). GOUNOD 's all very well, I daresay, my dear, but it don't seem to me he 's altogether *original*. I 've heard something very like this tune before, and I 'll swear it wasn't by him!

The Lady. That 's *very* likely; *all* the best airs get stolen nowadays, and dressed up so as to be quite unrecognisable; but that's not GOUNOD's fault, is it?

[*Fans herself triumphantly, after vindicating her favourite Composer.* Robert *slumbers.*

BEHIND THE PLATFORM.

Erratic Promenader. Beg your pardon, Sir—tha' shtick, not 'tended meet *your* eye, Sir—'*nother* gerrilm'n's eye, Sir.

Fair Promenader (*to Lady Friend*). And I 'm sure I don't know how it is, but I 'm always crying now for just nothing at all, whatever I 'm alone.

The Lady Friend. That 's because you give way to it, dear. Come and have something to cheer you up—you 'll be a different person after it. [*Advice taken: prediction verified.*

The Err. Prom. I shay, here'sh lark! see tha' Bobby over there! he thinksh I'm *tight!* (*Waltzes up to him solemnly*). Knight pleshure nexsht dansh you, Sir Charlesh?

The Policeman (*severely*). You keep your 'ands off of me, will you, and take yourself home—that 's my advice to *you!*

Err. Prom. (*outraged*). You 'pear me to under 'preshionthish in Hy' Par' or Trafa——(*with an effort*)—Trafa-ralgarar Square. I'm goin' teash you, free Briton not goin' put up with P'lice brurality!

[*Hits Policeman in the eye, and is removed, smiling feebly. Scene changes.*

An Open Question.

LORD SOLLY, at Paddies presuming to rail,
Must sneer at their "brogue," which the Markis finds stale.
Does he think a poor fellow must fain be a rogue
Because, born in Erin, he speaks with a brogue?
Celtic ears finds the drawl of the Saxon Swell flat,
And a Cockney may chaff at the *patois* of PAT.
But which is in fault—is it *really* so clear?—
The Irishman's tongue, or the Englishman's ear?

IN a recent case on appeal, HAMMOND & Co. *v.* BUSSEY, Mr. Justice BOWEN was understood (by Our Special Reporter) to say that a judgment relating to coals must be decided by the principles of COKE. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice FRY concurred; the latter observing that in winter a coal merchant must always be a BUSSEY person, though his Lordship admitted that this had nothing to do with the case. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice BOWEN at once concurred.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

ROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM PET).

One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.

EAR TOBY,

THE address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adulatory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century, or I may have been wrong. I will ion that my friend, T-NN-S-N, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, ned me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its ' J-HN BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-HN BR-GHT
Is always right.

ıe in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic ɔme seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea t, having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so ısive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than its value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

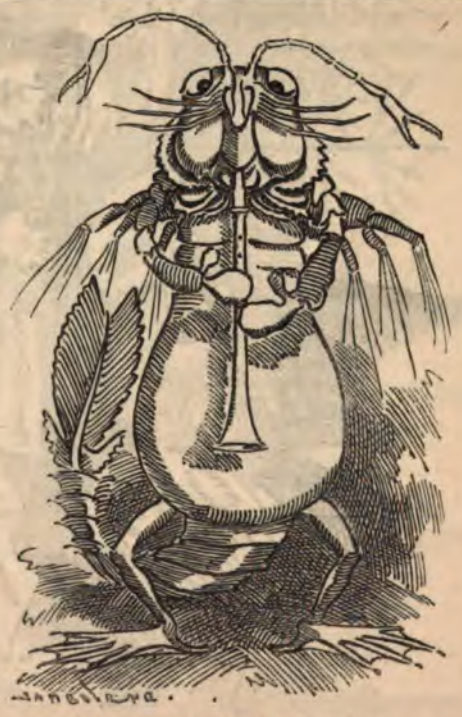
ım wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not t my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point curious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appella- that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and of Lord S-L-B-RY. pulling in the same boat as the H-M-LT-NS, and shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-RTL-TT. In those days I was ɔur forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. ıas my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then s was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One ne Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, en right from the first. *I* have always been what the *Marchioness* wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old ıs have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved ıe. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. ɜ-GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance he ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

I feel, dear TOBY, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the ɔeling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men ST-NE, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down 'There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long ST-NE kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he rrong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of hat is to say, steps in which he has chanced to walk in time with me— rated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-NE to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-NT-NCK said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-NT-NCK. "If BR-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining, Your friend, J-HN BR-GHT.

P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.



DARWINIAN ANCESTOR

Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Norrible Tail!!"

"Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*A Promenade Concert. Interval between Parts I. and II. Crowd collecting before Platform.*

Highly Respectable Matron (*to female Friend*). As to being *beautiful*, it's not for me to say, but they're clean-limbed, healthy children, thank Heaven! and what more do you want? (*The* Friend *makes a complimentary protest.*) Well, it may be so; but, to come back to *her*. I don't like her present home so well as I did her first—not so tasty, to my mind. She's got nice things about her, though, I *will* say—a nice sideboard, a nice . . . (*Inventory follows here.*)

The Friend (*darkly*). All the same, it's a constant wonder to me how she can ever bring herself to sleep in *that* bed!

The H. R. M. I couldn't myself; but (*charitably*) we've not all the same feelings. (*Crush increases; Female Promenader with very yellow hair passes, with apologies.*) "Excuse me, Madame" (*with attempt at mimicry*); ah—and she *needs* it! The orchestra's coming back now. I didn't notice that young woman among them before—what's *she* going to play, I wonder?

The Friend. Whatever it is, she might look more pleasant over it!

The H. R. M. So she might—we can't all be good-looking, but we can all be pleasant—but they wouldn't have engaged her here, if she hadn't her gift!

The Friend. Oh, you may depend on it, she's got a gift—but I do call her plain, myself.

A Man with a very red nose (*to Companion*). And then, you see, I've this special advantage—my *immense* knowledge of the world. Think there's time for another before they begin again, eh?

[*Companion is of that opinion; adjournment to bar of house.*

Second Part begins: Lady Vocalist retiring after Song.

First Promenader. Brayvo! Engcore! What, she won't sing no more—sssh! [*Hisses furiously.*

The H. R. M. There's the orchestra themselves clapping her—and *they'd* know what's good.

Her Friend. She was dressed very nice, I thought.

The H. R. M. I never care to see hair done up that style myself.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Ladies of Chorus tripping up from below Stage for the Vocal Valse.

Ladies of Chorus (*all together*). Am I too black under the eyes, dear? Mind where you're going, Miss, please! Treading on people's toes like that—the great clumsy thing! I'm next to you, aren't I? I do feel so funny, my dear, don't you? For goodness sake, don't go setting me on the giggle *now!*

[*They range themselves modestly in a row at edge of platform.*

Rude Person (*in upper box with Punch squeak*). Rooti-*too*-ti! [*Roars of laughter.*

Ladies of C. (*indignantly*). Beast! I wish they'd give him something to *make* him rooti-toot, I do!

Conductor-Composer (*from behind*). Now, Ladies, ready please—keep the laugh steadier than you did last time, and wait for me at the repeat!

[*He taps on desk: each Lady of Chorus stiffens herself perceptibly and makes a little grimace.*

One Lady (*in whisper*), Oh, dear, I wish I was at home with my Ma! [*Her companions giggle.*

The H. R. M. It's as much as they can do to sing for laughing—they're *called* "Laughing Beauties," though. I like this one's face up at this end—she's so quiet and lady-like over it, and pretty too; they put all the pretty ones in front, but there's one quite an old woman behind. They're having all the fun down at the other end—how they *are* going on, to be sure!

[*End of Vocal Valse: loud applause. Ladies of Chorus retire after* encore *with air of graceful dignity.*

The Person with the Squeak. Goo'-bye, duckies!

[*Roars of laughter again: renewed indignation among Chorus.* Person with Squeak *feels like* SHERIDAN *and* THEODORE HOOK *rolled into one.*

IN THE GRAND CIRCLE.

A Young Gentleman (*who has set himself to form his* fiancée's *mind, but finds it necessary to proceed very gradually*). Now, CAROLINE, tell me—isn't this better than if we had gone to the Circus?

Caroline (*from the provinces; unmusical; simple in her tastes*). Yes, JOSEPH, only—(*timidly*)—there's more of what I call variety in a Circus—more going *on*, I mean.

The Y. G. (*with a sense of discouragement*). I quite see your meaning, dear, and it's an entirely true observation; still, you *do* appreciate this magnificent orchestra, don't you now?

Caroline. I should have liked it better with different coloured curtains—maize *is* so trying.

The Y. G. (*mentally*). I won't write home to them about it *just yet.*

Orchestra begins a "Musical Medley" with Overture to "Tannhäuser."

The Y. G. (*who has lost his programme*). Now, CAROLINE—this is WAGNER—you'll like WAGNER, darling, I'm sure.

Caroline (*startled*). Shall I? Where is he? Will he come in here? Must I speak to him?

The Y. G. No, no—he's *dead*—I mean, this is from his *Opera*—you must listen to this.

[*He watches her face for the emotion he expects: "Tannhäuser" melts suddenly into "Tommy, Make Room for your Uncle."*

Caroline (*her face absolutely transfigured*). Oh, JOSEPH, dear—WAGNER'S perfectly *lovely!*

The Y. G. (*gloomily*). I see, I shall have to put you through a course of BACH, CAROLINE!

Caroline (*alarmed*). But there's nothing whatever the *matter* with me, JOSEPH! I'm not flushed am I?

[Young Gentleman *suppresses a groan.*

IN A BOX.

(*Musical Medley still in progress.*)

A Lady (*not much of an Opera-goer, who has been given a box at the last moment, and has insisted on her husband turning out to escort her*). It was silly of you to drop that programme, ROBERT—I *should* like to know what this piece is, it seems quite familiar—(*Orchestra playing "Soldiers' March" from Faust*)—*I* know—it's *Faust*, ROBERT, *GOUNOD'S Faust!*

[*Much pleased with herself for recollecting an Opera she has only heard once.*

Robert (*sleepily*). *I* know, my dear, all right.

[*Faust melts into air from "Pinafore."*

His Wife. Do you mean to say you don't remember *that*, ROBERT? *how* exquisite PATTI was in the part, to be sure!

Robert. Umph!

["*Pinafore*" *becomes* "*La ci darem*"—*which transforms itself without warning into* "*Two Lovely Black Eyes.*"

The Lady. There's nobody like GOUNOD! [*Clasps her hands.*

Robert (*captiously*). GOUNOD 's all very well, I daresay, my dear; but it don't seem to me he's altogether *original.* I've heard something very like this tune before, and I'll swear it wasn't by him!

The Lady. That's *very* likely; *all* the best airs get stolen nowadays, and dressed up so as to be quite unrecognisable; but that's not GOUNOD'S fault, is it?

[*Fans herself triumphantly, after vindicating her favourite Composer.* Robert *slumbers.*

BEHIND THE PLATFORM.

Erratic Promenader. Beg your pardon, Sir—tha' shtick, not 'tended meet *your* eye, Sir—'*nother* gerrilm'n's eye, Sir.

Fair Promenader (*to Lady Friend*). And I'm sure I don't know how it is, but I'm always crying now for just nothing at all, whenever I'm alone.

The Lady Friend. That's because you give way to it, dear. Come and have something to cheer you up—you'll be a different person after it. [*Advice taken; prediction verified.*

The Err. Prom. I shay, here'sh lark! see tha' Bobby over there? he thinksh I'm *tight!* (*Waltzes up to him solemnly*). Ku'ive pleshure nexsht dansh you, Sir Charlesh?

The Policeman (*severely*). You keep your 'ands off of me, will you, and take yourself home—that's my advice to *you!*

Err. Prom. (*outraged*). You 'pear me to under 'preshionthish is Hy' Par' or Trafa——(*with an effort*)—Trafa-ralgarar Square. I'm goin' teash you, free Briton not goin' put up with P'lice brurality!

[*Hits Policeman in the eye, and is removed, smiling feebly. Scene changes.*

An Open Question.

LORD SOLLY, at Paddies presuming to rail,
Must sneer at their "brogue," which the Markis finds stale.
Does he think a poor fellow must fain be a rogue
Because, born in Erin, he speaks with a brogue?
Celtic ears finds the drawl of the Saxon Swell flat,
And a Cockney may chaff at the *patois* of PAT.
But which is in fault—is it *really* so clear?—
The Irishman's tongue, or the Englishman's ear?

IN a recent case on appeal, HAMMOND & Co. *v.* BUSSEY, Mr. Justice BOWEN was understood (by Our Special Reporter) to say that a judgment relating to coals must be decided by the principles of COKE. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice FRY concurred; the latter observing that in winter a coal merchant must always be a BUSSEY person, though his Lordship admitted that this had nothing to do with the case. The Master of the Rolls and Mr. Justice BOWEN at once concurred.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE ROCHDALE RASPER (LATE THE BIRMINGHAM PET).

One Ash, Rochdale, Saturday.

EAR TOBY,

THE address from which I write to you is familiar in the public ear in connection with a long series which, such is the ignorance of mankind, I have heard described as petulant, querulous, self-adulatory notes. I have often wondered that it has not occurred to any one to notice the singular appropriateness of the name of my humble home. It is not for me, at my time of life, to claim anything like prescience of affairs. I may have been right in my views of the succeeding events of the past half-century, or I may have been wrong. I will just mention that my friend, T-NN-S-N, who has a pretty faculty for poetry, once summed me up in a couplet which I venture to think is not without its charm. "J-HN BR-GHT," he wrote—

J-HN BR-GHT
Is always right.

He told me in confidence that he had at one time contemplated a eulogistic poem of some seventy or eighty lines, price to the *Nineteenth Century* a guinea each. But, having thrown off this couplet, it appeared in itself so sufficient, so comprehensive yet so precise, that amplification would have rather reduced than increased its value. Therefore it remains a brilliant fragment.

But I am wandering from the theme, which, in the present instance, is not myself but my country address. What I thought might be interesting to point out is the curious felicity of the nomenclature, and the remarkable foresight of which it is proof. More than a generation ago it received this singular appellation. At that time nothing seemed more remote from ordinary apprehension than that in this year I should be what we call "a Unionist," an ally and supporter of Lord S-L-B-RY, pulling in the same boat as the H-M-LT-NS, and marching shoulder to shoulder with ASHM-D B-RTL-TT. In those days I was wont to pour forth torrents of angry contempt upon the Conservative party. D-SR-LI was my wash-pot, over the Markiss I cast out my shoe; but even then my address was One Ash, Rochdale. Do you begin to see what I mean? One Empire, One Parliament, One Ash! Some of my old colleagues and disciples among the Radicals scoff at me because of my new companions. But, as usual, I have been right from the first. *I* have always been what the *Marchioness* called a "wonner." What has happened is that the Liberal Party and my old companions have moved away from me, whilst the Conservatives have moved towards me. I am the same to-day as yesterday, or as these fifty years past. "J-HN BR-GHT, always right," and any change of relationship or appearance is due to the ineradicable error and fatal foolishness of others.

What I feel, dear TOBY, in reviewing a long and honourable life, is the terrible feeling of monotony. I sometimes find myself envying ordinary men like GL-DST-NE, who, looking back over their past life, can put their hand down and say, "There I blundered, there I was misled by circumstances." For a long time GL-DST-NE kept pretty straight—that is to say I agreed with him. But he has gone wrong lamentably on this Irish Question, and all the righteous acts of his life—that is to say, steps in which he has chanced to walk in time with me—are obliterated. It is true that, at one time, it was I who was the foremost Apostle of Irish National feeling. At this date people with inconvenient memories are constantly raking up passages in my speeches about Ireland, and the English yoke which, except that they are too finely cut, and of too noble a style of eloquence, would exactly suit GL-DST-NE to-day. I said these things then, it is true, and then they were right. I do not say them to-day, and therefore they are wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* (You will observe that since, with a distinguished friend, I have joined the political company of gentlemen, I have forsaken my old habit of keeping to the Saxon tongue, and sometimes, as here, I drop into Latin. Occasionally I fall into French. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*)

My nearest approach to human frailty, is, perhaps, to be found in a certain measure of absence of suavity. It is perhaps possible that my temper was,—I will not say soured, but—not sweetened by the vile attacks made upon me personally by Irish Members in Parliament during the last ten years. You remember what B-NT-NCK said about me? I don't mean Big Ben, or Little Ben, but Lord GEORGE B-NT-NCK. "If BR-GHT," he said, "had not been a Quaker, he would have been a prize-fighter." I think there is about the remark some suspicion of lack of respect. But, also, it is not without some foundation of truth. I admit an impulse to strike back when I am hit; sometimes when I am not. Through two Parliaments the ragged regiment that live upon the contributions of their poor relations in domestic service in the United States have girded at me in the House of Commons. This was my reward for the rhetorical services I did for Ireland a quarter of a century ago. They pummelled me, kicked me, dragged my honoured name in the dust, and spat upon me in the market-place. That gross ingratitude I could never forgive, and if in reprisal, the cause I once advocated suffers, can I be held blameable?

But this seems to be running into the groove of apology, and I never apologised to anyone for anything in my life. For fear I should begin now, I will close this letter, remaining, Your friend, J-HN BR-GHT.

P.S.—I observe that in my haste I have not called you a fool, or directly stigmatised as such anyone alluded to in this letter. I am afraid this will be regarded as a sign of growing weakness. But I will bring up the average in the next letter I write for publication.

DARWINIAN ANCESTOR

Composing the Song, "For O it is such a Horrible Tale!—

"Our ancestor was an animal which breathed water, had a swim-bladder, a great swimming tail, and an imperfect skull."—*Darwin to Lyell.*

THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD. "The Cry is still they come!"

THE BABES IN THE CHRISTMAS WOOD.

THE PUBLISHERS' CANTATA.

Various well-known Publishing Firms in the guise of Forest-trees discovered shedding their leaves.

GENERAL CHORUS.

See Christmas is upon us and the world around us living,
Seeks us and asks the pretty gifts it soon would fain be giving.
The stories thrilling, tender, sweet, to suit all tastes and ages,
All gleaming with their covers gay and picture-covered pages;
The dainty illustrated leaf, the paper softly tinted,
In type, to suit young eyes and old, all exquisitely printed:
Of artist's pencil, author's pen, the choicest, fairest flower,
Behold as the glad season comes we thus upon you shower.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SONS.

Christmas leaves? Would you pick up the handsomest
First look at these scattered by BLACKIE & SONS. [ones,
Here tales of home life and adventure in plenty,
Have good names to vouch for them. Take G. A. HENTY,
In "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "Orange and Green,"
He lays first in Scotland, then Ireland his scene,
And thrills you with reading the hairbreadth escapes,
Of the heroes he rescues from numberless scrapes.
But while in "For the Temple," he ventures to tell
How in ages long past great Jerusalem fell;
Yet if less ancient horrors are more to your mind,
In the reign of the "Terror" material you'll find;
And if you would learn how pluck never goes wrong,
You've but to go straightway to "Sturdy and Strong."
Next ELIZABETH LYSAGHT in "Aunt Hesba's Charge,"
On the virtues of old Maiden Aunts doth enlarge,
And relates in "Our General" by a small head,
How a family through all its trials may be led.
Then J. PERCY GROVES in "The War of the Axe,"
Tells a stirring Cape story of Caffre attacks,
And "The Seven Wise Scholars" supply ASCOTT R. HOPE,
For knocking off seven good tales, ample scope,
He in "Old Renown" stories, too, brilliantly writes
Of the deeds done of old by brave heroes and knights;
While E. BROOKES harking back with his "Chivalric Days,"
Of the boys and the girls of old times sings the praise.
"Girl Neighbours," allows SARAH TYTLER to say,
On the whole she prefers the girl of the day;
In "Miss Willowbrown's Offer," how traitors may fail,
SARAH DOWDNEY describes in a well-written tale.
With "The Bubbling Teapot," to a little girl changed,
Mrs. CHAMPNEY has well into Wonderland ranged.
Out of "Willie," who here "Gutta Percha" is named,
GEORGE MACDONALD, an excellent story has framed,
And has shown how he finds life's troubles prove plastic,
Possessing a brain which his friends deem elastic.
In "The Princess" and "Goblin" he tries a new scheme,
And sweeps you along with his mystical theme;
But when she meets "Curdie" he now and then treads
On ground that is over his young readers' heads.
If a truant's adventures, fair reading you find,
The good ship "Atalanta," you'd bear in your mind,
And you'll follow "aboard" it, the hero whose fate
HENRY FRITH'S thrilling pages know how to relate.
Next in "Chirp and Chatter" from field and from tree,
Young children taught lessons by L. BANKS you'll see.
"Queen Maud," with her "orders" by LOUISA CROW,
Shows pride in a haughty young maiden brought low:
While in the "Squire's Grandson," J. CALLWELL proves
A small boy can make up a family row. [how
The stories of WASA and MENZIKOFF tell
Two historical tales, and do it right well.
In his "Dick o' the Fens," one Fen,—MANVILLE FENN,—
Gives some capital studies of Lincolnshire men;
But in "Sir Walter's Ward," the age of Crusades,
Mr. WILLIAM EVERARD brightly invades.
The "Girlhood" of "Margery Merton" relates,
The struggle that oft a young artist awaits,
And how in the end her brave efforts prevail,
ALICE CORKRAN unfolds in her well-written tale.
And if "Clogs," well selected for children to wear,
You're in need, AMY WALTON will find you "a pair."
If the "Secret" of "Rovers" is more to your taste,
HARRY COLLINGWOOD follow,—your time you'll not waste.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

She. "AND DO YOU STILL SQUEEZE UP THE LADIES' FEET IN YOUR COUNTRY?"

He. "ON THE CONTRARY, MADAM! THAT IS A *CHINESE* CUSTOM. WE IN JAPAN ALWAYS ALLOW THE LADIES' FEET TO GROW TO QUITE THEIR FULL SIZE. NOT THAT ANY WOULD EVER RIVAL *YOURS*, MADAM!"

[*Is delighted with his neat little Compliment!*

In field, forest, or stream, would you "Insect Ways" learn,
For their "Summer Day's" life to J. HUMPHREYS turn.
But to close:—GORDON BROWNE, whose famed pencil so skilled,
Of the foregoing pages so many has filled,
Crowns the whole by contributing last, but not least,
His new "Hop o' my Thumb" and "The Beauty and Beast."

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

Are you seeking for young children picture-books to please the eye?
Then your need GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and his Sons will readily supply.
Here 's "Little Wide-Awake," designed to suit the earliest age,
Bound brightly, with a picture too on nearly every page;
And then there 's "Sunny Childhood," with its colouring so gay,
Where Mrs. SALE BARKER has such pleasant things to say;
And in "Our Friends" and in "Our Home" she takes them by the hand,
And talks to little readers in the words they understand.
"Our Darlings," too, by MABS, show how our little darlings fare
Who by their MABS (and Pa's as well) are taken everywhere.
If "Fairy Tales" you're seeking, LABOULAYE'S collected lore,
With new ones, and unheard before, will furnish up your store.
And if young heroes of all climes should come within your scope,
You'll turn to "Youngsters' Yarns," and will have faith in ASCOTT HOPE.
Then "Herbert Massey's" doings in "Eastern Africa" you'll find,
Told by Commander CAMERON, quite of a thrilling kind.
"The Children of the New Forest," that MARRYAT wrote of yore,
PAUL HARDY and JOHN GILBERT join to illustrate once more.
"Round Nature's Dial," by H. M. BURNSIDE, tells full and clear
The shifting story of the times and seasons of the year.
The "Annual" for "Every Boy" affords all boys a treat,
Which, thanks to EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, may be held as quite complete.
Here "Caldecott's last 'Graphic' Pictures" come in handy guise,
While by her "Book" consulting, the "Young Lady" may grow wise.
How good we 'd be if all, before they do, to think would tarry
On what Miss EDGEWORTH taught to "Lucy," "Rosamond," and "Harry!"

"Natural History," Illustrated "for Young
People," must do good,
As a text-book for young children, ably
done by F. G. WOOD.
The "Funny Foxes and their Feats" and
doings "at the Fair,"
With some of ERNST GRISET'S happiest
efforts may compare.
"The 'Shall Nots' of the Bible" and
"Loving Links" combine, [divine.
In page illuminated, human verse and text
"Play and Earnest" tells of children who
their playing much enjoy, [little boy.
In a story quaint and charming of a plucky
Then "Sunbeam Stories," "Storm" and
"Sunshine," told in prose and rhyme,
And "Stories" for a "Holiday," as also
"Pets' Pastime."
These, with "Sindbad's" famed Adven-
tures, new to many we suppose,
With KATE GREENAWAY'S bright Almanack
our list must fitly close.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.

Surely "Little Miss Peggy" will work you
the spell [deftly and well,
Mrs. MOLESWORTH'S charmed pen weaves so
For this quaint little lady, with ways sweet
and bright, [light.
Her small nursery readers can't fail to de-
In "An Unknown Country" pen and pencil
beguile [Isle.
Him who tempts it to visit his own Sister
The text he'll find art a true handmaid to
wait on
In the exquisite work of F. NOEL PATON.

Christmas Cards.

OF Christmas Cards a splendid show
This year! Wherever you may go
You see them. When you're told, you know
They're Christmas Cards.
In such a game of Cards the thing
Before the eyes of all to bring
Is Christmas, but they're Summer, Spring,
Most Christmas Cards.

TAKING high rank among the Christmas
Cards,
The artistic reproductions, MARCUS WARD'S,
Of two of RAPHAEL'S best-known Madonnas
Must, at this season, carry off the honours.
Both from one Pitti Palace—need we name
them?— [them.
'Twould be a thousand pities not to frame

(AIR—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*")

Here's an "Opal Souvenir,"
Lovely *mem* of present year,
And it comes from, as we hear,
HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.
Among the Cards the best designs
Are those by WEEDON, WILSON, HINES,
BOTHAMS, DEALY also shines,
KILBURNE, DRUMMOND, on like lines,
WILLIAMSON, MAGUIRE too,
SIGIMUND, artistic crew,
All at work their best to do
For HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.

(AIR—"*Rare Ben.*")

RAPHAEL TUCK!
Here's luck!
Rejoice! no dumps!
Why, all your Cards are trumps!
And all applied
To merry Christmas-tide!
In these un-Christmas days,
Punch says 'tis greatly to thy praise.
So, RAPHAEL TUCK,
My buck,
Here's luck!

To Mr. Punch.

"Such books, cards, and crackers," cries
Poet, perplexed, [next.'"
"As remain on the list, I will give 'in our

OUR DEBATING CLUB.

*An apology—Eloquent Peroration by our Vice-President—*NAYLOR *offers some critical remarks, and* KIRKSTONE *relates a humorous anecdote.*

I AM in a position this week to redeem my promise, and raise the hitherto impenetrable veil that has long shrouded the proceedings of the Gargoyle Club from the Public Eye. In the exercise of the discretion with which I have been entrusted, I have somewhat departed from the form of report originally contemplated, and selected only the more striking and characteristic deliverances of my fellow Gargoyles, interspersed with such short notes and descriptions as may best serve to bring out their several mannerisms and idiosyncrasies. Should I offend by this I shall deeply regret it, but I find that there are traditions and customs in the management of a facetious periodical which, however exacting and absurd in themselves, must be respected by those who would furnish it with literary matter.

Having thus apologised in advance to any honourable Gargoyle who may consider himself misrepresented or insufficiently reported, let me present, as the first instalment of these papers, some extracts from notes taken at a most instructive debate last session upon the motion (brought forward by PLUMLEY DUFF; opposed by GASPARD HARTUPP), that:

"In the opinion of this House, Science has been productive of more real benefit to the Human Race than Art."

Somehow, although I know that DUFF'S speech was compounded of plain common sense interspersed with abundant facts (all DUFF'S speeches are like that), I did not begin to take notes that evening until HARTUPP had reached his peroration, which was in this form:—

"Sir," said HARTUPP (*with an inflection of unspeakable pathos in his voice, which ought to make* PINCENEY *shed tears—but does not*), "before I sit down—before, Sir, I resume my seat,"—(*this solemnly, as if he has a deep presentiment that he may never resume another seat*)—"let me ask the Honourable Member who is responsible for the Motion on the paper this evening—let me put to him this single inquiry, this solitary question—and I shall await his answer with considerable curiosity." . . . (*Here* HARTUPP *gazes with an air of challenge at* DUFF, *who, however, is drawing* EUCLID'S *first proposition upon his blotting-pad, an occupation which seems to absorb the whole of his faculties for the moment.*) "Is he here to-night to deny the existence of any good that is not visible, that is not tangible, that cannot be measured with a tape, or weighed in scales? *Sir*, that is the philosophy of the volatile sparrow, of the soulless hog, that skims the vault of the azure empyrean, and wallows content in the mire of his native sky—I *should* say" (*with an air of careless concession to prosaic accuracy*), "stye! That bird, Sir, that pig, like the Honourable Proposer himself"—(*a titter here from the more frivolous;* DUFF *rubs his nose, and evidently wonders whether* HARTUPP *has been saying anything worth noticing*)—"would find the universe none the poorer had PRAXITELES carved nothing more immortal than an occasional cold fowl; had HOMER swept his lyre, not in commemoration of the fall of an ancient Troy, but to celebrate the rise of a new soap (HARTUPP *rather prides himself on his talent for antithesis*); "and had TITIAN lavished all his wealth of glowing colour and gorgeous hues upon the unretentive surface of some suburban pavement! But, *Sir*, I hope that we, by our vote to-night, will afford no encouragement to the gross and contemptible materialism which is the curse of the present day, and of which, I am compelled to add," (*here he glances reproachfully at the unconscious* DUFF, *who is sharpening a pencil*), "we have been afforded so melancholy an example this evening. Let us proclaim to the world without that we, as Gentlemen and as Gargoyles, repudiate, that we loathe, that we abhor, that we abominate," (HARTUPP *seems to be screwing all these verbs out of himself, and throwing them defiantly at* DUFF,) "the grovelling tendency of our animal nature to ignore the joys of the soul and the pleasures of the intellect, and place its highest enjoyment in the ignoble pursuit of creature comforts!"

[*Here* HARTUPP *sits down amidst applause, and applies himself diligently to his whiskey-and-water.*

At a later period in the evening, just as the debate was beginning to languish, NAYLOR started to his feet with a long strip of paper which, being shortsighted, he held close to his nose. NAYLOR invariably takes elaborate notes, with the intention of pointing out and refuting the errors of all previous speakers. Unfortunately, as he cannot always read the notes, and seldom remembers the objections he meant to urge, his criticisms are not as effective as could be desired. On this occasion, NAYLOR said:—"I'm not going to make a speech, Sir, I only want to point out one or two things which struck me as requiring to be met. I'll take them in their order." (*Here he fumbles with his strip of paper, which will get upside down when he wished to refer to it*). "Oh, here it is! There was a Gargoyle who said—I believe it was the Proposer of this motion—*didn't* you?" (*To* DUFF, *who shakes his head in solemn disclaimer*). "Well, it was *somebody*, anyway, but he told us that——." (*Here* NAYLOR *again refers to his notes*). "I'm afraid I can't exactly make out what he did say—but I don't agree with him. Then there was another speaker who said, (I took it down at the time) that he'd rather have a good traction-engine than the finest poem ever written! Well, my reply to *that* is——" (*here* NAYLOR *has another wrestle with his notes and comes up triumphant*) "that's *his* opinion. I *wouldn't*. Next, someone asked, 'What practical use was SHAKSPEARE to any man?'" (*A pause.*) "I've got an answer to that on my notes, somewhere, only I can't find it. But, anyhow," (*cheerfully*) "I know it was rather sticking up for SHAKSPEARE, to a certain extent. Then, didn't someone else say, 'Music elevated the mind?'" (*A Member acknowledges the responsibility of this bold sentiment.*) "Well, I don't say it doesn't—only, *how?* you know, that's the point!" (*A long pause, during which* NAYLOR *and his notes appears to be getting inextricably involved*). "There was a lot of other things I meant to say, but I'm afraid I don't quite remember them at this moment."

With this, NAYLOR sat down suddenly, apparently very little depressed by the total absence of applause—he knew that a fearless critic is never popular.

After that we had a little speech from dear old KIRKSTONE, who rose to tell us an anecdote, which the subject had suggested to him. Appropriate anecdotes are always occurring to KIRKSTONE, and he applies them in the neatest and happiest manner, being gifted with the keenest sense of humour of any one in our Society. In fact, the very keenness of KIRKSTONE'S appreciation operates almost as a disadvantage, as will be seen from the following extract, taken on the spot.

Kirkstone (*rising, and playing with his watch-chain*). "Sir, whilst listening to the speeches

of Honourable Members this evening, I could not help being reminded of a story I heard the other day." (*Here a slight spasm passes over his ample cheeks, and we all settle down in delighted anticipation*). "There was an old farmer—one of the regular old-fashioned sort." (*Faint preliminary chuckle down in* KIRKSTONE'S *throat.*) "Well, he had a daughter, who—*tchick!*—played on the—*tehee!*—the piano, and one day he was induced to go in for a"—(*convulsion, followed by sounds like the extraction of a very refractory cork*)—"for a Steam-plough! Soon afterwards he happened to meet a friend—another farmer, or the parson, I forget which, and it don't signify. Well, and the friend asked 'how he got on with his Steam-plough.' And the old farmer says—*hork-hork!*—he says, 'Don't talk to me 'bout no Steam-plough—*ki-hee-hee!*—when there's my darter at home, and she—*crick, crick, criggle!*' (KIRKSTONE *proceeds gallantly, but is unintelligible until the close*)—'with her darned pianner—*haw-haw-haw!*' Well, the House can apply the moral of that themselves—I thought it was rather to the point myself. That's all I got up to say."

I am afraid KIRKSTONE thinks we are all of us rather dull.

A DRAMATIC ORATORIO.

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN'S dramatic Oratorio, *Ruth*, was produced last Thursday at St. James's Hall, and the verdict on the entire work from "bar one" to bar last was emphatically favourable. The Composer has nothing to regret on this score. The workmanship throughout is thoroughly good, and in some instances admirable, though the First Part is not distinguished by any very striking originality.

In the Second Part, which begins appropriately with Harvest or "Half-est time," Mr. BOAZ LLOYD gave a very trying *scena* magnificently. But why does he pronounce "excellent" as "exc*e*elent?" Perhaps he has ascertained on undeniable authority that this is the way *Boaz* would have pronounced it. *À propos* of this eminent tenor, on one occasion, not this, there was very nearly being a duel about his identity. An Irish gentleman, turning to his friend, informed him, "That's SIMS REEVES," whereupon his better informed companion returned, "He! LLOYD!" which, but for a toimely explanation, begorra, would have led to a challenge!

To resume. The "Dance of Reapers and Gleaners" must have sounded rather out of place in Worcester Cathedral, where *Ruth* was first produced. In the Chorus of the Reapers and Gleaners, who were not in the least out of breath with their dance—but perhaps these had only been delighted spectators—full justice was done to the finest number in the Oratorio—at least, so it appeared to the humble individual who had the honour of representing you on this occasion. Then in the duet,

LLOYD and ALBANI	Were perfect, no blarney,
As *Boaz* and *Ruth*,	I'm telling the truth.

The applause was enthusiastic; indeed, not only in this instance, but throughout the performance, these two sang magnificently. *Boaz* must have been a very kind man; at all events, as *Boaz* and *Ruth* are invariably heard of together, it is clear that he could never be accused of being Ruthless.

Now, just one question: the Book of Words with musical phrases, is sold in the room, and on the title-page we read that "the words are selected,"—most judiciously too—by Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, and "the Book of Words" is fitted "with analytical notes by JOSEPH BENNETT,"—though we should have thought that Mr. COWEN'S notes were sufficient by themselves. Then we find the analytical Noter saying at the end of Part I., "*The assertion may safely be made, that no poetical situation in dramatic Oratorio, has been treated more successfully than the foregoing.*" Now, suppose this were a book of a new Opera, would it be right and proper for the librettist who had adapted the subject from SHAKSPEARE, for example, to give his opinion on the work of his *collaborateur*? Wouldn't this be taking an unfair advantage of his position? It doesn't matter in this case, as I perfectly agree with him, but it is the principle, whatever it may be, for which I contend, and sign myself,

Your Musical Representative, PETER PIPER.

UNCLE REMUS ON C. S. P-RN-LL.—"Brer Fox he lay low."

HOWS VIEWS.

AMONGST entertainments of a pleasing character the performances of "Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED" hold their own gallantly. At the present moment a little play called *Tally Ho* is occupying the boards, much to the delight of those serious pleasure-seekers who consider a box at a theatre wicked, but find no particular harm in the stalls of St. George's Hall. Mr. ALFRED REED and Miss FANNY HOLLAND are as amusing as ever, and the music is all that could be desired. The dialogue of the piece, or entertainment, or whatever it is, is not too new. I fancy the author must have seen *London Assurance*, and listened to *Lady Gay Spanker's* description of the fox chase. And having seen the piece and heard the speech, possibly read the burlesque thereon by the late GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT, in the *Scenes from Rejected Comedies*, published as long ago as the forties. "How time flies!" as a lady behind me observed, after expressing her opinion that Mr. CORNEY GRAIN was better than his pupil—JOHN PARRY! "I remember him as far back as a quarter of a century," continued the fair dame, "and didn't you hear him say he was over fifty years old when he sang that song calling himself an old fogey?" Mr. GRAIN fails to do himself justice when he assumes an elderly air inconsistent with the number of his summers. Such an assumption can but cause pain—to his contemporaries!

On Thursday last *The Woman Hater* was produced for the first time in London at Mr. TERRY'S Theatre (on the grounds that familiarity breeds contempt, I prefer to allow the actor to retain his titular prefix), with more or less success. On the whole I condole with our country cousins if they have been allowed to see this strange play very frequently. Personally I would not care to form a part of any audience at Mr. TERRY'S Theatre during its run, which I am bound to add I am afraid will not be a long one. The construction of the three-act farce (as it is called) is feeble in the extreme, and suggests that the author, from a literary point of view, has a great deal to learn. I do not think (unless his future pieces are very unlike *The Woman Hater*) that he will have much chance of gaining a permanent position in the Temple of Fame. This is merely a matter of opinion, but, speaking for myself, had I a theatre (which I should call of course Mr. Thingembob's Theatre, or the Theatre Royal Dash Blank, Esq.) I believe I should somehow or other instinctively avoid the works of Mr. DAVID LLOYD for some time to come. That is to say if he confined his pen to farce and comedy. It is quite possible he may be much more at home in tragedy. As a fact, there is a sort of gloomy glamour about *The Woman Hater* that suggests the reflection that, after all, the play might have been more exciting if a murder had been skilfully introduced into Act I., and it had been written throughout in blank verse. I think the lover, *Tom Ripley*, might thus have been murdered with or without (for preference, with) his sweetheart. Early in Act II. the character very nicely played by Mr, KEMBLE, might have committed suicide, with one or two others; for choice, others. Act III. might have been allowed (after the necessary alterations had been made to fit it to the requirements of the novel development of the original plot) to stand as it is. In its present form the incidents connected with the spiriting away (after a desperate and revolting fight with the keepers) of the hero to a Lunatic Asylum, are, to say the least, unpleasant. Mr. BISHOP, as the psychological specialist (the resident medical superintendent of the licensed house), was excellent. It is a question, however, whether those well-intentioned representatives of the LORD CHANCELLOR, the Commissioners in Lunacy, would have been entirely satisfied with his action in connection with the incarceration of one sane patient in the place of another patient equally free from mental disease. But that is a matter affecting the author rather than the player. Miss M. A. VICTOR, as a widow lady of great wealth and superior position, was, of course, quite in her element, and gave an admirable sketch of a British matron from Belgravia or Mayfair. Mr. TERRY, too, deserves a word of praise for his own droll performances, which caused more than once, on the first night, a burst of hearty laughter. Pleasantry apart, in spite of the acting, good all round, I fear *The Woman Hater* will soon have to return to the provinces, to make room for something just a little better suited to the London requirements of Mr. TERRY and the audiences of Mr. TERRY'S Theatre.

NEW BOOK.—*The* Green Ways of England. By a Warwickshire Man.

SO VERY LIKELY.

Small Rustic (to Brown, whose Champion North-Caspian Bear-hound has just gobbled up one of Farmer Rackstraw's Prize Rabbits, which had got out of the hutch). "IF YER 'LL GI' ME TUPPENCE, ZUR, I 'LL SWEAR *IT WOS THE RABBIT AS BEGUN IT!*"

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Master of Hounds, loquitur:—

"*Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths like bells.* [tells
Each under each." So SHAKSPEARE'S *Theseus*
The merits of his tuneful Spartan pack.
Would I could echo it concerning mine!
Tut, tut! They 're off again on their own line.
Come back, ye fools, come back!

I envy *Theseus!* Just the sort of hounds
For a true Tory huntsman; kept in bounds
By discipline none ventures to defy.
With such a pack I should be well content;
But some of mine are keen on a false scent,
And off on a wild cry.

Oh, these young dogs! They think disorder's dash;
Heedless of horn, rebellious to the lash;
Just now, too, when our quarry is so clear!
Oh, hang the howling, yelping, whimpering
On a fine herring-trail the fools have got. [lot!
They 'll spoil the chase, I fear.

Come back! Come back! What, "VINCENT," "BARTLETT," ho!
This sort of thing won't pay at all, you know.
We are not, now, after *that* sort of game.
Ah, sweet *Sir Roger*, our *Spectator's* friend,
What would you say to this? Come, let it
For shame, ye curs, for shame! [end.

ADDISON'S "good old Knight" was happier
In his well-ordered pack the casual jar [far.
Of a raw dog or "noted Liar" met
No recognition; no, "he might have yelped
His heart out," but the row had nothing helped
The hounds astray to set.

Here be "notorious Liars" in full force
(The epithet is technical, of course).
"TORRINGTON," back! Back, "STANLEY"!
"ECROYD," back!
Heed "the old hounds of reputation" here.
This shindy must be stopped, or 'twill, I fear,
Demoralize the pack!

THE OLDEST SKETCHING CLUB IN THE WORLD.

AT the house of NAT LANGHAM young men were taught how to use their hands skilfully years agone; at the home of *the* LANGHAM their hands are trained with equal care and discretion, with a different end in view. At the former they were excited, at the latter they are soothed. The spirits of the last are finer, if less ardent, than those of the first. Friday cannot be unlucky, for all their sketches are produced on that proverbially unfortunate day. A subject is given, and in two hours, over pipes and coffee, it is completed. Marvellous these rapid acts of sketchmanship! The Impressionists nowhere! The result? Well, go to the Gallery, 23, Baker Street. Look at the collection of pictures—on the two hours' system—by Messrs. STACEY MARKS, CALDERON, FRED WALKER, HODGSON, CATTERMOLE, B. W. LEADER, CHARLES KEENE, E. HAYES, H. MOORE, VICAT COLE, FRANK DICKSEE, E. DUNCAN, C. J. LEWIS, F. WEEKES, CARL HAAG, and other clever gentlemen, and see if *Mr. Punch* is not right in his commendation. The Langham Sketching Club has existed over half a century, and this is its first public exhibition. Ah! well, it is never too late to mend.

The Winter's Tale at the Lyceum.

THERE 's a charm in her innocent glances,
A charm in her step when she dances,
For *Perdita*, "nary
A one," like our MARY,
The sweetest of Sweet Willum's fancies.

To those who may not have heard it, a
Chance most distinct will be *Perdita*.
So, see now, we say,
MARY ANDERSON play, [it, Ah!
You 'll regret, when too late you 've deferred

The Latest and Best from Berlin.

THE Crown Prince was reported last week to be decidedly better. May it be so, and so go on. "His Imperial Highness," wrote the Correspondent of the *Standard*, "continues to express the fullest confidence in Sir MORELL MACKENZIE." And *Mr. Punch*, in the name of all Englishmen who are uninfluenced by any feeling akin to professional jealousy, "says ditto," to the Crown Prince. *Prosit!*

MRS. R. is astonished that the English do not name streets and places after the names of their great Poets and their works. She says she only remembers two exceptions; one was a *Hamlet* in the Country, and the other was *Wandsworth*: the latter being so called after the Poet who wrote *The Excursion*,—probably, she thinks, a cheap excursion to this very spot, which is within a cab-fare of town.

THE Third Edition of Mr. FRITH'S Recollections is now out. We hear it is dedicated to Archdeacon SUMNER, and that the motto selected is the nautical quotation, "Port it is!"

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Lord Salisbury, M.F.H. "CONFOUND THOSE YOUNG HOUNDS!—THEY 'RE TAKING A LINE OF THEIR OWN!!"

PIG-HEADED ATTACK ON THE IMMORTAL BARD.

A DISPUTED WILL.

DEAR SIR,—MR. DONNELLY'S cryptogram, showing BACON to be the author of all SHAKSPEARE'S plays, is a wonderful discovery. The principle only needs to be applied with sufficient ingenuity and perseverance, to revolutionise the whole field of literary history. I myself have only had time to apply it in a few instances, but have already got the really valuable result that NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA wrote most of the works of MILTON. DAY and MARTIN LUTHER wrote *Sandford and Merton*, and Sir WALTER SCOTT wrote the ballad with the refrain "*Two Lovely Black Eyes.*" CHARLES THACKERAY'S works were entirely written by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE DICKENS. Hence the cryptogrammatic name. I am working as hard at the theory as the somewhat unelastic rules of this establishment will permit, and this morning I caught a cryptogram crawling up the window-pane. Aha! excuse my glove, I must dissemble.

Colney-Hatchwell. Yours, THE "B" IN BOTH.

SIR,—You are performing a truly noble and philanthropic work in throwing open your columns to a subject which must inevitably seem "*caviare* to the general" (BACON). To myself, personally, the raising of the controversy at the present time is annoying, because I happen to have hit independently on exactly the same idea as Mr. DONNELLY'S; viz., that there is an underground narrative running through SHAKSPEARE. DARWIN and WALLACE, you may remember, discovered the origin of species simultaneously, so why not I and DONNELLY the origin of SHAKSPEARE? But my cryptogram leads to an entirely different result from Mr. DONNELLY'S, who has, I am certain, being led off on a false scent. Instead of multiplying every 270th word, as he does, by the number of full-stops in the page, and then dividing the result by the number of years during which ANNE HATHAWAY is supposed to have resided at Stratford-on-Avon, he should first have discovered the total quantity of words in all SHAKSPEARE'S plays and sonnets, and after that the quantity in the *Novum Organon;* then reducing the probable salary which BACON received as Lord Chancellor, *each year*, down to farthings, he should have divided (*not* multiplied) them all into each other, and brought them to decimals, and then applied *that* result to the plays. The process is a little complicated, but I can't make it clearer at present. Anyhow, the entrancing interest of the story so obtained can be judged from the headings of the chapters.

"Lord BACON arrives at Stratford disguised as a bargee. His midnight visit to SHAKSPEARE'S house. The poaching plot hatched. In the churchyard. The Ghost among the tombs. The Ghost discovered to be Queen ELIZABETH, who had followed BACON to Stratford disguised as a Tilbury fish-wife. The Queen buried alive in Stratford churchyard by BACON and SHAKSPEARE. The good Vicar bribed. Their scheme to dress up ANNE HATHAWAY as Queen. Its success. ANNE HATHAWAY reigns twenty years, everybody taking her for ELIZABETH. SHAKSPEARE (stricken with remorse) appears suddenly at the bedside of BACON. Threatens to disclose all. BACON murders SHAKSPEARE. Takes all SHAKSPEARE'S Plays (hitherto unacted, having been rejected by the Managers of the period as 'wholly devoid of dramatic power') out of his pocket, and produces them next day as his own. Success of this plot also. How BACON repents at last. Invents the Cryptogram. Inserts it in the Plays on his deathbed."

You will see from this abstract that there are elements of far greater interest in my theory than in Mr. DONNELLY'S, and my publishers sincerely trust that you will insert this letter, as a gratuitous advertisement may help the sale of my forthcoming work, entitled, *Who Killed Shakspeare and Queen Elizabeth?*

Your obedient servant, ARTFUL PLODDER.

SIR,—Surely it is impossible to doubt any longer that BACON wrote *Hamlet*. Why, in that play you find him actually confessing his cowardice in not claiming the authorship of his own plays! What else *can* these words mean?

"What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are *arrant knaves all.*"

Then occurs this truly remarkable sentence:—

"God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another."

Given *whom?* Why, BACON himself! Did he not make his face into another's, namely, SHAKSPEARE'S? The case is as clear as noonday. Let the insular cavillers at DONNELLY, just because he is an American, hide their diminished heads. ANTI-HUMBUG.

DEAR SIR,—Would one of your readers kindly inform me how Friar BACON could have written SHAKSPEARE? I see by *Little Arthur's History of England* that the former lived three hundred years before SHAKSPEARE was born. This seems to be a conclusive proof that Mr. DONNELLY is wrong; but though I am very fond of history, I do not profess to be a great historical critic.

TILLY SLOWBOY.

SIR,—In looking over *Macbeth*, I have found a really remarkable confirmation of Mr. DONNELLY'S cryptographic story. The story relates how, when CECIL told Queen ELIZABETH that SHAKSPEARE'S plays were treasonable, she "rises up, beats HAYWARD with her crutch, and nearly kills him." In Act III., Scene 4, of *Macbeth*, occurs this line,—

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood"—

i.e., Queen ELIZABETH, being a person of good blood, or high lineage, *will* have blood, *i.e.*, from the head of the person she beats with the crutch.

A few lines further on is a *striking* confirmation of this. *Macbeth* says,—

"How say'st thou, that MACDUFF denies his person
At our great bidding?"

Macduff here is cryptographic for SHAKSPEARE. When summoned by the Queen to answer CECIL'S charge, SHAKSPEARE *did* deny his person at her bidding. Mr. DONNELLY'S is a great discovery. The world *does* advance, in spite of Lord SALISBURY. Yours, RADICAL.

DEAR SIR,—How long will the British public allow an impudent Yankee to lead it astray? Mr. DONNELLY has evidently never read my historical novel, *A Tale of the Invincible Armada*, which somehow failed to meet with the enthusiasm it deserved, or he would know that CECIL valued SHAKSPEARE most highly. In my book he never addresses the Bard without saying, "Marry, Gossip," or "I' faith, good coz." I am sure your readers will be glad of this information; also to hear that I am bringing out a cheap popular edition of the same book, price only three-and-sixpence. Order at once, Yours, M. AINCHANCE.

SIR,—Perhaps, after all, the best solution of the SHAKSPEARE-BACON puzzle is one analogous to that suggested by a learned Don in the HOMER controversy—viz., that the person who wrote the plays was not SHAKSPEARE, but another man of the same name.

Yours, COMMONSENSICUS ACADEMICUS.

LORD SALISBURY'S SHAKSPEARE.

"'THE policy of worry' shan't be strained;
They 'll drop it in my gentle reign next Session."

"AN OPPORTUNIST."

He. "OH, EMIL——MISS CRUMPCHER—CAN—HAVE YOU EVER LOVED?"
She. "N—NOT THIS SEASON!"

A WOULD-BE "LITERARY GENT."—The following is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

LITERARY.—A gentleman who erst wrote for recreation, is driven, through cruel misfortune, to resume his pen for a livelihood. Fugitive lines, reviews of English, French, and Italian literature, topics of the day.

What a condescension! How good of him! He "first wrote for recreation"—whose?—his own probably, and that of his friends who were as easily amused as were those of Mr. PETER MAGNUS,—who signed himself P.M., or afternoon, for the entertainment of his correspondents,—and now he is "driven through cruel misfortune to resume his pen." Very cruel! Perhaps already his friends are beginning to suffer from this spiteful freak of Fortune. But as he can knock off with ease a variety of literary work, he is rather to be envied than pitied; and already he may be on the high road to literary fame which he will despise, and solid wealth which he will appreciate.

THE NEW SIXPENCE.—On the face is to be the QUEEN'S effigy with inscription, and on the reverse its value inscribed, surrounded by an olive-branch and an oak-branch. More appropriate for the face would have been the QUEEN'S effigy surrounded by olive-branches.

M. PASTEUR is the man for the successful treatment of hydrophobia. Does the Australasian Government appeal to him for assistance because it finds itself in a rabbit state?

O'BRIEN'S BREECHES.

(*Humbly imitated from Henry Luttrell's "Burnham Beeches."*)

A BARD, dear Muse, who pluck would sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches.
Help me to touch the lyric string
On—brave O'BRIEN'S breeches!

What though the splendour of my lines
To SWINBURNE'S height ne'er reaches?
The theme, if not the thrummer, shines;
That theme's—O'BRIEN'S breeches!

They wouldn't let O'BRIEN talk,
Or make "seditious" speeches.
They quodded him, his plans to baulk,
And—tried to bag his breeches!

But brave O'BRIEN'S blood did burn
(Say, who his pluck impeaches?)
He up and swore in accents stern,
"I *won't*—wear convict breeches!"

Those gaolers deep about him hung,
They stuck to him like leeches.
But he, the eloquent of tongue,
Stuck to—O'BRIEN'S breeches!

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet
A prison patience teaches.
The prisoner to bed must get;
They watched—and boned his breeches!

The captive of the cold complains,
His breechless bones it reaches.
But yield? No, rather he remains
In bed—without his breeches!

In vain the prison-clothes they show;
Badge of dishonour each is.
Patriots prefer to lie below
Bed-clothes—without their breeches!

But friends unto the dungeon hie,
No gaoler marks (or peaches),
They hand O'BRIEN, on the sly,
Another pair of breeches!

Black BALFOUR'S myrmidons are fooled!
A lesson high this teaches:
A plucky people is not ruled
By—stealing patriot's breeches!

BRIAN BORU they sang of yore,
But when her goal she reaches,
Erin will sing, from shore to shore,
O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Her bards will praise the patriot true,
His long and fiery speeches,
His bearding BALFOUR'S brutal crew;
But, above all,—his breeches!

Oh, ne'er may the potheen pass round
But—Erin so beseeches—
The Isle may with one theme resound,—
O'BRIEN—and his breeches!

Hold! Though I'd fain be jingling on,
One rhyme, experience teaches,
You can't ring on for aye! I've done.
Farewell, O'BRIEN'S breeches!

The Shakspearian Question.

An Actor's opinion on the Bacon v. Shakspeare controversy, expressed in a strictly professional cryptogrammatic style.

"SHAKSPEARE written by a chap called BACON, my boy? Very likely; I always found 'lots of fat' in it."

Another (*at Brighton, by an Ancient Mariner who sticks to the "Old Ship"*). "BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE? Well, perhaps he did. He was a clever chap, was dear old ARTHUR BACON, but still, somehow, I don't think he wrote SHAKSPEARE. At least not all of it."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 54.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CATTLE-SHOW.

ON THEATRICAL PICTURE-POSTERS.

SIR,—I used to be a very regular attendant at the Theatres. I am not so now, and I find that by staying away, I have time at my disposal, which I never had before, for reading, study, and social intercourse. I save my money and preserve my health. And for this I have most sincerely to thank the Managers of our London Theatres, who, within the last few years, have adopted a style of pictorial advertisement, which, though possibly attractive to simple-minded folk, or restless youth, exercises a singularly deterrent effect on the middle-aged playgoer, and on all imaginative and timid persons, especially of the feminine gender.

For example, speaking as a mediævalist, or one of the middle-ages, if I see a huge coloured picture on a hoarding representing several sensational situations which form a frame for the culminating horror of the play in the centre, as an old stager I know that play from beginning to end, and take in the whole plot at a glance. I can imagine the dialogue without doing much injury to the author, and, as I have seen the principal actors and actresses, I can, in my own mind, furnish the piece with a cast probably far superior to that at the particular theatre where the melodrama, thus pictorially advertised, is being performed. The scenery and costumes I have before me on the hoarding. This applies to several theatres. As to timid ladies they shrink from seeing the realisation of the terrible situations depicted on the picture-poster. They have seen quite enough: they will wait until something less startling shall be substituted for this display of crime, cruelty, and violence.

It is really very kind of the Managers to provide for outsiders in this way, but the outsiders remain outsiders, and have no desire to enter these chambers of Dramatic Horrors. As a supporter of shows and exhibitions, with considerable experience, I know well enough that the representation outside the booth is very much superior to the reality within; for example, the outside picture of a Fat Woman exaggerates the corpulence of the Lady on view inside the caravan; the Mermaid is most attractive in the picture, probably floating about playing a harp, while the reality is a dummy figure composed of a monkey's and cat's skin sewn together and stuffed. I hope the Managers will develop their pictorial advertisements still further; I speak selfishly, as if everyone takes my view, where will the audiences be?

The only advertisements that ever attract me, and cause me to say, "Ah! I should like to see *that!*" are those which, on closer inspection, I find to be only the artistic trade-marks of some new soap, beetle-powder, peculiar whiskey, sewing machines, or soothing syrup. Pray, Sir, do all you can to encourage Theatrical Art in Mural Decorations, and save the time and money of,

Yours, PATER FAMILIAS.

P.S.—I shall take my boys in holiday time the round of the hoardings, and tell them all about the plays. Cheap entertainment, eh?

MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M. P. elect for Dulwich—not by any means a dullidge sort of constituency in the opinion of the Conservative Candidate's Agent—is to be congratulated on attaining his majority. When he has prepared his maiden speech for the House, he may hum to himself:—

"Now I'm furnished, Now I'm furnished for my flight!"

THE FUTURE POSITION OF THE ARMY.

A Sketch founded on the Suggestions of "The Greatest Briton."

PART I.—*Before the G. B. took the matter in hand.*

"I AM heartily glad you have come," said the Commander-in-Chief (patented), throwing down the *Fortnightly*, "because this

"En Retraite."

article upon the present condition of the Army, by the Author of *Greater Britain*, has put me out completely."

"I glanced at it, but could not get through it," replied *the* Field Marshal. "What does he say?"

"Well, so far as I can make out, that in the time of war all the Militia will be drafted into the Army, and all the Coast Guards into the Navy, and both will disappear together with the Army and the Navy in the first battle."

"Anything else?"

"Well," continued GEORGE RANGER, re-opening the Magazine, "he seems to think that we have got enough men, if we can't get more, but that we must defend India with the aid of compulsory service, although, for various 'religious and commercial reasons, almost peculiar to England, the non-adoption of Conscription is certain.'"

"From this I take it the article is slightly mixed?"

"It is—and I am bothered entirely!" replied the poor Duke, who had a habit, when worried, of returning to the brogue he used as Prince GEORGE in Ireland, in his youth. "What will I do? Look there now, we have cut down everything to starvation proportions, to please Lord GRANDOLPH, to say nothing of upsetting the entire machinery of the War Office, to save the salary of the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. Sure, what more will I do?"

"Read this," replied *the* Field Marshal, giving to H. R. H. a packet. "If War is declared, open it, and act upon the orders contained in it."

And, with this, *Punch*, the greatest modern strategist, bowed, and retired.

PART II.—*After the G. B. took the matter in hand.*

Two months later Europe, shaken by the mightiest conflict of this century, was beginning to regain her composure. It would be unwise (for it might offend foreign susceptibilities) to give the names of the victories that had added fresh lustre to the British arms. Suffice it to say that not a single reverse had been recorded. Once more *the* Field Marshal entered the room of the Commander-in-Chief (patented).

"Well, GEORGE, how goes it?" asked the foremost soldier of the age. The Commander-in-Chief (patented) fell upon his knees and kissed the spurs of his master's boots.

"Nay, this show of gratitude is pleasing, but embarrassing. Remember, GEORGE, you are of Royal Blood," and *the* Field-Marshal gently and kindly assisted the Patented One to rise.

"I cannot help it," returned GEORGE, with a burst of almost painful emotion. "You have done so much for us."

"Not at all," observed *Punch* with a smile, "that packet certainly contained a few suggestions of some value."

"Why, they saved the country! How should we have horsed the Cavalry and Artillery, if we had not entered on peace contracts with the Directors of Pickford's, the London General Omnibus Company, the Road Cars, the Tramways, and the Herne Bay Bathing Machine Owners. The last were not easily persuaded to act with us, as somehow the requisition of their quadrupeds seemed to interfere with the success of the Thanet Harriers."

"But they gave in at last?"

"Certainly, patriotism was the rule without exception. Then the compulsory service of their *employés* in the Volunteers, insisted upon by all the West End Tradesmen and employers of labour throughout the land, had the best effects. Why some of the finest troops in the world came from SCHOOLBRED'S, WHITELEY'S, the Army and Navy Stores, and SMITH AND SONS."

"And the Inns of Court, the Universities, and the Medical Colleges also insisted upon continued efficient service in the Volunteer ranks to secure the advantage of audience in the Courts and Registration as Doctors, didn't they?"

"Certainly! Oh, it was grand! Then we got as much Cavalry as we required from the farmers, and the Yeomanry, and purchased the entire stock of guns from the Continent.—Just as you told me to do."

"Quite right," said *Punch*, "after all, guns and ammunition are only a question of figures. I suppose the British Army in India was recalled home and distributed amongst the Colonies, as I suggested, and the Native Troops that were not quite trustworthy treated in the same manner?"

"Assuredly, yes, and they have given an admirable account of themselves in Australia and Canada." Then GEORGE hesitated. "But you would not tell me how you supplied their places in India. You merely asked for transport for your Army of Reserves."

"Quite so," said *Punch*, with a smile. "But, now that peace is decided upon, and all but declared, I need keep silence no longer. The fact is, I fought the Russians with an Army of Germans and Italians, under the command of my friend Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS."

"Germans and Italians! Where *did* you get them from?"

"From places where they were ruining our working-poor and doing themselves no permanent good. I shipped them from Hatton Garden and Whitechapel. My country saved, the welfare of the world in general demands my restored attention. It shall have it."

And full of this truly benevolent intention, *Mr. Punch* returned to Fleet Street.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM *The Personal Remembrances* of Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK (MACMILLAN & Co.) I had, I confess, expected a great deal more than I found in the two volumes. And I hold that I had a right to expect something more than usually interesting from the Remembrances of the Queen's Remembrancer. What Sir FREDERICK remembers as Remembrancer to the QUEEN is very little, though quite sufficient for the office; but his own recollections as his own Remembrancer are very pleasant reading, being full of information given in an unpretentious conversational style, about Cambridge University life, the Bench and the Bar, and Literary Society generally. There is a good deal of eating and drinking recorded—not too much, perhaps, for the necessities of social life; and the "C. C. S.," or Cambridge Conversazione Society seems to have been very regular in its intellectual gatherings at various places where good food is provided. This Club, limited to twelve members, was called somewhat profanely "The Twelve Apostles," though of what they were Apostles I cannot make out. They have evidently an Apostolic Succession, as the Club is still in existence, I believe. Altogether, among this sudden glut in the market of literary confidences in the shape of ducal, journalistic, artistic, and egotistic recollections, this may be taken up as a chatty and readable book.

Odd Volumes.

Woman's World for December, edited by our OSCAR WILDE, is full of woman's wit, and some of the illustrations, especially in the department of The Fashions, are charming. What a change from the old style of painted doll inanities, dressed up in a style never seen in real life! The picture of the three pretty women preparing for a ball is a candle to attract male moths—"male moths" being obviously the opposite to "ma'am—moths," as that undefeated punster SAMUEL JOHNSON would have said under certain circumstances. Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED'S account of Royat is very amusing; but, though I have been several times up to La Charrade, yet never have I had the good fortune to come across Madame GRENON, who, if her portrait, as given in this number, is a genuine likeness, ought to be one of the attractions of the environs of Royat. Good, honest, kindly faces I saw at Charrade, but why this uncommonly pretty one hid herself, as she must have done whenever she saw this distinguished water-drinker coming to Charrade is a charade to me. The general remarks on the Stage by the lamented Authoress of *John Halifax*, whose recent loss we all deplore, are very interesting, as recording the impressions of a good, pure-minded woman, whose acquaintance with the *vie intime* of the Theatre was limited. The portraits of Miss ANDERSON are not particularly flattering—rather shady, which is the one thing that no one shall ever unchallenged say of our sweet and gentle *Perdita* in the hearing of your rather deaf

POLIXENES, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not* even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM THE MINISTER TO PERSIA.

Hampstead, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY,

I AM, as you will understand, so busy in my preparations for departure, that I fear I may not find time to call upon you, *p.p.c.*, and therefore take up my pen to write these few lines, hoping they will find you well, as they leave me at present. It is an odd reflection to one who has reached my time of life, that henceforward sixteen-shilling trousers shall have no more interest for me. Already, in the privacy of my room, I don the flowing robes of the East, and sit by the hour as you see me in a little sketch I have had made, and beg your acceptance herewith. It is all very strange to me yet. As GR-ND-LPH says, it is the oddest thing in the world that the Ark and I, after much tossing about in troublous waters, should finally settle down in the neighbourhood of Ararat. If I had had my choice. I would not have gone so far afield. The wise men, you know, come from the East, they do not go there; at least, not further than Constantinople, which would have suited me admirably. Rome I have eyed askance. I could have dressed the part for St. Petersburg. Berlin would not have been bad; and I feel that I was born for Paris. But the Markiss of course has his way, and he has mapped mine out for Teheran.

It is odd to reflect (and as I sit here trying to grow accustomed to the hookah, I feel in a reflective mood) that if BR-DL-GH had not been elected for Northampton in 1880, I would never have been Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of the SHAH. Do you remember the night, nearly eight years gone, when I jumped up from my seat below the Gangway and physically barred BR-DL-GH's passage up the House? In the loose way history is written, GR-ND-LPH gets the credit of incubating the Fourth Party. But if it had not been for me, that remarkable cohort would never have existed, and the history of English politics for the last seven years would have been written differently. GR-ND-LPH was actually not in the House when I created the BR-DL-GH difficulty. Three weeks earlier, on BR-DL-GH'S first presenting himself, FREDDY C-V-ND-SH had moved for a Select Committee to consider his claim to make affirmation. ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE had seconded the hum-drum motion, the Committee was agreed to, and there the matter ended. When GR-SV-N-R moved to nominate the Committee, I came to the front, was snubbed by H-LK-R at the instance of our respected Leaders, but stuck to it then and after, till presently, the Conservative Party, seeing the advantage, came round to my view and poor ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE had to eat his words. GR-ND-LPH came on the field and the ball was set rolling; but it was I who gave it the first kick.

And now behold me solemn, sedate, responsible, the Representative of the greatest of Western Powers at the Court where once ARTAXERXES ruled! In quitting Parliamentary life I leave behind me an example which young Members will find it profitable to study. The opportunities I possessed were held in common with hundreds of others whom I leave in obscurity. I had no particular gifts that promised the comfortable pre-eminence I have reached. The coarsest flatterer could not accuse me of oratorical ability. GR-ND-LPH, I confess, excelled me there, and so did G-RST, an abler man than either of us, but lacking in the quality that brought GR-ND-LPH and me to the front and kept us there. What I did, was to keep myself in evidence, and to make myself as disagreeable as possible to people in authority. If the object of attack were GL-DST-NE, good; if it were N-RTHC-TE, better, as showing more independence, and as securing the favourable attention of the Opposition. It is a commonplace, ordinary thing to be cheered by your own side. What the young aspirant to Parliamentary distinction should look to, is to gain the applause of the Benches opposite. R-B-CK knew that in old days, and so did H-RSM-N, and in these later times GR-ND-LPH better and more successfully than either.

I quit the House of Commons with unfeigned regret, tempered only by the anticipated pleasure of watching from Teheran the coming cropper of my old friends. The deluge is surely coming for them, whilst I loll landed high and dry upon Ararat. I like to make B-LF-R uneasy by telling him this. But he boasts of an infallible receipt the Government have for keeping up their Parliamentary majority. Here and there a bye-election may reduce it, "but," says B-LF-R, "we can always play next, and win. For every bye-election lost we clap an Irish Member in gaol, or, for the matter of that, a Radical, and thus maintain an even balance. We lose Coventry and they lose O'BR-N'S vote. Spalding goes, and T. H-RR-NGT-N'S vote is crossed out. Northwich is lost, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin is lagged. We lose a vote in the Exchange Ward, Liverpool, and they are bereft of SHEEHY, whilst we have left to the good COX and E. H-RR-NGT-N, with P-NE safe within the mud walls of his castle."

That is all very well, but evidently it cannot go on indefinitely. I at least am out of the scuffle happily, and in good time, and, political life's fever over, shall live well.

Yours faithfully,

H. D. W-LFF.

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

(*To All whom it may concern.*)

HASTY assumption, by spite inspired,
Spouting in public before you've inquired
Basis of fact or authority's worth;
Wriggles, provoking much cynical mirth,
Roundaboutation, sophistical fudge;
Then retractation, but done with a grudge!—
Gentlemen, gentlemen, *is* this good form?
Would you political citadels storm
Like Heathen Chinees with (word) "stinkpots"?
For shame!
This is not manfully playing the game.
It is not "good business," believe me, but bad,
Whether you're Tory or whether you're Rad.
Young and conceited, or old and grand,
To tell taradiddles—at second-hand!

THEATRICAL RECIPROCITY.

FIRST of all came The London Savoyards, who, after sending their D'OYLY CARTE *de visite* in advance, showed our cousins-German the way to perform Burlesque Opera of native English growth. Then followed HERR WYNDHAM, and FRAÜLEIN MOORE, who have just been instructing the Berliners in the art of playing Comedy, and have achieved an undeniable success in *David Garrick*. Odd international combination this, English actors playing before a German audience a piece adapted by an English author from a French play translated into German. Our actors and actresses will go in for the study of German, and as we now hear in England that German labour ousts native labour from the market, so we may expect very soon to hear German actors protesting against the influx of English Theatrical Companies who are taking the bread out of their mouths. What will be the next move in this game? Will SARDOU adapt *The Butler* to be played here by COQUELIN, in TOOLE'S part, and at his theatre, with SARAH BERNHARDT as the Cook, just to strengthen the cast? Herr WYNDHAM appeared at the Residenz Theatre. We hope he is not going to take up his Residenz there, as we can't spare him.

Fling at Fair-Traders.

Duet in the "Tempest." STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO.

"Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em, and flout 'em.
Trade is free."

A MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

"WHY!—HAS YOUR DACHS GOT A SORE THROAT, LIZZIE?"—"NO; BUT HE *THINKS* HE HAS!"

ALTERAM PARTEM.

SIR,—The reason why I have not hitherto contributed to the controversy on the recent unhappy (Police) Divisions is, because I have been laid up in the Hospital. Never mind which Hospital—but I have not been so comfortable since I had the mumps, years and years ago, at school. Being a born economist, I naturally turned out in my myriads to assist at a gratis show in Trafalgar Square; and, Sir, I never came so near realising what a "dead head" was in the whole course of a chequered (not to say chuckered) career. But do I turn round and abuse the Police? Why, ever since that fortunate Sunday, I have enjoyed, at no expense to myself, the most delicate of viands, the tenderest of nursing, and a complete immunity from even the suggestion of getting anything to do; and, in addition to all this, the satisfaction of having employed the services of a force to whose maintenance I have never contributed one farthing. But soft, a nurse approaches, and I must dissemble.

Yours, in Clover,
FREEMAN GRUBBER.

"Re-Joyce!"

THE Woodford tenants
Must have liquor'd
To hear of the penance
Of Lord CLANRICARDE.

A RASHER THEORY OF BACON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I. It is plain that the *soi-disant* SHAKSPEARE was poor to the end of his days. This is proved by MILTON'S sonnet beginning—

"What needs my SHAKSPEARE for his honour'd bones?"

This shows that the person in question was in the habit of selling his kitchen refuse, and more noteworthy still, that MILTON was in the habit of buying it. Whether out of respect for the vendor, which would go a long way towards proving the esteem in which he was held, or because MILTON was in the marine store line at this period, I leave to Mr. DONNELLY to decide.

II. It is certain that there is a cypher in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Pyramus* has the line, "O, dainty duck. O, dear!" Now "duck" stands with cricketers for 0, and 0 is a cypher (or is it figures that are cyphers? but, never mind). Therefore we have here the expression, "O, dainty cypher, O, dear!" which proves conclusively, that the cypher was dainty,—exquisite, elaborated; and also that BAKSPEARE was heartily tired of it, unless, "dear" refers to the terms he had to pay to SHAKON to hold his tongue. But the fact that the supposed author used to sell bones, and inferentially rags, to MILTON, rather militates against this hypothesis. And here note what a flood of light is thrown upon the disappearance of the manuscripts. They were indubitably sold, with the honoured rags and bones to MILTON, who has certainly more than one suspicious coincidence of thought and phraseology, especially in his earlier poems.

III. My play, *Piccoviccius*, contains the clue to the whole matter. There is a picture on the title-page of a boy blowing an egg, while an elderly gentlewoman, who is remarkably like the bust of the poet in Stratford Church, looks on with every appearance of interest. Underneath is the legend, "Lyttel FRANCIS teaching his Cryptogra'mother." I am firmly convinced that *Piccoviccius* was *written by both of them*. The style is not the least like that of either, which proves that they didn't want everyone to know. I subjoin a specimen. The scene is the palace of the usurping Duke *Jingulus*, who is about to wed the Lady *Rachel*. Yours, RODERICK TWEDDLE.

JINGULUS, RACHEL, PHILOSTRATE, *and others*.

Jing. Say, PHILOSTRATE, what abridgment have you for
This dull, three-volumed day?
Phil. There is, my lord,
A show of cats and tame canary birds.
The cats, sleek sleepy creatures, well content,
Doze fur in fur, the while the nimble birds
Climb ladders, carry baskets, beg for pence:
Which given, they in bills receive, and take
With hops, well-satisfied unto their keepers,
Then the sleek cats sit up and 'gin to spar,
And get sleek heads in furry chancery.
Jing. That will we not see at our wedding-time,
No sparring, nor no caging. Well, what next?
Phil. A hunch-back'd man, long-nosed, there is, my lord,
Who in a curtained tabernacle dwells,
Himself, his wife, his child, a helpless babe,
His dog, of rare sagacity, though small,
Is full as large as all the family.
The man a cudgel bears, and carries it
As though he lov'd it. Spurning household cares,
To pity dead, he through the window flings
His wailing, helpless babe, nor spares the pæan
Of nasal triumph and the drumming foot.
The mother thus bereav'd, such comfort gets
As in the cudgel lies, and joins too soon
Her infant sped. Again the nasal song
Shrills, and the blood-stained tabernacle shakes
With heels triumphant tapping. All who come—
Many there are who come—learn soon or late
The flavour of the cudgel. At the end
All human powers defied, the hangman trick'd
By childlike wile, and hois'd with his own halter,
A day of reckoning comes. The unseen world
A minister sends forth who terrifies
The heart that knew no terror; turns the song
Of triumph to a long wail of despair;
And this most wicked puppet goes below
The curtain of his booth.
Jing. A moral play!
This we will see. Command it. Lords, away!
[*Exit in State.*

HYDROPATHIC ART.—"O GIVE me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," sang Captain MORRIS, the Laureate of the Old Beef-steak Club. At the present period of the year we have a greater liking for the sunny side. And the sunniest spot on the sunny side we have discovered during the last week is undoubtedly in the rooms of the Sanatorium presided over by Sir JOHN GILBERT. The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours is a capital hydropathic establishment at this season of the year.

A NECESSARY EXPLANATION.—Considerable remark has been excited by the sudden departure from London of Count CORTI, the Italian Ambassador. The fact is, Count CORTI was compelled to appear at Rome, in person, as an answer to the imperious order of recall which (to translate the legal process exactly) is of the nature of a "County Corti Summons."

"M. LE PRÉSIDENT FAUTE-DE-MIEUX."

SOCIETY SIBYLS.

[Palmistry is now a fashionable amusement at bazaars and at evening parties.]

THE Sibyl in the times of old,
Who dealt in charms unlawful,
Had hair unkempt and eyes that rolled
'Mid conjurations awful.
The prophetess of modern days,
Who dabbles in divining,
A pair of pleasant eyes will raise,
'Neath hair that's soft and shining.

The latest "fad" appears to be
Commingled fact and fancy,
What led of old LEUCONÖE
To trust to chiromancy.
Which is, the victim understands,
That each vice or perfection
Can be discovered in his hands
By Sibylline inspection.

She 'll tell us all the Mounts and Lines
Of Saturn and of Venus;
With man and wife her skill divines
What shadows come between us.

She sees in hands a taste for Art,
For Music, or for Letters,
And knows how often each poor heart
Has yielded to Love's fetters.

It 's rather hard to stand and hear
Your character decided,
And imperfections that appear,
By captious friends derided.
Yet if you 'll listen to advice,
You 'll smile, and looking pleasant,
Trust only prophecies when nice,
Of either past or present.

'ARRY ON HIS CRITICS.'

DEAR CHARLIE,

I'm much obligated for that there *St. James's Gazette*
As you sent me larst Satterday's post. I 'ave read it with hintrest, you bet;
Leastways, more pertikler the harticle writ on "yours truly," dear boy;
Wich the paper is one as a gent who is reelly a gent can enjoy.

I shall paternize it with much pleasure; it's steep, but it's puffect good form.
Seems smart at the "ground" *and* the "lofty," and makes it tremenjusly warm
For WILLYUM the Woodchopper. Scissors! His name's *never* orf of their lips.
Wy, it's worth a fair six *d* a week jest to see 'em a slating Old Chips!

Proves as 'ARRY is well to the front wen sech higperlite pens pop on *him*.
Does me proud and no herror, dear pal; shows we're both in the same bloomin' swim.
Still, they don't cop my phiz *quite* ker-rect; they know GLADSTONE right down to the ground;
But *I* ain't quite so easy 'it off, don'tcher see, if you take me all round.

Old Collars is simple as lyin', becos he's *all* bad, poor old 'ack,
And you can't be fur out in his portrait as long as you slop on the black.
But I'm quite another guess sort; penny plain, tuppence coloured, yer see,
May do all very well for the ruck; but they'll find it won't arnser for me!

I'm a daisy, dear boy, and no 'eeltaps! I wish the *St. James's* young man
Could drop into my diggings permiskus; he's welcome whenever he can;
For he isn't no J., that's a moral; I don't bear no malice; no fear!
But I'd open 'is hoptics a mossel concernin' my style and my spere.

The essence of 'ARRY, he sez, is high sperrits. *That* ain't so fur out.
I'm "Fiz," not four 'arf, my dear feller. Flare-up is my motter, no doubt.
Carn't set in a corner canoodling, and do the Q. T. day and night.
My mug, mate, was made for a larf, and you don't ketch it pulling a kite.

So fur all serene; but this joker, I tell yer, runs slap orf the track
Wen he says that my togs and my talk are "the fashion of sev'ral years back."
The slang of the past is my patter—*mine*, CHARLIE, he sez! Poor young man!
If *I* carn't keep upsides with the cackle of snide 'uns, dear CHARLIE, who *can?*

Wot *is* slang, my dear boy, that's the question. The mugs and the jugs never joke,
Never gag, never work in a wheeze; no, their talk is all skilly and toke,
'Cos they ain't got no bloomin' hinvention; they keeps to the old line of rails,
With about as much "go" as a Blue Point, about as much rattle as snails.

MAYOR'S Spellin' and Copybook motters is all they can run to. But slang?
Wy, it's simply smart patter, of wich ony me and my sort 'as the 'ang.
Snappy snideness put pithy, my pippin, the pick of the *chick* and the hodd,
And it fettles up talk, my dear CHARLIE, like 'ot hoyster sauce with biled cod.

"Swell vernacular"? *Swells* don't invent it; they nick it from hus, and no kid.
Did a swell ever start a new wheeze? Would it 'ave any run if he did?
Let the ink-slingers trot out *their* kibosh, and jest see 'ow flabby it falls.
Bet it won't raise a grin at the bar, bet it won't git a 'and at the 'Alls.

And fancy *my* slang being stale, CHARLIE! Gives me the needle, that do.
In course I've been in it for years, mate, and mix up the old and the new;
But if the *St. James's* young gentleman fancies hisself on this lay,
I'll "slang" him for glasses all round, him whose patter fust fails 'im to pay.

Then he sez, "'ARRY's always a Londoner." Shows 'ARRY ain't no bad judge.
"Wot the crockerdile is to the Nile 'ARRY is to the Thames." Well, that's fudge.
That's a ink-slinger's try-on at patter. Might jest as well call me a moke.
Try another, young man; this is kibosh purtending to pass for a joke.

Wen he sez my god's "go,"—well he's 'it it. Great Scott! wot is life *without* "go"?
But "loud, slangy, vulgar"? No, 'ang it, young man, this is—well, there,
Me vulgar! a Primroser, CHARLIE, a true "Anti-Radical" pot! [it's *low*.
No, excuse me, St. J., I admire you; but this is all dashed tommy-rot.

Stale, too, orful stale, my young josser. It's wot all the soap-crawlers say,
If a party 'as "go" and "high sperrits"—percise wot you praise me for, hay?—
If he "can laugh aloud," as you say *I* can, better than much finer folk,
Will you ticket 'im "vulgar," *for doin' it?* Oh, you go 'ome and eat coke!

Leastways I don't mean that exackly; I like you too well; you're my sort;
But you ain't took my measure kerrect, I'm a Tory, a patriot, a "sport."
So wy should *you* round on me thusly? I call it a little mite mean.
If I took and turned Radical now; but oh! no, 'ARRY isn't so green.

'Owsomever in one thing you 've nicked me. No marriage for 'ARRY, sez you.
O, right you are, chummie! I'm single, you bet, though I'm turned twenty-two, [man, and no kid.
And I've 'ad lots o' chances, I tell yer; fair 'ot 'uns, old
But I'll 'ave a free run for *my* money, as long as I'm good for a quid.

Yah! Marriage is orful queer paper; it's fatal, dear boy, as you say, prime lay.
It damps down the rortiest dasher, it spiles yer for every
No; gals is good fun, wives wet blankets, that's wot my egsperience tells,
And the swells foller me on that track, though *you* say as I follers the swells.

Wot odds arter all? We're jest dittos! I'm not bad at bottom, sez you. [bullion to blue,
Well, thankye for nothink, my joker. As long as I've
I mean to romp round a rare buster, lark, lap, take the pick of the fun,
And, bottom or top, good or bad, keep my heye on one mark—Number One!

There, CHARLIE, that's 'ow I should answer my criticks. They ain't nicked me yet, [*Gazette*.
Not even the pick o' the basket, 'im of the *St. James's*
He's not a bad sort though, I reckon. Laugh, lark, cut a dash, never marry!
Yus, it only want's my fillin' in to make that a fair photo, of 'ARRY.

WELL PROTECTED;

OR, WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

A DEMONSTRATION was held yesterday afternoon at St. Giles's Hall, in connection with the Imperial Association, for the raising of Agricultural and other Prices, "to protest still further against the late unrestricted ability to live on their means enjoyed by the British Middle Classes," and "to take ulterior measures for rendering it more impossible." A large number of members of the Association were assembled, among whom were the Duke of GLUTLAND, the Right Hon. JAMES MOWTHER, Mr. GRUNTZ, Mr. C. W. BRAY, M.P., and others.

Mr. FLOWERD MISPENT, M.P., said he was proud to take the chair on such an occasion, and to congratulate the assembly on the immense progress made in the country of the principles they were met to advocate. ("*Hear, hear!*") Their great object had been, by forcing the Government to put a prohibitive tax on all foreign imports whatever, to so stimulate home industries, that while the producer flourished at the expense of the consumer, the latter, representing four-fifths of the nation, was driven to the verge of desperation by a general rise of prices, that he was powerless either to stave off or meet. (*Loud cheers.*) He thought that the great bulk of the Middle Classes of the country must, if not already hopelessly ruined, at least have got it pretty hot. (*Laughter.*) Take his own case. Owing to the new import duties levied on foreign wool and silk, the tweed suit in which he stood up before them on that platform had been charged to him by his tailor at £37 15*s.* (*laughter*), while his hat, for the appearance of which he could not say much, had cost him £5 18*s.* 6*d.* (*Renewed laughter.*) Such prices as these must tell in the long run on the pocket of that great enemy of national industry, the "Consumer." (*Cheers.*)

The Chairman then read letters of apology from the Duke of TWICKENHAM, Lord STARCH, and Baron DIMOCK, M.P., who declared their readiness to favour any motion calculated to stimulate a still further rise of prices. Mr. JOLLIS, M.P., wrote in a similar sense, and in a letter expressing regret that he was unable to be present, Lord HAPENCE said:—The brilliant future that is now dawning on the prospects of the British Agricultural Interests must be patent to all. Only yesterday I was charged 18*s.* 6*d.* in a local hotel bill for a small *omelette*, and, on asking for some explanation, was informed by the waiter that since the importation of French eggs had ceased, the market price of those procurable from English poultry had risen to 4*s.* 6*d.* (*cheers*), and they were not to be relied on at that. This is as it should be. Need I say I paid my bill, not only without a murmur, but with positive satisfaction. (*Loud cheers.*)

Sir EDWARD MULLIGAN, M.P., wrote:—"Your meeting is a very important one, and has my cordial support. But with British-made ladies' gloves at £1 3*s.* 6*d.* a pair, British-made chocolate at 17*s.* 6*d.* a pound, and British-made silver watches at £38 a piece, it cannot be denied that the absence of foreign competition has favourably affected home prices. May this encouraging catalogue be continued. I hear, too, that since prohibitive duty has been imposed on the importation of petroleum the coarsest kinds of composite candles have been selling at 9*s.* 6*d.* a pound. Living for the Middle Classes must be getting unendurable. I hail the prospect as a hopeful sign of the times. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. JOYNTER, the Chairman of the Association, then rose to move the first Resolution:—"That in consideration of the fact that, though the threepenny halfpenny loaf was now at 3*s.* 9*d.*, and that though the agricultural labourer was paying 4*s.* 7*d.* a pound for bacon, £3 17*s.* for a smock, and £1 15*s.* 6*d.* for a second-hand spade, and that yet, notwithstanding these fiscal advantages, he did not seem entirely satisfied with his improved condition, the meeting should urge upon the State, the necessity of imposing still further prohibitive duties on foreign imports in the hope of introducing even greater complications into the vexed question of how to make the British Consumer entirely support the British Producer."

Mr. WAITLAND seconded the motion. He added, however, that notwithstanding the undeniably flourishing condition of British trade at home, he could not regard its prospects as equally satisfactory abroad. Owing to the retaliatory action of Foreign Governments, our Exports appeared somehow entirely to have disappeared. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. GRUNTZ, said that was so. Still there could be no doubt as to its healthy progress in our midst, and that reflection ought to quiet the misgivings and comfort the heart of the ardent Imperial Associationist. He had in his pocket at that moment a British-made cigar. (*Cheers.*) It hadn't a nice flavour, it wouldn't draw, and it cost him 12*s.* 6*d.*—(*laughter*)—still, it was made of British-grown tobacco, and that was everything. (*Hear, hear!*) Perhaps it was in their wine that people of his class suffered most. In the old days he used to drink Dry Monopole; but since a Government duty of £20 a dozen was imposed on all imported Champagne, he had had to have his from the "British Home-manufactured Wine Company;" and, though they charged him eleven guineas a dozen for it, and he believed it frequently made his guests seriously ill, still he felt he was supporting a "home industry," and did not scruple to put it freely before them. (*Roars of laughter.*)

After the enthusiastic singing of "*Rule Britannia*" by the whole meeting, a vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the proceedings, which were of a very animated character, to a conclusion.

To the Modern Men of Gotham.

"FISCAL REFORM"? A pretty phrase
To mark the old exploded craze;
But, Gothamites, you're surely blind!
Think you to reach "Protection's" goal
By squatting in that leaky bowl,
And whistling for a (Fair Trade) Wind?

NEW WORK BY MR. O'BRIEN. — Under the general heading of *Tullamore Tales*, we are to expect a good story, entitled, *Reverses on the other side of the Tweed.*

OUR CHRISTMAS BOOKING-OFFICE.

Wrapped Up in a Book.

"KING Diddle," by H. DAVIDSON, deals with the wondrous sight,
Seen by two little children in a lumber-room one night.
And "Rider's Leap," by LANGBRIDGE, —no, not by RIDER HAGGARD,
Shows how a brave and noble youth, can never be a blaggard.

(AIR—"*Zurich's Fair Waters.*")

The Christmas Number of *London Society*—*Society!*
With STRANGE WINTER, GRIFFITH, and
Gives us all a most pleasing variety— [FENN,
Variety!
There's a tale from the CAMERON pen.

If sly FRANCIS BACON was SHAKSPEARE *incog.*,
His publisher nowadays ought to be HOGG,
Whose books for the Season, the "Stories and Yarns," [larns."
Must prove to us all that "one lives and one
But "Cocky and Clucky and Cackle," I fear,
Which is from the German, is not very clear.

GRIFFITHS AND FARREN, farren-aceous food
For children's taste provide—all very good.

In his story of the "Willoughby" two "Captains," T. B. REED
Shows how a public school-boy's life both pride and courage need.
In your "Walks in the Ardennes," which some may prefer to Surrey—
PERCY LINDLEY'S is a Guide-book—to be re-named "LINDLEY-MURRAY."
Here's "Bo-Peep" and also "Little Folks," with prose and verse combined,
Wherein the smallest readers may find something to their mind.
The charming "Rosebud Annual," with pictures, we confess [possess.
Is a book all little gardeners should certainly

The Sporting Cards of HARDING, funny.
HAZELBERG'S "Diadem" worth the money.

(AIR—"*The Flowers that bloom.*")

For toys that pop up with a spring,
Tra la!
Or toys not at all in that line,
To CREMER'S you'll go, and you'll sing
Tra la!
I want to lay out a shil-*ling*,
Tra la!
For which you will get something fine
That cheapness and taste will combine.
For "*Modes et robes* pour *les dames et les enfants*,"
And toy model series amusing and strong,
To CREMER, tra la!
To CREMER, tra la!
Junior CREMER, go!

Paintings on leather, satin, whence this show?
We reply, "WALKER"—meaning JOHN & Co.

(*Chorus to* "*En revenant de la Revue.*")

You're searching out for something very new
These diaries, all shapes and sizes, view, Sir.
Instead of "*En revenant de la Revue*,"
With "date cards" *reviendrez* DE LA RUE, Sir.

WIRTHS BROTHERS' cards we like, and for this reason—
They are in keeping with the Christmas season. [earth's
Of Christmas Cards you ask well where on
Their point? Quite so: but here's your money's wirths.

(AIR—"*John Peel.*")

Do you ken TOM SMITH
As you ought to do,
He is coming with
Some Crackers new,
Crackers and costumes not a few,
To make merry a Christmas ev'ning.

(AIR—"*The Jolly Young Waterman.*")

Oh, did you ne'er hear of the name ARTHUR ACKERMANN, [PRANG,
Who imports Christmas Cards called after
They are American, 'tis safe to back a man,
Who holds for landscape cards *premier rang*.

The MARION Album intended for photos,
Three-quarter pictures with scant legs and no toes.

Cards neat and droll, not too elaborated,
Come from card-houses, which are CASTELL-ated.

"Take a Card," says BENNETT, "do,"
And a satin card-case too.

The SOCKL Court Card much delighted the Bard. [by the Card."
And FAULKNER'S are charming. I "speak

* * * * *

The exhausted Poet addresses Mr. Punch.

Joy! Joy! my task I've done! and I, sweet Sire,
Vainly, *Macbeth*-like, strike the slavish lyre.*
I'll sing no more. Books! cards! go on the shelf. [myself!
Sooner than strike my harp, I'll "strike"
My holiday's begun. Accept my benison!
Signed MORRIS-BROWNING-AUSTIN-SWINBURNE-TENNYSON.

* "Lyre and slave! (*strikes him.*)"—*Macbeth*, Act v., sc. 5.

QUITE CHRISTMASSY.

"DANCING DOLLS IN CHANCERY.—The solicitors' table was cleared of papers, and the ballet-girl doll, having been wound up, commenced to dance on the table, to the amusement of a crowded court. Mr. Justice KAY watched the performance with evident interest, and when the dance was concluded the doll was handed up to him and carefully examined. He then handed it to the Registrar of the Court, with an injunction 'not to hurt it.'"
Daily News.

SING a song of Justice
KAY up in his place,
Four-and-twenty dancing dolls
All in a case;
When the case was opened
The dolls were made to play,
Wasn't that a pretty sight
For Mr. Justice KAY?

The Judge sat in the Court-house
Thinking it so funny,
The dolls were on the table
Worth a lot of money,
His Lordship said, "The ballet-
Girly-dolly I'll inspect,"
Which he did, and then pronounced it
"Quite O Kay," or "Orl Kayrect."

OCCASIONALLY our Mrs. RAM likes to display her perfect knowledge of the French language. "I've just been reading," she said, "a most interesting work, the life of Monsignor DUPANLOUP, who was the Bishop—or, as they call it in French—the *Equivoque d'Orléans*."

SOCIETY'S NEW PET.

Delacruche (the rising young Tragedian at the Parthenon). "OH, THE FICKLENESS OF WOMAN! LOOK AT THAT IDIOT THEY 'RE ALL SWARMING OVER *NOW!* UGH! I SHOULD LIKE TO *KICK* HIM, IF EVER I GET AN OPPORTUNITY!"

Brown, F.R.S., &c., &c. (who is fond of Tragedies, but dislikes Popular Tragedians). "OH, *DO*, MY DEAR FELLOW, *DO!* AND, I *SAY*, *LET ME BE THERE TO SEE THE RESULT.*" *Delacruche.* "HUMPH! WHO *IS* THE BEAST!"

Brown. "SLOGG, THE PUGILIST FROM CALIFORNIA, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!" *[Delacruche thinks better of it!*

"QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

(Latest Version, as sung by President Cleveland.)

MAY I ask you, Columbia, this lady to note?
She 's English, you know; quite English, you know.
(What effect will this have on the Democrat Vote?
She 's English, I know; quite English, I know.)
She comes from a country that 's cursed with a throne;
Yet I think, in your interest, she ought to be known.
She may help you to deal with your Surplus o'ergrown.
(That 's not English, you know; not English, you know.)

Chorus.

I 'll ask you, Columbia, this lady to hear;
She 's English, you know; quite English, you know.
Her form, which is slim, and her eyes, which are clear,
Are English; quite English, you know.

Just now, Ma'am, our Surplus has reached such a size,
(Not English, you know; not English, you know,)
The difficulty I can no more disguise.
(Plain English, you know; plain English, you know.)
Why, every year,—it reads like a romance—
That Surplus, by millions, fails not to advance.
If at this young lady you 'd give just a glance!
(She 's English, you know; quite English, you know.)

Chorus.

Her words, Ma'am, may please, if you 'll deign but to hear;
They 're English, you know; quite English, you know.
If you banish her *now*, she must soon reappear.
Still English, quite English, you know.

What Columbia has done she of course can undo
(That 's English, you know; quite English, you know);
Our old fiscal system has gone all askew.
(Like the English, you know; say *some* English, you know.)
Protection has got to the street that 's called Queer;
Free Trade!—well, her advent may distant appear;
Anyhow, *do* just glance at this lady, my dear.
She 's English, you know; quite English, you know.

Chorus.

Mark the things she will say which 'twere prudent to hear,
They 're English, you know; quite English, you know.
Our system 's not solid or stable, I fear.
Not English, not English, you know.

Protection and you very long have been friends
(That 's Yankee, you know; quite Yankee, you know);
But sure such a Surplus serves no useful ends.
To Yankees, you know, robbed Yankees, you know.
Humph! Yes, English "Chambers of Commerce" *do* pule
Just now for Protection; they 're playing the fool.
But they 'll hardly score much off the old Free Trade School.
That 's English, you know; quite English, you know.

Chorus.

Heed not all the VINCENTS and BARTLETTS you hear,
Though English, you know; mad English, you know.
Economists know they are very small beer,
Though English, half English, you know.

For SALISBURY, GLADSTONE and BRIGHT all agree
(They 're English, you know; all English, you know,)
That this new Fair Trade fad is pure fiddle-de-dee.
(Not English, you know; *not* English, you know.)
The Farmers and Landlords want prices to rise,
So they look on Fair Trade with encouraging eyes;
But they 'll hardly get Statesmen to be their allies,
Who 're English, you know; true English, you know.

"QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND (*to* COLUMBIA). "WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THIS YOUNG LADY?"

Chorus.

Trade Chambers may vote, Tory delegates cheer
(They 're sure to, you know; quite sure to, you know);
But "Fiscal Reform" won't fool many, I fear,
Who're English; wise English, you know.

Columbia, *may* I present my young friend?
She 's English, I know; quite English, I know.
I *don't* say adopt her; I *do* say—attend,
Though she 's English, you know; quite English, you know.
At any rate deign to vouchsafe her a smile,
I fear my Republican friends she will rile;
But she may prove a friend, though she comes from the Isle
That 's English, you know; quite English, you know.

Chorus.

The things I have said 'tis high time you should hear,
In English, you know; plain English, you know.
So let me present this young lady, my dear,
Though she 's English, quite English, you know!

THE PLUCK OF GGGRRANDDDOLLLMANN'S CAMP.

(*A Story of the Welsh Gold Fields.*)

BY BRITT PART.

THERE was commotion in Gggrrandddolllmann's Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in those days, just when gold had been discovered on Welsh soil, such things as fights were unknown. And yet the entire settlement were assembled. The schools and libraries were not only deserted, but JONES'S Coffee Palace had contributed its tea-drinkers, who, it will be remembered, had calmly continued their meal when even such an exciting paper as the *Grocers' Journal* had arrived. The whole Camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a man was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the Camp—"W. E. G.—a first-rate feller." Perhaps the less said of him the better. He was a strong, but, it is to be feared, a very unstable person. However, he had sent them a message, when messages were exceptional. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, TAFFY," said a prominent citizen, addressing one of the loungers; "go in there, and see if you can make it out. You 've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. TAFFY had once been the collector for a Trades Union Society, and it had been from some informality in performing his duty that Gggrrandddolllmann's Camp was indebted for his company. The crowd approved the choice, and TAFFY was wise enough to bow to the majority.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. They were ordinary Britons, and there was nothing to show they had been less contented than their neighbours; and yet these men, in spite of their loneliness, had never wanted for a single reform. Until now they had been absolutely satisfied with their lot.

There was a solemn hush as TAFFY entered the Post Office. It was known that he was reading the despatch. Then there was a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the Camp. It was muttered by TAFFY. He told them that the document called upon the whole community to ask for Disestablishment and Home Rule. The Camp rose to its feet as one man. It was proposed to explode a barrel of dynamite in imitation of the Irish Nationalists, but in consideration of the position of the Camp, which would certainly have been blown to pieces, better counsels prevailed, and there was merely a cutting of bludgeons from the trees the levelling of which W. E. G. was known to love so well.

Then the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a *queue*, entered in single file. On a table lay the document they had come to read.

"Gentlemen," said TAFFY, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency; "gentlemen will please pass in at the front door and out of the back. Them as wishes to contribute anything towards the carrying out of the written wishes of the document will find a hat handy."

The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked at the writing, and so unconsciously set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible. "A lot for the money!" "Just like him!" "Gets a deal into three lines!" And so on. The contributions were as characteristic. A life assurance policy, a pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks, several volumes on political economy.

So the despatch was read and re-read a score of times, and it was found necessary to give it a name. The natives of Wales are generally sagacious, and so they gave it the name of the Pluck. For the sake of the Pluck they did everything. It was certain, of late, they had not been very successful. They had certainly not paid their rents, and refused to patronise the Parson, and so the work of degeneration began in Gggrrandddolllmann's Camp. Instead of working as of old, the inhabitants gave up labour and shouted to one another. They repeated the phrases of the despatch crying, "Be worthy of yourself, gallant little Wales," "Remember Michelstown!" and went to sleep. Before the arrival of the despatch they had been a clean, hard-working, thrifty race. Latterly, however, there had been a rude attempt to let things go from bad to worse. The newly discovered mines were deserted and all industry was at a discount. "It is the Pluck of Gggrrandddolllmann's Camp that 's doing it," said TAFFY, as he gazed at the document as it lay on the table before him.

But at length things came to a crisis. The converted miners, as it has been explained, refused to work, and then neglected to pay their rents. Then came evictions, supported by the law. There was a confusion of staves and bayonets, buck-shot and black-thorn sticks. The Camp disappeared amidst much excitement. Some of the Campers emigrated, and others were sent to gaol. TAFFY was missing. At length he was found in a ditch, holding a postcard bearing some warlike words, and signed "W. E. G."

"I have got the Pluck with me now," he said, as he was arrested; and the strong man, clinging to the thin document so full of wild advice, as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, was marched off to prison!

THE NEW SHYLOCK.

From a Portrait sketched by the Great McDermott, Q.C., during a recent Irish Trial.

A Cry from the Counting-House.

English Clerk loquitur:—

THE times have been
When German brains no bout with us would try;
We ruled the roast. Now Teuton scribblers come,
With twenty languages upon their tongues,
And push us from our stools!

A SOUND OPINION.—Our Own French-Pronouncing Impressionist says that the new Cabinet in Paris cannot possibly be a success, as it commences with a FALLIÈRE.

A FESTIVE PROSPECT!

Husband. "DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO INVITE YOUR MOTHER BACK IN MY——"
Wife. "DEAR, THAT 'S THE VERY THING SHE 'S COME ABOUT! SHE READ YOUR LETTER!"
[*Tableau!*

ADDIO, ADELINA!

As Madame PATTI would have said, if she had thought of quoting BACON last Tuesday week, and as somebody probably will say after reading this, and then send it, a few months hence, to *Mr. Punch* as quite new and original, "When my KUHE comes, call me." And when her KUHE (English pronunciation) did come, she came up to time and tune, and came up smiling. Of course with such names as Mmes. PATTI, TREBELLI, Messrs. LLOYD and SANTLEY with Miss EISSLER on the violin, Mr. LEO STERN ("Leo the Terrible") on the 'cello (sounds uncomfortable this), Miss KUHE on the pianoforte (unpleasant position), Mr. GANZ as "accompanyist," (what an ugly word!) and the Great Panjandrum himself, Mr. W. G CUSINS (Sir W. G. CUSINS as is to be,—which was our Jubilee Midsummer Knight's Dream) as Conductor, what could the result be, but success? Every seat taken; up gets the Conductor, "Full inside, all right!" and on we goes again! And after this, off goes Madame PATTI to America to earn any amount of dollars by singing her well-known *répertoire*, which, with one or two exceptions, she may leave t' other side of the Atlantic, and return to tell us of "The songs I left behind me," and to chant with feeling "*I cannot sing the old Songs.*" *Au plaisir!* ADELINA, and all good Engels guard thee! I beg to sign myself, re-signing myself to the absence of the Diva, THE CRITIC ON THE HARP.

THE FISTIC CRACK, SMITH.

AIR—"*The Village Blacksmith.*"

BEFORE the applauding British P.
The fistic crack, SMITH, stands,
JEM SMITH a mighty man is he,
With smart and smiting hands;
And the muscles of his legs and arms
Stand out like steely bands.
His hair is fair, and closely cropped,
His pink face bears no tan;
His brow is low, his wits seem slow,
He "gates" whate'er he can!
But he gets more cheers than SALISBURY'S
Or e'en the Grand Old Man. [self,

Whene'er their Champion spars at night
Excited Britons go,
To see him swing his left and right
With slogging force though slow;
And the guests are scarce a pretty sight,
They 're loud and rather low.
Green youngsters scarce released from school
Flock in at the open door.
They love to see him "kid" and feint,
And pay their bobs therefor;
And if his right he does let fly
Great CÆSAR, *how* they roar!

At length he into training goes,
Attended by "the bhoys,"
Punches the ball, pickles his hands,
With other training joys,
Which in the penny sporting prints
Abroad his backers noise,
To read the which boys about town
Esteem it Paradise;
They buy the accounts and o'er them pore,
Though probably all lies,
And to each other whisper them
With wonder-rounded eyes.

Bouncing, belauding, gammoning,
Onward the game still goes;
But whether in the fistic ring
The Champions will close,
Why, that is quite another thing,
Which nobody quite knows.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my fistic friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught.
If pugs can get a barney up,
Whereby the crowd is caught,
What matters it whether they 'll fight
Or whether they *have* fought?

TOYING WITH TRUTH. — The Annual *Truth* Toy Exhibition, which shows the toys provided for any number of Children in our hospitals, workhouses, and infirmaries at Christmas time, will be held at Willis's Rooms, December 19 and 20. No further intimation is necessary. When there a Will is, there a Way is.

BACON *v.* SHAKSPEARE.

I.

SAYS MISTHER DONELLY,
Who writes so funnily,
"Sure, BACON'S side I *am* on."
"The side of BACON,"
Says *Punch*, "you 've taken
Against our WILL, is—gammon."

II.

(*With some allowance made for taking a false quantity.*—ED.)

American-Irish DONELLY,
You 're cunning as MICKY O'VELLY,
As you 've undertaken
To prove SHAKSPEARE BACON.
Howld your whisht! "*Porker verba,*'
I tell 'ee.

SONG FOR MR. PRITCHARD-MORGAN, OF MAWDDACH VALLEY, NEAR DOLGELLY.—"*Darling Mine!*"

SEVERAL ROUNDS.

[Prize-Fighting having once again come into fashion, the above Pugilistic Encounters must be recorded as anticipations of "Boxing-Day."]

THE PROFESSOR AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY'S book on *The Art of Conversation*, seems witty, and (in parts) wise. People who want to learn to talk well in society had better consult the genial Professor, who declares that the art can be acquired. In fact he hands to each of his readers, across the visionary "walnuts and the wine," the pinch of Attic Salt which seasons dinner-parties. The theory must, of course, be taken *cum grano*. A few hints (strangely omitted in MAHAFFY'S "Haffy Thoughts,") are here appended:—

Should you happen to be in company with a number of eminent Statesmen belonging to one Party (say, at a dinner, when they can't get away from you,) mind and point out in a loud voice what you conceive to have been the chief errors of policy which they committed in their last Ministry, and what would have been *your* line in their place. If they are smarting under recent defeat, and have just been turned out of Office, they will be sure to thank you heartily for your kind advice.

Supposing politicians of every shade of opinion to be present, your best course will be to at once introduce some "burning" subject of the day—say, Home Rule, or the personal character of Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SALISBURY. Your host will be delighted, and you will be surprised to find what a brisk conversation you have initiated.

Always talk "shop." It gives local colour to your style. For instance, if you are a lawyer, and you see another legal gentleman at table, engage him in a conversation as to "that curious Equity point in the case of *The Queen* v. *the Executors of Muggins, deceased*, before the V.-C." Make your comments as technical as possible. If you don't soon "get the table in a roar," it will be astonishing. By the way, there are two kinds of "roar."

Avoid the least appearance of shyness. This is a pushing age. If you are really bashful by nature, assume a haughty and forbidding demeanour to cover it. This will make you universally liked.

Spice your talk with jokes. Invent at least six good puns for use at any dinner to which you may be invited, and bring them out,—naturally, if you can, but at any rate *bring them out!* *E.g.* If you are in Dublin, in a company consisting of fervid Nationalists, who bitterly resent the imprisonment of their Chief Magistrate, remark jocosely that "you hope his Lordship is not suffering much from *mal de Mayor!*" Conversely, when present at a dinner of Loyalists, refer to the eminent Liberal-Unionist Leader as "Half-HARTINGTON." In either case your host is sure to ask you to come again.

Monopolise the conversation. CARLYLE did this, and so did MACAULAY, so why shouldn't you? You may be a MACAULAY without knowing the fact.

Remember that people like *anecdotes*. This is how HAYWARD got his reputation. Don't hesitate because somebody has said that "all the good stories have been told." If so, tell them again without flinching.

Practise allusive and apparently unconscious swagger in private. When you are sure that you can refer to "my friend the Duke of St. DAVID'S," at a dinner-party without the slightest change of inflexion in your voice and in a perfectly natural manner, you are fitted to adorn any society—even the lowest.

Never humour women who try to talk learnedly. Bring the conversation down to feeding-bottles and keep it there. They will in reality appreciate your kindness and knowledge of female nature, even if they appear at the moment to resent it deeply.

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*An Italian Restaurant—anywhere in the Metropolis. Only a few of the small dining-tables are occupied as Scene opens. Near the buffet is a small lift communicating with the kitchen, and by the lift a speaking-tube.*

Enter an Adorer *with his* Adored; *he leads the way down the centre of the room, flushed and jubilant—he has not been long engaged, and this is the very first time he has dined with Her like this.*

Adorer (*beaming*). Where would you like to sit, PUSSY?

Pussy (*a fine young woman—but past the kitten stage*). Oh, it's all the same to *me!*

Adorer (*catching an aggrieved note in her tone*). Why, you don't *really* think I'd have kept you waiting if I could help it? There's always extra work on Foreign Post nights! (PUSSY *turns away and arranges hat before mirror*). Waiter! (*A Waiter who has been reading the "Globe" in the corner, presents himself with* Menu.) What shall we have to begin with, eh, PUSSY?

[*The* Waiter, *conceiving himself appealed to, disclaims the responsibility with a shrug, and privately reflects that these stiff Englishmen can be strangely familiar at times.*

Pussy. Oh, I don't feel as if I cared much about anything—*now.*

Adorer. Well, I've ordered Vermicelli Soup, and *Sole au gratin.* Now, you must try and think what you'd like to follow. (*Tentatively.*) A Cutlet?

Pussy (*with infinite contempt for such want of originality*). A Cutlet—the *idea!*

Adorer (*abashed*). I thought perhaps—but look down the list. (PUSSY *glances down it with eyes which she tries to render uninterested*). "*Vol au vent à l'Herbaliste,*"—that looks as if it would be rather good. Shall we try that?

Pussy. *You* may if you like—I shan't touch it myself.

Adorer. Well, look here. then, "*Rognons sautés Venézienne,*"—Kidneys, you know—you *like* kidneys.

Pussy (*icily*). Do I? I was not aware of it.

Adorer. Come—it's for you to say. (*Reads from list.*) "*Châteaubriand Bordelaise,*" "Jugged Hare and Jelly," "Salmi of Partridge." (PUSSY, *who is still suffering from offended dignity, repudiates all these suggestions with scorn and contumely.*) Don't like any of them? Well, (*helplessly*) can't you think of anything you *would* like?

Pussy. Nothing—except—(*with decision*)—a Cutlet.

Adorer (*relieved by this condescension*). The very thing! (*Tenderly.*) We will *both* have Cutlets.

Waiter (*who has been waiting in dignified submission*). Two Porzion Cutlet, verri well—enni Pottidoes?

Pussy (*sharply*). Potted *what?*

Adorer (*to* Waiter). Yes. (*To* PUSSY, *aside, in same breath.*) Potatoes, darling. (*The* Waiter *suspects he is being trifled with.*) Do you prefer them *sautés*, fried, or in chips,—or what?

Pussy (*with the lofty indifference of an ethereal nature*). I'm sure *I* don't care how they're done!

Adorer. Then—Potato-chips, Waiter.

Pussy (*as* Waiter *departs*). Not for me—I'll have mine *sautés!*

Adorer (*when they are alone, leaning across table*). I've been looking forward to this all day!

Pussy (*unsympathetically*). Didn't you have any lunch then?

Adorer. I don't mean to the dinner—but to having you to talk with, quite alone by our two selves.

Pussy (*who has her dignity to consider*). Oh, I daresay. I wish you'd do sometning for me, JOSHUA.

Adorer (*fervently*). Only tell me what it is, darling!

Pussy. It's only to get me that *Graphic*—I'm sure that gentleman over there has done with it.

[*The* Adorer *fetches it with a lengthening face;* PUSSY *retires behind the "Graphic," leaving him outside in solitude. At length he asserts himself by fetching "Punch," (which he happens to have seen) from an adjoining table. A Bachelor dining lonely and unloved on the opposite side of the room, watches them with growing sense of consolation.*

AT THE SPEAKING-TUBE.

Waiter. Una voce poco fa maccaroni! (*At least, it sounds something like this. A little cupboard arrives by the lift containing a dish which the* Waiter *hastens to receive. The new arrival is apparently of a disappointing nature,—he returns it indignantly, and rushes back to tube.*) La ci darem la mano curri rabbito Gorgonzola!

A Voice (*from bottom of lift—argumentatively*). Batti, batti; la donna é mobile risotto Milanaise.

Waiter (*losing his temper*). Altro! Sul campo della gloria vermicelli!

The Voice (*ironically*). Parla tele d'amor o cari fior mulligatawni?

Waiter (*scathingly*). Salve di mora casta e pura entrecote sauce piquante crême à l'orange cotelettes pommes sautés basta-presto!

[*Corks up tube with the air of a man who has had the best of it.*

AT ANOTHER TABLE.

Two Brothers are seated here, who may be distinguished for the purposes of dialogue as the Good Brother *and the* Bad Brother *respectively. The* Good B. *appears* (*somewhat against his will*) *to be acting as host, though he restricts his own refreshment to an orange, which he eats with an air of severe reproof. The* Bad B. *who has a shifty sullen look and a sodden appearance generally, is devouring cold meat with the intense solemnity of a person conscious of being more than three parts drunk. Both attempt to give their remarks an ordinary conversational tone.*

The Bad B. (*suddenly, with his mouth full*). Will you lend me five shillings?

The Good B. No, I won't. I see no reason why I should.

The B. B. (*in a low passionate voice*). Will you lend me five *shillings?*

The G. B. (*endeavouring to maintain a virtuous calm*). I don't *think* I will.

B. B. You've been giving money away all the afternoon to people after *I* asked you for some!

G. B. (*roused*). I was *not.* It's dashed impertinence of you to say such a thing as that. I'm sick of this dashed nonsense—sick and tired of it! If I hadn't some principle left still, I should have gone to the East long ago!

B. B. I'm glad you didn't. I want five shillings.

G. B. Want five shillings! You keep on saying that, and never say what you want it *for.* You must have some object. Do you want it to go and get drunk on?

B. B. (*with a beery persistence*). Lend me five shillings.

G. B. (*reflectively*). I don't intend to.

B. B. (*in a tone of compromise*). Then lend me a sovereign.

G. B. (*changing the subject with a chilling hospitality*). Would you like anything after that beef?

B. B. (*doggedly*). I should like five shillings.

G. B. (*irrelevantly*). Look here! I at *once* admit you've got more brain than I have.

B. B. (*handsomely*). Not at all—it's you that have got more brain than me.

G. B. (*rejecting this overture suspiciously*). I've more principle at any rate, and, to tell you the truth, I'm not going to put up with this dashed impertinent treatment any longer!

B. B. You're not, eh? Then lend me five shillings.

G. B. (*desperately*). Here, Waiter—bill. I pay for this gentleman.

Waiter (*after adding up the items*). One and four, if you please.

[*The G. B. pays.*

B. B. And dashed cheap too!

[*A small Cook-boy in white comes up to* Waiter *and whispers.*

Waiter. Ze boy say zat gentilman (*pointing to B. B.*) tell him to give twopence for him to ze Cook.

G. B. (*austerely*). I have nothing to do with that—he must settle it with him.

B. B. (*with fierce indignation*). It's a lie! I gave the boy the money. It was a penny!

Waiter (*impassively*). Ze boy say you did not give nosing.

B. B. (*to G. B.*). Be d——d! Don't you pay it—it's a rascally imposition! See, *Garcong,* I'll tell you in French. *J'ai donné l'homme, le chef, doo soo* (*holding up two fingers*) *pour lui-même-à servir.*

G. B. I'm sorry to have to say it—but I don't believe your story.

[*To the B. B.*

B. B. (*rising*). I'm going to have it out with Cook. (*Lurches up to door leading to kitchen and exit. Sounds of altercation below. Re-enter B. B. pursued by Voice. B. B. turning at door.*) What did you say?

Voice. I say you are dronken Ingelis pig, *cochon, va!*

B. B. Well,—it's just as well you didn't say any more. (*Goes up to* Waiter, *confidentially*). That man down there was mos' insultin'—*mos'* insultin'. But, there, I'll give *you* the penny—there it is. (*Presses that coin into* Waiter's *hand and closes his fingers over it.*) Put it in your pocket, quick—say no more 'bout it, Goo' ni'. Only—remember (*pausing on threshold à la Charles the First*) if anyone wantsh row—(*with recollection of Duke's motto*)—I'm here! That'sh all. (*To G. B.*) I shall say goo' ni' to *you* outside.

[*Exit B. B., unsteadily.*

The G. B. (*solemnly to* Waiter). I tell you what it is—I'm ashamed of him. There, I *am.* I'm *ashamed* of him!

[*He stalks after his Brother; sounds of renewed argument without, as Scene closes in.*

BACON AGAIN.—An erudite student informs us that "the crest of SHAKSPEARE'S mother's family was a boar," so that there is something Baconian about the Immortal Bard.

À propos of the WELSH GOLD FIND.—Advice Gratis:—Beware of Welshers.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case* be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM OLD MORALITY.

"Here comes a young fellow of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him SMITH."

Henley, Saturday.

EAR TOBY, AHOY!

WHERE are *you* bound? Haul on the bowline; brace up amidships; sling your hammock; belay all hands and stand by ready to pounce.

Excuse this little outburst. The fact is, I am about to cut for awhile landlubber associations, and am going cruising in my *Pandora's* box, or rather berth. My sea lingo is getting a little rusty, so I practise it wherever I have an opportunity, and thought you wouldn't mind my making one with you. I am going off to spend Christmas and New Year's time at Pau. You've heard of Pau, of course? I was first attracted to the place by coming across the beautiful line from GOLDSMITH—or was it BACON?

"Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Pau."

I'm not at all drawn towards the Scheldt. I never was lazy myself, and have no sympathy with laziness in others. But it is different with Pau, don't you know. I have been tied to the desk too long. I had a heavy time of it during the Parliamentary Session. They used to chaff me about being "on the pounce." It is all very well, but the attitude is one which, preserved through successive nights, becomes exhausting. I have had enough of it, and feel a strong desire to wander. The Pau is wandering. Why should we not wander together, arm in arm as it were? Anyhow, I mean to try. So bear a hand with your lee-scuppers; haul round the mainmast, up with your hatches, and keep the helm hard down on the South-West-by-East-Half-East. I have pounced enough on the Parnellites. Now I shall pounce on Pau.

I feel the necessity for taking a good rest, for I know we are going to have it pretty stiff next Session. B-LF-R, who is getting more cocky than ever, goes about comforting us with assurances that he will make matters smooth. "Is there anyone particular you can't abear?" he said to me only yesterday, with an annoying air of patronage. "Is there anyone of the Irish Members you would like put out of the way for the earliest and freshest months of the Session? If so, name your man, and I'll oblige you. I have got six of 'em lagged now, and there's a clear six weeks before Parliament meets. It's amazing how we can smooth the way by then."

I don't altogether like this solicitude on the part of B-LF-R for making smooth water in the House next Session. There is a persistent rumour about that he thinks he can lead the House better than anyone else, and that the Markiss is inclined to humour him. He has never said this in private conversation with me, though he has not made any attempt to disguise his conviction that he could take charge of the Army, the Navy, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, or even the Exchequer. Now I come to think of it, he may, in talking to G-SCH-N, leave out reference to the Exchequer, and substitute the Leadership of the House of Commons, and so with the others. I should certainly like to see him in my place for a week, with GR-ND-LPH on the corner of the bench behind. It is true that of late GR-ND-LPH has considerably flattened down. Having found that impudence and caprice don't pay, he is going in for dulness and respectability. But I fancy the sight of ARTH-R B-LF-R leading the House, and trying to lead him, would be too much. The swept and garnished place would be reoccupied, and his last state would be worse than his first. B-LF-R can't very well send him to a plank bed, and will have to make the best of him.

I rather fancy GR-ND-LPH must know, or think he knows, something about this little plot for promoting the nephew, which accounts for his latest impertinence. "And what title do you mean to take when you go to the House of Lords, H. W.?" he asked me the other day. (He always calls me "H. W." which he thinks is an improvement upon DIZZY'S hesitation as to the sequence of the initials.) "How would Baron BOOKSTALL suit?" he added, trying to look harmless. That only shows the inherent vulgarity which underlies the thin veneer of his sometime courtly manner. I never forget what the Markiss once said about him. "Scratch R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL," said he, "and you'll find TIM H-LY," which I thought at the time was a little hard on T-M.

You will not, I trust, dear TOBY, take it for granted that I am contemplating a near removal to the House of Lords, if I confess that I *have* sometimes thought over the title I should assume if my duty to my country led me to change my state. I belong, as you know, to one of the oldest families among mankind. It's all very well for BR-SS-Y to talk about coming over with the Conqueror. We came in with the Flood, or shortly after. TUBAL CAIN, the founder of our family, was a century or two before BOIS DE GUILBERT, FRONT-DE-BŒUF, or even the SIEUR DE BRESCI. What do you think of Lord TUBAL-CAIN? Would you recognise in that stately and ermined peer, TUBAL-CAIN, of Henley, your old friend of 217, Strand? I wis not. But that, as GL-DST-NE says, belongs to the dim and distant future. I beg to move that the question be now put. Oars! Steady, there! Pull away!

Yours, sheer off, W. H. SM-TH.

ROSES IN DECEMBER.

SIR,—Strange as it may appear to you, Sir, as a London playgoer, I had never seen *The Two Roses* till last night. How this "celebrated comedy" ever acquired its celebrity is, I confess, beyond me, for the plot is poor, and in the dialogue there is nothing quotable, though the phrase, "a little cheque," forces itself on one's memory by frequent iteration. You, Sir, saw it with its original cast, and I take it that a play of this sort requires certain surroundings to insure its immediate success, just as a rich joke, when deprived of its original accidental accessories, is found to be a very poor joke, or no joke at all. This play by Mr. ALBERY I should have thought would have been, as Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON might have said, Al-bery'd and forgotten long ago. Yet it lives,—at all events, it has been revived.

A Manager does not revive a piece which was not originally produced at his theatre without some pretty good reason for so doing. He must, at least, be fairly confident of its attractive powers as, at all events, a remunerative stop-gap; and I am informed that this piece has been revived, once before, by Mr. HENRY IRVING at the Lyceum. This is ancient history to you, Sir. After the revival, and the unwonted exercise of a long run (did it have a long run?), I should have supposed that there could not have been much life left in it. Yet apparently there is. The acting is, on the whole, good, and some of it very good. WILLIAM FARREN, one of the best of English players, makes all that is to be made (as it seems to me, who did not see Mr. IRVING) out of *Digby Grand*. Mr. GIDDENS is an excellent blind *Caleb* (a very clever actor must be Mr. GIDDENS), and Mr. DAVID JAMES simply *is* "Our Mr. JENKINS." MAUDE MILLETT is pretty and graceful, and the whole entertainment entertaining. But still, how it ever became a celebrated comedy—

"Well, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But *t'was* a famous Comedy."

And by crammed houses it is, I hear, being fully appreciated. Indeed, I should only say, judging by this Criterion on the night I was present, it is in for another long run. Yours, LITTLE PETERKIN.

SHAKSPEARE UP AGAIN.—A Baconian writes to ask if there isn't sufficient proof of SHAKSPEARE'S affinity to BACON in Ham let alone?

WORTH CULTIVATING.

Ex-Premier sings:—

My name 's WILLIAM GLADSTONE, I live at fair Harwarden,
I 'm Welshman at heart; this gold-find in North Wales
At the Gwynfynydd Mine I do trust will bring fortune
To all who are born 'midst these mountains and vales.
Yes, indeed, and all places, though foreign and beautiful,
This brave little country I prize far above;
For indeed in my heart I do love the Principality,
And you, JENNY JONES, too, in truth I do love.

For fifty long years I 've ploughed Politics' ocean,
And served my full time in the gallant State-ship;
And indeed, goodness knows, I've braved many engagements,
And many dark storms 'twixt the cup and the lip,
I've tried all the parties now, Tory, Whig, Radical,
Smiled on each in its turn, as to win me each strove;
But I said in my heart, little Wales I love chiefly,
And sweet JENNY JONES, too, in truth I do love.

I agree with PARNELL, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin,
In loving fair Erin, of Islands the Queen;
And having worn Blue, Buff, and Red in succession,
I can't see much harm in now wearing the Green.

"WHERE ARE THE POLICE?!"

MRS. HOWTHDOWN AND HER DAUGHTERS, WHO ARE IN TOWN FOR THE CATTLE-SHOW, ARE DISGUSTED BY THE AGGRESSIVE VULGARITY OF THE LONDON STREET-BOY, AND THINK IT OUGHT TO BE "PUT A STOP TO"!

Juvenile Baked Potato Vendor (to Crossing-Sweeper). "'SAY, BILL, 'ERE Y'ARE! THEM 'LL BE FUST AND SECOND PRIZE, AND 'IGHLY COMMENDED!!"

But not e'en Hibernia, the sweet and the sorrowful,
Like you, my dear charmer, my passion can move;
For, indeed, in my heart I love "gallant little Wales," I do;
And sweet JENNY JONES, too, in truth I do love!

I parted long since from the home of my fathers,
And then JENNY JONES was a dowerless lass;
But now I'm a grey and storm-beaten old mariner,
To wealth, she, through brave PRITCHARD-MORGAN, shall pass.
May Gold—and Home Rule—bring you wealth and contentment,
And ne'er from my Party, my dear, may you rove:
For indeed in our hearts we all love Wales tremendously,
And you, JENNY JONES, dear, till death will I love!

[*Left philandering.*

A VISIT TO "THE LICENSED VISTLERS."

IN the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, who, under their distinguished President, JAMES MCNEILE WHISTLER, may now be known as the "Licensed Vistlers," there is some good work, and especially two sketches, 77, 83, and 335, by JAMES HAYLLAR, R.B.A.; 319, by H. G. GLINDON, R.B.A.; SIMMONS'S "*Sunrise*," 330; SOLOMON'S; 454, Professor GARTZ (pretty subject); 458, by HENLEY, R.B.A.; 466, by WALTERS, R.B.A.

There is a remarkable picture of, apparently, A Serious Masher, which turns out to be a portrait of Mr. WILLARD, the actor who so cleverly impersonates modern stage villains as to be known as "Willinous WILLARD," by SIDNEY STARR, R.B.A. Artistic STARR painting Theatrical Star; quite right. No. 293 is a sorry sight—the picture of a nice portly young man trying to look like Lord ROSEBERY, but with the dye coming off his hair in evident patches. Very clever effect this, by THEODORE ROUSSEL, R.B.A.

Go and see No. 341, by WILLIAM STOTT, of Oldham, R.B.A.,—a name that sounds quite Shakspearian, like "Goodman Puff of Barson,"—and give yourself three guesses at what W. S. of Oldham means by it. It represents a very carotty-haired young woman, looking pale as a turnip—"white flesh," as the gardeners say—taking a bathe in the sea when no one is looking, and where police regulations are not in force. She is so tallowy in face and flesh colour, and her hair so flaming red, that the title might be, "*A 'Dip' in the Sea.*" Well, this is WILLIAM STOTT of Oldham's "*Venus;*" and if you'll turn to No. 183, you will see the same young person, looking none the better for her bath, clothed, with carrots dressed, and neatly bound up, sitting pensively *chez-elle*, probably regretting her recent escapade, and hoping that no one has seen her. Little does she know that WILLIAM STOTT of Oldham has stotted her down in his note-book. 326, "*Hard Hit*," by R. J. GORDON, R.B.A., is clever; but the meaning of its title, as illustrated by a weeping woman flinging herself across the knees of a drunken-looking man, is not quite clear. Has he hit her hard, and is that why she is so distressed? or has his head received a nasty thwack, as indicated by the white hat, lying on the table, twisted out of all shape?

At the end of the Catalogue is printed a list of the prices, from which it will be seen what value the artists themselves set on their own pictures. The President of the Licensed Vistlers exhibits only twenty pictures, sixteen of which have no price affixed to them in the list, and are therefore evidently gems, and priceless.

Founded on Fact.

A LARGE lot of ornithologists assembled the other day at Mr. J. C. STEVENS'S Auction Rooms to attend the sale of an egg of the Great Auk—a seafowl, 'ARRY, not a falcon. Great Auks' eggs are precious. This one was knocked down to an enthusiastic gentleman for 160 guineas. Some years ago two eggs of a Great Auk, sold, of course, by auktion, fetched, respectively, 100 and 200 guineas, although both broken, and that before they were knocked down. Surely the Great Auk must have been the original bird signified in tradition under the name of the legendary goose that laid the golden eggs.

THE Premier of the French Cabinet may be well described as "*Nulli Secundus.*" He is second to nobody, for the President is Nobody—to speak of.

FURNISHING FICTIONISTS.

IN the *Atalanta Magazine*, for this month, (which by its title, should be ahead of all competitors until the *homme à la pomme* appears) Mr. WALTER BESANT has an article "On the writing of Novels," in which he offers his advice to young girls afflicted with irrepressible scribblemania,—*i.e.* "girls who try to write stories, and burn to write novels,"—as to the best and easiest means of attaining their object. *Advice gratis* is, as we all know, of the gratis't value, and Mr. BESANT offers his two penn'orth-of-"all-sorts and conditions," to embryonic authoresses, but had *Mr. Punch* been dealing with these dear little literary aspirants, he would have simply repeated his world-famed epigrammatic advice to "persons about to marry," and said, most unequivocally, to girls about to write novels—"Don't." Not so Mr. BESANT, who proceeds to lay down rules for those "who wish to acquire the art of fiction." He commences with, "*Practise writing, something original every day*,"—"*Cultivate the habit of observation*," and so on, in good old-fashioned copy-book style.

We will assist him with some rules for those to whom Mr. W. BESANT gives this advice: "Be bold: never mind ridicule," .... "State fairly, what ordinary people never understand, that Fiction, like Painting, is an Art, and that you are setting yourself to the acquisition of that Art, if it be in your power, whatever may come of it in the end."

Very good. Now here is, as the Cookery books have it, "Another and a shorter way."

To acquire the Art of Fiction.—Clearly understand that Fiction is the opposite of Fact. If you invariably state facts, you become a matter-of-fact sort of person. No Genius is a matter-of-fact sort of person. So to "acquire the Art of Fiction," *you must never tell the truth. Practice telling some original lie every day.* If it be a description of scenery—well, this offers a large field—several large fields. Give an account to your relatives, or to your friends at a distance of the walk you have taken in the morning. First of all, of course, to be quite perfect, *you must not have been out of the house.* You will then proceed to describe the roaring Waterfalls over which you leaped, your hairbreadth escapes, &c., &c., and always remember that, as Mr. BESANT says, "description is not slavish enumeration."

RULE I.—*Tell a lie.* RULE II.—*Don't stick to it, but tell another, and a bigger one.* Pile 'em up, and thus at last you may become an unrivalled Fictionist.

RULE III.—"*Work regularly, at certain hours.*" Ascertain the time the Lark rises, and be up with it. Always be up to time, and to any amount of Larks. Let everybody in the house know you're at work. Sing as the Lark does, and be joyous. Insist on your room being fitted up for work,—at your parents' expense, of course,—with writing-desk, silver inkstand, paper, pens, a library of books, &c., and you must let it be distinctly understood by everyone that you are "not to be disturbed on any account," as you are going in for being a Fictionist.

RULE IV.—"Read no Rubbish," says Mr. BESANT. But this is what every author would say, making certain exceptions. But we should say, "*Read Everything.*" *Then begin to write.* Here is an example: say you read *Pickwick*. Well, you *write* a book called *Nikpik*, a Russian story, plot in St. Petersburg, characters, *Nikpik*, *Kinkel*, *Grazsnod*, and *Putmann*. You represent a sporting scene where *Putmann*, with his eyes shut, kills a bird, and afterwards *Kinkel* wounds *Putmann*. "Hullo," says the reader, "uncommonly like *Pickwick*, and writes impetuously and indignantly to papers. Whereupon, you write in reply, saying "it may be so: *les grands esprits se rencontrent*: but that you have never heard of *Pickwick*, much less read it." By this time everyone will allow that you are entitled to be regarded as the greatest Fictionist of the age.

Other rules Mr. BESANT gives, for which anyone sufficiently interested in detecting the errors of his advice *gratis*, may search the *Atalanta Magazine* with considerable profit to himself (or herself) especially if he reads *A Christmas Carol*, by CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, and one tail of *Three Lions*, by that undefeated Fictionist, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PALINDROMES, by G. R. CLARKE, is a series of cruelly ingenious verbal cranks—"cranks" seems to be the word, since they are neither quips, quirks, puns, nor jests, consisting of sentences so arranged that, read backwards or forwards, they are precisely the same. An example of this is, "*Was it a rat I saw?*" The illustrations are comically amateurish, and amateurishly comic, but one of the best, "*Selim smiles*," is rather in the early Thackerayan style of pictorial art. The palindromical amusement will probably develop itself, as the acrostic family has done, and we shall soon be reading in "Answers to Correspondents" that their puzzle is referred to in "The Palindromical Editor." The little book is published, as any experienced joker in Scotland might have guessed, by Messrs. BRYCE AND SONS, Glasgow, and if you buy it, "Bang goes a shilling."

Approbation from *Mr. Punch* is praise indeed, and where he has given his favourable opinion of any book, it immediately attracts the public attention, and goes to any number of editions. So has it chanced with *Frith's Recollections*, which has now reached its third edition; and once *Mr. Punch* spoke well of the Jubilee Edition of *Pickwick*, which has now been re-issued with some of the original sketches by "Buss,"—to many it will be a surprise that *Mr. Pickwick* ever took a buss, except under the mistletoe at Dingley Dell,—which are fairly clever, though one of them, the cricketing scene, might have been omitted without damaging the artistic character of the republication. There is a sketch by JOHN LEECH, illustrating the moment in the *Bagman's Story* when the old arm-chair wakes up *Tom Smart*, and assumes the form and features of a gouty, but wickedly sly, old gentleman, which alone is "worth all the money." It is a real Christmas picture; and indeed a small volume of *Tales from Pickwick*, illustrated by fanciful and humorous artists, would make a capital Christmas Book of the good old Dickensian sort. *Mr. Punch* has given the hint: *fiat!*

By the way, I see an advertisement of a book quoting opinions of the Press as to its being "the funniest book of the present reign." Heavens! It is only necessary to mention *Pickwick*, which is replete with such real fun, as makes the reader roar with laughter irrepressible, besides being full of genuine humour.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

"I BELIEVE," said Mrs. R.'s nephew, meditatively, "that Paris will have a 'Directory' again." "Why not?" retorted Mrs. RAM. "Why shouldn't Paris have a Directory? London has—*Kelly's Directory*—and most useful it is!"

THE LAY OF LAWRENCE MOOR!

A TRUE STORY.

FOUR brave men set sail from Whalsey,
In their open fishing-smack,
Four strong fellows left the Shetlands,
Only one at last came back.
Hearken how the wind is howling,
Close the curtains; shut the door,
Whilst I tell the splendid story
Of a sailor—LAWRENCE MOOR!

Never yet has such a tempest,
Screamed around the Shetland homes,
Dealing death and devastation
Where the northern sailor roams.
Snow and hail in blinding fury,
Swept o'er forest, field and lea,
Deaf seemed Heaven to the praying
For the brave men out at sea!

Far at sea! four plucky fellows
Bending back and straining oar,
Hidden each from each in tempest,
That had blotted out the shore!
All at once the skipper steering,
Cheering, shouting—look ahead!
Heard a moan, his best companion
Fell in arms of duty—dead!

"For the love of home and Heaven,
Brave it out as I will do."
Shouts above the storm, the skipper,
Rallying his fainting crew,
"Let us pray, lads, all together,
Heaven may save us! Who can tell!"
But the prayer was scarcely uttered,
When another sailor fell!

Two brave men—were left in silence—
Whispering with shortened breath,
"Don't desert your pal," says LAWRENCE,
"Let us have it out with Death!
God has strength to still the waters,
We have pluck to keep afloat."
But the last man with a murmur,
Fell exhausted in the boat.

"ANDREW! Laddie!"—Death don't answer.
"TOM, old pal!" the faintest sigh,
"Left me all alone then, have ye?
Well *I* don't intend to die!"
Then he thought of home and children,
Back came mirrored waves of sin!
One lone man midst dead and dying,
Felt the water rushing in!

One hand on the oar to steer her,
One hand free to hoist the sail,
When he called—no mate to answer,
Sinking now—no boy to bail;
Toiling hour on hour exhausted,
Captain of a ghastly bier!
Till at last the tempest lifted,
And he sighted Lerwick Pier.

Home at last! the plucky sailor,
Home to children and to wife,
Home half dead to claim the honour,
That he'd saved *one* brother's life,
Death defied! they found him kneeling,
Humbly on his cottage floor,
But they'll pass to time the story,
Of that Sailor—LAWRENCE MOOR!

IN THE NICK OF TIME.—His Excellency, the Chinese Minister, LEW CHUI FUN, has left London for Paris, to present his credentials to President CARNOT. At this festive season of Merry Christmas, Frenchmen of all parties in politics will welcome such an Opportunist as FUN.

SHORTLY to be published, *The Life of Sims Reeves*, compiled from his own notes.

PICCADILLY PLAYERS.

A FEW evenings since, I assisted at a Members' Concert in Piccadilly, where a very fair exhibition of Amateur Musical talent was displayed by the "Strolling Players." The vocal part of the entertainment was especially good, thanks to the really charming singing of the Misses AGNES JANSON and HAMLIN. The geniuses in the Orchestra who are for all time, and any tune, managed occasionally to get a little out of hand in spite of Mr. NORFOLK MEGONE'S earnest conductorship. Taken all round, "The First Members' Concert" was so good that I should not have the smallest objection to attending the Second.

The Ancient Mariner with Mr. J. F. BARNETT'S brilliant music at St. James's Hall last Thursday night, held entranced a large audience which listened "like a three ears child" ("Had I three ears I'd hear thee," says *Macbeth*. Did COLERIDGE write SHAKSPEARE?—however, this has nothing much to do with the *cantata*, and so on we goes again)—so "the Mariner hath his Will" (which is almost conclusive evidence that COLERIDGE'S *Mariner* was written by WILL SHAKSPEARE) and we were all delighted. I hadn't a book. Who was ALBERT ROSS that the *Mariner* shot? Madame PATEY sang "*O Sleep, it is a Genteel Thing!*" (I think these were the words) with great feeling and expression. Beautiful idea, "sleep a genteel thing!" Somebody told me I was wrong, and that the poet wrote, "*O Sleep, it is a Gentle Thing!*" which anybody could have said, without being a poet. So I prefer my own version. The recitative (SANTLEY) and [chorus (Everybody), about "the coming wind did roar," and something (I didn't catch what) was "like a sledge," and "the Moon was on its side and then upon its edge," which sounds just what a harvest moon would do after a good day's harvesting, were excellent.

Then followed Mr. C. V. STANFORD'S Symphony in F Minor, "*The Irish*," as my neighbour informed me, to which I replied, "Oh, indeed!" and appeared, as I hope, much interested; though what he meant I haven't the smallest idea. Who was my neighbour?—a very learned person who kept on drawing my attention to the excellent instrumentation, and the admirable use which the Composer had made of his "strings"—I didn't see that he had any "strings," but I said, "Ah, yes,"—his "Wood-wind and Horns." "Just observe his horns!" said my neighbour enthusiastically. He spoke of Mr. C. V. STANFORD as if he were drawing the portrait of Ancient Nicholas, as portrayed by CRUIKSHANK when illustrating *The Lay of S. Médard*, in the *Ingoldsby Legends*. A Composer with Strings, Wood-wind ("comest thou with blasts from——" &c., as BACONSPEARE hath it) and "horns" is the man to write a *cantata* entitled "Herne the Hunter," and I am not at all sure that there isn't a *Herne* already in existence, and that that Herne isn't His'n. After a pause (during which the orchestra continued playing) my neighbour begged me to notice that now the theme was, "Remember the glories of O'BRIEN the Brave," but at this point not wishing to enter into a political discussion which might have landed me in the police-station, I courteously, but firmly, wished him good night, and having signified to everybody generally the extreme pleasure I had derived from the entertainment provided by the Messrs. NOVELLO AND EWER, I gracefully withdrew, and am, No Fellow, but Ewers truly,

THE CRICKET ON THE HARP.

P.S.—*Apropos* of music, I cannot refrain from mentioning the gathering of the *élite* who recently collected together to do honour to the talents of Mrs. DUTTON COOK. Madame ALBANI was in great force, and the fair *bénéficiaire* played with her customary grace and artistic feeling, eliciting the invariable result of unbounded applause. It is to be greatly regretted that the Public have not the opportunity of hearing Mrs. DUTTON COOK more frequently. She is certainly in the first rank of pianists and a sound musician.

"I HEAR," said Mrs. RAM, "that the Princess CHRISTIAN has written about the *Margarine of Baireuth*. I like to hear of Royalty interesting themselves in such matters. However," she added, "of course, they know which side their Bread's buttered, and like the butter, whether at home or abroad—that is, here or at Baireuth—to be of the very best. So do I."

"THE CRAMOPHONE."—New invention for repeating any number of crams over and over again. Useful to advertisers, quacks, &c., &c.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

"Out of every thousand men in the Army there are now 815 of superior education. . . . H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief has directed Officers to use every means at their disposal to induce men to improve their education in order to obtain the certificate necessary for promotion."—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*The Barrack Square of the Royal Irish Bengal Essex Highlanders* (*Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein's Own*). *Members of the Regiment assembling for Morning Parade. A Company falling in.*

Captain Dash (*commanding A Company*). Ready for inspection, Sergeant?

Sergeant Babington Macaulay (*saluting*). Directly, Sir. I have called away the men from a discussion on the question of entail.

Captain. Dear me! You should not have done that. I shall be only too ready to assist them by any means in my power.

Sergeant. Well, Sir, they are now in close order. If you wish, I will open them out. (*Captain nods assent. To men.*) Open order!

[*Flank files rear rank step back two paces.*

Corporal (*dressing flank files*). Steady!

Sergeant. March! (*Remainder of rear rank step back.*) Order arms! Stand at ease! [*He salutes* Captain, *and comes to attention.*

Captain. 'Tention! (*Company springs up to desired position.*) Now, my men, I hear that some of you require to know something about the Law of Entail. Now those of you who have taken any certificate from a University can take a pace to the front. March! (*The entire Company complies.*) Dear me! You seem to be very well educated. Eh, Sergeant?

Sergeant. Well, pretty well, Sir. We are not equal to E Company, although we can hold our own fairly against B, C, D, F, and G. As for H Company, it is out of the competition altogether. H Company is the best read Company in the Battalion, if not in the Regiment.

Captain. Well, what is the difficulty? Call out the man who started the subject. Perhaps I may be able to help him.

Sergeant (*salutes and turns to Company*). Private THOMAS ATKINS take three paces to your front. March! Now then, salute, Sir! (*Aside.*) This extra education makes them rusty with their drill.

Captain. Well, Private ATKINS, can I help you at all?

Private Atkins (*touching his rifle with his right hand*). A thousand thanks, Sir, for your extreme kindness and courtesy. Still I cannot fairly monopolise all your attention, as I was only one of many desirous of learning a little law.

Captain. I suppose you know all about the Feudal System?

Private (*smiling*). I can safely undertake to say that there is not a man in the Company who does not appreciate its provisions.

Captain. Quite so. Well, the practice of entail is founded more or less on the Feudal System. You understand the advantages and disadvantages of Primogeniture?

Private. Certainly, Sir. I suppose Borough English was rather before the time of the Norman Conquest?

Captain. I imagine so: but perhaps the best way will be for you all to come to my quarters, where I can explain the matter more fully to you than I can here. I have no doubt the Colonel will excuse the Company, if I inform him for what purpose we propose absenting ourselves. At any rate I will ask him.

Private. A million thanks, Sir. I am sure every man in the Company will be grateful to you.

Sergeant. Right about turn! Quick march! Halt! Front! Shoulder arms!

Captain. Stand them easy while I go away. (Sergeant *obeys order, and* Captain *approaches and salutes* Colonel.) Beg pardon, Sir, but may I march my Company to my quarters to give them a lecture on law?

Colonel (*rather querulously*). Well, DASH, of course I'm not going to say No; but it really is rather rough upon me. Here B Company has got permission to study botany, C Company the elements of engineering, D, F, and G chemistry. I shall be left with H Company, because they have nothing more to learn. What on earth shall I give them to do if you are off too?

Captain. Wouldn't presume to suggest, Sir; but mightn't H have a little practice in the rudiments of drill?

Colonel. By Jove, you are right! They are rusty enough! Very well, you may go.

[*Scene closes in upon A Company marching towards* Captain DASH'S *quarters, while the Adjutant gets H Company* (*with some difficulty*) *into something like a proper formation for receiving elementary instruction in the mysteries of "fours."*

A CIRCULAR NOTE.—The literary character of our leading statesmen of all shades of political opinion is well sustained at the present day. They are learned in all the 'ologies, including ap-ologies, of which art Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BALFOUR are by this time past-masters. Long may they live—and learn.

"The Voice of Time cries to Man, Advance! Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life; his progress onward to that goal within its knowledge and its view, and set there in the period when Time and he began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence have come and gone—millions uncountable have suffered, loved, and died—to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him in his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead, and be the fiercer and the wilder, ever, for its momentary check!"

"A rub for the reactionaries!" mused *Toby*.

"Who puts into the mouth of Time, or of its servants, a cry of lamentation for days which have had their trial and their failure, and have left deep traces of it which the blind may see—a cry that only serves the present time, by showing men how much it needs their help when any ears can listen to regrets for such a past—who does this does us wrong."

"A flout for our Fair-Traders!" thought *Toby*.

"Who hears in us, the Chimes, one note bespeaking disregard, or stern regard, of any hope, or joy, or sorrow, of the many-sorrowed throng; who hears us make response to any creed that gauges human passions and affections, as it gauges the amount of miserable food on which humanity may pine and wither, does us wrong."

"What would the contemners of the people's claims, the deriders of the people's miseries, make of *that*, I wonder?" meditated *Toby*.

"Who hears us echo the dull vermin of the earth, the Putters Down of crushed and broken natures, formed to be raised up higher than such maggots of the time can crawl or can conceive, does us wrong."

"Pity the shriekers for unlimited Suppression can't hear *this!*" cogitated *Toby*.

* * * * * *

Bow-wow-wow! Again it was the voice of *Toby*. This time it *did* mean warning, if not reproof. Not anger exactly; anger alone is scarce suited to the Christmas season.

The Bell-ringers were going it. With plenty of energy, unquestionably, but with scarcely as much discretion as might be desired. A rather mixed lot. Each one individually an excellent hand at the rope, no doubt. Evergreen WILL, of the leonine front, and flying silvery whisps of hair! Black-a-vised BOB, of the broad shoulders and resolute tug. Stolid, but sturdy HARTY, of the firmly-planted feet and granite grip! Fiery though mild-featured JOACHIM; sombre, smug-faced, but enthusiastic JOHN! Last, though perhaps hardly least (in his own estimation, at all events), rattling RANDOLPH, lightweight, none too firm of footing, but full of dash, and game to attempt a triple bob-major all by himself.

"*Pull* away, BOB," cried impetuous WILL, eagerly.

"Steady, WILL!" exclaimed Black-a-vised BOB, sardonically.

"Keep time, for goodness sake, JOHN," said accurate JOACHIM.

"Want your bell to be heard above all the rest!" murmured sombre JOHN.

"Are you trying to hang yourself, or pull the belfry down, RANDOLPH," muttered stolid HARTY, beneath his moustache.

"Oh, confound it; I could lick the lot of you!" shouted little RANDOLPH, tugging tremendously at his rope, and fairly carried off his feet by the recoil.

"*Bow-wow-wow!*" barked *Toby*.

"Right, my dog!" said his Master. "Good Bell-ringing, my boys, requires combination and subordination, unity of purpose as well as union of powers. A bull-like power of pull is not enough, or, by Jove! you'd all be crack campanologists. Come, Gentlemen, a Christmas Carillon at least should not be all cacaphonous crash and clatter. All together, my lads, *for once;* or, rather, keep time, and touch, and tune, with due regard to the perfection of the peal and the credit of the glorious old Chimes!"

IN THEIR CRACKERS.

The Czar.—A brand-new map of the Balkan States with Prince BISMARCK's best compliments.

The Emperor of Austria.—A satisfactory explanation of recent Russian Military movements, with the CZAR's kindest regards.

Prince Bismarck.—German Security by arrangement, with the seasonable wishes of the Five Great Powers.

President Carnot.—A Ministry that will last him a fortnight with the good will of the two Chambers.

Lord Salisbury.—"A Hundred New Ways of Governing Ireland by Coercion." Christmas Edition.

Mr. O'Brien.—An Emerald-coloured Tweed suit, in which to sing by himself on Christmas Eve, "*The Wearing of the Green.*"

Mr. Chamberlain.—A very pretty kettle of fish, daintily and appropriately decorated with Canadian mottoes.

Mr. Gladstone.—The Donnybrook Fair Suit, "with Shillelagh complete," as advertised, done up in a neat parcel and addressed to him with the compliments of "the Party."

A LEARNED PROTEST.

RESPECTISSIME PUNCHI!

TU habes admissum, olim, Latinas litteras in tuis columnis. Memini unum TOMMIUM scribentem de Etone (istâ super-ratâ scholâ) et nunc forsitan accipies hanc contributionem antiqui Westminsterensis? Semper ego auditor tantum (JUVENALIS) quum nobilis ars Latinorum versorum est attacta? Non pro JOSEPHO! Volo nunc intrare meam protestationem contra aliqua verba Baronis BRAMWELL, alterâ die.

Facilis ascensus Parnassi sed revocare gradum.

"It's very easy to be a Poet, but you must have recourse to your gradus."

Baro dixit (Anglicè, quia, imagino, non noscit Latinum)| ut "he never got any good from the Latin verses he was obliged to write when a boy, and if a boy is to be made a poet, he had better begin in his own language." Dixit quoque, "it may be knowledge to know the names of those who killed BECKET (*sic*), and the precise date, but it is not wisdom or useful." (Quare, viâ, "BECKET," et non "Sanctus TOMMIUS À BECKETT, proprium nomen? Quid cheekum! Vel forte dicerem, quæ bucca! Vocabimusne Baronem BRAMWELL in futuro "BRAMWELL" simpliciter; vel, ut omittit "à," potius "BRAM'L"?)

Quoto has Philistinas deliverationes de "Tempora," et Editor "Temporum" propriissime scribit, "We should for our part (pro nostrâ portione) venture to doubt whether some of Lord BRAMWELL'S (peto veniam, BRAM'L'S) remarkable keenness of mind is not to be accounted for by the drilling which his Latin verses gave him—by the habit of twisting and turning (habitus contorquendi et vertendi) and adjusting thoughts and phrases which that old-fashioned exercise implies." Bene!

Sum ipse nunc Undergraduatus, et abandonavi Classicas linguas pro Scientiâ. Sed retineo meam Latinam—ut tu vides—et invenio id facile esse excellens in chemicis odoribus et in CICERONE simul.

Cogito ut Britannicus Publicus debet noscere *quam multum bonum* Latini versus sunt ad pueros.

1. Imprimis, illi ducunt ad usum *Gradûs ad Parnassum:* et, interrogo, quis liber potest comparare cum eo vel in elegantiâ styli, vel in copiositate verborum, vel in vero genio auctoris? Sum inclinatus cogitare ut auctor erat, in realitate, BACONIUS ipse; et si ita, id est alium exemplum quomodo Latini versus auxiliant homines scandere ad nobilissimas positiones in Statu.

2. Secundo loco, docent fraternum amorem inter pueros; quia quum unus socius est stumpatus pro verbo, alius donat illi correctum tippum, sub rosâ.

3. Tertium quid (non *quid* tobacconis!—Vide effectum, "habitûs contorquendi et vertendi," etc.!)—Versus elevant mentem, et associant nos cum grandibus auctoribus præteriti, ut OVIDIO, TIBULLO, et CAREYO. Quomodo possum noscere, nisi per "Gradum," ut *Amor* est "dulcis, blandus, jucundus, suavis," et eodem tempore "flagrans, acer, fervidus, indomitus, vigilans," etc.?

4. Quarto, discimus synonymos, sic utiles ad publicos homines (non homines *publicanos* intelligis! "Habitus contorquendi" iterum). Si Magister GLADSTONE non fecisset Latinos versus ut juvenis, non posset nunc donare viginti differentia nomina pro unâ re.

Finaliter, si Latini versus sunt missi ad Jerichonem, *ubi erit Ludus Westminsterensis in futuro?* Nullum alium argumentum est necessarium.

Maneo tuus, ANTI-BRAMWELLIUS ACADEMICUS.

A CORRESPONDENT draws *Mr. Punch's* attention to an advertisement in a Cheltenham paper, from which this is an extract:—

"QUINCE JAM.—Prepared from Quinces, supposed by many to be the 'Forbidden Fruit.' This hitherto almost unknown luxury is much appreciated by those who have tried it."

Hasn't the enterprising and, of course, very old-established firm which advertises this luxury any recommendation in writing from "The fairest of her daughters," EVE? If so, let them produce the papyrus.

THE last Christmas Cards to arrive, are TAYLOR FOOT'S "Merry Thoughts," &c., from Poland Street,—they're behind time; so very slow a-foot in coming. As practical jokes, the mince-pie cards are uncommonly good, and indeed the sham may be substituted for the real, by a mince pi-ous fraud allowable at Christmas time.

STRIVING AFTER THE IDEAL.

Grandpapa. "AH, JOHNNY! THERE ARE FEW BETTER THINGS THAN IRISH STEW!"

Johnny. "WHAT *ARE* THE FEW BETTER THINGS, GRANDPA?"

UNEMPLOYED.

A Christmas Carol for the Comfortable Classes.

OLD Father Christmas came once more,
His eye was bright if his hair was hoar,
And the old old gifts on his back he bore.

With the old loved legend now as then
The pleasantest ever inscribed by pen—
"Peace upon earth, goodwill to men."

What was it the good old greybeard saw?—
War's iron teeth, greed's gaping jaw,
And shaken order and broken law.

Each land ringed round with a fence of steel,
Each party snarling at other's heel;
None seeming loving, few looking leal.

Poverty spreading athwart the land,
With mutterings few dared understand,
Though they palsied Charity's helpful hand.

And the good old greybeard stood and gazed
At the thousand hearths where no Yule-fire blazed,
At the hate-led nations, the classes crazed.

"And oh!" he cried, "is it come, the time
When the land low grovels in greed and grime,
And heeds no longer my cheering chime?

"Is it past, all prospect of love's increase?
Is it time my rallying cry should cease—
'Peace and Good-will! Good-will and Peace!'?

"Is it fled, the hope that my heart has buoyed?
Is it finished, the labour in which I joyed?
Am *I* the chief of the Unemployed?"

THE DEAR DEPARTED.—He has departed, and he was dear—at the price, was the poor little Gorilla! He died at the Zoo just ten days ago. Was it owing to his being so generously dieted, and never getting "Monkey's allowance?" Jenny the Baboon refused to attend the funeral, which was strictly private. Her conduct has created some astonishment among the officials. A jarring note was struck by the Hyæna, which could not repress its laughter. He died intestate. The Gorilla's decease makes no change in the government of Monkey Island.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS APPARITION;

OR, THE PHANTOM BILL OF COSTS.

(A Legal Ghost Story for Christmas.)

I AM a highly respectable family ghost. I appear usually at two in the morning, wearing, what I believe is called in theatrical circles, a disguise cloak, and carrying a long blood-stained sword. I have one serious drawback. I have a shocking memory, and have entirely forgotten my identity. For the death of me I cannot remember why I became a ghost, and what on earth I ought to haunt. I fancy it should be some sort of castle, as I have an indistinct recollection of once frightening a man carrying some huge keys, from what I take must have been a portcullis, into fits. But this is merely conjecture, and I can't in the least account for my blood-stained sword. As I am really conscientious, this state of things has caused me serious regret. I have no wish to alarm the wrong people, nor to haunt the wrong place. The first is improper, and the second is *infra dig.* But what can I do? I find that I *must* appear at least once in every four-and-twenty hours, and my difficulty has been to so suit my time and place, that the least inconvenience should be given to the smallest number. Consequently, for many years I have been a nightly *habitué* of the South Kensington Museum. No doubt this arrangement would have continued for an indefinite period had I not been recently arrested by a Policeman for loitering in the picture-galleries, who only permitted me to vanish in blue fire (I prefer blue to red) on the condition that I did not re-enter the Institution.

Ousted from the South Kensington Museum, I determined not to visit any other public establishment. Partly because I was tired beyond measure of curiosities, and partly, because my dignity had been wounded by the incident that had severed my connection with the School of Art. Supplementary to this, I felt that I might be neglecting a duty by not discovering the proper place for my periodical apparitions. It occurred to me it would be a great comfort if I could but find the exact spot, where undisturbed, I could appear and disappear without fear of interruption, at any rate, from the profession, for I knew that I should not be allowed to poach on the haunting-grounds of my fellow phantoms. As a matter of fact, I once had a terrible row in the Tower of London, (caused by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Lord BALMARINO, and Lady JANE GREY objecting to my joining the little gathering there, on the score "that I did not belong to their set") which ended in my being ejected in the most undignified manner possible from the premises. However, I am pretty determined when I make up my mind, and I formed the resolution of leaving no stone unturned until I had discovered my proper destination.

My first experiments were most unsuccessful. I visited in succession about a hundred country-houses, but found them all tenanted with their rightful apparitions. My arrival was greeted, in each case, with abuse, more or less vigorous. Perhaps I received the greatest insults from a person (I cannot call him a gentleman) of the last century, who I discovered haunting a venerable mansion belonging to his grandson, with a view to giving their brand-new family an air of respectability.

At length I found a rather agreeable lady in white brocade, who carried her head in a bundle under her arm, and who was more inclined to be sociable than any ghost I had hitherto met.

"You cannot possibly remain here," she said, as she glided up a staircase and rattled some chains outside a bedroom door, "it would not be proper, besides it would be sure to be resented by ALFREDO, who rises every fifteenth of March from the moat to cut my head off in a fit of jealousy—he is *so* absurd! If I were you I should consult a Solicitor. I can recommend you one who hanged himself some years ago in the town over yonder. His great great great grandfather drew my marriage settlement; and ALFREDO, who has consulted him on several little matters, has every confidence in him. Why not see him? You will find him seated in his office (it belongs to his nephew in the daytime) from midnight to four in the morning. And now you must really go, as I have to frighten the occupants of this bed-chamber."

Thus urged, of course I could only bow and withdraw. I floated into the town and entered the Lawyer's office. I found its phantom occupant extremely obliging.

"The great difficulty," he said, when he had listened to my story,

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 55.

IN LOWTHER ARCADIA AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

"is to ascertain your identity, which can only be done in the daytime. Have you ever appeared at noon?"

I admitted that I had, although I was obliged to confess that I had found my apparition then both feeble and unsatisfactory.

After consultation, we decided that perhaps we might find some trace of my antecedents in the Imbecile Inquiry Office, a Government Department devoted to the registration of human curiosities. It was not impossible that I might have been so extremely eccentric in my lifetime, that some trace of my doings might have been preserved in the archives of the *bureau*. The next morning, accompanied by my Lawyer, I visited the office, and was requested by a messenger to put in writing on a memorandum paper the object of my application. Fortunately the man was short-sighted, and did not appear to notice our appearance. I wrote what I wanted, and sent it up. In a few minutes the messenger returned.

"The Board is engaged at this moment, but if you like to stop, the Secretary will see you by-and-by." He then left us.

After waiting nearly an hour, my Lawyer and I came to the conclusion that we must have been forgotten, and determined to go upon a voyage of discovery on our own account. Leaving the waiting-room, we glided up a broad stone staircase and entered through a green-baize door a large apartment apparently filled with books. Seated at a desk was an amiable-looking, middle-aged gentleman surrounded with plans, papers, packets, and the usual paraphernalia of a Government Office. Between this room and another was a second green-baize door dividing the two apartments the one from the other. In the second room we saw several other amiable-looking middle-aged gentlemen, grouped round a long table, and apparently engaged in discussing sandwiches and sherry.

"I am sorry to disturb you," said my Lawyer, courteously. The amiable-looking middle-aged gentleman at the desk, raised his eyes, looked at us, started violently, and turned as white as a sheet. My Solicitor continued, "We want to know——"

He could get no further. The gentleman jumped up from his desk in an agony of terror, and, before we could prevent his departure, disappeared with an unearthly yell, through the baize door into the second apartment. The door was then hurriedly locked, and all we could do would not induce any of the occupants of the room to open it. We tried in vain all sorts of inducements, from the rattling of heavy chains up to thunder-thumps. Some little time elapsed, and then the short-sighted messenger made his appearance.

"I never told you to come up," said he, in an aggrieved tone, "and you've got me into trouble. You must be off. The Board say that your application, whatever it is, can't be entertained."

To retire was all we could do—and we did it. On regaining the street, I sorrowfully bade my Solicitor good-bye.

"Oh dear no, Sir," he said, with the ghost of a smile. "You have quite forgotten one little formality—my Bill of Costs."

Upon this he produced an enormous roll of paper! The rest of my story can be briefly told. Unable to pay my Lawyer's bill, I was compelled to seek refuge in a country where I could not be reached by the Extradition law. I took a passage in *The Flying Dutchman*, and went to Spain. I am now settled in Grenada, where I am believed by the peasantry to be an English ghost that has escaped from a branch of the Moorish Alhambra that has been recently established in Leicester Square. I find some consolation in the thought that those whom I now haunt seem to be growing rather fond of me. I trust that this is not a specimen of the national politeness, and that the affection they apparently entertain towards me is not merely assumed to save me unnecessary embarrassment.

WAITING HIS ORDERS.

THE HOME SECRETARY, after the revelations made by a distinguished member of the Representative body of Theatrical Managers and Music Hall Proprietors that called upon him last week to protest against the further extension of Inspecting Powers to the

Augustus Druriolanus opposing the Invasion of Plancus Operator Autocraticus.

Metropolitan Board, having expressed a wish to hear something still further of the correspondence, said to be of a blackmailing character, which was referred to in the course of the proceedings, the Deputation again called on him yesterday afternoon for the purpose of supplying him with fresh information on the subject.

In re-introducing them, Mr. JACKSON PARTLAND, M.P., said that since their last interview they had heard that, with a view to the better control of the correspondence of subordinate officials of the Board, an enterprising firm of publishers had undertaken to provide for their use A COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER, a few of the proof-sheets of which had chanced to come into their possession. As they seemed to have some bearing on the present case, they thought that perhaps the HOME SECRETARY might like to look at them. In presenting them to his notice, they felt it was hardly necessary to point out that a public Department from which such documents might be expected to issue was scarcely calculated to inspire that general confidence so essential to the smooth and efficient working that might reasonably be expected of it. The subjoined proof-sheets, which he appeared to peruse with much attention, were then handed to the HOME SECRETARY:—

From an Official of the Board to a Popular Manager, asking for Places during the Height of the Pantomime Season.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, February 17.

MY DEAR GUS,—(Excuse the familiarity, but it is a way we have on the "Board")—I know you are turning money away nightly, but you must really manage to let me have the Queen's Box, and the two others on each side of it (all three knocked into one) for three days—say, Monday, Thursday, and Friday next week. I wish to bring my grandfather, two aged aunts, my sister-in-law, all her children, and my own, and lots of cousins and connections who know my interest with you, and have asked me to get 'em good places. Don't say you can't do it, my dear boy, for you know *I can be nasty when I like*, and should be sorry to put you to the expense of clapping on another staircase or two to the upper circles. Ha! ha! that would be a joke, wouldn't it? However, let's hope it won't come to that. Yours ever, JOHN BEGG.

P.S.—If there's a difficulty about the boxes, I wouldn't mind a whole row of stalls right across the theatre in the best part. But mind, one or the other, *I must have.*

From Same to Same, on the former receiving, in reply, an Order for two to the Upper Boxes, not admitted after half-past Seven.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, February 19.

SIR.—I am utterly astounded at the insolence of your response to my request, and thus fling back your tickets (re-enclosed) in your face. Do you know, Sir, who I am? *Are you aware that I can make your theatre too hot to hold you?* Do you reflect that I can force you to open up a dozen,—ay, and if need be, twenty-four—new and roomy exits on every blessed floor in your house. And yet, with this knowledge, you dare to haggle in your mind over the price of three paltry boxes on the Grand Tier. Why, you must be mad!—stark! However, to be plain with you, I'll tell you what it is. Unless you send me by return the places I have named, and which, as an Official of the Board, have the goodness to understand, *I claim as a right*, I'll let loose a Committee of Inspection on you in two twos, without notice, and if, after they've paid you a visit, they leave you a single leg to stand upon, I promise you it won't be the fault of Yours, *meaning business*, officially, JOHN BEGG.

From Same to Same, after receipt of various Complimentary Admissions, making still further demands.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks, Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, March 1.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Thank you for the last six Private Boxes, which, although not all of them in quite first-rate positions, enabled me to knock off a few obligations that I was under to certain importunate friends and connections. But I am now going to tax your kindness still further. *I wish to give all my tradesmen a treat*, and should like them to have the Queen's Box in turn. I am, therefore, sending you the addresses of my butcher, my baker, my bootmaker, milkman, greengrocer, and my tailor, and request that you will communicate directly with them, with a view to finding out on what nights they could most conveniently visit the theatre, and arranging accordingly. Please be careful to direct the envelopes carefully and legibly, as I should be sorry that any carelessness on your part should lead to disagreeables over the matter. Indeed, as long as you keep me well supplied with the places I require on the Grand Tier, I *have no wish to be nasty.* But you know, from experience, it won't do to put my back up, and that rather than put an official spoke into your wheel, I would always prefer to receive your orders, and be able to sign myself, as I do now, Yours cordially, JOHN BEGG.

From Same to Same, on receiving Apologetic and Explanatory Letter enclosing sixteen undated Stalls.

Metropolitan Board of Shirks, Compromising Architect's Department, Spring Heel Gardens, March 4.

MR. BEGG wishes to know whether Mr. HARRIS takes him for a fool. Mr. B. particularly told Mr. H., that he wanted him to let him have the Queen's Box for six consecutive nights, *as he wished to give his*, Mr. B's., *Tradesmen a treat.* How does Mr. H. think Mr. B. is going to manage that in suitable style, in sixteen undated Stalls! But perhaps Mr. H. is desirous *of provoking an Official Inspection*, and would like to be called on to provide a new set of dressing-rooms, a couple of iron-curtains, and be ordered to rebuild his Entrance Hall. Mr. B. merely throws this out as a hint, but would advise Mr. H. *if he wishes to keep out of trouble*, to despatch the demanded boxes, to the addresses already furnished him forthwith.

The HOME SECRETARY said, that after giving the above specimens of correspondence his careful consideration, he could not say that he thought them particularly out of the way, but as there somehow seemed to be a general impression that they were, he supposed something ought to be done. He would think the matter over, and perhaps in the course of next summer he might possibly hit on some solution.

The Deputation having thanked him, then withdrew.

"ALL THE TALENTS."

THE *Graphic's* big picture, representing "All the Talents" of Her Gracious MAJESTY'S reign grouped together in one tremendous crowd, directed apparently on their way down (ominous this!) by Sir JEM of the Academy, contains some of the best portraits that have appeared in any collective illustration. Each one of them separately would be entitled to a place in the splendid *Victoria Album* recently issued by SMITH AND DOWNES, and to say this is saying a great deal. The *Graphic* Stage-Manager has grouped his characters most appropriately. On the extreme right of the spectator is Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., staring across at Sir JEM as if wondering why on earth the latter was taking so much authority into his own hands. The Baroness BURDETT COUTTS is well in front, evidently determined to get out first before the crush comes,—an idea that, apparently, has also simultaneously occurred to Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN, BROWNING, ELLEN TERRY, and Lords CHARLES BERESFORD, TENNYSON, SALISBURY, GLADSTONE, "our Mr. TENNIEL," Mrs. BANCROFT (without Mr. B., which accounts for the vacant space next to her, so perhaps he was late, or has politely gone to fetch Mrs. KENDAL, with whom he will appear in the millionth re-issue of this picture), H.E. Cardinal MANNING, apologising for accidentally treading on Madame PATTI'S dress (but it really couldn't be helped), who are all getting away as quickly as possible, either because Mr. SALA, up at the back, or Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN (who is looking about for Mr. GILBERT) has shouted out, "Get on in front there!" Perhaps—ah!—they are all hurrying off to the Refreshment Room! Or going to stir the Christmas Pudding.

BOHN'S Standard Library is to be republished at a shilling a volume. This is indeed putting life in the dry Bohns.

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned*, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope Cover, or Wrapper. To this ru *there will be no exception.*

ANOTHER "BUTLER;" OR, A THORNE IN HIS SIDE.

TAKING for granted the improbabilities of Mr. AUTHOR JONES'S plot—which seems to use up again the materials of *Aurora Floyd*, and one or two other novels, including the *Danvers Jewels*—and a certain maladroitness of construction, *Heart of Hearts* is both interesting and amusing. All the characters are distinctly outlined excepting one, and this one, strange to say, is *James Robins*, the hero of the piece, a part apparently written rather to suit Mr. THOMAS THORNE'S peculiarities, than to exhibit any marked individuality of character. *James Robins, Lady Clarissa Fitzralf's* butler,—who is of course the intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. MERIVALE'S butler at Toole's Theatre round the corner,—has secretly married his mistress's sister, and her niece is openly to marry his mistress's son. Now, how about the character of *James Robins?* Is he honest? Hardly so. Is he sly? Certainly. Is he crafty? It cannot be denied. Yet the sympathy of the audience is with him. Why? Well, chiefly because he is played by Mr. THORNE, and secondarily, because he is very fond of his brother's child, whom he has brought up because his brother, having got into trouble and been compelled to "do his time," has delivered her into his care. This nice father returns, comes to see his child, and steals a ruby bracelet, this ruby being the "heart of hearts." Whereupon one *Miss Latimer*, a malicious schemer, fixes the theft on *Lucy Robins*. What more natural, considering the name? The father, *Old Robins*, has stolen the jewel; the daughter, *Lucy Robins*, has been accused of doing so. Quite a robbin's family. Of course exculpation and explanation wind up the play, though I regret to say I was compelled to leave before hearing how Mr. AUTHUR JONES deals with that old reprobate Cock *Robins*, the parent bird, who, in view of the future happiness of *Mary* and *Ralph*, would be about as presentable a father-in-law to have on the premises as that old "unemployed" reprobate, *Eccles*, in *Caste*. I am sorry he wasn't somehow disposed of, having of course previously confessed his guilt to the bilious detective, *March*, and expired under the assumed name of *Mister Masters*. By the way, AUTHUR JONES is not happy in nomenclature.

The dialogue is good throughout, even when it only indirectly developes character or helps the action, and so is the acting. Mr. THORNE as *James* is admirable; representing the character as a man gifted with an overpowering appreciation of the humorous side of every situation,—including his own as a butler,—in which either accident or design may place him. I do not believe that this was the author's intention, but this is the impression made upon me by Mr. THORNE'S acting, and I am sure it could not be better played. Miss KATE RORKE is charmingly natural; Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is unequal, being better in the last Act than the first. My sensitive ear having been struck by the mellifluous accents of *Lucy* and the Corkasian,—I think, though, it may be Galwaisian,—tones of her lover, I could not help wondering why the author, after the first few rehearsals, did not slightly alter the dialect and lay the scene in Ireland. The play is well worth seeing, and begins at the easy hour of 8·45. There should be *matinées* of a new operetta, entitled *The Two Butlers*, characters by J. L. TORNE and THOMAS THOOLE.

CORNET AND PIANO.

AT A JUVENILE PARTY.

Cornet. Ready? Yes, *I'm* ready—but I'm not going to begin before I'm asked. If they want us to strike up, let 'em come and ask us, d'ye see?

Piano. Well, but there are all the children sitting about doing nothing——

C. Let 'em sit! They'll see you and me sittin' all the evenin', strummin' and blowin' like nigger slaves, and a lot they'll care! Don't you make no mistake, young Pianner, there ain't no sense in doin' more than you're obliged—you'll get no credit for it, d'ye see? And don't keep that programme all to yourself. Ah, one Swedish, one Sir Roger, and a bloomin' Cotilliong—*they'll* take two hours alone! We shan't work this job off much before one, you see if we do. (*To Hostess.*) Commence now? By all means, Madam. Send us a little refreshment? Thank you, Madam, we shall be exceedingly obliged to you. (*The refreshment arrives.*) Here 's stuff to put liveliness in us, Mate—*Leminade!*

[*Puts jug under piano with intense disgust.*

P. Well, I should think you'd lemon enough in you already.

C. I *'ate* kids, there—and that's the truth of it! It makes me downright sick to see 'em dressed out, and giving themselves the airs and graces of grown-ups. (*To Small Child.*) Yes, my little dear, it's a worltz this time. (*To Pianist.*) Strike up, young P. and O! (*A little later.*) I'm blest if I don't believe you're *enjoying* this, Pianner, settin' there with that sort of a dreamy grin on your pasty countinance!

P. And if I am, where's the harm of it?

C. It's easy to see you ain't bin at it long, or you wouldn't take that interest in it. Much they thank you for takin' a interest, these bloated children of a pampered aristocracy! Why, they don't mind you and me more than the drugget under their feet. Even gutter kids have got manners enough to thank the Italian as plays the orgin for 'em to dance to. Are *we* ever thanked? I arsk you.

P. The Italian plays for nothing. We don't.

C. There you go, redoocin' everything to coppers. You're arguin' beside the question, you are. Ever see a well-dressed kid give a orgin a penny without there was a monkey a-top of it? *I* never did. If you chained a monkey to your pianner now, they might condescend to look at yer now and then—not unless.

P. Well, you can't deny they're a nice-looking set of children here. Look at that one with the long hair, in the plush—like a little Princess, she is.

C. And p'raps she ain't aware of it, either! Why, there's that little sister o' yours, that's got hair just as long, ah, and 'ud look as pretty too, if she'd a little more colour; but you can't have colour without capital. It's 'igh-feeding does it all, and money wrung from the working-classes, like you and me.

P. I don't know what *you* call yourself. I'm a professional, and see no shame in it.

C. You can be as purfessional as you please, but you needn't be poor-spirited. Come on; pound away! Ain't you got a uglier worltz than that?

AT SUPPER.

C. I must say I ardly expected this—after the leminade. But you're eatin' nothin', young Pianner. (*To Servant.*) Thank 'ee, my pretty dear, you may leave that raised pie where it is; and do you think you could get us another bottle o' Sham, now—for my young friend here? (*To Pianist.* You needn't think you've made a conquest with that moony mug of yours. She's only lookin' after you to make *me* jealous, d'ye see? I know these minxes' ways, bless you.)

P. (*with lofty bitterness*). I've no wish to dispute it with you.

C. Ah, you've had *your* eye on the governess all the evening. I saw you!

P. (*blushing*). You're talking folly, Cornet, and what's more, you know it.

C. That's her playin' upstairs now. I know a governess's polker—all tum-tum and no jump to it. Wouldn't you like to go up and help her, eh?

P. If I *am* a wretch doomed to misery, it's not for you to remind me of it, Cornet. It's not a friendly act, I'm blowed if it is!

C. You're a regular Tant—Tarantulus, you know, that's what you are! You'll be goin' mad on your music-stool—"I saw her dancin' in the 'All"—that sort o' thing, hey?

P. (*with dignity.*) It seems to me you've had quite enough of that Champagne, and we've been down half-an-hour.

C. You don't 'pear to unnerstand that a Cornet's very mush thirstier instrumen' than a iron-grand out o' tune—but you're a good young feller—I li' a shentimental young chap. I'm a soft-arted ole fool myshelf!

AFTER SUPPER.

C. (*with emotion.*) Loo' at that now, ain't that a sight to make a man o' you? All these brit appy young faces. I could play for 'em all ni'—blesh their 'arts! Lor, what a rickety chair I'm on, and thish bloomin' brash inshtrumen's gone and changed ends. Now then, quicken up, let 'em 'ave it—you are a shulky young chap!

P. It is not sulks but misery. I swear to you, Cornet, that each hammer I strike vibrates on my own heart-strings!

C. Then you can be innerpennant of a pianner.

P. I am young—but the young have their sorrows, I suppose. Is it nothing to have to minister to others' gaiety with a bitter pang in one's own breast?

C. Thash wha' comes o'shtickin' to the leminade!

A LITTLE LATER.

P. (*aghast*). I say, what *are* you about? You mustn't, you know!

C. (*smiling dreamily*). It'sh all ri', dear boy! If a man fines he can't breathe in 'sh bootsh—on'y loshical coursh 'fore him is to play in socksh—d 'ye see?

AT PARTING.

The Cornet (*to hostess, with benignant tenderness.*) Goori', Madam, Gobblesh you, I do' min' tellin' you, you've made me and the pianner here, and ah, 'undreds of young innoshent arts very 'appy, Madam, you may ta' that from *me*. I hope we've given complete satisfaction, 'm sure we've had mosht pleasant shupper—I mean pleashant evenin'—*sho* glad we came. And you mushn't ta' no notish of my young fren, he'sh been makin' lil too free with the leminade, d'ye see? Goo ri! [*Exit gracefully, and is picked up at bottom of Staircase by the Pianist.*

TOBY'S GREETING.

A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

Library, House of Commons,
New Year's Eve.

HONOURED SIR,

I FIND in the Letter Bag a communication from that eminent statesman GRANDOLPH. But I think it will keep for a week, and on this New Year's Eve I will put in the Bag a letter of my own, addressed to him who, take him for all in all, (as BACON wrote) is the most Eminent Man of the century. No one, a cynic has said, is a hero to his own valet—meaning, I suppose, that the closer a man is looked into the less profound his valley appears. It has been my lot to sit at your feet for close upon half-a-century, perched upon the pile of volumes which, oddly enough, never grows an eighth-of-an-inch higher through the revolving years. You have honoured me with your closest confidence. I have known your inmost thoughts. I have often seen you, as you are weekly presented to an admiring public, chuckling with finger to nose and brightened eye over the inception of a joke, and I have observed you afterwards a little depressed on reading it in the proof, struck with the conviction that it was not quite so good as you thought. I am not your valet. But you are truly my Hero.

It may be said that I am prejudiced by receipt of personal favours. You took me literally out of the streets to be your daily companion, and, at friendly though still humble distance, to consort with the Beauty and Brilliance that throngs your court. But for you I might years ago have followed the historic precedent, gone mad to serve my private ends, bit some unwholesome person and died. But you took me by the paw, lifted me into your company, placed me on the pedestal of your ever-increasing but never-swelling bulk of volumes, whence it was an easy matter to step on to the lower level of the floor of the House of Commons. The prestige of your name was sufficient to secure for me the suffrages of one of the most important and one of the most enlightened county constituencies of this still undivided Empire.

As I sit here alone in this dimly-lighted chamber there glide along with silent footfall an interminable procession of familiar faces and figures that have passed through this room since I first took the oath and my seat for Barkshire. DIZZY walks past, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but conveying to the mind of the onlooker a curious impression that he sees all round; and here comes kindly STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and burly BERESFORD-HOPE, and TOM COLLINS, with the faded umbrella he used to bring down through all the summer nights and solemnly commit to the personal charge of the doorkeeper. And there goes dear ISAAC BUTT, wringing his hands because of Major O'GORMAN'S revolt, and W. P. ADAM, disappointed after his long fight which ended with victory for his Party and something like a snub for himself. Here is NEWDEGATE frowning at the scarlet drapery of a reading lamp; and behind him, WHALLEY, wondering whether he was really in earnest when he denounced him before the House of Commons as "a Jesuit in disguise." Here, too, poor Lord HENRY LENNOX with his trousers turned up, and Sir THOMAS MAY with a Peerage looming within hand's reach, and Captain GOSSET steering his shapely legs towards his room to drink Apollinaris and read up Hansard. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces, and the New Year, which the bell-ringers are waiting to welcome in, is nothing to them. Over there in the corner are the two chairs on which the form of JOSEPH GILLIS reclined on the first all-night sitting that ever was, when, the thing being fresh to Members, they were eager to stop up all night, to walk round the recumbent form, dropping pokers and heavy volumes with innocent attempt to disturb the slumberer. But JOSEPH GILLIS slept, or

seemed to sleep. He was giving the Saxon trouble, and was not greatly inconvenienced himself.

I have taken down from the shelves two volumes among the most recent and most prized addition to our Library, and, turning over the leaves, come upon fresh testimony to my Honoured Sir's prescience. Turning over *John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character*, garnered from the Collection of *Mr. Punch*, I find under date twenty-five years back, women of all degrees presented under cover of monstrous hoops. Everybody wore crinoline in those days. It was the thing, the only possible thing, and the average human mind could not grasp the idea of there being any other way of arraying the female form. But the prophetic eye of one of the most brilliant of *Mr. Punch's* Young Men peered into the future and beheld what was to come.* In the very midst of delineations of these everyday monstrosities, fearful in the drawing-room, grotesquely exaggerated in the kitchen, JOHN LEECH flashed forth a view of the future. There are three sketches of girls, two in the eelskin dress that marked the rebound from the hideous tyranny of crinoline, and the third showing a style of dress that might have been sketched to-day in Bond Street, not forgetting the upper rearward segment of the crinoline which survives at this day to hint what has been. *Ex pede Herculem.* It seemed at the date a monstrous idea, a nightmare fancy, peradventure a joke. But *Mr. Punch's* calm eye pierced the veil of the future, and saw then, as he has always seen, what was to be.

This, Sir, is only a solitary instance of your prescience cited in accidentally turning over the collected pages that seem so familiar and are still so fresh. I could quote indefinitely as I turn over the leaves. But time is shorter than usual this evening. There is less than an hour left of 1877. The procession I spoke of just now has passed out and closed the doors. Under brighter and more inspiriting auspices comes another group. May I present them to my honoured Master? EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT this is *Mr. Punch* of whom you may have heard. *Mr. Punch*, this is EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT of whom I expect you will hear a good deal. And here, happier in his possessions than *King Lear*, are his four daughters—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They come to wish you a Happy New Year in which no one joins so heartily as your humble friend and servitor,

TOBY, M.P.

* There is a later example of this gift in the date of another Young Man's letter.—ED.

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Friendly Critic. "HUMPH! A LITTLE *WOOLLY* IN TEXTURE, ISN'T IT? OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN THE *SHEEP!*"

FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I THANK you for your advice. You were right when you told me to go and see Mrs. BERNARD BEERE in *As in a Looking Glass*. Indeed, she does hold the mirror up to "nature,"—which is in this instance what ZOLA calls *la bête humaine*,—and in it is reflected the worn face, so weary of wickedness and so hopeless of the future, of *Lena Despard*. The moral of the story—for moral there is—is never out of date. If we can ever retrace any of our steps in life, which I doubt, there are at all events some false steps that never can be retraced. Our deeds become part and parcel of ourselves, and we can no more rid ourselves of them than we can jump off our shadows.

"Our deeds our angels are, or good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk with us still."

And yet *la bête humaine*, has not quite killed the soul of this adventuress, for she is still capable of a real love, and of proving its reality by an awful self-sacrifice. This is not a Christmas spirit, is it? But you see I went before Christmas, and having done with tragedy, I am looking forward to pantomimical stuff and nonsense. I had not read the novel,—*you* have, but considerately refrained from telling me the plot,—so I enjoyed the performance without my memory compelling me to compare it, for better or worse, with the original story.

I have never seen Mrs. BEERE play anything before this, nor have I seen SARAH BERNHARDT, who, as you tell me, was in other pieces this lady's model. A London Cousin of mine, who is a theatre-goer, and knows several of the leading actors and actresses "at home," tells me that in this piece the individuality of the actress is completely merged in the part, and that it is only when she is saying something very cynical, that he was reminded by a mannerism peculiar to this actress how bitter this BEERE could be on occasion. It is a pity her name is BEERE, because when I asked my cousin (do you know him—JOSEPH MILLER?) if, off the stage, this lady was really thin and tall, he replied, "Yes—Mrs. BEERE was never stout, and was never a half-and-half sort of actress."

And then, when I pressed him for serious answer, he said, "Well, she's *Lena* on the stage, as you see." What is one to do with a joker like this, except go with him to a Pantomime, Burlesque, or Circus? Yours,

LITTLE PETERKIN.

P.S.—The Opéra Comique is not the Theatre for a *tragédienne*. Joe says, "Yes it is—for Mrs. BEERE, because of the '*Op* in it."

"DE DEUX SHOWS, UNE."

ON Thursday night, Mr. WILSON BARRETT, brought out a new piece at the Globe, and in Leicester Square, the Empire Variety Show was inaugurated. The good-natured "Visible Prince," who is always ready to encourage Art in any form, and willing to "open" anything from a Cathedral to an Oyster, was present at this *première* of the New Music Hall. Poor W. B! "How long! How long!" By the way, it may be necessary to explain to some simple persons, that *The Empire* has nothing whatever to do with The Imperial Institute.

A Christmas Tip.

"TALLY ho! Yoicks, over there!" Which being translated, means go and see the Sporting "Illustrations" at GERMAN REED'S—not "German" at all, for you must always take this title *cum corney grano*, but "So English, you know." And CORNEY GRAIN'S song afterwards, that marvellous duet between Corney and Piano,—excellent!

THERE is now an Examination for everything. A man can't even become a Bankrupt without passing an examination. Very hard this.

SOMETHING TO SWALLOW.—TOM TOPER says, "SHAKSPEARE'S plays were written partly by SHAKSPEARE and partly by BACON. It was a 'split B. & S.'"

THE RECENT PRIZE-FIGHT.—What the French thought of it: an In-Seine proceeding.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just come across something in Modern Wiggism in the shape of an amusing advertising book on the Wigs supplied to leading actors by the theatrical perruquier Fox. "Nothing like leather," said the tanner; and judging from the collection of illustrations and notices, it is, in Mr. Fox's opinion, more what is outside the head than what is in it, that insures success on the Stage. The perruquier makes the wig, and the wig makes the actor. There are portraits of various theatrical celebrities, including one or two of Mr. TOOLE, in various wigs, whose presentments in these pages may entitle the work to be called Fox's *Book of Martyrs*—willing martyrs, of course, and many of them after they've strutted and fretted for several hours on the stage, quite ready to go cheerfully to "The Steak."

Mr. FREDERICK BARNARD'S *Character Sketches from Dickens* have been republished. They are the work of a true artist; but he should have left *Mr. Pickwick* alone. Who cares for an artistic *Mr. Pickwick?* No; let him ever remain the burlesque eccentricity invented by Mr. SEYMOUR, and founded on DICKENS'S creation. But Mr. BARNARD'S *Mrs. Gamp* and *Bill Sikes* are both quite truly Dickensonian.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

NUGGETS IN NORTH WALES.

THERE is legends, and traditions told, and narratives, and tales,
Of wealth in mountain crannies, caves, and cells of ancient Wales.
The dens of dwarves and fairies, sprites and goblins, imps and elves,
Where they, like misers, look you, kept their treasures to themselves.

A cockatrice, a griffin, or a wivern watched the hoard,
In the coffers of the crystal rocks, and stone-strong chambers stored,
Breathed fire and flames, and ramped and raved in form to tear and rend,
And scratch and bite, and sting with tail, barbed arrow-like on end.

The lions and the eagles and the snakes together linked,
The cockatrices, wiverns, and their tribes is all extinct.
No dragons could PENDRAGON, if alive yet, find to slay,
And the dwarves, and fays, and fairies all alike have gone away.

Now GRIFFITHS is the Safe Man, and a griffin guards no more
The secret riches of the rocks—they lie concealed in ore;
The lodes and veins, and minerals, there's quantities untold
In the quarries and the crystals, and the quartzes, full of gold.

It is an El Dorado, found in Mawddach's happy vale;
It is Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN'S, look you, no romancer's tale.
And mines besides Gwmfynydd mine 'tis like there 's them that owns;
Peradventure Mr. JENKINS, Mr. EVANS, Mr. JONES.

North Wales will be a Golden Chersonesus, though the phrase
Is a little solecisms, indeed, suppose quartz-crushing pays.
And, moreover, in Welsh diggings what if nuggets there be found,
As large as leeks, and weighing from a scruple to a pound?

A Golden Age in Wales, look you, there 's goodly ground to hope,
And a theme of song besides to give the Bards unbounded scope,
And prizes at Eistedfoddau for poetry and odes,
On the find of gold in the quartzes and the metal-veins and lodes.

SOCIAL ROMANCE.

A "Fragment," extracted from the "Dim and Distant Future," as imagined by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

IT was a delightful summer evening, and East London was looking its brightest. The eight hours of daily toil were over, and the crowds of cheery-voiced and happy-faced working people were returning in merry groups to their respective homes, scattered here and there amid the splendid Co-operative Palaces that reared their decorated fronts to meet the last golden glories of the setting sun, and break the soft progress of the gentle evening breeze laden with the sweet scents of the myriad flowers blooming freshly amid the verdant *parterres* and winding woodland walks by which they were divided and surrounded. Here a rippling fountain made silvery music in the air, while yonder the noisy brooklet could be traced cleaving its headlong way to the lovely Thames flowing seaward tranquilly beneath, its translucent surface being broken now and again only by the leap from an occasional seventy-pound salmon revelling for very joy in the highly hygienic quantity of the pure and crystal water in which he was existing. Above was the faultless deep-blue glory of an Italian sky. Beneath rare forest trees, amidst which the graceful oleander and wild tamarisk flourished with all their native strength, produced a grateful shade. So sparkling and smokeless was the pervading atmosphere that merely to inhale it was a physical pleasure. Sanitary and social science had indeed worked their wonders here. East London had become to all those who dwelt amid its fairy labyrinths a veritable earthly Paradise. And as he cast his shapely but workmanlike frame with an elegant ease on to one of the hundred comfortable lounges that at intervals fringed its green swards throughout their entire length and breadth, no one in the full flush of this glorious summer evening appreciated the fact more keenly than did JEREMIAH HALFINCH.

"Ah! this is delicious!" he cried, with enthusiasm; "just a few moments' rest here to solve this problem, and then—*pour me rendre chez moi!*" He spoke with all the easy grace and perfect *ton* of a West-End *raconteur*, and as he opened his basket of tools and produced from it a translation of a new work on German Philosophy, in the pages of which he was speedily engrossed, it was impossible not to be struck by his general appearance. His frame was that of an Herculean Apollo, while his head, with its finely-chiselled features and long tawny moustache, nobly set upon his shoulders, might have belonged to a Captain in the Guards. There was in his eyes something of the look of an intelligent Chief Justice, and whenever he moved it was with all the commanding dignity of a Lord Mayor. In short, it needed only a glance at JEREMIAH HALFINCH to set him down for what he was,—a fair specimen of the average type of the working-man of the day.

He was not, however, destined to be long in solving his philosophical problem, a light step on the gravel-path caught his ear. He looked up. "Ah! Miss BETSY JANE," he said, rising with a courtly grace as his eye rested on the trim neatly dressed form of a girl of nineteen; "so you, too, are enjoying the Elysian fragrance of this lovely evening?"

The fair girl blushed slightly. She was very lovely. Her golden hair crowned her beautifully shaped brow in broad deep bands. Her mouth had that indescribable sweetness that is often met with in those in whom a marvellously active intelligence is united to a strongly poetic temperament. Her eyes were like two exquisite saucers of liquid blue, from whose sapphire depths light and laughter seemed to sparkle up unbidden with every variation of her mobile and ever changing countenance. Yet she was only a poor work-girl making her £2 16*s.* 6*d.* a week, under the new scale of prices, by button-holeing.

"I am enjoying the evening, for who would not, Mr. HALFINCH?" she answered, half demurely, with a pretty pout, "but I have just come from my Hydrostatic Class, and was thinking of looking in at the Opera on my way home. They are doing "*Tristan und Isolde*," and a little *Wagner* is such a pleasant close to the day. Do not you think so?"

"Indeed I do," he answered eagerly, "and I will accompany you—that is, if I may," he added, apologetically.

"If you *may!*" was the arch reply. In another minute they were strolling leisurely along, side by side, towards the "Great Square of Recreation," that was already scintillating in the distance, lit up with the electric light as with the full blaze of day. As they were emerging from the garden-path, they passed a small child. She was carrying a little stone funereal urn, and she nodded to them. They stopped for a moment.

"Why, POLLY, dear, what have you got there?" asked BETSY JANE, stooping down to kiss the child.

"Oh! it 's only Great Grandmother," went on the little speaker, volubly. "I 'm fetching her from the *Crematorium*. She was only *ashed* yesterday, you know, and father says he would like to have her on the parlour chimney-piece as soon as possible; and so I am bringing her home."

"Well, my little woman," threw out HALFINCH, kindly. "Take care you don't drop your Great Grandmother, that 's all."

"Oh no! I can carry her well enough," was the prompt response; and little POLLY was soon bounding away across the grass merrily, with her ancestral burthen.

* * * * * *

BETSY JANE and JEREMIAH HALFINCH had presented their passes at the door of the Opera House, listened to an Act of WAGNER'S incomparable music, and were now once more coming homewards. Their conversation had had a wide range, touching at one moment on the Norse *Saga*, and at another on the Binomial Theorem; now on the Philosophy of EPICTETUS, and now on the latest speculations as to the basis of Nebular Matter. They were deeply interested in their talk, and it was not till they were suddenly arrested in their progress that they became aware that their path was stopped by a Policeman who was kindly stooping over a little child who was crying over something she had dropped.

"Oh! it is little POLLY; and she has let her Great Grandmother fall!" cried BETSY JANE, much concerned.

"Yes, and I have spilled her; and father will be so cross!" added the child in tears, pointing to the broken vase and to some white ash that laid upon the gravel path.

"Never mind, my little woman, we will soon make it all right,"

answered HALFINCH, at the same time taking an evening paper from his pocket, and carefully collecting the broken fragments of the vase and its contents, and making them up into a neat parcel. "There," he added, "he'll have to get a new vase. But you may tell your father I think he'll find his Grandmother all there. So wipe your eyes and get home as fast as you can."

* * * * * *

They watched the figure of the receding child.

"You don't have much work down this way nowadays?" inquired HALFINCH amiably of the Policeman.

"Much work! Why, bless you, Sir, beyond occasionally running in an Unemployed Sweater, we have none at all."

"Well, good night, Miss BETSY JANE," said HALFINCH.

"Good night, Mr. HALFINCH," responded the lovely girl.

Then they each turned to their brilliantly-lighted Co-operative Palace homes. Silence soon fell upon the scene. Another happy East-End day had come to its luxurious close.

NEW YEAR MEMS.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. Smother HOWARD VINCENT & Co.—at least in public. Give private tip to HARTINGTON, BRIGHT, and GOSCHEN, to get me talked about as a "second COBDEN."

Special.

Mr. W. E. Gl-dst-ne. Mem.—Feel a little "chippy" this morning. Go out axing. Send New Year's Card to DOPPING. Forgive and Forget. Write fewer letters, make fewer speeches, avoid railway station oratory; CH-MB-RL-N'S imitating me there. Shall have him next taking to chopping trees in Prince's Gardens. *Mem.*—Return to use of post-cards; shall also give up writing magazine-articles and devote myself more to commercial pursuits; there's a good deal to be done in chips if one gives his mind to it. Why not leave Hawarden and reside at Chipping Norton?

Mr. B-lf-r. Gingerly manipulate the "Crimes Act" across the Channel for the next few weeks. *Mem.*—Parliament opens Feb. 9th. Be careful what I say or write about anybody. Consult Solicitor.

C. S. P-rn-ll. Change my name and address next year, call myself B-CKLE of the *Times*.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Retire from "Fisheries'" as gracefully and as soon as possible. As J-SSE C-LL-NGS would say, "Hook it." COD-LING 's the man.

The Lord Ch-f J-st-ce of Engl-nd. Shall begin New Year by leaving off voice lozenges, or may be called a "Sucking Ch-f J-st-ce." Shouldn't like this, and I know of one worldly journalist who wouldn't hesitate to write it.

The Right Hon. J. G. G-sch-n, M.P. Think I shall go back to the Liberal Party for a year at least; have tried them all round; find the last rather worse than others. R-ND-LPH says I should by this time be an authority on the principle of the "Theory of Exchanges."

Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt, M.P. Shall begin to get up every morning at seven during recess, and go out for walk in glades of New Forest before breakfast. Find it a capital place to think out *impromptus* for my speeches.

Monsignor P-rs-co. Mem.—Keep myself *to* myself, and don't say nothing to nobody.

Archbishop Cr-ke. Ask THOS. O'DW-ER of Limerick to dinner. Cut National League on first opportunity.

Archbishop B-ns-n. Study the Calendar of State Papers, time of HENRY THE EIGHTH, carefully. Get portrait of myself done in full canonicals, with the two acolytes in scarlet skull-caps and cassocks, as we appeared at Truro. Pretty subject: great scope for artist.

Bishop of L-nd-n. "Oblige B-NS-N." Ask ST-W-RT H-DL-M to take me to the Alhambra. Try and get a copy of that now extinct work, *Essays and Reviews*.

Lord D-nr-v-n. Must find out what I really mean by "Fair Trade." Write to *Notes and Queries*, and see if I can't get a definition somehow.

Mr. O'Br-n. Continue to pose as the "Martyr of Tullamore." Meantime, endeavour to get supplied with still more fashionable clothes. Why not a cheque suit, from America?

Cardinal M-nn-ng. Do something of everything. *Mem.*—Buy new Filter.

The L-rd Ch-nc-ll-r. Must really show some reason for my being in this exalted position. Find comfortable quarters for a few of my nephews, cousins, and sons-in-law who are still among "the Unemployed."

The Right Hon. J-hn Br-ght, M.P. Mem.—J-HN BR-GHT, Always right. Politeness costs nothing. Get someone to give me a short manual of this almost-lost art, like prize-fighting. The latter being revived. Practise both.

Mr. C. V-ll-rs St-nf-rd. Inaugurate my Professorship in style. Get to work, and show 'em I'm the best man to turn out a genuinely successful first-class English Opera.

Professor H-xl-y. Study SP-RG-N'S Sermons for jokes and style, and read some theology, with a view to carrying out the great object of my life—smashing W. S. L-LLY.

Mr. W. S. L-lly. Write more *Chapters of History*. Devote five minutes, one day when I have the leisure, to smashing H-XL-Y.

Mr. Justice St-ph-n. Read up everything. After doing this, at last give my attention to the study of law. *Mem.*—Who was "*The Master of the Sentences?*" Must get his work, and revise some of my own.

Sir F. L-ght-n, P.R.A. Commence getting up Academy Speech for opening day. *Mem.*—Read *Lemprière's Classical Dictionary* for subject for big R.A. picture.

Sir J. E. M-ll-s, R.A. Knock off a few pictures for Illustrated papers of Christmas, 1888. Any model with fair hair will do. Write to P-RS' S—p people.

W. P. Fr-th, R.A. Write more Recollections. *Note.*—Wish I'd taken to this sort of thing earlier in life.

Mr. L-b-ch-re, M.P. Must get rid of BR-DL-GH; always been rather a drag on me. Try and hit on some other popular notion as good as *Truth's* Christmas Toys. Keep Eye on "EDMUND."

Mr. Edm-nd Y-t-s. Write more Recollections and Experiences. Call them *Moi-Mêmeries*. Keep eye on "HENRY."

Mr. J. L. T-le. Spend all my spare time in arranging jokes for speeches. Note them down every morning when shaving. Send an occasional letter to friend IRV-NG.

H. Irv-ng. Refuse title if offered. Tell friend T-LE to do the same.

Mr. J. L. S-ll-v-n (*Pugilist*). Challenge somebody. "Excuse my glove."

Mr. J. Sm-th (*Pugilist*). Challenge S-LL-V-N, and fight him.

Sir A. S-ll-v-n (*Composer*). Leave Society to the other S-LL-V-N. Have had enough of it. Get back to my music. Give up G-LB-RT as soon as possible.

Mr. W. S. G-lb-rt. Hang music. Write something or other without it. As soon as possible, give up S-LL-V-N. Also dispense with GR-SSM-TH.

F. L-ckw-d, Q.C., M.P. Renounce Law and Politics. Draw for *Punch*. Ask H. F-RN-SS to give me a few lessons.

Right Hon. D-vid R. Pl-nk-t, M.P. Take a walk about London every morning *at least*, with view to rivalling *Sam Weller* in extent, if not peculiarity, of my knowledge of this "Vast Metrolopus."

Mrs. B-rn-rd B-re. Look after the acting rights of *La Tosca*. Get as good a play (if I can) as *As in the Looking-glass*, from the author of the novel. Go to Paris, and see dear SARAH. Find a better theatre than the Opéra Comique.

Mr. S-ntl-y. Learn "*The Vicar of Bray*," and "*Father O'Flynn*," as I have not added many new songs of late years to my *répertoire*.

Mr. S-ms R-v-s. Keep all my notes for my Autobiography. What title? *Apologia?*

M-d-me P-tti. Have "*Home, Sweet Home*," translated into foreign languages, to give it an air of novelty. Leave Wales to the Welshers.

Mr. A-g-st-s H-rr-s. Commence Pantomime for 1888-89. Entertain everybody. Send Life Pass for the Queen's Box, to the Assistant Architect of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Must be presented at Court this year. Should look well in Court suit.

Dr. R-bs-n R-se. Must invent something new in the diet line for New Year; shall cut off claret and hot water and their dry toast. *Mem.*—To write article in *F-rtn-ghtly* on "The Here and There of London Life," and point out the absolute necessity of consulting me on every subject. Recommend (as something novel), taking soup after cheese. This advice ought to increase my practice considerably.

The Rev. Dr. P-rk-r. Shall stay at home; at least, won't go again to United States; too vast.

Mr. B-s-nt. Keep my name well before the public. Think New Novel, *All Sorts of Mortiboys*, by Sir W-LT-R B-S-NT, Bart., would have good effect with publishers. Get W-LS-N B-RR-TT to dramatise with me, of course. Shall ask him not to act in it. Off to Africa, to get away from "London blacks."

Mr. N-rm-n L-cky-r. Write *Magnum Opus*, on the action of Snowballs in Space.

Sir M-r-ll M-ck-nz-e. Make careful study of the peculiar diseases incident to "Rumour's lying throat"—especially in Germany.

Ch-rm-n of M-ddl-s-x M-g-str-t-s. Attend some Metropolitan Music Hall every night of my life.

Ed-t-r of P.M.G. Get Stead-ier every day.

Mr. Punch. To wish a Happy New Year to everybody generally.

THE PENNY READING.

(ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

Distinguished Amateur Vocalist (*both Serious and Comic*). "I CAN'T SAY YOU HAVE A VERY APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC UP HERE! I NEVER SANG '*VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH*' BETTER—BUT NOBODY LAUGHED A BIT!"

Horrid Boy. "OH, BUT THEY DID WHEN YOU SANG '*THE DEATH OF NELSON.*' I SAW THEM!"

THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

WHAT will he play? Oh! young New Year,
Precocious power and baby skill
To Music's zealots are strangely dear;
The tiny fingers that thump and trill,
That sweep the keyboard with splendid speed,
Like rattling rain-drops, or fairy-feet,
Are sure of flattery's fullest meed,
And praise is sweet.

An early *début*, my little man!
The dimpled digits you swiftly spread
The sounding octaves can scarcely span,
The pedals hardly your toes can tread.
Yet here you are, and the public ear
Is all agog for the opening chords,
With breathless mingling of hope and fear,
Too deep for words.

The Future's Music before you stands,
Time at your elbow is prompt to turn.
'Twill tax the force of your infant hands,
Prodigies even have much to learn.
MOZART, or HOFFMANN, or LISZT, of course,
You may turn out in your own new line;
May give us freshly the fire and force
Of RUBINSTEIN.

The hour, young Hopeful, seems something [scant
In present promise of Harmony;
Our leading music is militant.
Touch us a stave in a cheerful key!
We have abundance of crash and blare,
Drums and trumpets make angry noise;
Most of us long for a Lydian air,
O, best of boys!

Something Arcadian, manly-sweet,
Blending notes of the lyre and flute;
Pastoral Symphony gaily fleet,
Moaning chords in the minor mute.
Something stirring to lift the heart,
Something merry to move the toes;
Melody pure with a mirthful start
And a moving close.

Charges, marches, bugle-blasts,
Clarion-calls to the onset, tire;
Martial music a sadness casts,
Too long blown, e'en on hearts of fire.
Still the trumpet, and drop the drum!
Bid the fife for a moment cease!
Boy, we 'll bless you if you 'll but strum
The notes of Peace.

Wagner-worry of key and string
Has its power, and holds its place;
Touch to-day, boy, the chords that sing
Of love and gladness, of mirth and grace.
The Future's Music you fain must play?
True! Yet turn ere a chord is struck.
A bumper, boy, to a brighter day!
Here 's health and luck!

UNCOMMON.

MR. PUNCH lately learned to his extreme astonishment and delight that he is one of the independent Electors of the Ward of Farringdon Without. He gathered this important information from the receipt of a highly illustrated card from one of the numerous candidates to represent him in that illustrious body the Court of Common Council, during the coming year, soliciting the honour of his vote and interest.

The Candidate in question described at length his various qualifications for the office he sought. He kindly informed *Mr. Punch* that he was a Citizen, a Loriner—whatever that mysterious occupation may mean—and a People's Caterer, and any doubt that might have been entertained with regard to the especial business for which he catered was at once removed by the perusal of the last line of his canvassing card, which, after kindly informing *Mr. Punch* that he had no less than sixteen votes at his disposal, finished with the remarkable request, "Kindly PLUMP for your Little SAUSAGE MAKER!"

Naturally wondering why a little Sausage Maker should be considered as so peculiarly eligible for the office of Common Councilman, that every elector should plump for him, *Mr. Punch* again examined the mysterious card, and found on its back a graphic representation of a race for the "Pork Sausage Derby," showing the Candidate, mounted on a decidedly thoroughbred Pig, coming in an easy winner with the rest nowhere, amid the chorus of the surrounding multitude.

Doubting whether a Large Tripe Dresser, or a Middle-sized Mutton-Pieman, would not have equal claims upon his Plumper to that of a Little Sausage Maker. *Mr. Punch* decided to take no part in the Election for Common Councilmen until the real meaning of the word "Common" is better understood than it evidently is at present by some aspirants to the Office in question.

THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

LITTLE 1888. "WHAT SHALL I PLAY?"

FATHER TIME. "THE 'MUSIC OF THE FUTURE,' MY DEAR, OF COURSE."!!!

DOLL-CE DOMUM.

ONE of the prettiest and most seasonable sights we have seen for a long while was the display of toys collected by the proprietor of *Truth* from the readers of that entertaining periodical, exhibited in Willis's Rooms before distribution amongst the children of our hospitals and work-houses. The dolls (there were thousands and thousands of them) seemed to be bidding the fashionable world adieu before entering, like so many Sisters of Mercy, upon a mission of tender charity to the sick poor. There was a private view on Sunday, a week before Christmas Day, and those who examined the treasures revealing the glories of Regent Street and the Lowther Arcade, could not help thinking "Mr. LABOUCHERE must have a heart as good as his head, and be a very kind man *au fond*." We wonder whether that confirmed cynic, the proprietor of *Truth*, would make the same admission?

THE reasons given in the correspondence published in the *Times* of last Thursday for discharging Mr. HIGHTON from his offices in connection with the Westminster Play seem to us inadequate. Instead of his work tending to lower the tone of the performance, surely its effect would obviously be to Highton it.

OF course SMITH and KILRAIN passed their Boxing-Day together.

'TO PUT IT BROADLY."

Improvised Butler (to Distinguished Guest). "WILL YE TAKE ANNY MORE DRINK, SOR?"

ROBERT ON THE FRENCH TUNG.

I BEGINS to feel as how the older one gits the more a little bother seems to worry him. There was a time when I could look bothers in the face with the same carm look as I lissens to a gent when he tries to perswade me as how as that port isn't '47 Port, but them times is gorn I 'm afeard, never to return.

My present bother came upon me amost like a moderate size thunderbolt, and was summut in this way. The Manager of one of my best Hotels took me into his privet room, one day larst week, and had sum werry sollem tork with me. He was werry kind, and werry considerate, but he was also werry furm, and what he said was summut like this:—

"You see, ROBERT," said he, "things is a changing in Hotels as is amost all other things, and all things as is jest a leetle old fashoned and a leetle rusty, as it were, must be jest pollished up a bit, and made a little fresher like. Now take our Hotel, for xample. See what lots of forren gents comes and stays here, and many on 'em so orful ignorant that they carnt not hardly speak a word of Inglish! Well, if they arsks one of our Hed Waiters a plain common question in French, which they all on 'em seems to know how to tork, they natrally expecs a anser. Now, what French do you know?"

I confess I was so taken aback at the suddenness of the question, that I was amost speechless. But I pulled myself together, like a man and a Hed Waiter, and said, "Not werry much, Sir, but when I was in Brussels two years ago, witch, I bleeves is sumwheres in France, I lernt jest a few words from the gassons at the Flarnders Hotel, witch I have treasured up in fond memory, and may find usefool sumtimes." "Oh," said he, "I didn't know you had travelled, so perhaps you will be able to manage."

I didn't think it worth while to tell him that I had only been in Brussells two days, and that it rained all the time, as I was told it amost always does there, hence so many Brussells Sprouts, but I at wunce made up my mind to strike up a closer acquaintence with one of our yung French Waiters to himprove myself in his tung, and himprove him in ours. And I'm getting on quite wunderfool. Why, ony yesterday a forren gent said to me, "Encore de Pulley, Gasson!" to which I at wunce replied, "Be hanged! Mossoo," and took him some. I was a good deal emused at his calling me a boy, but my young French friend told me as it was only their way, and didn't mean no offense, so I forguv him. But wot a langwidge! to encore a biled chicking as if it was a comick Song! Of course I sumtimes makes mistakes, who woodn't? Last Munday, for instance, a forrener asked me for some raisins, and of course I took him some and some armonds with 'em, but he larfed quite artily, and kindly sed, "I sink as you calls 'em grapes," but wot ignorance, not to know one from the other!

I find too, werry much to my discumfort and worry, that I am xpected to bussel about jest as if I was the mere boy as the French gents calls me, witch is of coarse so werry different to what I have for so many years bin akustomed to in the dear, old, quiet, respecktable City, that I sumtimes wunders whether I shall be able to stand it for long. Another thing too as I misses terribly, is the hutter habsence of Toastes. No loyal Toastes, nor no Army and Navy and Wolluntears, and no blushing Churchman's helth, nor no Lord Mayor's helth, but dreckly as they 've dun their dinner away they goes to the Play or some such frivolus emusement, insted of setting for ours and ours over their wine, and lissening with rapshure to the long speaches, as full of wit as they is of wisdom, which has made us what we are, the sollemest, and the most respectablest, and the most diningoutest peeple in Urope, and the best frends to the pore hardworking Waiters of any other nation.

What a glorious free-drinking race we must have bin in days gone by! How one's respect rises up when one hears of a digneterry of the Church who lived to the green old age of 80, becoz he always drunk a bottle of old port every day of his life from his youth upwards. How artily I wish I coud afford to foller his brillyant xampel! and so gain the profound admiration of my fellow men, as he did. Why, to such a man his dinner must have bin to him the one great object of his life, as it ort to be to every reel Gentleman. My son WILLIAM, who is a good calculator, tells me that this trewly reverend Diwine must have drunk a hole Pipe of Port ewery two years of his life! What a time of it his rewerend Butler must have had!

ROBERT.

SWIVELLERIANISM.

FROM the Police Reports we have discovered that there is a Society called "The Social Trumps." What a Swivellerian title! The dispute which made these trumps Police Court Cards turned on a question of money, and the Magistrate, Mr. LUSHINGTON (could there have been a more significantly appropriate name for a justice having to decide a Swivellerian case?) recommended the Social Trumps to settle their little difficulty amicably among themselves. We hope the Trumps went and had a jolly blow out together, enlivened with songs about "The Rosy" and "Glorious Apollo," and sentiments to the effect that none of them "might ever want a friend or a bottle to give him." The "Social Trumps" must be enjoying their Christmas festivities. Their Christmas, of course, is The King of Trumps.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 56.

MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S DAY RECEPTION.

CHRISTMAS CRIMES.

(*Dedicated to the unfortunate Concocters of Sensational Leading Articles.*)

"A MERRY Christmas! And why not a Merry Christmas, we should like to be informed? Is it not far better to be joyous and mirthful than to be——" (&c. Supply vigorous epithets here). "A black-souled tyrant like CÆSAR BORGIA could, no doubt, spend his Yule-tide in——" (&c., &c. Invent some revolting anecdote about CÆSAR B.) "Yet even those insufficiently clad progenitors of ours, the ancient Druids, seem to have understood as though by instinct the solemn nature of the season which to-day ushers in, and in what Mr. FREEMAN——" (or was it Lord TENNYSON? Never mind—chance it!)—"calls the 'dateless dawn of history,' they first employed the mistletoe bough for ritual, and perhaps even for osculatory, purposes, and habitually gave themselves an extra coat of paint on the 25th of each recurrent December. And who can blame them?" (Recollect that interrogatories, addressed to nobody in particular, add force to a style.) "What though our modern Yule-tide ceremonies are a mere survival of——" (Here bring in anything you know about the Roman Saturnalia, say something pretty about holly being Scandinavian, and that "Waits" were quite common in Athens in SOPHOCLES' time, especially on the stage. Then go on triumphantly and truculently, as if you had proved your point down to the ground)—"What difference does it make? It is the great holiday of the Winter——" (This will be a novel idea to most of your readers.) "For the children, who gather round the cheerful fire, and listen to the ghost-story invented by some eloquently mendacious uncle, *the season* positively sparkles and scintillates with happiness."

"How exquisitely pleasant it is to hear the childish voices," &c., &c. (to any amount).

"Even for the elders, too, there is a mirth and joy about the Sacred Season, as they calmly retire to their beds just when the row down-stairs is becoming unbearable, and locking their doors, look carefully round the room to see that the jug is filled in readiness for the midnight serenaders of this blissful time.

"When DICKENS drew his immortal picture of——" (&c., &c. Here gush at length about *Gabriel Grubb*, *Tiny Tim*, and anybody suitable, from *The Christmas Chimes* or *Carols*), "or when WASHINGTON IRVING depicted the more than feudal merry-makings at"——(&c., &c. Try to cook up as much about *Bracebridge Hall* as you think the public will stand. Perhaps a few practical words at the end would be advisable, as follows):—

"And after our traditional Yule-tide offerings are over; after the preposterous claims of the postman and the lamp-lighter have been liquidated by liquor or satisfied by sixpences; then can we forget that besides this private bounty we also have a duty to our country? Lives there the man with soul so dead, Whose heart within him has not bled, And who, quite promptly has not fled, at mention of that grandest of Nineteenth Century inspirations, the Jubilee Imperial Institute? The Imperial Institute is——" (Here mention what it is. If you don't quite know, you can count upon none of your readers being any the wiser. Then add appeals for cash, a few more Yule-tide common-places, and a general and genial wind-up.)

WHEN a judgment is re-versed, ought not the original to have been in rhyme?

☞ *NOTICE.—Rejected Communications* or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will *in no case be returned, not* even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule *there will be no exception.*

ABSURD *to a* Degree, 13
Actor's Progress (The). 203
Adam Slaughterman, 88
Addio, Adelina! 286
Advice Gratis, 246
Albert Hall Concert, 244'
All in Play, 49, 88, 100, &c.
All the Difference, 82, 222
"All the Talents," 300
Almost too Good to be True, 251]
Alteram Partem, 278
Amen! 253
American China, 146
American Chorus, 249
Another "Butler;" or, A Thorne in his side, 301
Another Chance for Joe and Jesse, 215
Arms and the (Police) Man, 17
'Arry at the Sea-side, 111
'Arry on Angling, 45
'Arry on his Critics, 280
'Arry on Law and Order, 249
'Arry on Ochre, 169
Artist's Holiday (The), 94
At Hawarden, 226
At Home with Atoms, 114
At the Lyceum, 26
At the Naval Review, 30
At the Oval, 61
Autumn Lay (An), 189
BABES in the Christmas Wood (The), 267
Backing Baco, 126
Bacon Again, 288
Bacon *v.* Shakspeare, 286
Bad News for Tea-Drinkers, 192
Ballade of the House (A), 82
Ballade of the Timid Bard, 185
Ballet (The), 97
Bard at Henley (The), 5
Barr Drink (A), 137
Bartlett's Baby, 214
Battle of the Way (The), 157
"Bearing of it lies in the Application" (The), 219
Bicyclists of England (The), 145
Big Work and Little Hands, 184
Bishop and Port, 254
Black Affair at Hayti (A), 217
Blessings in Disguise, 29
Bob Sawyer Redivivus, 179
Bogey in Bond Street, 190
"Bon Voyage!" 93
Bounties to Foreigners, 205
Boy and the Bear (The), 142
Brigand's Doom (The), 129
Burly Gentleman (A), 232
Burning Question (A), 96
By a Canterbury Belle, 69
By George! 231
CASE-O'-my-Banker, 118
Chairs to Mend, 190
Change, 75
Change of Name, 106
Channel Talk, 81, 191
"Charles our Friend," 222
Chess-shire Cheese (A), 58
Chimes (The), 294
Christmas Crimes, 310
"Christmas is Coming!" 243
Circular Note (A), 293
Circus Performances, 117
Clear as Crystal; or, All about it, 29
Cloud of Yachts (A), 193
"Cold id by Doze," 196
Complaint of the Cockney Clerk (The), 167
Confessor's Costume (A), 244
Conscientious Apparition (The), 298
Conventional Politeness, 210
Cornet and Piano, 301
Correct Card (The), 62
Country Cousin's Vade Mecum (The), 46
Court Circular (The), 40
Crossing the Bar, 165
Cry from the Counting-house (A), 285
DARK Look-out (A), 17
Day Out (A), 26
Dear Departed (The), 298
Derby and Gladstone, 203
Despatch with Economy, 38
Difficult Navigation, 54
Disputed Will (A), 273
Doll-ce Domum, 309
Down-y Philosopher (A), 261
Dramatic Oratorio (A), 269
Drury Lane with Pleasure, 113
Duke's Motto (The), 123
Dustman and the Barge-Owner (The), 239
'EAT of Discussion (The), 145
Echoes from St. James's Palace, 178
Elegant Extracts by Eminent Men, 61
End of the Jubilee (The), 62
End of the Summer (An), 133
Epitaph (An), 40
Essence of Parliament, 11, 23, 35, &c.
Euthanasia, 203
Eviction, 74
Extra Special, 246
FATHER of the Man (The), 123
Ferdinand and Ariel, 76
"Finis Coronat Opus," 76
Fire and Water, 78
First in the Field, 112
Fishers (The), 219
Fistic Crack, Smith (The), 286
Fling at Fair Traders, 277
Floreat Maschera! 3
Fly and the Farmers (The), 106
For an Irish Trip, 118
Foreign Language Competition, 70
Forest Talk, 166
Foul is Fair, 40
Founded on Fact, 291
Four Noble Burglars (The), 216
From a Country Cousin, 303
From Mr. Henry Irving's Note-Book, 201
Furnishing Fictionists, 292
Future Position of the Army (The), 276
GARDEN, Lane, and Market, 5
Garden Talk, 153
Gentle Johnny Bull, 208
Gentle Shepherd! 173
"Gesta Grayorum," 16
Gladstone Bait (The), 230
"Glass Falling!" 66
Gog and Magog at the Ball, 9
Gold and Steel, 158
"Good Gun" (A), 90
Grandolph's Teachings, 21
Grasp your Thistle, 161
Great News for the Impecunious, 141
Great Thirst Land (The), 40
HAVOC! 61
Hazard of A-dye (The), 66
Heavy Lightning, 145
Henry Mayhew, 53
Hibernia to the Queen, 9
Hints for the Unemployed, 202
Hint to the Howlers (A), 113
His First Appearance at the Café des Ambassadeurs, 218
Holiday Hints, 105
"Homes in the Hills," 102
"Home, Sweet Home!" 12
House and Home, 129
How Then? 166
How to Escape the Fog, 258
Humility, 221
Hydropathic Art, 278
Hygienic, 153
IMPERIAL Institutors, 204
Important Summing-Up (An), 255
In Convocation, 24
Infant Phenomenon (The), 306
Ingratitude of Grandolph (The), 227
Insurer's Phrase-Book (The), 77
In their Crackers, 297
In the Nick of Time, 202
Invitation (An), 87
Irish Net Profit, 108
"Irish Prosecutions," 183
JACK'S Response, 38
Jaw-holding, 220
Jenny Lind, 219
Jest in Earnest, 63
Jills in Office, 4
Joe's Jaunt, 189
Jupiter Tonans! 102
KEPT In, 250
Knight Thoughts, 197
LADIES' Law, 65
Lady Godiva and her Portraits, 14
Laissez-Faire, 110
Land Measure, 73
Lane and Garden, 33
Larks and the Roses (The), 261
Larks for Legislators, 34
Last of the Go-he-cans (The), 221
Last (Signal) Man (The), 162
Last Visit (but One) to the Academy (The), 9
Latest Addition to Fairy Land, 250
Latest and Best from Berlin (The), 270
Latest from Lord's (The), 2
Latest Street Improvement, 15
Lawful (?) Latitude, 84
Lay of Lawrence Moor! 292
Learned Protest (A), 297
Learning the Language, 117
Legion of Dishonour (The), 182
Lesson for the Day (The), 242
Lesson of the Royal Review (The), 28
Letter-Bag of Toby, M.P., 173, 184, 196, &c.
Lichfield House of Call (A), 180
Light from the Wind, 133
Lighting the Dublin Beacon, 258
Line for Browning (A), 237
Literary Find (A), 252
Loaded with Presents, 174
"Long expected come at Last!" 5
Lord Mayor's Day in Dublin (A), 170
Lord Salisbury's Shakspeare, 273
Lords and Ladies, 21
Lost Record (The), 130
MAGAZINES in Bulk, 205
Making it Easy, 42
Manners and Customs of the City of London, 228
Marble Arch (The), 73
"Margarine," 34
May in November, 242
Measure for Measure, 96
Medical New Year's Day (The), 166
Messenger of Peace (The), 186
"Mi Lor Maire," 240
Mixed Pickles; or, A Very Late Party, 14
More Advice Gratis, 130
More Jills in Office, 17
More Realism, 231
More Reminiscences, 232
Morning's Reflections (The), 157
Mr. Gladstone on the Fifth of November, 208
Mr. Punch's Manual for Young Reciters, 25, 37, 64, &c.
Muse in Manacles (The), 192
"My Lawyer," 26
Mysterious Paper (A), 225
NAPPY Holiday (A), 228
Necessary Explanation (A), 278
Negative Results, 238
Ne Plus Ulster, 191
New, and Bad, "Hatch" (The), 6
New North-West Passage (The), 174
New Quixote (The), 194
New Sixpence (The), 274
Newton and the Apple, 18
New Version, 231
New Wersion of an Old Song (A), 72
New Year Mems, 305
New Year's Card (A), 302
Not a "Deus ex Machinâ," 150
(Not at all) Bad Homburg, 155
(Not so) Bad Homburg, 143
Nottingham *v.* Sunderland, 201
Novel Reader's Vade Mecum (The), 105
Nu Dikshonary (The), 165
Nuggets in North Wales, 304
O'BRIEN'S Breeches, 274
Obviously, 237
Octopus of Romance and Reality (The), 171
Official Object Lessons, 22
Of the Maske-aline Gender, 28
Old Doggerel Adapted, 22
Oldest Sketching Club in the World (The), 270
"On his Own Hook!" 114
On the Stump, in Two Senses, 141
On the Wing, 138
On the Wrong Scent, 270
Open Question, 264
Operatic Confusion, 1
Our Advertisers, 149, 197, 209
Our Booking-Office, 165, 180, 192, &c.
Our Christmas Booking-Office, 281
Our Debating Club, 245, 268
Our Exchange and Mart, 49, 69
Our Ignoble Selves, 121
Our Theatrical Picture-Posters, 275
PALACE of (Advertising) Art (The), 263
Papers from Pumphandle Court, 241
Parliamentary Ballyhooly (The), 62
Parliamentary Notices, 61
Paving the Way for him, 22
"Paying their Shot," 147
Peccant Member (The), 114
Philosopher's Stone (The), 252
Philosophy at the Popping-Crease, 25
Piccadilly Players, 293
Plea for the Birds (A), 125
Pleasant Traveller's Conversation-Book (The), 73
Plentiful Lac (The), 226
Pluck of Gggrranddollmann's Camp (The), 285
Point of Law (A), 161
Poor Old England! 102
Powers that be (The), 245
Pretty Centenarian (A), 122
Pretty Kettle of Fish (A), 154
Price of Support (The), 85
Private Banker's Pæan (The), 77
Privileged Pistols, 73
Pro Bono Publico, 197

Professor at the Dinner-Table (The), 287
Progressive Programme (A), 193
Promenading, 246
Protest (A), 186
QUEEN at Hatfield (The), 26
Quite a Little Holiday, 179, 193
Quite Chrismassy, 231
Quite English, 134
"Quite English, you know," 282
RALEIGH too Bad, 6
Rapture, 93
Rasher Theory of Bacon (A), 278
Rather Mixed, 232
Real Grievance Office (The), 170
Real "Inky Flood" (A), 110
Real Sporting Event (A), 118
Reasons Why, 246
Recent Prize-Fight (The), 303
Regular Cell (A), 137
"Re-Joyce!" 278
Reminiscence of the Naval Review (A), 52
Richard Jeffries, 93
Rise in Balloons (A), 89
Robert at Lillie Bridge, 159
Robert at Kilburn, 255
Robert at Marlow, 125
Robert at the Academy, 13
Robert at the American Exhibition, 10
Robert at the Guildhall Ball, 33
Robert at the Ministerial Bankwet, 81
Royalty at the Palace, 4
Robert at Spithead, 57
Robert on Lord Mayor's Day, 237
Robert on Luxury, 206
Robert on Spelling, 183
Robert on the French Tung, 309
"Room and Verge," 75
Roses in December, 289
Row in the Gallery (A), 221
SAILOR'S Slip (The), 57
Salubrities Abroad, 65, 76, 86, &c.
Sardou and Sara, 258
Scarcely Worth While, 25
Scarletina at Truro, 225
Schoolmaster of the Future (The), 234
Sea-Dreams, 70
Seeing his Way, 39
Shakspeare Up Again, 289
Shakspearian Question (The), 274
Shows Views, 185, 208, 220, &c.
Shrimp Cure (The), 240
Sidonian Shakspeare, 46
Sigh of the Season (The), 106
Social Romance, 304
Society Sibyls, 279
Some More Official Jills, 50
Some Notes at Starmouth, 97, 120, 132, &c.
Something to Swallow, 303
Song by Sir Abel Handy, 24
Songs at Stamboul, 21
Soothing Song for August (A), 69
So Seasonable, you know, 245
Sound Opinion (A), 285
"Special" Reasons, 243
Stable Companion (A), 167
Straight Tip (The), 277
Strange Adventures of Ascena Lukinglass, 109
Strictly Private, 232
Studies from Mr. Punch's Studio, 41, 204
Summer Boating Song, 58
Summer Soliloquy (A), 108
Suspiria, 229
Swivellerianism, 309
TALE of Terror (A), 110
Testimonial (A), 18
Theatrical Noes to Queries, 168
Theatrical Reciprocity, 277
Theory and Practice, 233
To a Lady Dentist, 195
To his Mistress, 249
Tom Brown & Co.'s Schooldays, 256
Too Clever by Half, 293
Too Much of a Good Thing, 3
"To Tea-pot Bay and Back," 121
To the Incomplete (Political) Angler, 209
To the Modern Men of Gotham, 281
To the Unemployed, 245
Town Mouse's Trials (The), 231
Toying with Truth, 286
Traveller's Vade Mecum (The), 64
Turning to the Left, 169
'Twill Illume, 243
Two Goats (The), 180
Two Canons and Bean-Baggers (The), 258
Two French Presidents rolled into One 254
Two Voices (The), 198
Tympanum (The), 156
UNCOMMON, 306
Unemployed, 298
VENICE Unpreserved, 98
Verb Sap., 33
Very Annoying, 26
Very like a Wales, 62
Very Pretty Tale by Anderson A), 124
Vicarious Whipping, 159
Visit to "The Licensed Vistlers," 291
Virtues of Omission, 99
Voces Populi, 201, 214, 226, &c.
WAIL of Messrs. Burt and Fenwick, 145
Wail of the Male (The), 126
Wail of the Wire (The), 242
Waiting his Orders, 300
Wanted, a Theseus, 150
Way of the Wind (The), 99
Well Protected, 280
Welsh for the Welsh, 73
What was it? 138
Whistling Relief (The), 106
Whitman in London, 101
Why he Went, 82
Woes of the Water Consumer (The), 250
Words in Season, 123
Worth Cultivating, 290
Worth Mentioning, 14
Would-be "Literary Gent" (A), 274

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

ALL the Difference, 223
Chimes (The), 295
Convention-al Politeness, 211
Difficult Navigation, 55
"Final Tableau" (The), 127
"Fire Fiend" (The), 79
"Glass Falling!" 67
"Good Gun" (A), 91
Grand Old Janus (The), 247
Infant Phenomenon (The), 307
Jupiter Tonans! 103
Justice at Fault, 163
Lighting the Dublin Beacon, 259
Making it Easy, 43
Messenger of Peace (The), 187
New "Hatch" (The), 7
New North-West Passage (The), 175
Newton and the Apple, 19
"On his own Hook!" 115
On the Wrong Scent, 271
"Overlooked!" 139
"Quite English, you know," 283
Schoolmaster of the Future (The), 235
Spithead, July 23, 1887, 31
Two Voices (The), 199
Wanted, a Theseus, 151

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ACADEMY Pictures, 9, 13
Alderman's Reason for drinking Champagne, 226
Amateur Vocalist at a Penny Reading (An), 306
'Arry, 'Arriet, and the Indians, 18
Artist and his Rich Patron (An), 94
Artists and School-Board Notice, 46
Aunty and the Policeman, 231
Babes in the Christmas Wood (The), 266
Baby Bottesini (The), 38
Baby Gorilla (The), 214
Birds on the Telegraph Wires, 155
Boatman's Opinion on a Dress-Improver, 126
Bogeyish Pictures, 190
Boulanger-Ferry Duel (The), 63
Brown's Boarhound and the Rabbit, 270
Brown's Experience of Squalls, 118
Bulgar Boy and the Bear, 142
Buying Grouse, 135
Cannibal Uncle (A), 70
Chamberlain and the Gladstone Bait, 230
Children's Day in the Country (A), 30
Chimney-Sweep not in Black, 130
Chinaman on Tricycle (A), 50
Chorister Boys with the Mumps, 217
Churchill at the Battle of the Estimates, 39
Clergyman and the Widow (The), 263
Colour of the Gorse (The), 111
Comte de Paris and his Manifesto,'134
Costumes for the Recess, 143
Country Ladies and Street Boys, 291
Cricket at Lord's, 12, 28
Dachshund's Sore Throat (A), 278
Darwinian Ancestor (A), 265
Débutante's Series of Suppers (A), 222
Disadvantage of being an Aristocrat, 110
Division Lobbies (The), 11
Don Chamberlain Quixote, 194
Duke evicting the Volunteers (The), 74
Dumb Crambo's School-Book Review, 37
East Countrymen on Disestablishment, 219
English and American Yachts, 157
Fag-end of the Session (The), 83
Family Starting for the Seaside, 90
Finding the Law Courts, 129
First Meet of the Season (The), 227
F.-M. Punch's Parliamentary Review, 23
Footman's Opinion of the Unemployed, 243
German Belle's English (A), 62
Gladstone and Jenny Jones, 290
Gladstone's Sale of Chips, 202
Gondolier and the Steam-launch, 98
Good-woodcuts, 48
Grandpapa, Johnny, and the Irish Stew, 298
Grand Parliamentary Cricket-Match, 71
Grouse Prospects, 60
Guest's Departure and the little Trees, 210
Hampstead Ponds (The), 198
Hansom Cab in a Hampstead Pond, 246
Honeymoon Riddle (A), 75
Host treading on Lady's Skirt, 213
House "Up" at Last (The), 131
How We Advertise Now, 262
Hungry Professor at a Pic-nic, 186
Improvised Butler and Distinguished Guest at Dinner-Table, 309
In Lowther Arcadia at Christmas Times, 299
Innings of the Two Bills, 2
"Instantaneous Photography" in Ireland, 238
Irish Waiter and Bow-legged Traveller, 195
Jack and Effie on the Sea-shore, 78
Japanese and the Lady's Feet (A), 267
John Bull and Miss Columbia, 122
John Bull and the Jubilee Gifts, 178
King of the Belgians and Ostend Fishery, 154
Ladies wilfully mistaking Identity, 42
Lady's Long-lasting Voice (A), 82
Laurie growing too rapidly, 159
"London Quite Empty!" 167
Long Sight or Short Arms? 203
Lordly Cecil and his Queen (The), 87
Lord Lytton translated into French, 218
Madame France's Next Fashion, 27
Making Good Use of the Square, 6
Mamma and her Selfish Daughters, 102
Matthews and the Police, 207
McScrew's Glasgow Friends, 179
Minister's Retort on Free Kirk Elder, 251
Missionary who couldn't convert the Sultan, 45
Miss Tomkyn's return from the Concert, 66
Modern Autolycus (The), 182
Money-making Schoolboy (The), 256
Mother-in-law's Return (A), 286
Mr. Punch's Parliamentary Naval Review, 35
Nelson as a Special Constable, 243
New French President (The), 279
Newly-titled Lord and an Old Chum, 225
New Shylock (The), 235
Nizan of Hyderabad and Britannia, 158
Northern Belle and Provincial Masher, 22
Not in Love—this Season, 274
Octopus of Romance and Reality, 171
Old Butler and Her Ladyship's Music, 234
Old Gent and Small Boy on Beach, 137
Old Lady and Cabman, 183
Old Lady forgets where she Dined, 26
Parliamentary Alpine Club, 59
Parliamentary Cattle-Show (The), 275
Parliamentary Harvest (The), 107
Pic-Nic Parties disturbed by Rain, 150
Pigheaded Attack on the Immortal Bard, 273
Pricing an Artist's Masterpiece, 3
Probable Pictures for Christmas, 250
Professional Cricketers, 53
Professor's Opinion on Long Words (The), 255
Public School Boy and his Grandfather, 123
Punch and the Police Recruit, 191
Punch as Apollo, 1
Punch at Portsmouth, 54
Railway Station Puzzle, 93
Record of the Session—Dead Heat, 133
Regretting not having eaten more Oysters, 294
Returning Home from Seaside, 162
Robert and Stingy Old Gent, 81
Rough Day at the Sea-side, 138
Sacred Music in French, 189
Salisbury awaking the Crocodile, 160
Science appealing to John Bull, 51
Scotch Wife and the Minister's Tricycle, 166
Seeing the Blondin Donkey, 99
Set Fair at Whitby, 114
Several Boxing Encounters, 287
Sharp Boy and Papa's Sixpence, 209
Sir W. V. Harcourt as Falstaff, 254
Sketching a Lady Sketcher, 174
Snap-shots for the Twelfth, 69
Society's Pugilistic Pet, 282
Speaker using the Birch (The), 47
Special Constable and Lady Cook, 258
Speechifying on Railway Platforms, 215
Street Puzzle—in the Strand, 117
Sultan's Appeal to Mr. Punch, 153
Teacher of Shorthand (A), 170
Times, Salisbury, and National League, 40
Toby's New Year's Greeting, 302
Tradesmen clearing Regent Street, 15
Triangular Duel of Operatic Managers, 21
Turning on Whiskey and Water, 166
Unemployed Man's Shovel (An), 206
University Coach and Volatile Pupil, 34
Unwelcome Lady Visitor (An), 86
Utilising a Theatrical Poster, 216
Watching a Couple on the Balcony, 58
Wearing a Real Engagement Ring, 239
Whim-buildin', 17, 29
Willow-Pattern Plate (The), 146
Wolff and the Sultan, 29
Wonderful Sporting Dog (A), 147
Woolly Landscape, but not Woolly Sheep (A), 303

LONDON: BRADBURY AGNEW & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.